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THE

LADIES' MUSEUM

FOR THE YEAR

MDCCCXXX.

VOL. I.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

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MISS FANNY KEMBLE

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THE
LADIES' MUSEUM,

JANUARY, 1830.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

This lady is too young, and has been too short a time before the public, to have furnished materials for a lengthened biography. From her infancy she was destined for that profession of which her parents are distinguished ornaments; and her education was of course sedulously conducted with a view of forming an accomplished actress. Some minds rise, by natural vigour, above the impediments which a want of early tuition throws in the way of candidates for fame; but in general it will be found that the history of the stage furnishes abundant proof of the advantages which a finished education affords. Its importance is implied in the necessity which performers of great natural ability lie under of cultivating their intellect, if they wish to retain the impression which a happy genius may incidentally produce. John Kemble was a scholar, and his distinguished sister is one of the most accomplished ladies in England. To the care which has been bestowed on Miss Kemble's tuition may be attributed some portion of that excellence, which has been so fully recognized by all who have beheld her performance.

We have heard many anecdotes illustrative of Miss Kemble's cleverness while at school, and we can have no hesitation in believing that she generally carried off those little stimulants to industry, in the shape of prizes, which able governesses find useful in exciting a laudable rivalry. At the different examinations, the tragic power which was to delight at a future day applauding houses, indicated itself in so remarkable a manner, that it excited tears of joy in the eyes of a fond mother. Her father's lessons were calculated to develop fully her natural capabilities, but though he felt that she could not fail to succeed on the stage, he wisely refrained from giving theatrical gossips an opportunity of anticipating the decision of the public.

The time for making her débût was well chosen: she bore a "charmed name," and she appeared, as it were, an interesting advocate to plead the cause of a father undeservedly deprived of the fruits of a long and active professional life. The sympathy of the theatrical world had, too, been excited in favour of a popular
establishment, and that deficiency must be very glaring indeed which the gallantry of an English audience will not excuse in a debutant of seventeen. These circumstances were all in favour of Miss Kemble, but they were by no means necessary to her success, for she is

"Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill,
To turn and wind the passions as she will,
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow,
To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair."

The part chosen for her first appearance was that of Juliet; and never had the fair girl of Verona a more fitting representative: the balcony scene disarmed criticism, and the whole performance established Miss Kemble's character as no unworthy successor to her venerable aunt, Mrs. Siddons. "Romeo and Juliet" continued to be played three nights each successive week; and such was the rage to witness Miss Kemble's performance, that crowds had to depart nightly without being able to gratify their curiosity. This "hit," as it is called in the Green Room, will, it is supposed, redeem the affairs of Covent Garden Theatre, for the weekly receipts this season have, thus far, exceeded any thing experienced at this house during the last ten years.

The success of Miss Kemble in the part of Juliet made her admirers anxious to see her perform some of the other leading characters. That of Belvidera was accordingly chosen, and the tragedy of "Venice Preserved" was enacted on Wednesday, December the 9th, in the presence of a crowded house. The talents which enabled her to personify the love-sick daughter of the Capulets secured her triumph in the part of Belvidera. It was, perhaps, on the whole, superior to her Juliet, and proved her capacity for the whole range of tragic characters.

Miss Kemble's style of acting is not without its peculiarities, and some defects which time will tend to remove. Her attitudes, say some of the critics, border too closely on distortion; and in giving expression to dignity or high resolve, she is not always happy. This is in part true, but a familiar acquaintance not only with her own powers, but with the business of the drama, will enable her to correct any of those trifling faults of conception to which her inexperience exposes her. She is in a good school, does not want able instructors, and, we hope, has the sense, as we are sure she has the capacity, to profit by their lessons.
MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

In colloquial passages Miss Kemble is peculiarly happy; and nothing can be finer than her expression of earnestness. That dignity which so well becomes the tragic muse never forsakes her; and we have observed with pleasure, that, as her confidence increases, her performance approximates more closely to perfection.

L A U R A.

"Go, Marco, from the beacon tower look out upon the main; Since morn for Juan’s bark my straining eyes have gazed in vain. The promised hour is past, and well, I ween, hath served the gale; Yet from my lattice I descrie not even his distant sail."

’Twas Laura spoke—and now the mid-day past, to his decline Verges the sun, and o’er the wave extends his radiant line: Anon the starry eyes of heaven shed round their silvery ray, Why comes not Juan—even yet his bark is far away!—

And Marco quits his lonely watch, for now no searching eye, Nor glass, aught distant, o’er the dark and drear wave can descrie: And she who bade the old man watch, hath heartless sought her bower, In sorrow lone and desolate to waste the midnight hour.

In vain her harp the mourner strikes—its sad and plaintive strain Awakens thought that wildly thrills her deeply throbbing brain; That harp which aye her feelings speaks has only power to cheer, When Laura wakes its melody for Juan’s listening ear.

Another morning faintly beams—lo, o’er the foaming brine A shatter’d vessel shore-ward steers—Juan, can it be thine? Why then re-echo not the rocks thy bugle’s wonted blast? Why chrong the decks no gallant crew, no white flag on the mast?—

Laura had marked the approaching bark—before it reach’d the land Her foot was on the pebbly beach—her eye the group had scannd— She saw enough—too much to cheat the cunning of despair, She saw that he, her pirate love, her Juan, was not there!

No word escaped her quivering lips—no hurried question—what His fate, or how he fell, she durst not ask—she saw him not!—

Fain had she learnt the dreaded tale, yet could not trust her ear; Her eyes informed her bursting heart it had no more to fear. She spoke not, sunk not, o’er the scene she bent her tearless eye—

Oh, has her reason fall’n beneath excess of agony?—

Conducted to her bower, full soon the voice of woman’s wail Sounds wildly from that mountain-tower, loud wafted on the gale.

But Laura sleeps, and hears it not—no blast of sorrow now Ruffles her bosom’s loveliness, or clouds her changeless brow, Her heart was warm and wild as was the rose upon her cheek, One withering blast that rose could blight, one woe that heart could break.

A languid smile yet linger’d on the features of the dead, That well express’d how peacefully her gentle spirit fled—

Or was it that her sorrow ceased, as her closing eye grew dim,

Or was it that her last repose had peaceful dreams of him?  

C H A R L E S M.
THE SHIPWRECK.
A TALE.

"I am prepared to redeem my promise of yesterday, Mrs. Montague," said my companion, as he unceremoniously entered a pretty cottage at Shawell, in the Isle of Wight, leaving at the door his fishing implements, together with his basket, containing the produce of our united morning's exertions. "I fear, however," added he, "you will, upon inspecting our booty, consider us very indifferent anglers."

"Nay, Mr. Morton," replied the lady, "I can readily excuse you, the weather has been the reverse of favourable to your diversion."

Busied in adjusting my line, which by some means had become entangled, I had remained at the door during the above dialogue. Having finished this important business, I entered the cottage, when an introduction to its mistress, the widow of an old and esteemed friend of Morton's, took place. During our stay at the widow's, the sky, which throughout the day had been lowering, assumed a threatening aspect, and frequent hollow gusts of wind augured the approach of a storm. Hastily mounting our horses, which, by Morton's direction, had been brought to the cottage, we bade our hostess adieu, and after a few minutes' ride arrived at my friend's residence at Chale. Henry Morton had, at an early age, been deprived of both his parents, and left almost entirely dependant on his uncle, an East India director, by whose interest he had obtained a lucrative situation in the company's service. Compelled by ill health to leave India, he had returned to his native country, and once more become an inmate of his uncle's residence.

It was at this period that an intimacy originated between him and the writer of this narrative, an intimacy which a similarity of tastes soon matured into an ardent friendship. Morton would frequently regret the illness which reduced him, from his splendid appointment in India, to a pensioner on the bounty of his uncle. Still, however, I could perceive frequent indications of a despondency which not any change of circumstances could account for. This secret of "his soul's malady," into which my regard for his feelings prohibited any inquiry, his friendship, ere long, confided to me.

Among the passengers in his voyage out were two sisters, named Julia and Augusta Fitz Albyn, who, having completed their education in England, were about to join their father, Sir John Fitz Albyn, one of the chief judges of the Madras district.
An acquaintance of four months on ship-board offered opportunities of communication, not often attainable from an intercourse of as many years, in a more extended circle. Perfectly qualified by very superior attainments to beguile the many tedious hours of a long sea-voyage, Henry's intimacy with the young ladies grew daily closer, an intimacy which, for the reason just stated, was rather promoted than checked, by the lady under whose protection the sisters performed the voyage. Under these circumstances it will not be wondered that my friend should become seriously attached to Julia, the elder of the young ladies, an amiable and interesting girl of eighteen; who, if Henry's wishes deceived not himself, entertained no mean opinion of her admirer. On his arrival at Madras, Morton continued, up to the period of the indisposition which rendered his departure from India necessary, an intimate of Sir John Fitz Albyn's family. Conscious that his circumstances would not authorize him, as yet, to solicit the hand of Julia, Henry had latterly forborne his attentions, and even left India without having learnt Sir John Fitz Albyn's sentiments on the subject. Shortly after his arrival, he became, by the demise of his uncle, possessed of property more than adequate to his utmost wishes. During several months of my first acquaintance with him, his recovery from the wasting effects of a foreign climate was in the highest degree doubtful; and even upon the full re-establishment of his health, all hope of a return to India was denied him, under peril of a relapse which must inevitably prove fatal.

If sickness had hitherto exhausted all its vigour on his enfeebled frame, he was now destined to experience the severe pangs of mental disquietude.

Throughout his long and dangerous illness, the hope of a return to India had buoyed up his sinking spirits; and now, in defiance of the danger attendant upon such an undertaking, he determined upon an almost immediate departure for that country. At this period an official announcement of Sir John Fitz Albyn's expected return to England appeared in the public journals, and a new existence beamed on Henry Morton.

I have been led into a detail, which, though somewhat tedious, may be requisite to the development of my story, to which I return.

As I have observed, we arrived at my friend's residence in time to escape the storm that burst in unprecedented fury, almost immediately after our arrival. Divesting ourselves of our fishing equipments, we prepared for dinner.
The untasted morsel fell from Morton’s lips, as he pushed his plate from him, and requested me to listen to sounds which were to his ear too familiar. Between the intervals of the rushing tempest, and the roaring waters of the bay, the report of guns was heard in quick succession. “It is,” said Morton, “the signals of distress from some vessel in the bay—follow me.”

We rose from the table, and, throwing on our cloaks, prepared to brave the fury of the elements. A few minutes brought us to the cliff above the bay, which, together with the beach below, was already thronged with anxious spectators. • • • •

At the distance of a very few hundred yards from the shore, a stranded vessel appeared, over which the surf beat vehemently and almost incessantly. Her main and mizen masts had, we were informed, shivered in the violence of her stranding, while at the same moment a heavy sea had swept her boats from the deck. Her long-boat had subsequently been disabled, and sunk in the act of lowering it, and the unhappy passengers and crew were thus left without any possible means of leaving the wreck, whose dissolution seemed momentarily threatened by the heavy swell which incessantly broke over it. We descended the cliff, and thus, obtaining a nearer view, discerned, through the gloom of the evening, the quarter-deck, covered with male and female passengers, whose outstretched arms implored that assistance which it seemed beyond human power to grant. At this perilous crisis, the eyes of the multitude on the beach turned on my friend, who had directed their exertions on similar occasions. “Will my fishing smack live?” inquired Morton. A reply in the negative burst from several lips. “We can but try her,” added he, giving a key to his servant who had followed him. His boat-house was at a very short distance, and by the united efforts of the numbers around the smack was soon launched. “Are there any here who will venture their lives with me to save their fellow-creatures?” inquired Morton, addressing the by-standers. A young seaman advanced. “Come on, my brave fellow, you shall be well rewarded,” said my friend. “I do not venture my life for gain, sir,” replied the sailor, whose name I learned was William Halliday, disengaging himself as he spoke from the detaining grasp of a young female, who, with an infant at her breast, was employing the “eloquence of tears” to divert her husband from the dangerous attempt.

“Good bye, Mary,” exclaimed the gallant youth, “God will preserve me for you and that dear infant.” He pressed his lips on the pale forehead of his wife, threw one fond look upon his
child, and, springing forward, caught Morton’s extended hand, and leaped with him into the boat. His example was followed by a few others. Morton waved his hand, and directing me to wrap his cloak around the young seaman’s wife and her babe, sat himself at the helm. The tide ran rapidly off the shore, and the little crew must soon have reached their destination, had not the swell, driven back by the wind, offered a strong and dangerous impediment. With anxiety scarcely less intense than that of the poor creature who, with her babe, stood trembling beside me, and would have fallen but for the support of my arm, I marked the slow and uncertain progress of the devoted party. Rocked on the eddying surf, their little bark seemed the sport of every idle blast.

“She is safe,” I exclaimed, observing she had reached the bow of the stranded vessel. At this moment a tremendous swell broke over her—the boat disappeared: the shrieks of her crew, if they uttered any, were lost in the roaring tempest. “He is gone!” screamed the young female at my side, and, with a convulsive shudder, she sank senseless on the beach. I could not raise her, but remained rooted powerless to the spot. A minute after, the skiff again appeared dancing on the waves. “Recover yourself, sir,” cried Morton’s domestic, “my master and two of the sailors have regained the boat, and are under the bow of the wreck.”

I could only ejaculate my thanks to Heaven, as, rousing from my stupor, I beheld the skiff under the vessel’s side, and the passengers descending into her. Nobly freighted, the skiff cleared the wreck, and with difficulty reached the strand in safety. The multitude rushed into the water, and the fainting forms of several females were borne triumphantly up the beach.

Overcome by his exertions, Morton had fallen insensible in his attempts to climb the side of the wreck; and in that state was conveyed to the shore—nor was the condition of his surviving companions far otherwise. William Halliday was assisted from the boat, and sank motionless into the arms of his youthful and affectionate partner. Placing my exhausted friend and his companions in danger in Morton’s chaise, which had opportunely been driven to the spot, I ordered them, together with the passengers, to be conducted home, and dispatched the boat a second time to the wreck. The preventive boats from the neighbouring stations now arrived, and by the humane exertions of these brave fellows, the whole of the passengers and crew, with the most valuable of the stores of the vessel, which proved to be a homeward-bound East Indian man, were in somewhat more than an hour safe on land. Scarcely had the last boat left her, when a
sea broke over the wreck, and with a crash which reached even to the shore, she yielded to the storm, and shivered into a thousand pieces.

Never did a conqueror survey with feelings of such triumphant pride his train of captives, as those with which I looked around on the multitude of fellow-creatures thus snatched from the jaws of destruction. Having quartered the seamen at the only inn in the village, I conducted the remainder of the passengers, with the captain and superior officers, to Morton's residence. I found him recovered from his fatigue, and giving orders for refreshments for his unusually numerous company. On the following morning the passengers were conducted in a pilot boat, dispatched for the purpose, to Portsmouth, whence they immediately departed for London. One party, however, remained; Sir John and Lady Fitz Albyn, with their lovely daughters, could not so soon quit their old friend and gallant preserver. They were the first to be received into the boat in which Morton and the surviving seamen had, after the loss of their two ill-fated companions, succeeded in reaching the wreck. At the end of two days, Sir John, having business of importance to transact, set off with his family for London. It will not be doubted that Morton readily accepted the baronet's pressing invitation to town; nor, perhaps, will my readers feel surprise, when I inform them that not many months had elapsed, ere my attendance was requested at the union of Henry Morton and Julia Fitz Albyn.

The first journey of the new married pair was to the scene of their former dangers. It was a delightful spring morning when a gay cavalcade entered the little village of Chale. The country people, in their holiday attire, were assembled to greet their visitors, the bells of the rustic church rang their merriest peal, and every face brightened with the honest smiles of respectful affection. As the party alighted at Mr. Morton's cottage, a new and well constructed yacht bore gallantly into the bay, and dispatched her boat on shore. In a few minutes Sir John and Lady Fitz Albyn, with Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and several friends, proceeded, amid the blessings of the delighted peasantry, to the shore. In a moment the hands of Morton were respectfully grasped by the captain and mates of the yacht, in whom the shipwrecked party recognized William Halliday and his two gallant comrades, to whose exertions they had been indebted for their preservation.

"Will my fishing smack live?" playfully inquired Morton. The well known words, once employed on a very different occasion, operated like electricity on William and his associates—the old
snack was hauled to the beach, and in her the party, with Morton at the helm, were rowed rapidly to the yacht. Henry owned his happiness complete, as he assisted his lovely bride on board, and departed amid the cheers of the multitude that thronged the shore, on a short aquatic excursion. 

CHARLES M.

THE DESERTED HAUNT.

"And still the green is bright with flow'rs;
And dancing thro' the sunny hours,
Like blossoms from enchanted bow'rs,
On a sudden wafted by,
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Glide bird and butterfly:
But where is the tiny hunter-rout,
That revel'd on with dance and shout,
Against their airy prey?"—Wilson.

Too lonely for the bright blue skies this silent Eden seems:
Are there no feet to trace its woods, no lips to bless its streams?
Must its violets wither in the shade, and the wreath be still unbound?
It was not thus when fairy steps fell lightly on this ground.
And is the minstrel cuckoo left, his festal lay to swell,
When clouds, with crimson beauty flush'd, are hung o'er yonder dell?
Must bees within the sweet flow'rs sleep, or sunbeams touch the rose,
Without one gentle heart to breathe a charm o'er their repose?
Where have they fled—the merry groups—with all their glee and mirth,
That summer wak'd amid the vines, and round the cottage-hearth?
Oh, are their golden ringlets giv'n unto some other wind,
Or do they in a distant land as bright an Eden find?
If it be thus, thou Solitude, in dreams they haunt thee still,
And see the stars of midnight shine upon their native rill;
And tho' they are estrang'd from thee, a spirit like the dove
O'er them extends its spotless wings of innocence and love.

We have heard their mellow voices thrill melodious thro' the air,
We have seen them on the gleaming turf unite in evening pray'r,
They have roam'd across the sun-lit fields when the holy curfew sung,
And the sky-lark from his mossy nest into the ether sprung.
But the gleaming turf, the sun-lit fields, are lonely now and mute;—
They are gone—the playful bands that soothe'd our sadness like a lute!—
We may search amid the hills, thou Haunt, or look beyond the sea,—
But never, never shall their songs be wafted back to thee!
Oh, broken is the tender chain, the fount hath gush'd away,
Which was the music of the heart before it knew decay;
In vain do widow'd feelings pine for mirth and beauty fled,
Or fondly hope to welcome home—the distant and the dead!
Go, gaze upon the sculptur'd stone, and the daisied turf beneath;
Go, think of bow'rs that shine beyond the phantom-land of death;
And by the heav'n that o'er ye beams as lovely as the sea,
Albeit the Haunt is hush'd, it shall impart its peace to ye!

RAGINALD AUGUSTINE.
THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

A science, the cultivation of which adds so many graces to the female mind, is now happily pretty generally understood: the guitar is found in every lady's boudoir, and the piano-forte is an appropriate piece of furniture in every parlour and drawing-room. The history of an art so delightful cannot fail to interest the readers of "The Ladies Museum," and I promise them neither to be very tedious or unnecessarily scientific.

The Greek music was somewhat complicated. The author of the "Young Anacharsis" transcribes a passage, from a Greek musician, which seems to make it probable, that the Greeks found it very difficult to sing in the enharmonic scale: at present it is considered a great difficulty. Few voices can rise or fall, without some intermediate gradation, to the quarter tone of a distant note. One of the most scientific musicians in England told me, that he thought it doubtful whether any performer could sound, at once distinctly and rapidly, two consecutive tetrachords in the enharmonic scale.

But, however great the difficulty was, the Greeks subdued it, as the quarter note regularly occurs in their scale. This it is extremely difficult to comprehend; and it has been found impossible to adapt a frequency of quarter tones for any practical purpose. The work in which the Greek system of music appears to be best explained, is a paper of Sir George Shuckburgh, (No. 441), in the "Philosophical Transactions." But, without intense study, it is impossible to comprehend it. A few months before he died, Doctor Burney mentioned to me, that "he himself never understood the Greek music, or found any one that did."

The Romans adopted from the Greeks the diatonic scale; and, partially at least, the chromatic scale: but they rejected altogether the enharmonic scale; and many of the subdivisions of the two other scales.

All modern music is in the diatonic scale, with the occasional admixture of the chromatic semi-tone, and the enharmonic quarter tone; the last, however, is very seldom introduced. One is naturally led to suppose, that the Grecian music admitted a similar admixture; but it seems to be agreed, that their airs were either altogether in the diatonic, the chromatic, or the enharmonic scale. To every modern ear, this must appear impossible.

The general imperfection of keyed instruments has made some professors think that persons, whose singing it is intended to carry to the utmost perfection of which it is susceptible, should
be taught by a violin, and not by a forte piano. Mara, it is said, was instructed in this manner. It is to be observed, that the only keyed instrument which expresses a quarter tone is the davichord, an instrument scarcely known in this country; but frequently found on the tables of foreign professors, and in the cells of nuns. They are very portable, and do not disturb the inmates of the adjoining apartments.

Few things show more than the gammut how greatly art enters into combinations, apparently natural. Most persons, who have not attentively considered the subject, suppose that the gammut consists of sounds naturally of the power, and naturally rising and falling in the order, in which they now stand; so that a child, as soon as his voice is formed, would, of himself, and without the least tuition, sing the gammut both in the ascending and descending series, and make the lowest note of the octave, or what is the same, the lowest note of the tetrachord, if he sung in the descending series, and the highest of either, if he sung in the ascending series, its ultimate or final note. But, to form the gammut, great mathematical research and many experiments were necessary. It was not till the ninth century, that the hexachord was raised to a septenary, and it was not till the seventeenth that the seventh note received an appropriate name. The former was preceded by the discovery of notation and of the staff or stave.

It has been observed that the Romans rejected entirely the enharmonic scale, and many of the Grecian subdivisions of the diatonic and chromatic scales. This reduced their notation, comparatively speaking, to a very small number of notes. They are supposed to have been limited to fifteen. Pope Gregory the Great reduced them to the seven first letters of the alphabet. The sounds in the gravest or lowest octave, he expressed by the capital letters, A. B. C. D. E. F. G.; the sounds in the octave, next above it, he expressed by the minuscules, a. b. c. d. e. f. g.; the sounds in the octave above this, he expressed by double minuscules, aa. bb. cc. dd. ee. ff. gg.

The letters of Pope Gregory were afterwards abandoned for notes or points.

The Flemish school of music occupies, in point of time, an intermediate æra between the music of the middle ages and modern music. The wars between the Guelphs and Ghibellins, and the irruptions of the French into Italy, drove many musicians of distinction into the low countries. At this time, these were in the height of their prosperity. The wealth and splendour of
their commercial towns placed the Dukes of Burgundy, their sovereigns, on a level with the greatest monarchs, and enabled their principal merchants to display such magnificence in their dress, their buildings, and their mode of living, as excited the envy of the noblest princes of Europe. In 1301, when Joanna of Navarre, the wife of Philip le Bel, the King of France, was at Bruges, she was so much struck with its grandeur and wealth, and particularly with the splendid appearance of the wives of the citizens, that she was moved, by female envy, to cry out with indignation, “I thought that I had been the only queen here, but I find that there are many hundreds more.”

To this scene of magnificence and gaiety, the fugitive musicians of Italy repaired, and founded a school of music, which for half a century gave law to Europe. Their pre-eminence is noticed by Guiccardini, in his “Account of the Low Countries.” Its style of music may be termed the florid counterpoint. It partook much of the ancient counterpoint; but was more scientific, more varied, and more extensive. Neither the notes of the different parts, nor the syllables, nor even the words, were, as in that music, kept in strict opposition to each other; divisions on a single syllable and occasional pauses were admitted, the contexture of the parts was more simple, there was more air, and the whole proceeded with more rapidity. At the head of the contrapuntists of this school was John de Muris. It may be added for the honour of the harmony of our island, that there is some reason to contend that he was of English birth. But, as a composer, he appears to have been excelled by Josquin de Prés.

Soon after the revival of letters, counterpoint found its way into Italy. Under the hands of the immortal Palestrina, it became grand, simple, and elegant. To this moment, there are no compositions for the church at once so fine and so proper. This style of music attained its perfections under Luca di Marenzio. One of the greatest pleasures which a person who has real taste for harmony, and is skilled in it, can receive, is to hear the madrigals of Marenzio and of some of his contemporaries well executed. Through the favour of the late Doctor Bever, of the College of Advocates, this felicity was enjoyed by the writer.

I come now to the Italian school of music. Beautiful as the florid counterpoint, under the hands of the great masters whom we have mentioned, most certainly was, still it constantly laboured under this great imperfection, that, in all such compositions, the melody was altogether overpowered by the harmony, so that it was calculated to satisfy the eye more than to please the ear.
From this state of thralldom melody was emancipated by Leo, Scarlatti, Durante, Steffani, Clari, and Marcello. Allowing to harmony its due measure of importance, they assigned to melody its just pre-eminence. With these composers began the golden age of music. Several duets and fuller pieces of Steffani have come in my way; the published madrigals of Clari, the psalms of Marcello, are familiar to me; but the duets of Durante—there are not in music more highly finished compositions. The late Miss Seward used to say, that if she wished to put a young man's taste for poetry to trial, she would place in his hands the Lycidas of Milton—(would not his Comus be a more proper work?)—and ask him his opinion of it. To put the taste of a young person for music to trial, he should hear the duets of Durante. If he be not pleased, or even if he do not feel something more than pleasure, when he hears them, he may make a respectable amateur; but it will be quite clear that he has no real soul for music. It has seldom happened to me to mention the name of Durante to an Italian professor of decided eminence, whose eyes have not glistened with admiration and delight at hearing it. Sacchini has been seen to kneel, and kiss with reverence the wonderful volume. To Durante, Steffani is second, but is not his rival. Queen Charlotte, while she cultivated music, was very partial to Steffani, and took great pains to procure his works. Her majesty was supposed to have the best collection of them in existence. It is much to be lamented that the compositions of Durante and Steffani are not more generally known.

The year 1597 is generally assigned for the commencement of the opera. The invention of recitative, or simple musical tones raised above speech, yet below singing, preceded it by a century. It is ascribed to Pulci; it is said, that, in this kind of simple melody, he sung, after the manner of the antient rhapsodists, his "Morgante Maggiore," in 1450, at the table of Lorenzo di Medici. About one hundred and fifty years after this time, some Florentine noblemen employed two of their countrymen to write and set to music, a drama of Orpheo, performed in 1597. It was a perfect opera, the dialogue being musically recited, the airs sung, the actors dressed in character—and accompanying both their recitatives and their airs with theatrie action. But the instrumental accompaniment was not very considerable. We know, that, in another opera, composed about this time, the accompaniment consisted of a harpsichord, played behind the scenes, a large guitar, a large lute, and a viol de gamba. Dancing, which has now acquired so much importance in musical representations,
obtained a place in the musical drama by slow degrees. It seems to have obtained a complete ascendancy in 1781, when, horresco referens, the house chattered while Paccherotti sung; and was perfectly silent when Vestris danced.

To obtain a general view of the music of Italy, it may be proper to follow its geographical division into its higher, central, and lower regions. The first includes the Venetian and Lombard schools; the second those of Rome and Bologna; the third includes the Neapolitan. The first is said to be distinguished by energy; the second by science, purity, and simple dignity; the third by vivacity and expression. Much of this may be thought imaginary. Generally speaking, the music of Italy may be said to have been first expanded into grandeur and copiousness by Vinci and Pergolesi, and to have reached its summit under Jomelli. Since that time, the Italian school has never been without most respectable composers; but they have been rather pleasing than imposing. For elegance and fancy they may be justly mentioned in the highest terms of eulogy, but the praise of sublimity or pathos they have seldom merited.

Till Haydn and Mozart appeared, Hasse was certainly the first of German composers. He chose Vinci and the other early Italian masters for his models. In elegance, simplicity, and grandeur he equalled them, and excelled them in grace and effect. But his character is better known in this country than his compositions. Considering his acknowledged reputation, and that the style of his music is particularly adapted to the taste of an English audience, it is surprising that we should know so little of his musical compositions.

Haydn, and, till lately, Mozart, were principally known to us by their instrumental music. The full pieces of the former were thought to be unequalled, till Beethoven attracted the public attention. On account of its greater simplicity, colloquial cast, good nature, and incessant epigram, the music of Haydn will always be more popular; but, in the opinion of some judges, Beethoven is more sublime. Some assert, at least plausibly, that the public ear is not yet sufficiently informed to appreciate his music; but that the time will come, when he will be thought at least equal to Haydn and Mozart. His oratorio of “Christ on the Mountain of Olives” is a work of extraordinary pathos, and abounds with terrible beauties.

It may be observed that both Haydn and Mozart wrote for instruments rather than the voice. The consequence is, that the melody seldom continues long in one part, but is distributed
through all the parts, so that it cannot be seized by unlearned
hears; or even by the learned, unless they are accustomed to
the symphonious arrangement of melody. In the celebrated
"Don Giovanni" of Mozart, this is very observable. It may,
therefore, be thought to admit of doubt, whether there were not
as much of fashion as feeling, in the loud and long-continued
applause which was bestowed on that elegant, fanciful, sublime,
but very scientific composition.

Most sincerely subscribing to the anathema which Rousseau
has pronounced against French music, and to which all Europe,
except France herself, has assented by acclamation, you will not
be troubled with any account of it in these lines.

The venerable Bede informs us, that when St. Austin and the
companions of his mission had their first audience of King Ethel-
bert in the isle of Thanet, they approached him in procession,
singing litanies; and that afterwards, when they entered Canter-
bury, they sung a litany, and at the end of it, Allelujah; but he
reminds us that our ancestors had been previously instructed in the
rites and ceremonies of the Gallican church by St. Germanus,
and heard him sing Allelujah, many years before the arrival of
St. Austin. He mentions two professors sent from Rome into
England to teach music to our Saxon ancestors: he himself was
an able musician. A treatise, "De Musica Theoretica, Practica
et Mensurata," has been ascribed to him.

From this early time to the present, music always flourished in
England; her contrapuntists resembled and rivalled those of the
Flemish school. Henry VIII. was a judge of music, and is thought
to have been a composer. His reign was illustrated by several
contrapuntists of great eminence, particularly Tallis and Byrd.
Both were Roman Catholics, but are supposed to have accommo-
dated themselves to the changes which, in those times, success-
ively took place in the national religion. They obtained from
Queen Elizabeth a patent for the sole printing of music, and
music paper.

Luther was favourable to music: his hymn against the Turks
and pope, and the music to which he set it, are generally known.
He composed several other hymns; his catechism, and even the
confession of Augsburg, were put into verse and set to music.
Calvin was an enemy to music. Simple, undecorated psalmody,
he allowed; but no musical instrument was suffered within the
walls of Geneva for more than a hundred years after the refor-
mation. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the choral music of the ca-
thedral service was cultivated with great success. The names of

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Dr. Bull, the first Gresham professor of music, and of Thomas Morley, his disciple, one of the gentlemen of the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, are still remembered with respect. The profound skill of the former in harmony was known on the continent. Whilst he was on his travels he met, at St. Omers, with a French musician, who had composed a piece of music in forty parts, and defied the whole world to correct or add to it. Dr. Bull, in two hours, added forty other parts to it. "The Frenchman," says Antony Wood, who relates this story, "burst into great ecstasy, and swore that he who added those forty parts must be the devil or Dr. Bull."

Music was proscribed by the Puritans. The organ and the surplice they held in equal horror. At the restoration music regained her honours. Orlando Gibbons belongs to the reign of Charles I.; Matthew Locke, to that of Charles II. He composed the music for the restoration; his music for the tragedy of "Macbeth," is still heard with delight. He was organist to Catherine, the queen consort of Charles II.

The immortal Purcell is the glory of the English school of music. That "worth and skill," which, to use Milton's energetic phrase in his sonnet to Henry Lawes, "exempts the man of genius from the throng," few composers have possessed in a higher degree. Most Englishmen, though with some hesitation, will allow Purcell's inferiority to Handel; but few will acknowledge his inferiority to any other composer. On the other hand, few foreigners feel Purcell's merit. If he had lived half a century later, he would have become acquainted with the Italian compositions, of the school of Vinci, and witnessed the powers, and perceived the capabilities, of instrumental music. Had this happened, he would, in all probability, have been more elegant, more sublime, and more impassioned; but he would have been less English. This addition, therefore, to his glory, an Englishman can scarcely wish him to have possessed. Such as he was, his compositions show how far, without resorting to continental aid, the passion and the expression of English words, and English feelings, can be expressed by English music. For, with all their beauty, their contrivance, and their strength, Purcell's compositions have the true raciness of the English soil.

In this respect he has been without a successor. We must, however, observe, that two kinds of composition have, for nearly a century, been peculiar to this country: the anthem and the serious glee. The English anthem partakes of the nature of the motett of the Flemish school; but it is a considerable improve-
ment on the motett, as it possesses all its harmony and tenfold its elegance, pathos, and variety. Several anthems of Purcell, of Dr. Blow, of Dr. Croft, Dr. Green, and Dr. Boyce, are excellent. The anthem of Dr. Croft, "O Lord thou hast searched me out and proved me," which was performed on the late king's recovery from his former malady, is entitled to particular praise. One of the greatest treats which a lover of real music can receive, is to hear some of these anthems well performed; but this seldom happens.

Laissons à des chantres gagnés le soin de louer Dieu,

was certainly a practice much too frequent on the continent; unfortunately, it is in England equally common. Wherever it prevails, it is a crying abuse, and loudly calls on the hierarchy of the country for redress. The musical compositions of foreign growth, which the English anthem most resembles, are the psalms of Marcellino. The late Mr. Avison placed these on a level with the oratorios of Handel: this was absurd; but they certainly possess a high degree of excellence.

English serious glees have long filled a large space in the musical school of England. Several rival the best Italian madrigals; in some of Stafford Smyth's, Dr. Cooke's, and Mr. Webbe's (a younger writer would mention living authors,) the higher chords are certainly sounded. The glee of Lord Mornington, "Return, my lovely maid, return," is one of the most elegant compositions that has come from a British pen.

But, if favourable reception, and long and unvarying patronage of a composer, continued and almost exclusive admiration of his works, veneration of his name, and eminent honours rendered to his memory, entitle a nation to claim a musician, not born within her territory, for a countryman, England may boast, in Handel, and in his works, and in their general diffusion, of a school that yields to none. His genius beams with particular splendour in his oratorios, the music of which he carried to the highest degree of perfection. Never did a character given of one person apply to another better than does the character given by Dr. Johnson of Milton apply to Handel. The doctor said of Milton, that "the characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace, but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please, when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish. He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was
that nature bestowed on him, more bountifully than upon others; the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful." Such is Handel—such is his Messiah.

Something of a revolution in the musical taste of this country was effected, in the course of the last reign, by the queen's introducing into it several German performers of eminence. Unfortunately, however, it was not the music of the high German school of Hasse, and the elder Bachs; it was the light, elegant, and chaste, but generally unimpassioned, school of John Christian Bach. A more elevated rank among musicians, than that which Goldsmith holds among poets, should not be assigned to him; and perhaps he should be rather classed with Shenstone—never offending against taste, always possessing sprightliness and grace, but seldom exhibiting a ray of genius. His finest performance is the "Chiari fonti," in Orpheo. A further revolution was effected by Clementi's most scientific, but most classic performance on the forte piano;—equalled, but not surpassed, by Cramer, his excellent and unrivalled scholar.

In the execution of the easy, the difficult, the fantastic, the elegant, and the sublime, both were supremely great; and when Cramer performed his own adagios, "Venus," to use the words of Horace, "imbued them with the fifth part of her own nectar." Still the aspirant to perfect performances on a keyed instrument, should give days and nights to the practice of the lessons of Scarlatti and the elder Bachs. In music, the great difficulty is to render common passages, in a finished manner, not to achieve impossibilities. Catalani never sung without a thunder of applause; Grassini, with her three notes, entranced every hearer. What a degree of excellence, on a keyed instrument, an amateur can attain, few who have not heard the finished performance of Miss Hulmandell can imagine.

From the time of which we are now speaking, excellence on the forte piano appears to have been the great object of female education. Yet, though so much of their time is given by the sex to music, how seldom is a finished performer to be heard? To what is this owing? May it not be that a desire to excel is often mistaken for genius? "Young artist," says Rousseau, "inquire not what is genius. Do you possess it? you feel it. Do you not possess it? you will never know what it is. But do you wish to ascertain whether genius has smiled upon you? Run to Naples! Listen to the master-pieces of Durante, of Jomelli, of Pergolesi.
If, while you hear them, your eyes fill with tears, you feel your heart beat, you shiver, you are suffocated with a transport of delight, take Metastasio, and compose. His genius will animate your own. Like him, you will create. But if, while you listen to these great masters, you remain tranquil, you feel no transport, if you find them merely pretty—dare not ask what is genius. Vulgar man, profane not that sublime word. What will it avail you to know what genius is? You will never feel it. Go, compose French music.” In this there is exaggeration, but there is truth. Let any one who lives on terms of intimacy with a professor of real merit, ask of him confidentially his genuine sentiments of the real taste for music in this country; he will answer, that it has seldom occurred to him, to find, in a large boarding school, two who had a real ear for music.

After all, supposing this high degree of musical excellence attainable, should a young lady, should her parents, desire that she should be stared at by all eyes, and fatigue most ears? Yet this is generally the case at every musical “at home” which aspires to a concert.

This observation, however, does not apply to the cultivation of the art, or the practice of it, with moderation—where the performer aims at no more than to sing a simple melody, in time and tune, and to obtain a general knowledge of harmony. When these are acquired, when the words of the song are well chosen, and sung with decent feeling; and the songster, though pleased to give her friends around her pleasure, evidently retires from the observing eye—it is one of the highest gratifications which it is given to mortals to receive. Perhaps an Italian hypercritic would deny it to be music—in fact it is something better. Virtue and pleasure alternately smile—

“"There, too, does Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear.”

But beyond this, unless where the performer is perfect, and the audience select, all is distraction, impatience, and it rains ennui.

The subject seems to require some mention of our national melodies. Most beautiful are Scottish melodies, sung in their original purity by Scottish ladies. But French music, sung by a Frenchman, is scarcely more unpleasing, than a Scottish air sung with English embroidery. Several English ballads are highly pleasing. They are always deformed by florid song, and lose all their effect when harmonized.

The music of the Irish is remarkably pathetic. It is said that a celebrated Italian, after listening to some of their airs, suddenly
exclaimed, "that must be the music of a people who have lost
their freedom."

Such is the history of music: if my readers are not tired with
my details, I shall, by-and-bye, have a few words to say on our
church music.

THE DESERTED HALL.

A FRAGMENT.

I RETURNED to the hall of my fathers,
    And found none living there—
"Ah, where," I cried, "are they vanished?"
    And Echo answered "where?"
Each loved one's name to give me back
    The walls had not forgot;
But each, but all I summoned,
    That summons answered not!
I sped to the greenwood covert,
    At the earliest blush of morn;
I saw no gallant company,
    I heard no hunting horn.
Almost their wonted fleetness
    The wild deer had forgot,
For they that should have led the chase,
    Ah, well-a-day, were not!
With heart and foot that trembled,
    I sought the chapel's gloom—
The names I had lisped in childhood
    Were graved on many a tomb!
I had roved afar in distant lands,
    And wrestled with my lot—
Returned at length to my father's hall,
    When all I loved were not!

FLOWERS.

And though we love the rich perfume,
    We love the fragile blossom too.—A. F.

How beautiful, how beautiful, each summer flower seems,
    As if it were transplanted from the land of blissful dreams
That hover round the lover's heart, when to the lyre he sings,
    And blends the tone of feeling with the music of its strings!
And they are emblems of the joys that light the youthful breast,
    And they are emblems of the hopes that lull the soul to rest;
They blossom bright at morning time, and breathe a soft perfume,
    And evening comes, and where are they, but withered in the tomb?
And yet we love and cherish them, and yet we call them dear,
    And culture them, and tend them with more than maternal care,
Although they whisper in our ears this bitter, bitter thought,
All things, though beautiful they be, must to the grave be brought!

JAMES KNOX.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. 1.

THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND.

She shared his love, ere low he fell,
Ere crime and anguish wrung his brow;
And, though his fallen state too well
She knows, shall she desert him now?—Original Poem.

“Catharine, we must part. The king this morn contemptuously refused me further aid. Indignant at his want of faith, I retorted in no measured terms, and am enjoined, on penalty of paying my life a forfeit to my disobedience, to quit the kingdom, three days only being allowed me to prepare for my departure. I must return to Flanders, there to seek that support which is denied me here. Toils and dangers await me, to which I cannot consent to thy exposure. That tender form of thine, my love, is not suited to endure the buffet of my stormy fortune.

Dark is my doom, and from thee I'll sever,
Whom I have loved alone.
'Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever
With sorrows like my own!

Here, safe in the protection of thy friends, shalt thou remain. If but success await my exertions, I will, ere long, return to place upon thy brow, my own beloved, the coronet of England. If not, it will be thy task to forget him whose selfish ambition has wedded thee to calamity.”

Such were the words of the husband of the Lady Catharine Gordon, on his return from an unsuccessful interview with James IV. of Scotland.

“'And shall Huntly's daughter,’” replied the lady, “'thus consent to desert her husband? Shall she remain in careless ease, whilst he, her bosom's lord, is wrestling with the difficulties of his wayward lot? No, my dear Richard, I have shared your short-lived splendour, let me participate in your reverses. If it please heaven to crown your rightful cause, and place you on the throne of your fathers, with what justice shall I share with you that exalted seat, if now I shrink from the task imposed on me? Let us leave Scotland; let us together seek our exile, and a kindred fate be ours. Where thou goest will I go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!”

“Noble minded woman!—but it must not be!” ejaculated the youth.

“Catharine!—for I dare not longer wear a mask—prepare to curse thy unworthy husband! Thou deemest me the rightful heir
to England's crown, but know me as a base impostor! I won thy love by a lie: the dupe of my own designing, I almost deemed myself the royal youth whose person and title I had subsequently arrogated; and thus, ambitiously aspiring to the love of one fair and noble as thyself, have I entailed on a great and glorious race ruin and dishonour. Yet oh, forgive me, and do not execrate my fatally wild ambition!"

"Oh, Richard! was this deception generous? yet hold, my swelling heart, and let my duty as a wife subdue my woman's pride! My husband, avert not from me thus thy tearful eyes—whoe'er thou art, thou hast been to me all tenderness; it will be now my grateful task to prove to thee that Catharine Gordon's love was unalloyed by interest and ambition. If she adored thee when, 'mid thy gallant train, thou stood'st unmatch'd, 'twas not the splendour of thy royal name that bade me wish thee mine.

'Twas na thy glittering coronet,
'Twas na thy princely star,
Nor thy forbears 'mang heroes set,
And famed in lands afar.'

"Yes, then, my husband, I loved thee, as now I love thee, for thyself alone! Let us, then, fly these shores; desist from the wild pursuit of what thou hast no claim to, and let us seek a happy, a contented privacy."

"Alas! my beloved, it is impossible: bound by a solemn oath to pursue, while I have being, the claim I have asserted, no rest, no peace remains to me; leave me to my woes, leave me to my dishonour; why, why should both be wretched?"

As the unhappy speaker concluded, he folded in his arms his faithful wife, and ineffectually endeavoured to subdue her determination to share his fortunes. The reader will ere this have discovered, in the husband of the Lady Catharine, the youth who, during the reign of Henry VII. had arrogated to himself the title of Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., who, with his brother, was said to have been murdered in the Tower by the inhuman Richard III.

"The bloody and devouring boar."

Possessed of every accomplishment that could engage affection, the youth, whose name was Perkin Warbeck, a Fleming, had gained the ready respect and confidence of many persons of rank in England.

After the failure, however, of his endeavours to excite a revolt in that country, which were discovered by the vigilance of the king, and frustrated by the immediate execution of his adherents,
he had repaired to Scotland, and solicited the assistance of James IV. to place him on the throne of England.

James, whose credulity was equal to his valour, was easily prevailed on to support his pretensions. He received him with the highest distinction, and in a short time consented to his union with a relative of his own, the Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly. Between the "White Rose of Scotland," for such was the appellation which the extraordinary beauty of this young lady had gained her, and the adventurer, an ardent attachment had existed from the earliest period of his arrival in Scotland.

As our brief sketch will be in strict conformity with historical fact, we have endeavoured to avoid all appearance of mystery, and have, therefore, thought these few observations requisite. The friendship and support of James were, however, of short duration. Having entered Northumberland with an army, and finding the people by no means disposed to join the fictitious prince, the Scottish King gave up the cause as hopeless.

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The sun was attaining to his meridian height, when the unhappy adventurer and his devoted bride embarked at Leith for Flanders. Few were the companions of their exile; almost unattended, they left those shores where, but a few months before, they had plighted their troth, surrounded by the fair and noble of the land.

Willing to spare himself the splendid misery of witnessing the embarkation of his gallant band of followers, Warbeck departed privately, leaving orders for his troops, in number about fifteen hundred, to follow him. * * * * *

"Bless thee, leddie! bestow a hawbee in charity on puir auld witless Mansie." Such were the words addressed by a wretched-looking figure to the Lady Catharine, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she appeared on the beach. She threw her a small coin, which the beggar received, ejaculating, "Mony thanks, leddie. Mansie's prayers shall swell the breeze that wafts thee over the wide saut wave—but," almost shrieked she, gazing intently on the astonished Catharine, "muckle fear hae I, ye need na wish a speedy voyage—better a watery grave than a broken heart; better a pillow on the faeming brine, than a sleepless bed in a foreign land."

"What meanest thou?" earnestly demanded Catharine, whose curiosity and alarm were strongly excited by the words of the beggar.

"Ah, leddie, dinna ask—gin ye kent a'—gin ye speered wi'
auld Mansie's een, ye wad na leave the land o' yer forbears, to rame mang ruthless faes, a lanely exile—fareweel, fareweel, leddie, dinn forget the warnin o' auld Mansie!"

As she spoke she turned from the disappointed Catharine, who, with her husband, repaired to the boat that was to convey them to the vessel, which was about to waft her for ever from her native land. As the boat was rowed from the shore, the beggar's discordant voice was heard chaunting the following song:

"The white rose has bloom'd
Thro' a brief simmer day,
Yet the white rose is doom'd
To a rapid decay.
The fausse ane that tore
It in sorrow awa'
Winna live to deplore
That premature fa'.
Thy smile may impart
A' its sweetness awhile,
Yet the worm's in thy heart
That shall banish that smile.
Farewell! oh farewell!
Mid the tempest that blows
In my earrings the knell
O' Scotland's 'White Rose.'
Swift to bear thee awa'
Round thee hoarse billows swell—
'Ance again, an' for aye
Rose o' Scotland, farewell!"

As the last words of the song pealed on the ears of the terror-smitten Catharine, she ascended the side of the vessel, and, with eyes tearless from agony, perceived the shores of her native land receding fast from her view.

By an agreement between the English and Flemish courts, all English rebels had been excluded from the low countries. Perkin, though born in England, was a Fleming by extraction, and might, therefore, have claimed admission into Flanders; but, as he must have dismissed his English retainers, the brave companions of his dangers, and as he had to apprehend a cold reception from a people who were determined to maintain an amicable footing with the English court, he resolved not to hazard the experiment, but repaired to Ireland, where he remained for some time in insecure and comfortless exile.

It is not to be expected that we shall follow the historian in a detail of his subsequent attempt upon England, of his landing in Cornwall, being joined by the populace, and taking upon himself,
for the first time, the title of Richard IV. King of England. It
was at this period that his too faithful wife, following the for-
tunes of her unhappy husband, fell into the hands of the enemy.
This was a fatal blow to the adventurer. In all his wanderings
she had shared his fortunes; with all his faults, he had still adored
his lovely, his ill-fated bride, his fair and spotless "white rose."

"His brow was wrung with care—
His heart by crime and pride
Was torn'd; yet love still flourish'd there,
Where all was waste beside."

We shall not depict the humiliating scenes of his surrender to
King Henry, of the exposure of his fictitious claims, of his
ignominious treatment and close confinement, of his repeated
efforts to escape, and lastly, of his arraignment and condemna-
tion.

The last morn that ever broke upon the eyes of the unhappy
pretender to royalty, dawned heavily and slowly. At an early
hour the roads and lanes adjacent to the hill of Tyburn, the place
of execution, were thronged with anxious and expecting thousands.
A detachment of soldiers surrounded the sledge on which the cul-
prit and his confessor were placed.

As the procession approached the fatal spot, Perkin threw his
eyes upon the gallows that frowned on the hill, and observed to
his confessor, with a smile of bitter disappointment, "Yonder is
the throne to which ambition has exalted me!"—The father en-
treated him to dismiss from his thoughts every thing that might
distract him from the awful duty of preparing to meet his Maker,
adding, that though disappointed of an earthly throne, the present
place was to be a stepping-stone to an eternal one. "Were not
these arms pinioned," cried the prisoner, "I would embrace the
tree: and, since my tongue is not restrained, I thank thee for the
best assurance." He was now urged to a public confession of
his imposture.

"Is not then your master yet content?" said he; adding, "but
I consent, and thus proclaim my infamy." Urged on by restless
ambition, but more the ready tool of others' designing, I have dis-
turbed the quiet of these realms, and sought a crown to which I
had no claim.

"Father," he added, lowering his voice, "Heaven is my
witness, that had I not been bound by oath, I had long discon-
tinued this iniquitous and futile enterprise. My unhappy Cath-
arine! how does my heart bleed at thought of her. she long, long
Jan. 1830.
entreated me to resign the ambitious claim. That angel woman, father, in the flower of youth, in beauty’s hour of pride, resigned her fate to my keeping; the descendant of a line of princes, she brooked alliance with a wanderer, an outcast. What woe has that unhappy, that ill-requited confidence brought on her; how have I been a rankling thorn, a canker, to that lovely flower! She loved me, she wed me, she clung to my misfortunes, she joyed, in all my miseries, to prove the fervor of her truth. Oft has she wiped my burning brow, streaming with drops of anguish: oft has she cheered, with sounds of hope, my sinking heart. But now, now father, she pines in bitter restraint, the captive of your master; Heaven’s curse light on him, if he give her gentle bosom aught of pain! ’Twas well for both we were spared the misery of a last adieu. I deemed it, in thy king, refinement of hatred to deny a final interview; but my heart now tells me he did it more in mercy than in anger. But no more: I have done with earth, I have done with Catharine!"

He knelt, and, crossing his hands on his breast, ejaculated a silent prayer.

At that moment a stir was perceived among the crowd, and a female broke through the soldiers that surrounded the drop, and threw herself into the arms of the criminal.

"Not yet! not yet! spare him a little longer—tear him not so soon from my arms!" she ejaculated.

"My poor mourner, ’tis too late!" replied the condemned.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Catharine, "it is never too late for mercy; take him back to his dungeon, respite him but a few hours, I will again to the king, throw myself at his feet, nor cease till he forgives!"

Nature could no more; she sank insensible into the arms of her husband.

"Now is the time," cried he, printing a last kiss on her pale cheek, as he consigned her to his confessor, directing him to remove her from the spot. "The bitterness of death is past!" ejaculated he, as he threw on her one lingering look, and calmly submitted to the hands of the executioner.

The motion attending the removal of the Lady Catharine restored animation. Involuntarily she turned her eyes towards the fatal spot—what she saw may be conceived from the sequel. "The fiends have murdered him!" she shrieked. They were the last words of expiring reason that burst from the lips of the White Rose of Scotland.  

CHARLES M.
WANDERINGS IN FRANCE.—NO. I.
RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Among the few acquaintance I have made in France, now, for various reasons, become my adopted country, is a worthy country curate: he is one of those men who scrupulously performs the duties of his religion, but in that sense which shows that his sanctity has for its basis a feeling heart, and a mind elevated above this earth. With dogmatic reasoning he is seldom occupied: he does not seek to terrify his flock by the frightful images of misfortune, often confided to his zeal, but he accustoms them to the love of order and virtue, while he makes them taste the happiness attached to such principles; he instructs them by the example he sets them, governs them by the authority of his moral conduct, which is mild and indulgent, and never addresses to them any other sentences than what contain words of comfort and happiness. His presbytery is the general rendezvous of every sufferer, the storehouse of those who want bread, and a shelter to those who have no asylum; he is the father, the friend, and the benefactor of the parish, and no one quitted him without having received from him good advice and useful example.

It is now about two years since I visited this parish, situated in the south of France, in a province not very rich, and wherein industry has not yet produced wealth, but where the inhabitants have yet preserved all the purity and simplicity of the good old times. I saw this good curate for the first time, and it is impossible for me to express the pleasure it afforded me.

He has never been out of his province, he has never meddled in any political troubles, and yet he has always known a king; why should that be matter of astonishment? Are we not at that era when crowns have been placed on every head?

This king, of whom the remembrance has been preserved, although he was the sole architect of his destiny, was not then a stable-boy, but employed in the house of his father, a country inn-keeper; he was of an impetuous and valiant mind, approaching to chivalric ardour; he made his fortune in the army; and a close alliance with the first of all the upstarts which wore the purple made his royal fortune; he was seated on a throne, soon fell from its giddy height, and finished by dying like a marauder and deserter, during the war.

He was very unlikely ever to ascend a throne when our old curate first knew him. He had then one of those commercial establishments, which always follows the vender wherever he
goes: he was, in fact, a pedlar. One day, the curate, then young
and gallant, sought him out, and bought of him a handkerchief
which he wished to give to a young maiden of the village; for in
villages, as in great cities, love is always escorted by luxury, and
is pleased in embellishing its object. The pedlar sold the hand-
kerchief, but very dear, and boasted much of its good qualities and
beauty. But, oh! the perfidy sometimes attached to trade!
The colours would not stand, and the first time that the handker-
chief was dipped in water, this rich article, an imitation of those
from India, appeared no better than a coarse shaving cloth.
They endeavoured to oblige the vender to take it back, he cried
out against that, and no threats could make him consent to so just
a restitution.

Some years after, the place resounded with the arrival of an
illustrious warrior. General Murat went to pay a visit to his native
country; he found out the young man who had purchased the
handkerchief; as soon as he saw him he began to laugh; "Do
you recollect," said he, "the trick that was once played you by a
pedlar?"

This pedlar was now General Murat, and afterwards acknow-
ledged by the title of Joachim, King of Naples; the old curate
related to me the above anecdotes, which he seemed delighted to
recollect as the happy days of his youth. The two following anec-
dotes of that extraordinary man we believe, also, are not generally
known, and for which I am indebted to the venerable priest.

Murat's first care on arriving at his native province was to go
and see his family: he found out his good sister, whom he had
always regarded with the tenderest affection. He experienced a
happiness without alloy in seeing once more all who had formerly
been dear to him. As he was walking with her in the chief street
of the village, he perceived that they were followed by a man very
shabbily clothed; his face was dirty, and his whole appearance
miserable: "Who is that fellow that seems watching us?" said
he to his sister.—"Alas! it is my son-in-law: we were very poor,
he offered to marry your niece, and it was fortunate for us."—
"Very well," said Murat, and approaching this unknown rela-
tive, he behaved to him with the kindest benevolence, and dissi-
pated by his cordial reception the distress which the poor fellow
found in seeing himself, by his situation in life, so distant from
the man to whom he was so nearly allied.

He then went to Cahore: his entry there was to be triumphant.
All military parade was put in requisition, all the authorities of
the town were assembled at the gates to form a procession; he
entered the town with every military honour. He traversed the
principal street, when a man, whose arms were bare and his face
covered with the smoke of the forge, rushed out of a blacksmith's
shop, and advanced towards the general. He gave a shout, leaped
on his neck, and, taking him by the arm, continued his march with
this new companion. It was one of his old play-mates, one of
those friends which are only found in early youth. S.

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

ADIEU, adieu, my ladye love!
Thy knight from thee must go—
The trumpet's blast now shrilly sounds
That summons to the foe.
My bosom echoes to the tone,
And makes the stirring strain its own.
Thine eye's bright smile will beam on me—
Thy song will glad no more;
For mine the shock of charging foes,
And mine the battle's roar.
On hostile brows my gaze will be,
The foe'sman's groan my melody!

I've hung my lute within thy bower,
That oft hath heard its strain,
And many a perilous hour will pass,
Ere it shall wake again.
Full many an hour of strife to me,
Of lonely grief, beloved, to thee!—

And if thy knight in battle fall,
That lute shall speak no more,
Save to the night wind's hollow blast,
Its lone chords wandering o'er,
In one wild, deep, unearthly tone,
That tells of blighted hearts alone!

But if again thy bower I seek,
'Twill be with victor-pride,
To lay my laurels at thy feet,
And claim my promised bride.
To wake my lute, and loud and high
Swell the song of victory! CHARLES M.
THE MISERIES OF A VOCALIST.

Oh! little they think, while they list to her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.—Moore.

The loudest expression of joy, Mr. Editor, is not inconsistent with an utter sickness of the heart; and a gay appearance is too often but the disguise which covers a sad accumulation of sorrow. These truths have been verified by my own brief experience. The liveliest notes have flowed from my lips at the moment when my bosom was heaving with anguish, and the plaudits of an indulgent audience have served only to convince me that my wretchedness is without remedy. In the hope of finding relief in the sympathy of others, I have undertaken the simple story of my wrongs, and though my lot may be somewhat peculiar, perhaps it may not be altogether un instructive. It is but a miserable world: we envy others those endowments which are too often accompanied by a load of private suffering and bitter associations.

My father was one of those men always common in the metropolis; diligence and prudence secured him an ample fortune, but as his years declined, that grasp, which originally held firm what it had once acquired, was relaxed, and his wealth, by little and little, slipped through his fingers. He trusted, and was deceived; he built houses on doubtful property, and the expenses of a suit in Chancery, which may be decided in the next century, reduced his means to one hundred a year. My mother’s economy makes this trifling annuity do wonders; but, alas! she has six daughters, and all unmarried! I am the youngest of these; and each of my sisters, I have no doubt, could narrate a story sufficiently instructive. Their education qualified them for imparting knowledge to others, and the difficulties of procuring and retaining situations have occupied our fireside councils for many a long winter’s evening. The misery of dependence has been frequently canvassed in our little parlour with an acuteness which had its origin in a sad experience. My mother usually performs the part of president, and her anxieties and solicitude for our welfare are evinced in the prudent manner in which she moderates desire and excites hope. The future to her is always full of atonement for the past, and though a dozen years might have shown her the fallacy of her fond expectations, she still persists in anticipating for one and all of us wealthy husbands, and—a coach. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and perhaps it is as well that my mother is inaccessible to despair.

In my younger days I acquired a tone of melancholy, from the little details of my sisters’ grievances, and my “sweet voice” had
THE MISERIES OF A VOCALIST.

no sooner given indications of compass and power, than I was kindly oppressed with congratulations that a destiny awaited me more fortunate than that which falls to the lot of the unhappy governess. It was supposed that I had escaped the caprice of fashionable mothers, and the irksome toil of endeavouring to teach those who will not be permitted to learn.

Friends were soon invited to hear me sing, and their commendations encouraged me to venture on a display before casual visitors. Their decision sanctioned the opinion of my relatives: masters were employed, and their eulogies convinced my mother that our evil days had drawn to a conclusion: her active fancy was quickly abroad: a Catalani was born in the family, and why should not that wealth which rewarded the vocal powers of a Stephens and a Paton be poured into my lap by some enterprising manager, who, like the unwashed artificers of Spitalfields, are always on the lookout for singing birds! Already had she calculated the remuneration of the first successful season, and counted, with pain, the years still necessary to elapse before I could make my debut. In these fond imaginings, hours, days, and months were spent; the anticipated fortune of professional skill reconciled us to our scanty meal, and we were content to endure winter's cold by thinking on the summer's heat.

These wild speculations, I confess, made my head giddy: my childish ideas were inflamed by the pictures of future grandeur which my sisters were perpetually drawing; and I even then began to fancy the pleasure of enraptured theatres—the mingled cheers of boxes, pit, and gallery, and that loud applause which terminates in a repetition of the last popular song. I dreamt of being led on by Kean or Kemble, and never thought of the envy which such success must have necessarily dragged along with it.

The extravagance of my ideas was soon corrected by my music master. Vocal fame was to be acquired only by a process of fatiguing exertions, and though at first I submitted willingly to the drudgery of learning, "sweet sounds" soon palled upon the ear; and the piano every morning when I arose, the piano when I had finished my breakfast, the piano when I stood up from dinner, and the piano before and after tea, was, I am sure, quite enough to make a girl of twelve relinquish the distant hope of warbling on the boards of Drury Lane, rather than persevere in a course of study so monotonous and tiresome. I hated the sight of music, and sighed for the husky voice of Fanny, our "maid of all-work," which never failed, when she attempted "Love's Young Dream," to expel a very intelligent pug dog from the kitchen.
THE MISERIES OF A VOCALIST.

Here then commenced my misery: the hopes of the family rested on me; how then could I disappoint the expectations of beings so kind and affectionate? Perseverance was a duty enjoined by the allegiance I owed my mother; and the prospect of a coach and a house in Burton Crescent were stimulants which powerfully aided the obligations of consanguinity. The old piano was therefore thumped hour after hour, and I was compelled to practise all those irksome arts known to those who are under the necessity of cultivating the volume of the voice. This, however, was not the most disagreeable part of my duty. My mother was vain of her daughter, and when any good-natured friend chanced to inquire about my progress, it was "Come, Maria, let Mrs. — hear you sing that Italian air which pleased Mr. — so much." I could not disobey, and, tired and vexed after a day of musical toil, I was obliged to exert myself once more for the gratification of ears which, in nine cases out of ten, would prefer the song of those syrens who delight the peripatetic world in our well-thronged streets. These incessant exercises tended to impair my health, and, to the horror of the whole family, an ancient maiden, who honoured us rather too frequently to tea, pronounced my shape deformed. Away went a pound out of my father's hundred, and a grave doctor declared that there was considerable apprehension of a high shoulder! Friends were deeply concerned. One twisted me to the right and then to the left, and swore the doctor was a fool; another gave me a different twist, and shook his head; and a third suggested in one breath half a dozen remedies for a supposed defect. A young doctor in want of practice undertook to cure me; my regimen was regulated by the "Materia Medica;" and, to strengthen the arms, I was, for an hour each day, put to drill by a Chelsea pensioner with one eye. My mistakes under his military tuition were amusing. When he pompously cried "Shoulder arms!" I fancied he alluded to my low shoulder, and accordingly raised that one by depressing the other. "Ground arms!" entirely puzzled me, but in time I understood these technicalities, and now fancy that I could manoeuvre a dozen regiments in Hyde Park.

My high and low shoulder were productive of a world of anxiety; my mother feared such a deformity would blast her golden prospects, and that no audience would have gallantry enough to excuse the inequality of the eighth of an inch in a singer's shoulders! While we were all being oppressed with grief at the supposed want of vigour in my left side, fame attracted the notice of a distinguished vocalist belonging to Covent
Garden. He heard me sing, and offered to take me as an apprentice. My poor mother was overjoyed; here was demonstrative proof of my abilities, and while her heart overflowed with gladness, she hinted at the defect in my shoulder. "Poh!" said my master, "that's nothing. Ladies are always made up on the stage."

Heaven had sent a comforter! We looked at each other with delight, and my mother's eyes beamed with that fond enthusiasm which generally lights them up when something beneficial to the interests of her family presents itself. Our ideas of future greatness returned with increased vigour, and I was duly apprenticed, my father having passed bills at six, twelve, and eighteen months, for one hundred and fifty pounds, my master having consented to receive so small a premium, on condition of being permitted to avail himself of my talents for his individual advantage.

The profits of professional skill were now supposed almost within my grasp, and I studied the science in which I had hoped to excel with restless diligence. My proficiency was equal to my industry, and my master prepared to bring me speedily before the public. My want of nerve suggested the propriety of familiarising me with the business of the stage in some country theatre, before my appearance on the London boards. Brighton was therefore chosen, and the piece selected for my first appearance was the opera of the "Devil's Bridge." The timidity of an inexperienced, though ambitious, girl may be easily conceived; and the sensations experienced on finding myself in the presence of the audience were none of the most agreeable. My eyes swam, and I know not what occurred for the first half hour. No doubt I drew largely on the indulgence of the house, and it was unusually kind. My youth and inexperience pleaded for my awkwardness; but there is a limit to patience; and I saw, through my confusion, evident proofs of the progress of ennui in the pit. This aroused me, consciousness of my own powers gave me confidence, and I was resolved to make an impression, just at that part where the heroine is borne in supported by her lover. Unluckily the actor who sustained this part, owing to a slight elevation in the stage, tripped, fell, and I rolled down to the foot-lights.

I shall never forget the horrors of that moment! I wonder how I survived them! What was death to me, however, was a source of merriment to the house; it was convulsed with loud and long continued laughter, above the sound of which I heard the terrible words, "Off!" "Off!" A more experienced actress would have redeemed the accident, but I was overcome by mortification; my
heart swelled with grief, my eyes filled with tears, and I hurried from the presence of those who had thoughtlessly inflicted on a timid girl something worse than death. I was conveyed to London that night in a state of utter insensibility. The sting of something more poignant than wounded pride had entered my soul; my laudable hopes had been blasted; and in my own disappointment a fond family read the annihilation of these extravagant expectations in which they had indulged.

A fit of illness was the consequence of my sensitiveness, and when I had recovered health my master had vanished. An act of bankruptcy—for he traded in music—had appropriated his property to his creditors, and America afforded him a retreat from the importunities of the commissioners. My father had to pay his three bills, and thus far my vocal powers had entailed only ruin on my family.

The elasticity of my mother’s mind enabled her to arise first from the depressive influence of this new misfortune. She still spoke encouragingly, and even alluded to the house in Burton Crescent, her ambition not daring to venture farther west. Nothing, however, could persuade me to venture again upon the stage, and accordingly we looked out for a patron. It was agreed that, without one, success was impossible; Miss Stephens and Miss Paton had been indebted to noble hands for their introduction into the musical world, and, with similar assistance, how could I fail of success.

That which was so much desired was soon procured; and I was indebted to the negotiations of the “ancient maiden” for an invitation to the house of the duchess of ——— in St. James’s-square. The young ladies, her daughters, received me with so much kindness that my diffidence quickly disappeared, and when called on to sing I felt no difficulty in putting forth all my science. My efforts were flatteringly applauded, and amongst those who were loudest in their expression of approbation was a distinguished lady, once an ornament of the drama, and now ennobled by a coronet. When I signified my wish to retire, the coach was summoned, and I drove home in a splendid vehicle ornamented with a ducal escutcheon.

Our sun had again risen; the night was spent in discussing our future prospects; and a doubt of success was no longer admissible. Night after night I was invited to the parties of the haut ton; and spent the day in giving instructions in singing to the noble daughters of the duchess of ———. Months were spent in the enjoyment of this profitless distinction; and when I hinted
at my dependent condition, I discovered that I was admitted to
the honours of the fashionable parties for the sole purpose of
amusing the company. Remuneration was out of the question,
and my patrons were hardly more munificent in their promises
than in their gifts. They ceased to invite me when they learned
that I wanted reward; and though the ladies —— were still
kind, I had long since discovered that their misery differed from
mine only in being more splendid.

The hopes in which we had long indulged now gradually dis-
appeared; our desires grew more moderate, and I consented to
tempt dramatic criticism by another effort before a public au-
dience. I was this time successful; but the vocal stars were so
numerous and so brilliant, that room was wanting for the display
of talents even so feeble as mine. I had almost consented to
undertake very subordinate parts in a country theatre, when Sir
James D—— signified his intention of becoming something
more tender than a patron of mine. My vocal talents had attracted
his notice, for he is a musical amateur, and my person had, he
says, gained his—love.

My mother heard the news with delight; again our star asc-
cended, and she complimented herself on that prophetic spirit
which had seen from my childhood the splendid destiny which
awaited me. Sir James was admitted as a lover, and from that
moment my misery has been complete: hitherto I had suffered all
the evils which could affect a sensitive bosom, but all that I had
endured is as nothing compared with the amount of the grievances
since he promised to make me happy. But the history of his
wooing must be reserved for another letter.

MARIA.

ONE HOUR WITH THEE!

One hour with thee, when morn is blushing
In new-born light and love,
To trace the lawny grove,
The dew-drops from the greensward brushing!
For vain the light and loveliness
Of morn would prove to me,
Vain all its witching charms, unless
I spend that hour with thee!

One hour with thee, when evening closes,
The azure heaven to view,
Most like thine eyes of blue,
That beams, deep wreathed with shad’ring roses!
Yet would soft evening’s tide possess
No glad’ning charm to me,
My love! my Marianne! unless
I spend that hour with thee!

CHARLES M.
THE PRINCESS OF MADAGASCAR.

M. GRENVILLE DE FORVAL, descended from the illustrious French family of Grenville, was born upon the Island of Mauritius, or Bourbon. To an extremely handsome figure, he united a martial air and an approved courage; and he possessed the most noble and generous sentiments which can actuate the human mind.

The want of slaves in the French East India Colonies rendered expeditions necessary to procure them. Vessels, therefore, were frequently equipped for the coasts of Africa and Madagascar, and a certain body of troops were sent with them, to favour or support the objects of those voyages.

Forval was ordered to command a detachment on a service of this nature, on the coast of Madagascar; and being arrived on the eastern side of it, he disembarked his people, and encamped them on the small island of St. Mary, called by the natives Ibrahim, which is separated from the principal island only by a very narrow strait. Here communication took place between the persons engaged in this expedition, and one of the petty princes of Madagascar, relative to the objects of the voyage.

Forval was so entirely convinced of the good disposition of the people with whom he treated, that he yielded to the friendly solicitations of the king, to remain among them, and accordingly ordered some tents, and a small number of soldiers, to remove from the little island to the opposite coast. The king, who was called Adrian Baba, loaded him with caresses; and having shewn him his herd of cattle, demanded, in the pride of his heart, "whether the King of France was so great as he?"

Forval now considered himself in a state of perfect security, and having entered into his tent in order to pass the night, he received an unexpected visit from a very handsome woman, a native of the island, who, after a short compliment of apology for her intrusion, expressed her concern that so fine a white man as himself should be massacred.

Forval, who was astonished at the visit, could not help taking notice of the danger, which seemed to have led to it. The sooty lady, who appeared to interest herself so much in his welfare, was the daughter of the king, and known by the title of the Princess Betsy. On being questioned as to the cause of this visit, she asked him, in her turn, if he would wish to sacrifice her life to save his own? "By no means!" exclaimed Forval.

"Then," replied she, "I will inform you of a plot against your life, if you will promise to take me with you, and make me your
wife. I will sacrifice for you the throne of my father, which is my inheritance; I will abandon my country, my friends, my customs, and that liberty which is so dear to me. My relations, who will consider me as dishonoured, will detest me; and if you leave me to their vengeance I shall be reduced to slavery, which, to me, would be a thousand times worse than death. Promise to grant what I have demanded; swear that your soldiers shall do no injury to my relations, and I will reveal what it is of the utmost importance for you to know!"

Forval immediately engaged to grant her request, if the intelligence she announced proved to be of the importance she had attached to it.

"Well, then," said she, "at break of day my father will come here, under the pretext of a friendly visit, and if he breaks a stick, which he will hold in his hand, that will be the signal of thy death; his guard will then enter with their hatchets, and will kill thee, and all thy people will be massacred with thee."

Forval immediately conducted her to a place of safety. Nevertheless, he was determined to wait till the morning, in order to ascertain the truth of her information. The princess had also added that the signal the king would give for his attendants to retire, would be to throw his hat towards them.

He accordingly ordered his soldiers to remain under arms during the night, and to keep within their tents. As for himself, he got his arms in readiness; placed a couple of pistols under the covering of his table, and dosed by the side of it, with his hand on the fire-arms.

At length the king arrived, and soon after, having broken his stick, the guard was advancing to the front of his tent; but the king, terrified at the pistol which Forval held at his breast, cast his hat towards his attendants, who immediately departed. The small party of soldiers, which Forval had with him, were now drawn up in order of fighting.

All the negroes had in the mean time disappeared, and the king alone remained a prisoner; nor was he enlarged until the princess was embarked with all the equipage. Forval felt himself happy in departing from this pernicious coast. Nor was he ungrateful; he solemnly espoused the Princess Betsy, in spite of all the remonstrances of his friends, and he, for many years, lived happily with her. Her colour was certainly displeasing to the white people, and her education did not qualify her to be the companion of such a man as her husband; but her figure was fine, her air

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noble, and all her actions partook of the dignity of one who was born to command.

She was a real amazon, and the dress she chose was that which has since received a similar name. She never walked out but she was followed by a slave, and armed with a small fowling-piece, which she knew how to employ with great dexterity; and would defend herself with courage, if attacked. She was nimble as a deer, though stately in her deportment; but with her husband as gentle and submissive as the most affectionate of his slaves. She behaved to her inferiors with equal dignity and kindness, and she never went to the most distant part of the larger island, to pay visits to her family, but on foot; she nevertheless adopted the elegancies of behaviour with great facility, and her society was very pleasant, and full of vivacity.

Some years after this marriage the Princess Betsy, for she was seldom called Madame de Forval, gave her husband a new proof of her affection. Her father dying, the kingdom descended to her; and her people, who were ardently attached to the blood of their kings, anxiously wished to see her on the throne of her ancestors. As soon as she was informed of this event, she requested permission of her husband to visit her countrymen. Though such an unexpected request astonished Forval, he did not hesitate to comply with it; and as she did not unfold the reason for such a desire on her part, he felt his pride mortified, though he kept his chagrin in his own bosom. The first sentiments of Forval, in regard to his princess, had been instigated by honour and gratitude; but her demeanour towards him, her conduct towards others, and her personal charms, in which her colour was forgotten, had awakened in his heart the most faithful and tender affection.

The Queen Betsy, however, departed for her kingdom as soon as she had received the permission of her own sovereign; while Forval was totally unable to reconcile the step she had taken to her former sentiments and past conduct. He accordingly waited with the utmost impatience for the return of the vessel which had taken her away, when, to his great astonishment, his faithful wife returned in it, with a hundred and fifty slaves, which she had brought him.

"You had the generosity," she cried, throwing herself into his arms, "to marry me, in opposition to the wishes of your friends, and the prejudices of your country, when I had nothing to offer you but my person, whose charms, whatever they might have
been considered in my own country, were calculated to disgust, rather than to please you. You will therefore add another proof of your kindness, by assuring me of your pardon, for having raised a single doubt in your mind respecting the affection and duty you so entirely deserve from me; but it was my wish to avoid informing you of the project I had conceived on my father's death, till it was executed. It was not the little kingdom which that event transferred to me, nor even the largest empire, that would separate me from you; my sole design, in the step I have just taken, was to make you an offer of a small number of my subjects, which is the only part of my inheritance that I can bestow. I have, at the same time, complied with the wishes of my people, in resigning my little sovereignty to the most worthy of my relatives."

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.—NO. 1.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

This woman, a native of Scotland, had, together with her husband, a foreigner, been several years in the service of Mary Stuart. On the tragical end of that unfortunate princess, the husband, penetrated with a sense of her many favours, did not long survive the loss of such a bountiful mistress; and Margaret, as an affectionate wife and servant, determined to revenge the untimely death of two persons so dear to her. Disguising herself in men's clothes, by the name of Anthony Sparkes, she repaired to Queen Elizabeth's court with two pistols about her, one to dispatch the royal victim, and the other designed for herself as an escape from the hands of justice. Making her way through the crowd to get within reach of the queen, one of the pistols happened to drop, on which the guards seized her, and were for dragging her away to prison; but the queen, taking her for a man, would question her, and asked her name, country, and condition, to which she very composedly answered: "Madam, though in this dress, I am a woman; my name Margaret Lambrun; I was several years in the service of Mary Queen of Scotland, my honoured mistress, who was so unjustly put to death; and by her death you farther caused that of my dear husband, who pined away with grief and abhorrence at so worthy a lady being executed like a malefactor; and I, bearing inexpressible veneration for both, resolved, at the risk of my life, to avenge their death by yours. I have, indeed, gone through unspeakable conflicts, and striven as much as possible to divert myself from a purpose, which, though
inevitably fatal to myself, would be of no benefit to my mistress or husband; but my rancour was insurmountable, and I am an instance that no reason or danger can stop a woman's revenge, when stimulated by love."

Irritating and malignant as such a speech was, the queen, without any emotion, made the following answer:

"So you think killing me a point of honour, and my death a retaliation, which regard to your mistress and husband call for from your hands; but how think you it now behoves me to deal with you?" Margaret replied: "Freely will I declare my mind, if your majesty will first let me know whether you put that question as a queen or as a judge?" "As queen." "Then your majesty should pardon me." "What security can you give me that you will not abuse my goodness by a second attempt?" "Madam, a favour granted with such precaution ceases being a favour, so your majesty may proceed against me as judge." Here the queen, turning towards some of her counsel who were present, said, "Thirty years have I been a queen, but do not remember ever to have met with a person who gave me such a lesson; and, in return, she has my full and free pardon without any precaution." The lords of the council strongly urged the punishment of such a premeditated guilt. The queen, however, stood to her word. The pardoned delinquent desired that she might be conveyed out of the kingdom, and landed in some foreign country; which request was looked on as a stroke of singular prudence, and farther recommended her to clemency.

COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.

During the troubles in the reign of King Charles I. a country girl came up to London in search of a place, as a servant-maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and, after a while, she behaving herself with much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon,) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.
THE SPEECHLESS CAKE.

The march of mind has trodden down many of the follies of
days past, undoubtedly, but many a mirth-creating frolic, many a
gay hour, has vanished with them—wise England has thrown
merry England in the shade. Beyond the period of mere child-
hood, (and that is nearly limited to the period of teeth-cutting,) our
youth are too well informed for a practical jest to amuse
them, any more than a superstitious charm to interest them; but
with all their improvement it may be doubted, whether their
spring time is as sweet as that of the multitudes who floated down
the stream before them, carrying less ballast but far gayer
colours.

Well do I remember my excellent grandmother holding this
language above forty years since, when she entered a room in
which sate three fine girls, (the eldest hope of her youngest
daughter,) and two visitants, to whom she displayed a new-laid
egg, which, she said, was the virgin egg of a milk-white pullet,
and therefore the suitable vehicle for making a speechless cake.

"And what is a speechless cake, dear ma'am? is it some kind
of a Cumberland cake?"

"Dear me, what one lives to see!" cried my grannam, "three
bonnie lassies, all tow'rd's seventeen, and not one kens the nature
of a speechless cake; ane may search three northern coun-
ties thorow, and not find a lady in her bower, or a lilting lass
tenting sheep on a fell side, sae ignorant."

As my cousin and her friends were all highly educated young
ladies, and yet blest with the innocent vivacity and curiosity
natural to their years, each laid aside her employment, and
circled the dear old woman, whose laughing eye indicated some
kindly intention, blended perhaps with harmless mischief, and
besought her to instruct them on the subject.

"A speechless cake is a potent spell to make those who eat it
dream of their future husbands, provided it be made with all due
proprietie. It can be made only by an egg like this, which must
be broken by three hands, stirred by three hands, placed in the
oven and drawn thence by the same; they shall then lay it on a
piece of bright silver, divide it with a silver knife, eat each her
own share, neither more nor less; going three times backwards
as they do so, round the table where it lies, and—"

"And what do they say, sing, or chaunt, grandma?" cried
Eliza, who was all quicksilver.

"They say nothing; all must be done in perfect silence, or the
charm is broken; each must go to her bed backward, without uttering either ah! or oh!"

"Dear Mrs. Sydenham, give us the egg, we will do it," said the gravest of the party.

"Then let us have a fire up-stairs, and manage the whole matter after the family are in bed."

"That will not do," said the venerable sybil; "ye must bear temptation, and parry derision; think you the prize of knowledge demands no sacrifice?"

"I can hold my tongue," said Mary Zouch, "but I cannot help laughing."

"Then your labour will be in vain, and maybe ye'll see worse things in your sleep than bonnie laddies, my dear."

"We will do it for no other purpose but to prove we can," cried Eliza, the youngest, gayest, and least likely to succeed, adding, as she turned to me, a miss of thirteen, "and you, Bab, explain our situation to every one, and use no monkey tricks yourself, or I'll never forgive you."

Thus admonished, I became, if not a performer of magic, yet a confidential agent, and can well remember with how much alacrity I flew to fetch the milk, and flower, and sugar necessary for this important compound; whilst each of the intended operators, after three times using ablution to those hands which were to touch the mystic egg, and three times turning slowly round, entered on their vocation. Two had a grievous struggle with the risibility so ludicrous and novel a situation induced—the other became serious to frowning, and it was evident that reproof kept durance on her lips with difficulty.

My uncle, aunt, and three noisy boys were gone out to walk when this affair took place, and their surprise when they found the gay trio doomed to such an unusual state of taciturnity, and employed in what seemed so silly an amusement, may be easily conceived, nor could all my eloquence induce the young rogues around us to cease a perpetual battery against the resolution of the girls, to which, in fact, they were prompted by their grandmother. They struggled, however, most womanfully (to coin a word much wanted)—the cake was dally mixed, stirred in concert, patted out, carried in procession through passages and down steps to the oven, attended by the laughing boys, their vexed father, and soothing mother, with all due "pomp and circumstance," and hitherto neither interjection, smile, nor sigh had interfered to betray weakness, or injure effect.
THE SPEECHLESS CAKE.

But a dilemma now arose—the tea was taken into the drawing-room; and in those days tea was a meal of some importance, and the busy girls recollected all at once, that in their impatience to commence operations they had forgotten how many hours must elapse till bed time, during which no victuals must pass their lips save the all-powerful, but, alas! very little, cake. It was very difficult now to render it still a speechless one.

It will be supposed that the boys lost no opportunity of commenting on the value of toast and tea, after a long walk, but this soon became a very inefficient provocative to speech, for it was the fashion of that day for young ladies to practise fasting, and the sight of Banquo's ghost would hardly have excited more horror at any table, than that of a pretty girl eating her dinner, and taking her wine, in the manner all do it now-a-days. The loneliness imposed on their seniors, the implied denial to sing, or take a hand at cards for their amusement, the determination not to answer even the baby's good night, and persisting in a folly decried for weakness in the first place, and obstinacy in the second, by rendering them dubious of their own right to sustain what each held to be contemptible, and what each believed she should be praised for breaking, rendered the trial indeed difficult.

But every individual considered herself bound in honour to the rest, who might, for aught she knew, really place some secret reliance on the charm which she would therefore lament to see broken; nor is it unlikely that at the bottom each girl, however well educated, had somewhat of her great grandam's curiosity lingering in some unenlightened corner of her heart, for human nature will always have human weakness in some points. Be this as it may, our three heroines, albeit of most distinct characters, bore their ordeal nobly, and did not take their backward peregrination to bed till the usual hour had passed, and till the tormentors of their past patience had become their eulogizers.

Silently they undressed, and silently sought for the sleep which they earnestly desired, not merely for the dreams it might present, but the hunger it might allay, and the offences it would consign to oblivion—to say nothing of the load of witty sallies and courteous retorts, smothered in their birth, which still stuck in the throat, two out of three being really brilliant performers in this way, and such as no one would have expected to be silent for half an hour. Of course the third had experienced no little apprehensiveness on their account, and her less irritable temperament was by this time wrought up to their standard. Not one
could sleep, not one dared to complain, but all began to fear they should never find "kind nature's sweet restorer" again, and in the tossings and tumblings, the fretful feverishness of the jaded spirits, the most grave and considerate suddenly exclaimed, "The cake hath murdered sleep."

The bedfellow, and the visitor (who had procured a camp bed to be placed near them) immediately exclaimed, "you have broken the charm!" and proceeded to descant so volubly, that it was very evident, even in weariness and exhaustion, a woman's tongue may be pleasurably employed. It was not less remarkable that neither uttered one word of reproach, though the circumstance might be supposed to have occasioned bitter disappointment, and to have been peculiarly inexcusable on the part of her who had occasioned it, since she had, by many a severe look and speaking gesture, intimated suspicion and reproof to the others. Perhaps there was a sense of relief which repaid all—my witty cousin might rejoice in her future power of satirical remark, her less caustic and sentimental friend rejoice in the future pleasure of lamentation. I know not how the new charm wrought, but I well remember their slumbers were protracted, and many a time had I crept with silent, but impatient, steps to their chamber, ere I was an admitted guest, and the first depository of the unlucky termination of their labours.

The "what did you dream of? and you, and you? had passed in every possible direction soon, for in spite of my report that the spell was broken, a kind of lingering belief existed, even where the whole affair was most ridiculed, that something a "little particu-
lar," something to be remembered and to be remarked upon, would certainly arise—but no! not one of the three had any recollection of dreams. They could not say they had not dreamt of something, for one had started, another even spoke in her sleep and awoke her friend, but all declared (honestly I believe), since they neither blushed, nor prevaricated, that not the slightest recollection of the personages or incidents of their dreams existed.

"So then," said my uncle, exultingly, and I fear a little maliciously, "all the miseries of yesterday evening were sust-
tained by us all unavailingly ?"

Poor Anne looked round the room as if conscious that she, the strong one, had failed; but her eye revived as the long cane of my dear grandmother was heard in the hall, and her tall spare form, unbent by the pressure of seventy-three winters, was seen to enter the breakfast parlour.
"How could you, dear mother," said her daughter, "induce these young creatures into such folly as making a speechless cake yesterday evening?"—"a silly superstition completely obsolete, and really a waste of that time which was wont to be devoted to better purposes"—"it was very unlike yourself, my dear mother, I must say."

"I cannot think that, for three score and thirteen is a privileged age, and permits one to return to the pleasures and pursuits of early life so far as they can. I was well pleased, and na little amused to see the dear childer so busy and bothered—it minded me o' fine young things fondly loved and truly lamented, wi' whom I joined in such like parties many a lang year since, when we all lived on the banks of Ullswater as gay as the rippling becks that feed it. I have since then been your father's wedded wife some two and fifty years, and really in that time I do not recollect, Mrs.——, to have committed, or omitted, any thing becoming me as a wife or mither, to the which I may add, or the deportment becoming a gentlewoman, netheless the puir speechless cake in my maiden days o'blithness."

The "Mistress——" indicated some degree of displeasure, since it was the substitute for "my dear," "my own Sebby," "my honey," the general appellatives of her youngest darling, for whose sake she had persuaded her husband to resign the home of his fathers to his son, and become in an advanced age the inhabitants of a southern county, and the associates of a new world, where, however, their simplicity of manners increased the respect entertained for their virtues. My good aunt felt the gentle reproof conveyed in these words, she even saw that in the tall dilating form of her almost idolized mother, there was not only an implied sense of her own dignity, but a remembrance of that circumstance which was always the subject of a little harmless pride, viz. that she had shared the honour of making breakfast for the Duke of Penrith, when on his route to the battle of Preston Pans. Of course she apologized fully for wounding the feelings of the good old lady, but intermixed the apology with observations on change of times and progress of mind.

"'Tell me your own account of the matter, my dear,' said my grandmother, "and then I shall be able to judge how far I have injured you."

"It was given by each, not without many a dull comment, abundance of laughter, and a little intermixture of lamentation that not one of them could recollect any thing of their dreams—"the speechless cake had been entirely thrown away."
"That I deny, for it has tried your tempers, your powers of resolution, patience, and friendship?"

"But, dear grandmother, is it not a charm after all—did you cheat us into doing it?"

"By no means, 'tis one of the auld, lang tried spells known all through the north, and as good as sewing hemp seed, watching St. Mark's e'en, or any charm o'the like nature;" "nay, broken as it is, there hangs about it sufficient glamour to enable me to prophecy that ye will all three make excellent wives, and therefore are very likely to have good husbands."

"But shall we do well in the world?" said she who had broken the charm.

"Oh that is quite beyond my answering. I only know that you will bear misfortunes bravely, so I trust, if prosperity comes, it will be rejoiced in wisely."

Many years have gone by since the venerable speaker laid her honoured head in the dust—many changes have happened to each of the three young creatures she addressed, who are all now living. They all married early, and in the usual phrase well, yet two out of the three experienced great reverse of fortune, and have been widows some years. They have all, however, singularly fulfilled my aged relation's prophecy as being excellent wives; sustaining their respective husbands through many misfortunes; supporting them in sickness; comforting them in sorrow, and in bringing up their children so as to maintain their situation in life under the most depressing circumstances, and display to all, those virtues which cast lustre on every station.

At this period they are all happily situated, and their evening sun descending with golden beams, but they are all living far from their native county, and from each other. Should the eyes of any of them fall on these pages, I am persuaded they will have pleasure in recollecting the circumstance detailed, and in honouring, with kind remembrance, that dear relative who led them in the hour of unscathed youth and gaiety, to prepare food for many an hour of mirth, in recalling the efforts required by a Speechless Cake.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

We cannot commence our critical labour, on the first of the new year, better than by taking a peep through "Time's Telescope," and verily it is a most interesting instrument for looking back on the past, and forward to the future. Other annuals seek to attract by their embellishments, but this claims attention on the score of utility. The history of every day is chronicled, and at the same time is given an account of the business and the associations connected with it. The various phenomena of nature are perspicuously explained, and the astronomical notices are written in a style commendable not only for its clearness but its beauty. The work, in addition to all this, abounds with notices of the dead, and poems by the distinguished living, and is embellished with some two dozen engravings on wood—all interesting—and four portraits on copper. "Times Telescope" is, we believe, the oldest of the annuals, yet age has not impaired its vigour, for this is decidedly the best of the seventeen volumes which have appeared.

Novelties make their appearance rather slowly. Publishers, perhaps wisely, think that this social season is sufficiently provided with amusement without their literary playthings, and therefore reserve their attractive commodities for that period when people visit less, and the town is more full. A few novels, however, are now before us; "The Exclusives" undertakes to depict fashionable life, and is consequently nothing more than mere twaddle. The author we suspect has had but stolen views of the great, for his blunders are too apparent to escape even the sagacity of a waiting maid, and we are sorry to add that they want those risible qualities which impart to Irish "mistakes" so much that is amusing.

"The Life of a Midshipman" is a tale "founded on fact," and, like other matters of fact, is totally devoid of romance." The details, perhaps, might instruct as a history, but they lack all the attributes which could make a tale interesting, while they are, at the same time, so improbable that no stretch of credulity is likely to admit that "such things are."

In the "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns" we have something more tangible and instructive. It is from the pen of the author of "Cyril Thornton," and, like that work, is written with great vividness and beauty. The subject indeed begins to tire; we have had some hundred volumes on those campaigns, but still this is one of those publications which will always command attention.
Though neither historical nor romantic, the "Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII." partakes sufficiently of both to make it acceptable to those who like "facts," as well as to those who choose to be pleased with "fancies." It consists of two volumes, and is supposed to be the production of Mad. de Caylus. The anecdotes with which it abounds are occasionally dull enough, but some of them are characteristic of French manners, and others are not devoid of point. The work will amuse a leisure hour, and bear more than one perusal. It will serve to introduce those to a knowledge of continental politics who are repelled from such an inquiry by the verbosity of newspapers.

"Tales of an Indian Camp" are also illustrative of society—but it is society under circumstances very different from those which have ever prevailed in the metropolis of France. The tales are purely Indian, or, more correctly speaking, the work is a collection of Hindoo traditions, legends, and superstitions. There runs through them a sameness which fatigues the reader; and though any one of them may be read at any time with pleasure, the whole can never be consecutively perused without an infliction of very serious ennui.

It is surprising from how many sources pleasure may be derived. The abstract inquiries of the mathematician may be rendered as entertaining as the best told fiction, and those who may be incredulous on the subject need only read Dr. Arnot's "Elements of Physics," a new edition of which is now on our table. It is indeed a work of "useful knowledge," and no one can peruse it without being both delighted and informed. Science has never assumed so agreeable a dress as the good doctor has given her.

History, judging from the number of volumes devoted to the past, is now a popular subject. We have, amongst others, a "History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain," by Dr. Mc Crie, and an "Historical Account of Discoveries in North America," by Hugh Murray, Esq. The first is neither very accurate nor very well written, and the second is a compilation, very useful, however, and very well deserving a place beside a similar work by the same gentleman, entitled, "Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa."

Though not historical, "The Book of Rarities in the University of Cambridge" is associated with the past, and is calculated to interest more than the lettered sages of the Antiquarian Society.
Cheap books continue to multiply; in addition to the "Family Library," and "Constable’s Miscellany," we have Dr. Lardner’s "Cabinet Cyclopædia," which is calculated to secure knowledge admission, if not into the head, at least into the pocket; for it is to be in that portable form now so popular with publishers. It is to consist of about a hundred volumes, but each subject, or treatise, may be had separately, with appropriate title and embellishments. The first half dozen volumes are to be from the pens of Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Thomas Moore, and contains histories of the three united kingdoms. The first volume, by Sir Walter Scott, lies before us; it treats of the history of Scotland in that easy, happy style, which imparts such a charm to every thing Sir Walter executes. He follows implicitly Mr. Tytler, but though he has produced a very interesting narrative, it is quite apparent that he has given himself the least possible trouble. Many of his statements are questionable—many of his assertions are decidedly unsupported by history.

Sir Walter is certainly the most prolific writer of the day. We had scarcely laid down his history when a third series of his "Tales of a Grandfather," and a new edition of "Rob Roy," were put in our hands. To the latter is prefixed a preface giving an interesting account of the celebrated outlaw. Its embellishments are fully equal to the plates that ornament its predecessors. The present series of the "Tales of a Grandfather" are even more interesting than the two former; they relate events nearer to our own time, and contain many new anecdotes of the great rebellions of 1715 and 1745.

Though our notice of the annuals was pretty copious, we neglected to mention the "Landscape Annual," and Mr. Hood’s "Comic Annual." Both are embellished, but how differently! The first contains splendid views of foreign scenery, but the "pictures" in the latter are neither more nor less than graphic puns—cut upon wood. They are all excellent, and well suited to this joyous and laughing season. The literary department is entirely filled by Mr. Hood himself. The articles abound in humour, and amongst the last is the following:

"It's very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every miss
But me has got a beau.
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun:
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One!"

Jan. 1830.
"I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four!
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun —
Its very hard they come so near
And not at Number One!

"Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
'Without a bit of blind;'
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One!

"'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But, la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One!

"There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on self,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run!
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One!

'My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days!
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One!

"Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One!

"I am not old! I am not plain;
Nor awkward in my gait —
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight:
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun—
But even beauty has no chance
I think at Number One!

"At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The imp they show with bended bow—
I wish he had a gun!
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with Number One!

"It's very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row!
And here's a ballad-singer come
To aggravate my woe:
O take away your foolish song
And tones enough to stun—
There is 'nae luck about the house,'
I know at Number One!"

LETTERS FROM LONDON.—NO. 1.

You will not of course, my dear Julia, expect a long letter from me at a season so joyous as this. You would not find time to read it, if I could snatch leisure enough to write it. Your uncle is one of those old-fashioned fellows who retain with as much tenacity the venerable customs of his ancestors as he does his silver buckles and long tail, and you are no doubt immersed in the busy cares incident to the situation of an old bachelor's niece—who resides one hundred and fifty miles from town.

As for me, I feel no uneasiness but what is derived from an excess of happiness: the town, it is true, is far from full, the black and ill-cleaned windows of our mansions at the west-end reflect the sombre aspect of leafless trees in the squares, and the streets are partially covered with snow, or rather that thin morning incrustation which is called hoar-frost. There is a monotony quite distressing about the Parks and Portland-place, and the absence of splendid vehicles and elegantly dressed ladies—fluttering in finery—give melancholy indication of fashion being still confined to the country.

Still you must not suppose that London is a dull place; far from it. East of Temple-bar is all bustle, and the full flood of life pours a rich tide of beauty and commerce through the windy avenues of St. Paul's. The season, too, is favourable to the development of those social feelings necessary to render our winter tolerable; the associations of Christmas are all cheerful and
heart-stirring, and I never remember a time when people seemed more inclined to give ample admission to every thing calculated to promote general enjoyment. All my friends are giving, or have given, parties. These are rendered doubly agreeable by the absence of that ceremony and etiquette which are considered inappropriate to the season; every one is disposed to be happy; beauty acquires an increase of attraction by the becoming levity of involuntary merriment; and even age, as it smiles at the boisterous hilarity of innocence, seems to shake off the frost of winter, and stand forward in anticipation of another spring.

Oh! Julia, I dearly love the noisy gambols of children at Christmas. The little cherubs look so interesting, and are so happy, and speak so prettily, and seem so good-natured, that one almost wishes to be—a mother. Their harvest of felicity commences on Christmas-day, and, unlike good Catholics, purgatory, with them, follows the joys of heaven. Sad that it should be so; pity they should ever endure the harsh reproof of inconsiderate pedagogues, or the more intolerable hardships of fagging.—I never look on their pretty happy faces at Christmas without wishing that I could educate them all myself.

Parliament, to talk of politics, meets early in February; the town will therefore soon begin to fill, and in anticipation of so desirable an event, the caterers for amusement are all activity. The Opera opens immediately; the mercers are laying in new assortments of finery; and fabricators of ices are studying the fashion most likely to recommend their delicacies. The Opera promises to be attractive this season; we lose one or two favourites, but others are being engaged, and a new face gives novelty to an old air. La Porte had need to exert himself; for theatricals have not been so successful here during the last twenty years. Standing room is hardly attainable in Covent-garden; and though the star of Drury-lane drooped under the superior brilliancy which illuminated the rival theatre, it has again risen under the auspices of Mr. Kean, and sheds a rich light on the finances of the manager. Both houses fill every night; and the minor establishments do not want patrons. The elephant at the Adelphi is a tower of strength, and "Black-eyed Susan" continues to present Mr. Elliston with a bumper every night at the Surrey. The Coburg too has its share of attraction: Dowton has been playing there three nights a week; and when he is supported by such favourites as Gatty and Miss S. Booth, we need not wonder that the boxes fill without the recommendation of one shilling orders.

There is something very remarkable about the inconstancy of
theatrical taste; the stage furor does not always burn with equal intensity; and we are surprised at finding that the drama, which was neglected last year, is supported this year with a prodigal liberality. A taste for theatricals has not, whatever critics may say,—declined amongst us: in the time of Garrick Drury-lane was, comparatively speaking, a barn, and although there were other theatres then, they would not all contain as many persons as now find admission into the pit and galleries of Covent-garden. Every provincial town has now its theatre; and those classes which formerly held the drama in contempt, if not in horror, as an incentive to vice, now recognise it as an amusement highly intellectual and instructive.

The theatre, therefore, it is obvious, does not want supporters, but then the dramatic taste in this country has undergone a revolution; it is, however, the revolution which civilization produces, and instead of being a reproach, as the admirers of the old school would have it, the prevailing taste is flattering to our national vanity. The barbarian is an enemy to that species of amusement which Mr. Liston is known to produce, namely laughter; the savage prides himself on the fixidity of his muscles—he never smiles; and considers it inconsistent with manly dignity, to endure anything approaching to merriment; he is in fact a practical cynic. As men emerge from barbarism they retain enough of this repulsive sternness to prevent them tolerating anything approaching to humour; even our Norman ancestors were grave people: they lived in gloomy inconvenient castles, and their superstitious spirit could tolerate no dramatic entertainment but the moralities, which were at once dull and profane—if not impious. As society advanced tragedy raised its head: the fierce passions which give it interest suited a gloomy, revengeful, and unsocial age. The poisoned bowl and bloody dagger were their well-known instruments, and the slaughter of the innocent did not shock a people familiar with events which accorded with tragic representation. Tragedy then really held the mirror up to nature; showed society its own image, and gave a correct picture of passing occurrences. But as those “who live to please must please to live,” the drama, as men improved in humanity, took another feature. Civilization produces many classes; these in rude times are all unlike: the burgess has nothing in common with the soldier; the priest differs from the lawyer, and the peasant’s coat is of a fashion by no means suited to the employment of the artisan. These feel inclined to ridicule each other; peculiarities of dress become objects of merriment: the sober citizen excites the risibility of
the courtier, and hence the origin of comedy. It was unknown in times of barbarism, and belongs to an advanced stage of civilization.

There are, however, limits to its progress. When refinement has produced equality in dress and manners, comedy declines for want of that food necessary to merriment; the citizen is no longer an object of ridicule, he dresses like a gentleman, and has the manners and education of persons of fortune; his wife and daughters are accomplished ladies, and the nobles of the land no longer shrink from an alliance with the merchant. Every-day-life, therefore, affords no incident for comedy, but as people like to laugh, the play-wright has invented farce. Even this fatigue, and the dramatist is compelled to recur to former ages and distant lands for the materials of amusement. Tragedy, unless associated with national prejudice and the name of Shakspeare, does not interest, and the comedy of other times cannot amuse: the play-wright therefore blends all into one—tragedy, comedy, and farce, and produces a melodrama. This, to succeed, must have the adscititious aid of the painter’s skill and the artist’s invention. The eyes and the ears must be pleased; and therefore spectacles predominate. Harlequin is dull without good music and showy scenery; and though critics condemn, managers find their account in sacrificing to popular taste, which is generally natural and rational. Tragedy is endured in deference to some popular actor; accident sometimes invests it with novelty; a Miss Fanny Kemble attracts; and people run to see her, and not to be delighted with the master mind of Shakspeare, great and profound as all his plays are.

Heigh-ho! my dear Julia, is not this disquisition on the drama as dull as Sir James Mackintosh’s preface to his intended History of England; but the truth is, I have been only endeavouring to show you how easy it is to seem wise and profound, and deeply read, and all that. The sterner sex, as they call themselves, shall no longer frown upon the lively nature of our happier genius; we will show them how easy it is to be metaphysical and dull.

I had almost forgotten to mention to you the last fashionable exhibition: it is quite the rage, though a thing very common, being nothing more than men-monsters.—I allude to the Siamese youths. These poor children, from an accidental contact before birth, were born together, and owing to the surgical ignorance of the country, the parts which adhered were allowed to acquire strength, and, of course, to lengthen as they grew up. It now forms a fleshy band, which connects their bodies together below
AFTERNOON COSTUME.  WALKING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR JANUARY 1839.

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the breast, and consequently they are obliged to move together, which they do rather gracefully, with their hands lovingly thrown round each other. They are fifteen or sixteen years old, and, though their features partake largely of the Tartar and Hindoo cast, they are not uninteresting. They appear quite happy, and do not wish to be separated. There is nothing repulsive in the exhibition.

Miss Paton is now giving concerts in Liverpool with considerable success; and the censurios allege that her union with a noble lord has entailed upon her the necessity of increased professional exertion. Adieu.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

AFTERNOON COSTUME.

A dress of Canary-yellow satin, with one broad flounce round the border, edged by three rows of narrow, scarlet silk braiding; and the flounce headed by points, bound with white satin ruffles. The sleeves, à la Donna Maria, with a bracelet at the waist, of white enamel, enriched by medallions of precious stones. A fichu-cape-frill, the same as the dress, triple, and trimmed round with white blond, falls over the back, and comes in front only as far as to the middle of each shoulder. The head-dress is a beret cap of blond and pink riband, ornamented with blue convolvoluses, which gracefully wave their petals and tendrils among the blond, in the intersices made by the puffs of riband. A Jeannette cross and heart of pearls are suspended from a braid of dark hair. The shoes are of pink satin.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of gros de Naples, the colour of the marshmallow blossom, fastening down the front by straps with a gold square buckle. The body made with fichu-robings. Sleeves, à la Donna Maria, with ruffles of lace at the wrists. At the shoulders are mancherons, in points, edged by a ruche. A rich Vandyck ornament of lace is worn round the throat of the pelisse. The bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with scarlet and orange-coloured riband.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Expense and variety promise to be the distinguishing marks of female attire this winter; it has now long been the favourite system to ransack every luxury to complete the toilet: it has been "increasing, still increases;" but we must not, we believe, say with the patriot, "that it ought to be diminished," since, though it may be an incitemento vanity and the love of expense,
it gives bread to thousands, sets our looms and manufactories to work, and aids the pursuits of commerce.

To begin with the noblest and most beautiful part of the human structure, the head, we are pleased to have it in our power to record the charming style adopted by the English ladies in the disposal of their tresses: the arrangement of the hair à l'Aspasia, is extremely beautiful; with light hair on a fair young person we never have seen any mode more becoming: a profusion of glossy ringlets, en tirebouchons, but not too long or too formal, grace each side next the face; and round the summit; on it, and not behind it, is wound a large plat of hair; and such a head-dress requires no ornament, but that which it has received from nature: married ladies, rather older, though still young, have their hair, at dinner and evening parties, arranged à la Grecque, with a wreath of large, full-blown white roses, placed nearly as low as the forehead. The turbans are more splendid than they have been for these two months past; they are of coloured gauze, sprigged with gold or silver, or with gold stripes interwoven among the gauze; these turbans are sometimes ornamented with half-wreaths of pearl-foliage, with heron's feathers, aigrettes, or devoid of any ornament, according to the style of the dress party. Bows of riband often ornament the summit of the head of young ladies; it is an ornament scarcely ever found becoming; it is too much like the head-dress of the French peasantry to suit an English face; particularly as the gallery of the comb is generally very high, and the bows are placed still higher. When clusters of short curls are worn next the face, they are beautifully disposed, and are universally becoming to the English countenance. Beautiful caps of black blond, trimmed with pink or crimson riband, are much in favour for home costume. The beret caps, also, of white blond, ribands, and flowers, though they have undergone no change in their shape, in the manner of disposing the riband, nor of the flowers, are not so outré as to size as they have been seen of late; but a cap has lately appeared, which we hope never to see patronized; it consists of a multitude of enormous fan ornaments, of stiffened tulle and blond, one of which, in the centre, is brought down over the forehead.

Dresses of satin with velvet bodice are much in request this winter; those of black are in high favour; the satin extremely rich, and glazed; these dresses are elegantly trimmed with black velvet, and over short sleeves of black are worn those of white tulle à l'imbécille. Many, dresses are made like tunique robes; the tunique part marked out by broad fringe; this is one of the
most expensive trimmings now worn, owing to the splendid
workmanship and richness of the fringe; feather fringe is a deli-
cate and beautiful article, made from the barbs of the ostrich,
and having all the quality of the finest silk; this trimming is re-
served for the full-dress evening party. Morning dresses are
made in the pelisse form, and are generally of gros de Naples;
those for the breakfast-table, are of dark chintz, or double me-
rino; that latter article is much admired; and, when elegantly
made, and of fine texture, is often retained during the day,
among even distinguished females; these are generally made
partially low, with sleeves à la Mameluke. Dresses of Cyprus
crape, of a bright crimson, figured in oriental patterns, are often
worn in fire-side costume, with a pointed zone, of black velvet,
forming a half corsage, and ornamented down the front with
small, gold, Almeida buttons; the sleeves are also of black
velvet à l'Amadis, and the cuff is also ornamented by gold but-
tons. At the social meetings of a few friends, where half-dress
only is observed, a dress of dark-coloured gros de Naples, with a
canezou spencer of white tulle, forms a favourite costume. On
velvet dresses, for the evening, feather-fringe constitutes the
favourite trimming.

Some very fashionable hats and bonnets are made of plush; it
is a heavy-looking article which we do not admire, and reminds
us too much of liveries and linings of carriages to be pleased
with it on a lady's head; this is one of those fashions borrowed
from across the water, which, with many others that we have
adopted, would be "more honoured in the breach than the ob-
servance." We are surprised that our countrywomen should
show themselves so wanting in invention, as thus to copy every
foolery because it is French! The black velvet hats are trimmed
with satin and velvet, intermingled: all the black bonnets, how-
ever, that we have yet remarked, in carriages, whether of satin
or velvet, are trimmed with ribbons of some gay and striking
colour, and often with coloured feather-fringe; scarlet and yel-
low are the most favourite associations. Coloured bonnets, how-
ever, particularly those of dark-green velvet chequered with
black, are reckoned, at present, especially for the carriage, more
elegant than black. The coloured velvet bonnets are trimmed in
great taste with ribbons to suit; and have a plume of coloured
feathers of some rare foreign bird.

Muffs of valuable fur, with pelerines having long ends to
match, are very much in request this winter; the muff and tipp-
pets most admired are ermine, or the grey American squirrel.
Pelisses for the carriage are of light colours, and generally of gros de Naples; they are often ornamented by braidings or velvet, of a shade conspicuously different. For the promenade they are of darker colours, and are made extremely plain: they are ornamented only across the bust, and that very slightly, en chevrons; but the backs are made square, and quite plain. Cloaks, however, are more worn than pelisses: they are chiefly of gros de Naples, trimmed with velvet, and some are made with sleeves; this fashion, though it adds to their warmth, imparts somewhat of an awkwardness to the wearer; the best way of wearing sleeves with a cloak, and which some ladies have adopted, is to have them of the same material, but not attached to it, and to be taken on and off at pleasure; then for the carriage, the Persian drapery, or the mandarin sleeve, forms a graceful appendage, and the arm-hole is properly concealed.

The most approved colours are willow-green, slate-colour, pensée, Canary-yellow, and pink.

**Modes de Paris.**

**Evening Dress.**

A dress of pink tulle over a slip of satin, the same colour. A broad hem surrounds the border of the skirt, headed by pink ornaments, representing sheaves; these are formed of notched riband, mingled with pink fancy flowers; a row of these passes in an oblique direction, from the front of the border to the left hip. The corsage is à la Sevigné, with a bouquet of pinks and yellow crocuses in the centre of the drapery, which crosses the bust. The sleeves are very short and full, and are surmounted by full bows of pink satin riband. The head-dress appears much elevated, owing to the ornaments more than the hair; these consist of pink hyacinths and white rockets, mingled with pearls. The ear-rings and necklace are of coloured stones, to suit the dress, set à l’antique.

**Opera Dress.**

A dress of Smyrna gauze of a bright jonquil colour, with sprigs of red flowers, and green foliage. The body of the dress made low, and plain, with a cleft collar round the tucker part, en pâladin. The sleeves à l’imbécille, of white tulle, confined at the wrists by coral bracelets. A cloak of crimson Merino, figured with black, in an Etruscan pattern, with a very large cape, bordered in the same manner, and finished round by a very deep black fringe.

The head-dress consists of a turban of crimson gauze, with the
OPERA DRESS.  EVENING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR JANUARY 1830.

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hair ornamented with a bandeau of gold on one side of the forehead, with a large pearl in the centre of the bandeau; on the opposite side is a plat of hair. The hair is dressed very short at the ears.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN DECEMBER, 1829.

The head dresses worn by young persons consist of a very broad plat of hair, placed like a diadem on the summit of the head, and almost concealing the comb behind. Besides the ringlets, which hang over the temples, many ladies wear them at the back of the head. Between the tresses, which are gathered up, and these ringlets, is seen the skin of the head from one ear to the other.

Ribbons of gold and silver lace are frequently used, both as bows on head-dresses in hair, and also as ornaments to bérets. On several dress hats of velvet are seen cocks' feathers, disposed like the plumage of the birds of paradise.

Dresses for evening parties, and for the ball-room, are frequently of coloured crape, trimmed with rouleaux of satin and narrow blond. At a musical party was seen a very elegant dress, which was much admired; it was of pearl-grey gros de la Chine; it was bordered as high as the knee, with a superb fringe, in tufted tassels, with an open net head, beautifully wrought. The corsage fitted very tight to the shape. The sleeves of the dresses are now of so varied a style that it is almost impossible to say which is the most fashionable; they are richly ornamented—they are simply plain; some are wide, some narrow, others short, and others long. Those à la Marino Falliére can only be worn in full dress, and are well adapted to the court; the prettiest sleeve is that which is confined in two places by a riband tied at the inner part of the arm: these are often formed of blond over silk or velvet dresses. Dark coloured pelisse robes are worn with white satin petticoats; the corsage is very much cut away from the shoulders, and is finished across the bust in Circassian drapery; several points are attached to the shoulders, and fall over a sleeve à la Donna Maria. The ornaments which trim the front of these robes are of various kinds; fringes, embroidery, gold lace, pearls, or rich braiding. Poplins figured in stripes, of a bright lilac, are very fashionable at concerts; they have short sleeves the same as the dress, with long ones over them of white crape; the corsage of these dresses is en cœur, the back is fastened by several small gold buttons. A new material for dresses in grande parure is of velvet, on which are imprinted palm leaves in gold.
On several velvet hats are seen feathers of the heath-cock, disposed like those of the bird-of-paradise. A hat of granite-coloured velvet has been much admired, ornamented with one single feather, an ell in length; which, commencing from one side of the hat, surrounds the top of the crown, and then falls over, on the opposite side, on the middle of the brim, where it winds round to the edge. The new satin hats have the brims very much enlarged by a blond being sewn at the edge, stiffened, and kept out by scraps of wired ribbon covered with rouleaux of satin. Several hats, whether of satin or velvet, when they are black, are ornamented with feathers, black and scarlet, tied together, *en bouquet*. A bonnet of white satin, trimmed with bows of the same, is reckoned very elegant for the carriage or the public walks.

Cloaks, which are a very universal envelope, have now attained to a high degree of richness and elegance; those most admired are of a bright coral-red, figured over in a splendid pattern of black, and the cape trimmed with a broad black fringe. A carriage pelisse has, however, excited much admiration: it is of canary-yellow gros de Naples, and fastens down the front by *papillon rosettes*, bound round with black satin; over a broad hem round the border of the skirt is also a binding of black satin, with which the seams of the back are concealed. The collar is trimmed with narrow black blond. Another pelisse is of *gros des Indes*, of a light green, and is trimmed with *ruches*; the front of the bust is made with a stomacher; the upper part concealed by the ends of a black velvet cravat. A white satin pelisse has been seen, trimmed with swansdown, with sleeves *à la Donna Maria*. The pelisses of Merino, and of *gros de la Chine*, have, in general, the front of the bust made *à la Circassienne*, and the backs plain.

Wadded shoes are worn in home dress; the most elegant are of cachemere, lined with white satin; they lace up the instep, and have there a bow of satin riband.

Although velvet does not confer any advantage on the feet, making them always appear larger than they really are, yet the Parisian ladies of fashion wear velvet shoes this winter, in preference to any other, particularly in carriage morning airings.

Some very pretty gloves have been seen, of white leather, lined with rose-coloured or blue plush, and embroidered in the same colour as the lining; the wrist is bound by a narrow satin riband, fastening by a gold clasp.

The most admired colours are yellow, light green, blue, coral-red, rose-colour, and pearl-grey.
THE
LADIES' MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY, 1830.

MEMOIRS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Though the volumes recently published under the above title contain more light and entertaining matter than we expected to have found in them, it is yet mixed up with so much of dry and uninteresting detail, which we can scarcely recommend our fair readers to toil through, that a brief notice of them cannot, we think, be unacceptable. We would wish a lady of the present day to know something more of history than she can glean from modern novels, but we do not advise her to store her memory with "the debates in Congress on the great question of Independence," or "Notes of Conversations whilst Secretary of State, and Memoranda of Cabinet Councils." The American revolution is an event, however, so near our own times, and so important in its character, that the life of a man who played such a prominent part in it, must be expected to furnish much that is generally interesting; and these volumes do not disappoint the expectation.

Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, was born about the year 1744. His ancestor is believed to have gone to that country from near Snowdon, in Wales. His father, who died in 1757, leaving a widow with six daughters and two sons, placed him at the English school at five years of age, and at the Latin at nine; and in 1760, he went to William and Mary college, where Dr. Small, of Scotland, who was then professor of mathematics, and was the first who ever gave, in that college, regular lectures in ethics, rhetoric, and belles-lettres, became greatly attached to him. In 1762 he was admitted a student of law, and in 1767 practised at the bar of the General Court. In 1769 he was chosen a member of the legislature, and one of his first acts was to assist in drawing up articles of association against the use of any merchandise imported from Great Britain.

In 1772 he married Martha Skelton, a widow, than 23 years old, daughter of John Wayles, a lawyer, who died in 1773, leaving her a considerable fortune.

Throughout the contest with the mother country, Mr. Jefferson acted a most conspicuous part, and with him originated a great portion of those measures which ended in their total separa-

Feb. 1830.
tion, but of which a detail would not here be interesting. In so early a stage of the dispute as 1773, he speaks of "not thinking our old and leading members up to the point of forwardness and zeal which the times required." In 1774, speaking of himself and four or five others, he says, "we were under conviction of the necessity of arousing our people from the lethargy into which they had fallen, as to passing events; and thought that the appointment of a day of general fasting and prayer would be most likely to call up and alarm their attention. No example of such a solemnity had existed since the days of our distresses in the war of '55, since which a new generation had grown up. With the help, therefore, of Rushworth, whom we rummaged over for the revolutionary precedents and forms of the Puritans of that day, preserved by him, we cooked up a resolution, somewhat modernizing their phrases, for appointing the 1st day of June, on which the port bill was to commence, for a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to implore heaven to avert from us the evils of civil war, to inspire us with firmness in support of our rights, and to turn the hearts of the king and parliament to moderation and justice. To give greater emphasis to our proposition, we agreed to wait the next morning on Mr. Nicholas, whose grave and religious character was more in unison with the tone of our resolution, and to solicit him to move it. We accordingly went to him in the morning. He moved it the same day; the 1st of June was proposed, and it passed without opposition." "The effect of the day," he adds, "through the whole colony, was like a shock of electricity."

A draft of instructions to the delegates who should be sent to the Congress, being prepared about this time by Mr. Jefferson, was, he says, "thought too bold for the present state of things, but they printed it in pamphlet form, under the title of 'A summary view of the rights of British America.' It found its way to England, was taken up by the opposition, interpolated a little by Mr. Burke, so as to make it answer opposition purposes, and in that form ran rapidly through several editions."

There were few measures of hostility towards this country in which Mr. Jefferson did not outrun his coadjutors. On one point he admits that he had never been able to get any one to agree with him but Mr. Wythe, who, he says, "instead of haggling on halfway principles, took his stand on the solid ground, that the only link of political union between us and Great Britain was the identity of our executive; that that nation and its parliament had no more authority over us than we had over them."
MEMOIRS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

In January, 1777, a committee was appointed to prepare a new and complete institute. "The law of descents and the criminal law fell," he says, "within my portion; I wished the committee to settle the leading principles of these, as a guide for me in framing them; and, with respect to the first, I proposed to abolish the law of primogeniture, and to make real estate descendible in parcenary to the next of kin, as personal property is, by the statute of distribution. Mr. Pendleton wished to preserve the right of primogeniture, but seeing at once that that could not prevail, he proposed we should adopt the Hebrew principle, and give a double portion to the elder son. I observed, that if the elder son could eat twice as much, or do double work, it might be a natural evidence of his right to a double portion; but being on a par, in his powers and wants, with his brothers and sisters, he should be on a par also in the partition of the patrimony; and such was the decision of the other members."

In June, 1779, he was appointed Governor of the Commonwealth, and retired from the Legislature. He had previously been nominated, with Dr. Franklin, to go to France, to negotiate treaties of commerce and alliance with that government, but the state of his family prevented, as he says, his leaving; and he saw, he adds, "that the labouring oar was really at home."

In the autumn of 1782, having recently lost his wife, he accepted a similar appointment, and was about to embark, when intelligence arrived of the conclusion of a provisional treaty of peace, and he returned home. About this time the remissness of congress began to be a subject of uneasiness, and at Mr. Jefferson's suggestion a committee was appointed, to whom the executive power should be delegated during its recess; "but they quarrelled," he says, "very soon, split into two parties, abandoned their post, and left the government without any visible head, until the next meeting of congress. We have since seen the same thing take place in the Directory of France; and I believe it will for ever take place, in any executive consisting of a plurality. Our plan best, I believe, combines wisdom and practicability, by providing a plurality of counsellors, but a single arbiter for ultimate decision. I was in France when we heard of this schism and separation of our committee, and speaking with Dr. Franklin of this singular disposition of men to quarrel, and divide into parties, he gave his sentiments, as usual, by way of apologue. He mentioned the Eddystone light-house, in the British Channel, as being built on a rock, in the mid-channel, totally inaccessible in winter, from the boisterous character of
that sea in that season; that, therefore, for the two keepers employed to keep up the lights, all provisions for the winter were necessarily carried to them in autumn, as they could never be visited again till the return of the milder season; that, on the first practicable day in the spring, a boat put off to them with fresh supplies. The boatman met at the door one of the keepers, and accosted him with a 'How goes it, friend?' 'Very well.' 'How is your companion?' 'I do not know.' 'Don't know? Is not he here?' 'I can't tell.' 'Have you not seen him today?' 'No.' 'When did you see him?' 'Not since last fall.' 'You have killed him.' 'Not I, indeed.' They were about to lay hold of him, as having certainly murdered his companion; but he desired them to go up stairs and examine for themselves. They went up, and there found the other keeper. They had quarrelled, it seems, soon after being left there, had divided into two parties, assigned the cares below to one, and those above to the other, and had never spoken to, or seen, one another since."

"The Congress," he says, "was little numerous, and very contentious. Day after day was wasted on the most unimportant questions. A member, one of those afflicted with the morbid rage of debate, of an ardent mind, prompt imagination, and copious flow of words, who heard with impatience any logic which was not his own, sitting near me on some occasion of a trifling but wordy debate, asked me how I could sit in silence, hearing so much false reasoning, which a word would refute? I observed to him, that to refute indeed was easy, but to silence impossible; that in measures brought forward by myself, I took the labouring oar, as was incumbent on me; but that, in general, I was willing to listen; that if every sound argument or objection was used by some one or other of the numerous debaters, it was enough; if not, I thought it sufficient to suggest the omission, without going into a repetition of what had been already said by others: that this was a waste and abuse of the time and patience of the house, which could not be justified. And I believe, that if the members of deliberate bodies were to observe this course generally, they would do in a day what takes them a week; and it is really more questionable than may at first be thought, whether Buonaparte's dumb legislature, which said nothing, and did much, may not be preferable to one which talks much, and does nothing. I served with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid
their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That one hundred and fifty lawyers should do business together, ought not to be expected.”

On the 7th May, 1784, Congress appointed him, in addition to Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin, to negotiate treaties of commerce with foreign nations, on which mission he arrived in Paris on the 6th August. He does not appear satisfied with his success, as he complains that several of the powers with whom they were treating seemed to know little about them but as rebels who had been successful in throwing off the yoke of the mother country.

From Paris a large portion of his correspondence is dated. In August 1785 he thus addressed a young man named Peter Carr:

“Never suppose, that in any possible situation, or under any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonourable thing, however slightly so it may appear to you. Whenever you are to do a thing, though it can never be known but to yourself, ask yourself how you would act were all the world looking at you, and act accordingly. Encourage all your virtuous dispositions, and exercise them whenever an opportunity arises; being assured that they will gain strength by exercise, as a limb of the body does, and that exercise will make them habitual. From the practice of the purest virtue, you may be assured you will derive the most sublime comforts in every moment of life, and in the moment of death. If ever you find yourself environed with difficulties and perplexing circumstances, out of which you are at a loss to extricate yourself, do what is right, and be assured that that will extricate you the best out of the worst situations. Though you cannot see, when you take one step, what will be the next, yet follow truth, justice, and plain dealing, and never fear their leading you out of the labyrinth, in the easiest manner possible. The knot which you thought a Gordian one, will untie itself before you. Nothing is so mistaken as the supposition, that a person is to extricate himself from a difficulty, by intrigue, by chicanery, by dissimulation, by trimming, by an untruth, by an injustice. This increases the difficulties ten-fold; and those who pursue these methods, get themselves so involved at length, that they can turn no way but their infamy becomes more exposed. It is of great importance to set a resolution, not to be shaken, never to tell an untruth. There is no vice so mean, so pitiful, so con-
temptible; and he who permits himself to tell a lie once, finds it much easier to do it a second and third time, till at length it becomes habitual; he tells lies without attending to it, and truths without the world's believing him. This falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart, and in time depraves all its good dispositions."

In answer to a friend who consulted him respecting the best seminary for the education of youth in Europe, he asks—"Why send an American youth to Europe for education? If he goes to England he learns drinking, horse-racing, and boxing. These are the peculiarities of English education. The following circumstances are common to education in that, and the other countries of Europe. He acquires a fondness for European luxury and dissipation, and a contempt for the simplicity of his own country; he is fascinated with the privileges of the European aristocrats, and sees, with abhorrence, the lovely equality which the poor enjoy with the rich, in his own country; he contracts a partiality for aristocracy or monarchy; he forms foreign friendships which will never be useful to him, and loses the season of life for forming in his own country those friendships which, of all other, are the most faithful and permanent; he recollects the voluptuary dress and arts of the European women, and pities and despises the chaste affections and simplicity of those of his own country; he retains, through life, a fond recollection, and a hankering after those places, which were the scenes of his first pleasures and of his first connexions; he returns to his own country, a foreigner, unacquainted with the practices of domestic economy, necessary to preserve him from ruin, speaking and writing his native tongue as a foreigner, and therefore unqualified to obtain those distinctions, which eloquence of the pen and tongue ensures in a free country; for I would observe to you, that what is called style in writing or speaking, is formed very early in life, while the imagination is warm, and impressions are permanent. I am of opinion, that there never was an instance of a man's writing or speaking his native tongue with elegance, who passed from fifteen to twenty years of age out of the country where it was spoken. Thus, no instance exists of a person's writing two languages perfectly. That will always appear to be his native language which was most familiar to him in his youth. It appears to me then, that an American coming to Europe for education, loses in his knowledge, in his morals, in his health, in his habits, and in his happiness. I had entertained only doubts on this head before
I came to Europe: what I see and hear, since I came here, proves more than I had even suspected."

The impression made upon him at first by the French capital seems to have been less favourable than that with which he returned home. In September, 1785, he wrote thus to a Mr. Bellini:

"Behold me at length on the vaunted scene of Europe! It is not necessary for your information, that I should enter into details concerning it. But you are, perhaps, curious to know how this new scene has struck a savage of the mountains of America. Not advantageously, I assure you. I find the general state of humanity, here, most deplorable. The truth of Voltaire's observation, offers itself perpetually, that every man here must be either the hammer or the anvil. It is a true picture of that country to which they say we shall pass hereafter, and where we are to see God and his angels in splendour, and crowds of the damned trampled under their feet. While the great mass of the people are thus suffering under physical and moral oppression, I have endeavoured to examine more nearly the condition of the great, to appreciate the true value of the circumstances in their situation, which dazzle the bulk of the spectators, and, especially, to compare it with that degree of happiness which is enjoyed in America, by every class of people. Intrigues of love occupy the younger, and those of ambition the elder part of the great. Conjugal love having no existence among them, domestic happiness, of which that is the basis, is utterly unknown. In lieu of this, are substituted pursuits which nourish and invigorate all our bad passions, and which offer only moments of ecstasy, amidst days and months of restlessness and torment. Much, very much inferior, this, to the tranquil, permanent felicity with which domestic society in America blesses most of its inhabitants; leaving them to follow steadily those pursuits which health and reason approve, and rendering truly delicious the intervals of those pursuits.

"In science, the mass of the people is two centuries behind ours; their literati, half a dozen years before us. Books, really good, acquire just reputation in that time, and so become known to us, and communicate to us all their advances in knowledge. Is not this delay compensated by our being placed out of the reach of that swarm of nonsensical publications, which issues daily from a thousand presses, and perishes almost in issuing? With respect to what are termed polite manners, without sacrificing too much the sincerity of language, I would wish my countrymen to adopt just so much of European politeness, as to be ready to make all those little sacrifices of self, which really render European man-
ners amiable, and relieve society from the disagreeable scenes to
which rudeness often subjects it. Here, it seems that a man
might pass a life without encountering a single rudeness. In the
pleasures of the table they are far before us, because with good
taste they unite temperance. They do not terminate the most
sociable meals by transforming themselves into brutes. I have
never yet seen a man drunk in France, even among the lowest
of the people."

His strong republican feeling breaks out into discontent with
all he sees in Paris, in a letter to Mr. Wythe, dated in August,
1786. "If any body thinks," he says, "that kings, nobles, or
priests are good conservators of the public happiness, send him
here. It is the best school in the universe to cure him of that
folly. He will see here, with his own eyes, that these descrip-
tions of men are an abandoned confederacy against the happiness
of the mass of the people. The omnipotence of their effect
cannot be better proved than in this country, particularly,
where, notwithstanding the finest soil upon earth, the finest cli-
mate under heaven, and a people of the most benevolent, the
most gay, and amiable character of which the human form is sus-
ceptible, where such a people, I say, surrounded by so many
blessings from nature, are loaded with misery, by kings, nobles,
and priests, and by them alone. Preach, my dear sir, a crusade
against ignorance; establish and improve the law for educating
the common people. Let our countrymen know, that the people
alone can protect us against these evils, and that the tax which
will be paid for this purpose, is not more than the thousandth
part of what will be paid to kings, priests, and nobles, who will
rise up among us if we leave the people in ignorance. The peo-
ple of England, I think, are less oppressed than here. But it
needs but half an eye to see, when among them, that the founda-
tion is laid in their dispositions for the establishment of a despot-
ishm. Nobility, wealth, and pomp are the objects of their ad-
miration. They are by no means the free-minded people we
suppose them in America."

The following is from a letter addressed to Mrs. Bingham,
dated Paris, February 7, 1787. "Tell me, truly and honestly,
whether you do not find the tranquil pleasures of America pre-
ferable to the empty bustle of Paris. For to what does that
bustle tend? At eleven o'clock it is day, chez madame. The
curtains are drawn. Propped on bolsters and pillows, and her
head scratched into a little order, the bulletins of the sick are
read, and the billets of the well. She writes to some of her ac-
quaintance, and receives the visits of others. If the morning is not very thronged, she is able to get out and hobble round the cage of the Palais Royal; but she must hobble quickly, for the coéffeur's turn is come; and a tremendous turn it is! Happy, if he does not make her arrive when the dinner is half over! The torpidity of digestion a little passed, she flutters half an hour through the streets, by way of paying visits, and then to the spectacles. These finished, another half hour is devoted to dodging in and out of the doors of her very sincere friends, and away to supper. After supper, cards; and after cards, bed; to rise at noon the next day, and to tread, like a mill-horse, the same trodden circle over again. Thus the days of life are consumed, one by one, without an object beyond the present moment; ever flying from the ennui of that, yet carrying it with us; eternally in pursuit of happiness which keeps eternally before us. If death or bankruptcy happen to trip us out of the circle, it is matter for the buzz of the evening, and is completely forgotten by the next morning. In America, on the other hand, the society of your husband, the fond cares for the children, the arrangements of the house, the improvements of the grounds, fill every moment with a healthy and an useful activity. Every exertion is encouraging, because to present amusement it joins the promise of some future good. The intervals of leisure are filled by the society of real friends, whose affections are not thinned to cob-web, by being spread over a thousand objects. This is the picture, in the light it is presented to my mind; now let me have it in yours. If we do not concur this year, we shall the next; or if not then, in a year or two more. You see I am determined not to suppose myself mistaken."

On his return home, however, he seems to have taken a different view of the subject, and really admits that France would be a tolerable country to live in if there were no America! "I cannot leave this great and good country," he says, "without expressing my sense of its pre-eminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond any thing I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society, to be found nowhere else. In a comparison of this with other countries, we have the proof of primacy which was given to Themistocles, after
the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first
reward of valour, and the second to Themistocles. So, ask the
travelled inhabitant of any nation, in what country on earth
would you rather live?—Certainly in my own, where are all
my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections
and recollections of my life. Which would be your second
choice? France."

Mr. Jefferson was elected Vice President in 1797, and President
in 1801, which office he held eight years. He died the 4th of
July, 1826.

THE ORIGIN OF DUELLING.

François de Vivonne, Lord of Chateigneraye, younger son of
Andrew de Vivonne, Lord High Steward of Poitou, appeared with
distinction at the courts of Francis I. and Henry II. He was
connected in the tenderest friendship with Guy de Chabot, Lord
of Jarnac; but incurred the displeasure of that nobleman by an
imprudent conversation.

One day he told Francis I., by whom he was much esteemed,
that Jarnac boasted to him of having enjoyed the favours of his
mother-in-law, Magdalen of Puy-gion, second wife of Charles
Chabot, Lord of Jarnac, and Guy's father. The king rallied
Guy on his good fortune; which so exasperated him, that he not
only denied the fact, but added that, with reverence to his ma-
nesty, Chateigneraye was a liar. The lie was soon communicated
to Chateigneraye, who desired the king's leave to decide their
difference by what was called the combat à outrance;* but this
was not granted by Francis I. However, by the permission of
his successor, Henry II. on the 10th of July, 1547, the battle was
fought in the park of S. Germain en Laye; the king, the Con-
stable Montmorenci, and several other lords being present.
Chateigneraye, being dangerously wounded in the thigh, fell. His
life was now at the disposal of Jarnac: who desired the king to
accept at his hands the life of Chateigneraye, who was too proud
to solicit the compassion of the victor. The prince, yielding to
the entreaties of Jarnac and the constable, ordered the surgeon
to attend Chateigneraye in his tent. But the shame of being
vanquished drove the indiscreet combatant to such desperation,
that he died three days after, with the character of one of the
bravest and best men in France. He was the assailant in the fight,
while Jarnac acted on the defensive. He was hardly twenty-
eight years of age; and trusted so much to his own dexterity,

* A combat, in which it is determined that one of the combatants must
be slain.
undervaluing his antagonist so strangely, that, according to Brantome, he had prepared a magnificent supper for the entertainment of his friends on the very day of the combat; but the fortune of arms decided otherwise.

The coup dé Jarnac has become proverbial to denote an unexpected manœuvre reserved by an enemy. The ceremonious interval which preceded such battles was employed by both champions in the exercise of their arms; and it is said that Jarnac had so thoroughly profited by his fencing-master's lessons, that in his mock skirmishes he never missed the thrust which proved fatal to Chateigneraye. This kind of battle was the last ever seen in France, for Henry so sincerely regretted the loss of his favourite, as to prohibit it by an oath for the future. To this ancient institution of the Lombard law succeeded the licentiousness of private duelling, which in two centuries has caused more blood to be spilt in Europe, but particularly in France, than was ever shed by these combats from their remotest origin.

THE POET'S LOVE.

"As a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted."

He was a youth of strange and fitful mood,
So said his light companions, when away
From the rude wassail, or the revel gay,
He broke—to seek his darling solitude.
Lone would he wander through the shadowing wood,
Or trace his path along the winding shore;
Nor ever the tempest’s blast, the billow’s roar,
Could daunt his steps; while heaved his lab’ring breast
With thoughts his accents wild, but ill, I ween, expressed.

His heart not yet had owned love’s magic power—
Not one of many a maid that met his eye
Had charms to fill his bosom’s vacancy.
Yet had he turned full many a volume o’er
Of ancient minstrelsy, and modern lore;
Had learnt of love in Ovid’s melting strain,
Had heard the dying Sappho’s verse complain,
And Fancy, in his bosom’s inmost shrine,
Had raised some deity, some object all divine.

At length she came, those dreams to realize—
A maid—but, oh, thought’s utmost stretch were faint,
Were cold and powerless, all her charms to paint!
She came—and living loneliness his eyes,
His soul pervades—ideal beauty flies!
He loved; but not as colder bosoms own
A selfish flame, he lived for love alone.
Pure passion was to him a world, a light
Of heaven’s own brilliancy, “a rainbow to his sight.”
Ah, is it wonder, that his warm young heart
Should lavish all its fondness on its first,
Last passion? his was not an idle burst
Of Fancy's ebullition. Love's keen dart
Had never been his toy; the rover's part
To play had ne'er been his—to boast of pain
Unfelt, unknown, to pour the flutt'ring strain—
Such puling may to moon-struck bards belong,
But, oh! how far beneath the genuine child of song!

Clothed all in woman's softest witchery,
Spotless in mind, as in external grace,
The only heir of a long noble race,
Such, in the flower of womanhood, was she
Who heard the passioned tale, fond bard, from thee!
Full oft the maiden wandered at his side
Through woods that bend where Avon's waters glide;
And oft, sweet minstrel, innocent as gay,
To win her poet's ear she'd frame the artless lay.

Constrained by adverse fate awhile to rove
From home and happiness, the fated youth
With many a plighted vow of changeless truth,
Left for a distant land his bosom's love.
Ah, who could deem that she who lately wove
A rosy wreath to bind her poet's brow,
Could twine, instead, the gloomy cypress now?
Alas, that one so fond, so fair, should change!

That absence should a heart so young, so warm, estrange!

Ardent, unaltered, to his native shore
Returned, (love brooks no cold, no dull delay,)
Swift to his Leila's home he bends his way,
To breathe the vow that binds them evermore.
Fond lover, urge not so the flying steed.
Rush not on ruin with such reckless speed!
Arrived before her noble father's hall,
What sound salutes his ear, what jocund festival?

Why doth he sicken at the dance, the song,
Why flies the blood his cheek? or doth the truth
Flash o'er his boding soul? or is the youth
Pale from fatigue, and spent with travel long?
Then why thus wildly o'er the assembled throng,
Flashes his eye? whom seeks the wanderer there?
Ah, whom but her, the fairest of the fair?
And can it be—break heart—or save him, pride!

It is, it is the same; but oh, another's bride!

He marked her changing brow, he heard her shriek,
Then turned him coldly from the scene of woe,
While not a flush passed o'er his bloodless cheek.
His was the agony that "passeth show,"
The calmness, the intensity of woe!
Woe, such as clings for ever round the heart,
Of whose existence it becomes a part.
He fled, a heart-torn wanderer, far away,
And soon a foreign grave en folds his lifeless clay!  

Charles M.
ALBERT, OR THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.
A SWISS TALE.

The village of Lauffen has long been noted for the beauty of its peasant girls. The high and turreted walls of Basil, which, at the distance of four leagues, are perceptible from the adjacent hills, enclose, indeed, prouder dwellings; but brighter eyes look not from their high lattices than those which beam from the flower-circled windows of the hamlet, nor do fairer forms grace the spacious promenades of the capital than are seen gliding through the groves of oak and beech, or scaling the rocks which, protecting the vineyards beneath them, encircle, as if in fondness, the fair and fertile vale of Lauffen.

Claudine Larolle was by all acknowledged the gentlest and loveliest of the maidens of the vale. The soft smile that lit up the timid glance of her large blue eye, bespoke at once her sweetness of disposition and exquisite sensibility of heart; and in her, fair form was blended that dignity and grace, the union of which constitutes beauty's most attractive charm. Had Herman Larolle been the most indigent, instead of the most wealthy, of the baron's tenants, his daughter's loveliness and virtue had not failed of insuring her the admiration of many of the neighbouring mountain-chiefs,

"whose castled crags
Look o'er the lowest valleys."

Claudine was not, however, ambitious. A young chasseur, or chamois hunter of the Alps, of rank equal to her own, had long possessed those affections to which his liege lords aspired.

The softened tints of a fine evening in autumn were throwing their latest halo over the embowering groves of beech, oak, and chestnut, which shadowed the loveliest and sunniest nook in the vale of Lauffen. The music of the feathered songsters, flitting from shrub to shrub, or winging their course through the blue sky that smiled in beautiful serenity on the fair scene, well accorded with the songs of the lively group that thronged the verdant pasture beneath. It was the last day of the vintage, and the village maidens had met to join their lovers on the green. The wild violets that breathed their sweetness around, scarce bent beneath the light tread of youth and gaiety moving in the merry dance; at the intervals of which the young village minstrels sang various ditties, resembling the following

CHASSEUR'S SONG.
The mists on the summit of Jura look pale,
Young hunter arouse, and away to the vale;

FEB. 1830.
Quit your merry mountain home, where untired all the day,
Through the deep drifted snows you have chased the chamois.
Young hunter, the mists on old Jura look pale,
Quit your merry mountain home, and away to the vale.

Leave your horn on the rocks whose echoes it woke,
Your rifle in woods whose slumbers it broke,
Chain your dog to the shed in the glaciers afar,
And hie to the vale with the love-tuned guitar.

Young hunter, &c.

Not the chase of the morn now the hunter employs,
But love's pleasing race, with its toils and its joys.
Follow fast the wild heart—press it close as it flies,
Till the happy, happy chasseur has won the dear prize.

Young hunter, &c.

Walter Wermanstein, the son of the Governor of Basil, had come to witness the village merry-making. He had claimed in the dance the fairest of the vale's daughters.

Much flattering praise, I ween, did the young courtier pour into the unwilling ear of the blushing Claudine, as, retiring from the dance, he led her to a rustic seat. Turning in disgust, not unmixed with alarm, from the passionate encomiums of the libertine, she encountered the searching glance of her lover, Albert Guernsten, who had come from the mountain to join the village sports. The first object that met his eye was his Claudine, retiring from the dance with the young Walter, whose attentions were evidently disagreeable to his fair companion. In a moment Albert was at her side, and claimed her hand for the ensuing dance.

"The lady is already engaged, sir," said the young noble.

"Are you, Claudine?" interrogated Albert, upon whom the fair girl's imploring glance was not lost.

"Peasant!" cried Walter, "darest thou insinuate to me a charge of falsehood?"

His drawn dagger was wrested from his grasp, and himself felled to the ground by the unarmed hand of Albert. "Thus do I punish the dastard who meanly takes advantage of defenceless innocence!" ejaculated the lover; adding, "Claudine, we must part—this act exposes me to all the vengeance of infuriated despotism—beware of this young villain—adieu! remember me!"

He waved his hand, and, dashing through the group that offered but a feeble obstruction to his progress, left the place.

Days, weeks, and months passed heavily away with Claudine, whose bereaved heart, however, derived comfort from the assurance that every effort of the infuriated Governor of Basil and his son, to discover the place of Albert's retreat, had been hitherto ineffectual.
Albert, or the Chamois Hunter.

Not unfrequently was the terror of the dejected maid aggravated by the insulting offers of the licentious youth, who, however, was fearful of exciting a popular insurrection by resorting to open violence. Waiting his opportunity, Walter, who had now become associated with his father in the government of Basil, summoned Herman Larolle, the father of Claudine, to appear before him at the capital, on a pretended charge of conspiracy. Convicted by false evidence, the aged man was conveyed to a solitary dungeon, and made to endure all the horrors of a gloomy confinement, from which he was to emerge only to undergo the extreme penalty of his unjust sentence.

On the evening preceding the day on which he was to suffer, while Herman was engaged at his scanty meal, a stranger, enveloped in a cloak which effectually concealed his form and features, entered the dungeon.

"Larolle," said he, "knowest thou that to-morrow, ere this hour, thy life must be forfeited?"

"I needed not thy friendship to remind me of my fate," replied the prisoner.

"Nay, hear me. I am come to set thee free, upon conditions—may I name them?"

Herman replied in the affirmative.

"Give me thy daughter; I am a young soldier of fortune, and can protect her—here are writing implements—address a letter to the friend she resides with, and command her presence in this city. I will this night procure thy escape, and we will fly together."

Either the nature of the conditions, or the ill-disguised voice of the stranger, awoke suspicion in the breast of Larolle. Placing himself before the door of his dungeon, and raising his manacled hands, he ejaculated, "Villain! this instant disrobe, or, by the God that made me, a father's vengeance shall hurl thee in the dust—these fetters are no inefficient weapons when used against a tyrant! Base miscreant!" he continued, as the terrified wretch threw off the disguise, and discovered the perfidious Walter Wermanstein, "base miscreant! couldst thou imagine that thy vile plotting would inveigle a fond parent to become the unwitting instrument of his own offspring's ruin? Hence, hence, an old man's fury yet may blast thee!"

"'Tis well," murmured the villain, "to-morrow's dawn beholds thy trunkless head upon our city walls; adieu!" and, with a smile of demonic exultation, he withdrew.

Slowly and heavily broke the morn over the prison of the ill-
fated Larolle. Groups of persons were seen thronging to the place of execution, and the roll of drums, mingled with the peal of bells and the murmurs of the gathering populace, intimated the approach of that period which was to consummate the triumph of despotic injustice.

At an early hour the aged victim was led forth, his grey locks floating to the morning air, and his venerable form supported by two guards. The inhuman Walter Wermanstein attended his victim to the scaffold. "Larolle, dost thou accept the terms I last night offered thee?"

"First let me tell them to the by-standers," replied the old man, turning from the wretch who addressed him to the populace.

"'Tis enough—prepare for thy doom," shouted Walter, at the same time ordering the drums to beat, that the feeble voice of his aged victim might be drowned in their din. "Old man, thou tremblest," sneeringly cried the villain, as Larolle slowly divested himself of his exterior garments.

"If I tremble, 'tis with age—age that shall never chill that iron heart of thine," replied Herman; adding, "hear me, tyrant! brief will be thy hour of desolation; soon, very soon, I summon thee to meet me!" As he spoke he knelt to receive the stroke.

"Headsman, stay thy hand!" shouted a number of voices, and in an instant the scaffold was invaded by a band of soldiers; but it was too late—

--- "Flashing fell the stroke—
Rolled the head—and gushing sunk
Back the stained and heaving trunk,
In the dust which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick, then fix for ever!"

"Traitor! thou hast added to thy other crimes the death of that good old man!" shouted a voice that filled the shrinking Wermanstein with dismay. The wretch was instantly disarmed and conveyed from the place. The treasonable engagement of the governor and his son, to deliver the city of Basil into the hands of the French, had been discovered by the capture and confession of the agent in the nefarious transaction. The young officer by whose exertions the treason had been brought to light was himself invested with the government of Basil, and sent to secure the persons of old Wermanstein and his unprincipled son. His arrival, as we have seen, was not early enough to prevent the
execution of the last iniquitous sentence of the tyrants on the person of the ill-fated father of Claudine Larolle.

Some time was allowed the bereaved orphan to mourn the untimely death of an indulgent father. She at length received a visit from the newly-installed Governor of Basil. Her feelings cannot be easily conceived, when she beheld, in that distinguished officer, her long-loved and deeply-regretted Albert Guiersten.

After leaving the vale of Lauffen, Albert had entered the army of the Emperor of Germany, at that time an ally of Switzerland. His heroic conduct had obtained him considerable preferment, and on his fortunate discovery of the treachery of the Wermansteins, he was, by the gratitude of his country, deputed to fill the exalted station forfeited by the villainy of the deadly foes of himself and his Claudine, to whom he was, in due time, united, and experienced, with the mistress of his youth, happiness as uninterrupted as can be felt by bosoms that have long cherished true affection and conscious rectitude.

If sometimes the tear would steal into the eyes of Claudine at the memory of her venerated parent's unhappy fate, her heart would not the less swell with grateful emotions to that Providence which restored to her arms, in youth, honour, and unabated affection, her bosom's early love, her gay and gallant chasseur.

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SONG.

Oh, if thou wilt the violet, love,
Thy shadowy bower I'd be—
From every chilling blast, love,
I'd fondly shelter thee!

I'd twine a leafy covert, love,
And thou should'st bloom beneath;
No gale should there intrude, love,
To steal thy balmy breath.

Or were thy kindling charms, love,
But changed into the rose,
Oh, then I'd be the greensward, love,
On whose warm breast it blows;

Thy kisses then should breathe, love,
Thy smiles all beam on me;
And every trickling tear, love,
I'd joy to share with thee!

Then, then should I be blessed, love,
For ever present thou;
Yet oh, believe, I could not, love,
Adore thee more than now!  

CHARLES M.
SABINUS AND EПONINA.

During the struggles of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, for the sovereignty of Rome, and in the unsettled state of the empire, Sabinus, a native of Langres, an ambitious and wealthy man, of high quality, put in his claim, among others, to the possession of the throne. Encouraged by his countrymen to this bold undertaking, he pretended, by casting an imputation on the chastity of his grandmother, to trace his lineage from Julius Caesar. Having revolted against the Romans, he caused himself, by his followers, to be saluted emperor.

But his temerity and presumption quickly received a check: his troops, who were defeated and scattered in all directions, betook themselves to flight; while of those who fell into the hands of their pursuers, not one was spared. In the heart of Gaul Sabinus might have found safety, had his tenderness for his wife permitted him to seek it. Espoused to Eponina, a lady of admirable beauty and accomplishments, from whom he could not prevail upon himself to live at a distance, he retired from the field of battle to his country-house. Having here called together his servants and the remnant of his people, he informed them of his disaster, and of the miscarriage of his enterprise; while he declared to them his resolution of putting a period to his life, to escape the tortures prepared for him by the victors, and to avoid the fate of his unfortunate companions. He proceeded to thank them for their services, after which he gave them a solemn discharge: he then ordered fire to be set to his mansion, in which he shut himself up; and of this stately edifice, in a few hours, nothing remained but a heap of ashes and ruins.

The news of the melancholy catastrophe, being spread abroad, reached the ears of Eponina, who, during the preceding events, had remained at Rome. Her grief and despair, on learning the fate of a husband whom she dearly loved, and who had fallen a victim to his tenderness for her, were too poignant to be long supported. In vain her friends and acquaintances offered her consolation; their efforts to reconcile her to her loss served to aggravate her distress. She determined to abstain from nourishment, and to re-unite herself, in the grave, to him, without whom she felt life to be a burden.

For three days she persevered in her resolution. On the fourth, Martial, a freed-man, who had been a favourite domestic in the service of her husband, desired to be admitted by his mistress to a private conference, on affairs of great importance.

In this interview, Eponina learned, with an emotion that had
nearly shaken to annihilation her languid and debilitated frame, that Sabinus, whom she so bitterly lamented, was still living, and concealed in a subterranean cavern under the ruins of his house, where he waited with impatience to receive and embrace his beloved and faithful wife. This scheme, including the conflagration of his mansion, had been concerted in confidence with two of his domestics, in whose attachment Sabinus entirely confided.

It had hitherto been concealed from Eponina, that, through her unaffected grief on the supposed death of her husband, greater credit might be given to a report on which his preservation entirely depended. To these welcome tidings, Martial presumed to add his advice, that his lady should still preserve the external marks of sorrow, and conduct herself with the utmost art and precaution.

Eponina promised, with transport, to observe all that was required of her, however difficult might be the task of dissimulation; and, lest suspicion should be awakened, to endure yet a short delay of the meeting which she anticipated with so much tenderness and joy.

At length, devoured by a mutual anxiety, this affectionate pair could no longer sustain a separation. By the management of the faithful freed-man, Eponina was conveyed, in the darkness of the night, to the retreat of her husband, and brought back, with equal secrecy, to her own house, before the dawning of the ensuing day.

These visits were repeated, with the same precautions, and with great peril, during seven months, till it was at last determined, as a plan which would be attended with less inconvenience, and even with less danger, that Sabinus should be conveyed by night to his own house, and kept concealed in a remote and private apartment. But this project, in its execution, was found to abound in unforeseen difficulties; the extensive household and numerous visitants of Eponina, who feared to change her manner of life, kept her in continual terror of a discovery, and harassed her mind with insupportable inquietude. Sabinus was, therefore, again removed to his subterranean abode, whose darkness love alone illumined.

The intercourse between the husband and wife thus continued for nine years, during which interval the pregnancy of Eponina caused them at one time the most cruel alarm. But this interesting and amiable woman, by a painful but ingenious stratagem, contrived to elude suspicion and satisfy inquiry. She prepared an ointment, which, by its external application, produced a swell-
ing of the limbs and dropsical symptoms, and thus accounted for the enlargement of her shape. As the hour of her delivery drew near, she shut herself up, under pretence of a visit to a distant province, in the cavern of her husband; where, without assistance, and suppressing her groans, she gave birth to twin sons, whom she nurtured and reared in this gloomy retreat.

Having, at length, returned to her mansion, and there having, in some measure, allayed her fears, conjugal and maternal affection combined to draw her more frequently to the place which concealed the objects of her cares; until her absence, at length, gave rise to curiosity and suspicion. The consequence was that one evening she was traced to the cavern of the ill-fated Sabinus, who, being seized and loaded with fetters, was, with his wife and children, conveyed to Rome.

Eponina, distracted at the consequence of her imprudence, rushed into the presence of the Emperor Vespasian, and, presenting to him her children, prostrated herself at his feet. With the eloquence of a wife and a mother she pleaded the cause of her husband, and, after having extenuated his fault, as proceeding from the disorders of the times, rather than from personal ambition,—from the calamities of civil war, and the evils of oppression, she thus proceeded to address the emperor—

"But we have waited, sire, till these boys shall be able to join, to those of their mother, their sighs and tears, in the hope of disarming your wrath by our united supplications. They come forth, as from a sepulchre, to implore your mercy, on the first day in which they have ever beheld the light. Oh! let our sorrows, our misfortunes, and the sufferings we have already undergone, move you to compassion, and obtain from you the life of a husband and a father."

The spectators melted with tenderness and pity at the affecting spectacle; and every heart was moved, every eye was moist, but that of a pitiless tyrant, deaf to the voice of nature, and inaccessible to her claims. In vain did this heroic and admirable woman humble herself before a monster, whose heart ambition had seared—inexorable in cruelty, and stern in his resolves. To political security the rights of humanity were sacrificed, and the husband and the father were coldly doomed to death.

Eponina, determined to share the fate of her husband, wiped away her tears, and, assuming an air of intrepidity, thus addressed the emperor—"Be assured," said she, in a firm and dignified tone, "that I know how to contenm life. With Sabinus I have existed nine years in the bowels of the earth, with a delight and
tranquillity untasted by tyrants amidst the splendours of a throne; and with him I am ready to unite myself in death, with no less cheerfulness and fortitude."

This act of ill-timed severity threw a stain upon the character and memory of Vespasian, whose temper, in other respects, had not been accounted sanguinary. The generous affection and heroism of Eponina was consecrated in the admiration of future ages.

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RUINS OF HOLINESS.

A SKETCH.

Lovely art thou, blue sky, extending far
With thy rich pageantry of summer clouds,
And lovely is yon dell, where birds awake
Their festal morning-hymn; but hushed and drear
Thou seem'st, forsaken fame, as now mine eye
Surveys thee from the distant sunny hill.

Not when the morn awakes wilt thou awake
To thy primeval fame; and not when spring
Clusters the turf with violets deeply blue
Will thy soft vesper charm the pilgrim's ear.
A change hath hung its ivy on thy walls;
Thy roof hath sunken, and the light of heaven
Descends upon thy broken shrines and tombs.

But beauteous art thou yet; oh, beautiful!
Thy pensive turrets hail the homeward bark
When crimson clouds have flushed the twilight sea;
And sweetest songs from many a joyful bird
Entrance thy spectral trees; the peasant seeks
Thy fountain not in vain; the child pursues,
O'er thy old graves, the starry butterfly,
Or dreams of thee when gentle sleep hath closed
His innocent eyes in peace.

But thy decay
Conveys a nobler lesson to the heart
Than truth's divinest oracles! No more
Shall priestly hands present the sacred cup
Unto the sinner's lips, nor in the light
Of sunset, on thy marble pavement poured,
Shall thy madonna nurse her pictured child,
With smiles from her immortal lips: thy bells
Are hushed: their cadence is no longer heard
Dying beneath the stars; within thine aisles
Thy prophet sons repose; and low is laid
The cross which oft awaked their lips to praise.

But if—thou phantom ruin of the steep!
If one sad heart beneath thy sainted roof
Hath felt the cloud pass from it—if to heaven
The penitent's prayer hath not been breathed in vain—
Who shall deplore the splendour of thy prime
When holy boons have sanctified thy fall!

Deal. Reginald Augustine.
There is the lawn where oft my childhood played;
Those pear trees, that now bend with fruitage gay,
Wore planted but the year before I bade
Farewell to home; it seems but yesterday;
Yet these are in the autumn of their year,
And some are fallen in the "yellow leaf and sere!"
Now look, my friend, across yon placid lake;
There have I bathed, before my fearful feet
Could slowly wade beyond that second stake
Which juts into the water, there to meet
My brother, who with youth's more daring stride,
Could swim the narrow stream, and owned the feat with pride.
See you that shaded nook, beneath the cliff
Which gently shelves from yon green hillock's ridge?
There have I lingered hours: my little skiff
From thence rowed up the stream, to yonder bridge,
And urged the finny tribes into the net;
Or with tried patience poised the angler's mimic bait.
And farther up, observe yon ivied bower;
(How hath it 'scaped the ravages of time!)
There have I sat for many a blissful hour,
Listing the music of the village chime,
Or breathing the light whispers of my flute
Through the deep woodlands where around me all was mute.
Was I alone then? no; the vows that truth,
That love, my ardent lips first taught to breathe,
The offering of warm ingenuous youth,
Wore then oft heard that conscious bower beneath.
She whose dear lips responsive vows confessed,
In yon churchyard, beneath the green turf is at rest.
My father there, and there my mother, sleeps;
My heart has long been with them in the tomb.
A premature old age upon me creeps;
I heed it not; for I shall die at home.
Of father, mother, son, and more than friend,
One kindred tomb shall the congenial ashes blend.

CHARLES M.

SONNET.

They say my forehead wears a gloom
Which they would fain dispel;
My secret care they bid me tell,
The worm that blights my young hope's bloom.
I own, I thank their love; but oh!
The sorrows that have dimmed mine eye,
And chilled my heart's life-circling flow,
I dare not tell: they must not know
What I have felt, and why!
With me, the dearest, fondest friend
Could never feel: it hath been tried,
Yet could soft sympathy no solace lend;
For me perchance they might; but pride
Still arms my heart, and pity would offend.

CHARLES M.
CONSTANTIA.

It is always with regret that I hear young persons of either sex, but particularly my own, indiscriminately ridiculing the condition of an old maid; when, however, those of a more advanced age join in the thoughtless sneer, my feelings rise to indignation. Can any one whose intercourse with society has not been very limited have failed to observe, that the meekest and most retiring virtues are those which most frequently keep their possessors in a state of "single blessedness?" In this speculative age how many, nursed in the lap of luxury, have had the cup dashed from their lips by a reverse of fortune, to whose sensitive minds a low alliance would be more painful than celibacy! How many have been deprived of their reasonable expectations to increase the inheritance of an eldest son! In former times the cloistered cell was some resource for females thus circumstanced, but in this more enlightened age there seems for them no refuge from the "finger of scorn."

These reflections are drawn from me by the recent death of my friend Constantia, whose father, a merchant, being left a widower at an early period of life, with two beautiful little girls, bestowed upon them a very fashionable and expensive education. It happened that when Constantia had just attained the age of twenty-one, her sister, who was a year older, received the addresses of a man, considered as her equal in rank and fortune; a man who was not, indeed, devoid of affection to his mistress, yet distinguished by a superior attention to her dower. This prudent lover informed the old gentleman, that he was a warm admirer of his eldest daughter, and that he was also happy in having gained her good opinion; but that it was impossible for him to marry, unless he received, at the same time, a particular sum, which he specified. The worthy merchant was disconcerted by this declaration, as he had amused himself with the prospect of a promising match for his child. He replied, however, with calmness and integrity; he should be happy, he said, to settle a very good girl with a man of character, whom she seemed to approve; but he was under the painful necessity of rejecting the proposal, because it was impossible for him to comply with the terms required, without a material injury to his youngest daughter. The cautious suitor took a formal leave, and the father gave his child a full and ingenuous account of his conduct. She applauded the justice of his decision, but felt her own loss so severely, that the house soon became a scene of general distress. Constantia, finding her sister in tears, would not leave her without

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knowing the cause of her affliction, when she flew to her father, and thanked him for his parental attention to her interests, but, with the most eager and generous entreaties, conjured him not to let a mistaken kindness to her prove the source of their general unhappiness. She declared, with all the liberal ardour and sincerity of a young affectionate mind, that she valued fortune only as it might enable her to promote the comfort of those she loved; and that, whatever might be her own destiny, the delight of having secured the felicity of her sister would be infinitely more valuable to her than any portion whatever. She enlarged on the delicacy of her sister’s health, and the danger of thwarting her settled affection. In short, she pleaded for the suspended marriage with such genuine and pathetic eloquence, that her father embraced her with tears of delight and admiration; but the more he admired her generosity, the more he thought himself obliged to refuse her request. He abhorred the idea of making such a noble-minded girl—what she was desirous, indeed, of making herself—an absolute sacrifice to the establishment of her sister; and he flattered himself, that her affection for such a suitor, which the kind zeal of Constantia represented to him in so serious a light, would he easily obliterated by time and reflection. In this hope, however, he was greatly deceived: the poor girl, indeed, attempted, at first, to display a resolution which she was unable to support; her heart was disappointed, and her health began to suffer. Constantia was almost distracted at the idea of causing the death of a sister whom she tenderly loved, and she renewed her adjurations to her father with such irresistible importunity, that, touched with the peculiar situation of his children, and elated with some new prospects of commercial emolument, he resolved, at last, to comply with the generous entreaty of Constantia.

The prudent lover was recalled; his return soon restored the declining health of his mistress; all difficulties were adjusted by a pecuniary compliance with his demands; the day of marriage was fixed; and Constantia, after sacrificing every shilling of her settled portion, attended her sister to church, with a heart more filled with exultation and delight than that of the bride herself, who had risen from a state of dejection and despair to the possession of the man she loved. But the pleasure that the generous Constantia derived from an event which she had so nobly promoted, was very soon converted into concern and anxiety. In a visit of some weeks to the house of the new-married couple, she soon discovered that her brother-in-law, though entitled to the
character of an honest and well-meaning man, was very far from possessing the rare and invaluable talent of conferring happiness upon the objects of his regard. Though he had appeared, on their first acquaintance, a man of cultivated understanding, and elegant address, yet, under his own roof, he indulged himself in a peevish irritability of temper, and a passion for domestic argument, peculiarly painful to the quick feelings of Constantia, who, from the exquisite sensibility of her frame, possessed an uncommon delicacy both of mind and manners. She observed, however, with great satisfaction, and with no less surprise, that her sister was not equally hurt by this fretful infirmity of her husband.

Happily for her own comfort, that lady was one of those good, loving women, whose soft yet steady affection, like a drop of melted wax, has the property of sticking to any substance on which it accidentally falls. She often adopted, it is true, the quick and querulous style of her husband; nay, their domestic debates have run so high, that poor Constantia has sometimes dreaded, and sometimes almost wished, an absolute separation; but her lively terrors on this subject were gradually diminished by observing, that although they frequently skirmished, after supper, in a very angry tone, yet at the breakfast-table, the next morning, they seldom failed to resume a becoming tenderness of language. These sudden and frequent transitions from war to peace, and from peace to war, may possibly be very entertaining to the belligerent parties themselves; but I believe they always hurt a benevolent spectator. Constantia shortened her visit. She departed, indeed, disappointed and chagrined; but she generously concealed her sensations, and cherished a pleasing hope, that she might hereafter return to the house with more satisfaction, either from an improvement in the temper of its master, or, at least, from opportunities of amusing herself with the expected children of her sister; but, alas! in this her second hope, the warm-hearted Constantia was more cruelly disappointed. Her sister was, in due time, delivered of a child; but it proved a very sickly infant, and soon expired. The afflicted mother languished for a considerable time, in a very infirm state of health, and after frequent miscarriages, sunk, herself, into the grave. The widower, having passed the customary period in all the deprivations of mourning, took the earliest opportunity of consoling himself for his loss, by the acquisition of a more opulent bride; and, as men of his prudent disposition have but little satisfaction in the sight of a person from whom they have received great obligations, which they do not mean to repay, he
thought it proper to drop all intercourse with Constantia. She had a spirit too noble to be mortified with such neglect. Indeed, as she believed, in the fondness of her recent affliction, that her sister might still have been living, had she been happily united to a man of more amiable temper, she rejoiced that his ungrateful conduct relieved her from the painful necessity of practising hypocritical civilities towards a relation, whom in her heart she despised. By the death of her sister she was very deeply afflicted, and affliction was soon followed by greater calamities.

The affairs of her father began to assume a very alarming appearance. His health and spirits deserted him on the approaching wreck of his fortune. Terrified at the prospect of bankruptcy, and wounded to the soul by the idea of the destitute condition in which he might leave his only surviving child, he reproached himself incessantly for the want of parental justice, in having complied with the entreaties of the too generous Constantia. That incomparable young woman, by the most signal union of tenderness and fortitude, endeavoured to alleviate all the sufferings of her father. To give a more cheerful cast to his mind, she exerted all the vigour and all the vivacity of her own; she regulated all his domestic expenses with an assiduous but a tranquil economy, and discovered a peculiar pleasure in denying to herself many usual expensive articles, both of dress and diversion. The honest pride and delight which he took in the contemplation of her endearing character, enabled the good old man to triumph, for some time, over sickness, terror, and misfortune. By the assistance of Constantia, he struggled through several years of commercial perplexity; at last, however, the fatal hour arrived which he had so grievously apprehended; he became a bankrupt, and resolved to retire into France, with a faint hope of repairing his ruined fortune by the aid of connexions which he had formed in that country. He could not support the thought of carrying Constantia among foreigners, in so indigent a condition, and he therefore determined to leave her under the protection of her aunt, Mrs. Braggard, a widow lady, who, possessing a comfortable jointure, and a notable spirit of economy, was enabled to make a very considerable figure in a country town. Mrs. Braggard was one of those good women, who, by paying the most punctual visits to a cathedral, imagine they acquire an unquestionable right, not only to speak aloud their own exemplary virtues, but to make as free as they please with the conduct and character of every person, both within and without the circle of their acquaintance. Having enjoyed from
her youth a very good constitution, and not having injured it by any tender excesses, either of love or sorrow, she was, at the age of fifty-four, completely equal to all the business and bustle of the female world. As she wisely believed activity to be the source both of health and amusement, she was always extremely busy in her own affairs, and sometimes in those of others.

She considered the key of her store-room as her sceptre of dominion, and, not wishing to delegate her authority to any minister whatever, she was very far from wanting the society of her niece, as an assistant in the management of her house; yet she was very ready to receive the unfortunate Constantia under her roof, for the sake of the pleasure which would certainly arise to her, not indeed from the uncommon charms of Constantia's conversation, but from repeating to all who visited at her house what a great friend she was to that poor girl.

Painful as such repetitions must be to a mind of quick sensibility, Constantia supported them with a modest resignation. There were circumstances in her present situation that galled her much more. Mrs. Braggard had an utter contempt, or rather a constitutional antipathy, for literature and music, the darling amusements of Constantia, and indeed the only occupations by which she hoped to soothe her agitated spirits, under the pressure of her various afflictions. Her father, with a tender solicitude, had secured to her a very favourite harpsichord, and a small but choice collection of books. These, however, instead of proving the sources of consolatory amusement, as he had kindly imagined, only served to increase the vexations of the poor Constantia, as she seldom attempted either to sing or to read, without hearing a prolix invective from her aunt against musical and learned ladies.

Mrs. Braggard seemed to think that all useful knowledge, and all rational delight, are centered in a social game of cards; and Constantia, who, from principles of gratitude and good nature, wished to accommodate herself to the humour of every person from whom she received obligation, assiduously endeavoured to promote the diversion of her aunt; but having little or no pleasure in cards, and being sometimes unable, from uneasiness of mind, to command her attention, she was generally a loser; a circumstance which produced a very bitter oration from the attentive old lady, who declared that inattention of this kind was inexusable in a girl, when the money she played for was supplied by a friend. At the keenness, or rather the brutality, of this reproach, the poor Constantia burst into tears, and a painful
dialogue ensued, in which she felt all the wretchedness of depending on the ostentatious charity of a relation, whose heart and soul had not the least affinity with her own. The conversation ended in a compromise, by which Constantia obtained the permission of renouncing cards for ever, on the condition, which she herself proposed, of never touching her harpsichord again, as the sound of that instrument was as unpleasing to Mrs. Braggard as the sight of a card-table was to her unfortunate niece.

Constantia passed a considerable time in this state of unmerited mortification, wretched in her own situation, and anxious, to the most painful degree, concerning the fate of her father. Perceiving there were no hopes of his return to England, she wrote him a most tender and pathetic letter, enumerating all her afflictions, and imploring his consent to her taking leave of her aunt, and endeavouring to acquire a more peaceable maintenance for herself, by teaching the rudiments of music to young ladies; an employment to which her talents were perfectly equal. To this filial petition she received a very extraordinary and a very painful answer, which accident led me to peruse, a few years after the death of the unhappy father who wrote it.

It happened that a friend requested me to point out some accomplished woman, in humble circumstances, and about the middle season of life, who might be willing to live as a companion with a lady of great fortune and excellent character, who had the misfortune to lose the use of her eyes. Upon this application I immediately thought of Constantia. My acquaintance with her had commenced before the marriage of her sister, and the uncommon spirit of generosity which she exerted on that occasion, made me very ambitious of cultivating a friendship with so noble a mind; but living at a considerable distance from each other, our intimacy had for several years been supported only by a regular correspondence. At the time of my friend's application, Constantia's letters had informed me that her father was dead, and that she had no prospect of escaping from a mode of life which I knew was utterly incompatible with her ease and comfort. I concluded, therefore, that I should find her most ready to embrace the proposal which I had to communicate, and I resolved to pay her a visit in person, for the pleasure of being myself the bearer of such welcome intelligence. Many years had elapsed since we met, and they were years that were not calculated to improve either the person or the manners of my unfortunate friend. To say the truth, I perceived a very striking alteration in both. It would be impossible, I believe, for the
most accomplished of women to exist in such society as that to which Constantia had been condemned, without losing a considerable portion of her external graces. My friend appeared to me like a fine statue, that had been long exposed to all the injuries of bad weather; the beautiful polish was gone, but that superior excellence remained which could not be affected by the influence of the sky.

She magnified the unlooked-for obligation of my visit, with that cordial excess of gratitude with which the amiable unhappy are inclined to consider the petty kindesses of a friend. I wished indeed to assist her, and believed that chance had enabled me to do so; but there were obstacles to prevent it of which I had no apprehension. The first reply that Constantia made to my proposal, was a silent but expressive shower of tears. To these, however, I gave a wrong interpretation; for, knowing all the misery of her present situation, I imagined they were tears of joy, drawn from her by the sudden prospect of an unexpected escape from a state of the most mortifying dependence. She soon undeceived me, and, putting into my hand two letters, which she had taken from a little pocket-book, “Here,” she said, “is the source of my tears, and the reason why nothing remains for me but to bless you for your kind intention. I found the first letter in my hand contained her petition to her father, which I have mentioned already; the second was his reply to her request; a reply which it was impossible to read without sharing the sufferings both of the parent and the child. This unhappy father, ruined both in his fortune and his health, had been for some time tormented by an imaginary terror, the most painful that can possibly enter into a parental bosom; he had conceived that, in consequence of his having sacrificed the interest of his younger daughter to the establishment of her sister, the destitute Constantia would be at length reduced to a state of absolute indigence and prostitution. Under the pressure of this idea, which amounted almost to frenzy, he had replied to her request. His letter was wild, incoherent, and long; but the purport of it was, that if she ever quitted her present residence, while she herself was unmarried, and her aunt alive, she would expose herself to the curse of an offended father. “My father,” said she, “is now at rest in his grave; and you, perhaps, may think it superstitious in me to pay so much regard to this distressing letter; but he never in his life laid any command upon me which was not suggested by his affection, and, wretched as I am, I cannot be disobedient even to his ashes.” I repeated every argument that reason and friendship could suggest to shake a reso-
lution so pernicious to herself; but I could make no impression on her mind; and as I perceived that she had an honest pride in her filial piety, I could no longer think of opposing it. Instead, therefore, of recommending to her a new system of life, I endeavoured to reconcile her to her present situation. "Perhaps," replied she, "no female orphan, who has been preserved by Providence from absolute want, from infamy and guilt, ought to repine at her condition; and when I consider the more deplorable wretchedness of some unhappy beings of my own sex, whose misery, perhaps, has arisen more from accident than from voluntary error, I am inclined to reproach my own heart for those murmurs which sometimes, I confess to you, escape from it in solitude; yet, if I were to give you a genuine account of all that I endure, you, I know, would kindly assure me, that the discontent which I strive in vain to subdue has not amounted to a crime." She then entered into a detail of many domestic scenes, and gave me so strong a picture of a life destitute of all social comfort, and harassed by such an infinitude of dispiriting vexations, that I expressed a very sincere admiration of the meek and modest fortitude which she had displayed in supporting it so long. "I have indeed suffered a great deal," said Constantia, with a deep sigh; "but the worst is not over; I am afraid that I shall lose all sense of humanity: I can take no interest in any thing; and, to confess a very painful truth to you, I do not feel as I ought to do the undeserved attention and friendship which I am at this moment receiving from you." I would have tried to rally her out of these gloomy phantasies; but she interrupted me, by exclaiming, with a stern yet low voice, "Indeed, it is true; and I can only explain my sensation to you by saying, that I feel as if my heart was turning into stone." This forcible expression, and the corresponding cast of countenance with which she uttered it, rendered me, for some moments, unable to reply; it struck me, indeed, as a lamentable truth, to which different parts of her much altered frame bore a strong though silent testimony. In her face, which was once remarkable for a fine complexion, and the most animated look of intelligent good-nature, there now appeared a sallow pallor, and, though not a sour, yet a settled dejection; her hands also had the same bloodless appearance, retaining neither the warmth nor the colour of living flesh;—yet Constantia was at this time perfectly free from every nominal distemper.

The entrance of Mrs. Braggard gave a new turn to our conversation, but without affording us relief. That good lady endeavoured to entertain me with particular attention; but there was
such a strange mixture of vulgar dignity and indelicate facetiousness in her discourse, that she was very far from succeeding in her design. She asked me if I was not greatly struck by the change that a few years had made in the countenance of her niece, hinting, in very coarse terms of awkward jocularity, that the loss of her complexion was to be imputed to her single life; and adding, with an affected air of kindness, that, as she had some very rich relations in Jamaica, she believed she should be tempted to carry the poor girl to the West Indies, to try all the chances of new acquaintance in a warmer climate. The pale cheek of Constantia began to redden at this language of her aunt, and as the expressions of that lady grew more and more painful to her, she found it impossible to suppress her tears, and quitted the room; but she returned again in a few minutes, with an air of composed sorrow and meek endurance. I soon ended my mortifying visit, and left the town with a disposition to quarrel with Fortune for her injustice and cruelty to my amiable friend.

My imagination was wounded by the image of her destiny; but the generous Constantia, seeing the impression which her sufferings had made upon me, wrote me a letter of consolation. She arraigned herself, with an amiable degree of injustice, for having painted to me, in colours much too strong, the unpleasant qualities of her aunt, and the disquietude of her own condition; she flattered me with the idea that my visit and advice had given a more cheerful cast to her mind, and encouraged me to hope that time would make her a perfect philosopher. In the course of a few years I received several letters from my friend, and all in this strain. At length she sent me the following billet:—

“My dear friend,—I am preparing to set out, in a few days, for a distant country; and, before my departure, I wish to trouble you with an interesting commission. If possible, indulge me with an opportunity of imparting it to you in person, where I now am. As it will be the last time I can expect the satisfaction of seeing you in this world, I am persuaded you will comply with this anxious request of

"Your much obliged, and very grateful,

"Constantia."

In perusing this note, I concluded that Mrs. Braggard was going to execute the project she had mentioned, and was really preparing to carry her niece to Jamaica; yet, on reflection, if that were the case, Constantia might, I thought, have contrived to see me with more convenience in her passage through London. However, I obeyed her summons as expeditiously as I could. In
a few minutes after my arrival in the town where she resided, I was informed by the landlord of the inn at which I stopped, that the life of my poor friend was supposed to be in danger. This information at once explained to me the mystery of her billet. I hastened to the house of Mrs. Braggard, and, in the midst of my concern and anxiety for my suffering friend, felt some comfort on finding that in our interview we should not be tormented by the presence of her unfeeling aunt, as that lady had been tempted to leave her declining charge, to attend the wedding of a more fortunate relation. When I entered the apartment of Constantia, I perceived in her eyes a ray of joyful animation, though her frame was so emaciated, and she laboured under such a general debility, that she was unable to stand a moment without assistance.

Having dismissed her attendant, she seemed to collect all the little portion of strength that remained in her decaying frame, to address me in the following manner:

“Be not concerned, my dear friend, at an event which, though you might not perhaps expect it so soon, your friendship will, I hope, on reflection, consider with a sincere, though melancholy, satisfaction. You have often been so good as to listen to my complaints; forgive me, therefore, for calling you to be a witness to that calm and devout comfort with which I now look on the approaching end of all my unhappiness! You have heard me say, that I thought there was a peculiar cruelty in the lot that Heaven had assigned to me; but I now feel that I too hastily arraigned the dispensations of Providence. Had I been surrounded with the delights of a happy domestic life, I could not, I believe, have beheld the near approach of death in that clear and consolatory light in which it now appears to me. My past murmurs are, I trust, forgiven; and I now pay the most willing obedience to the decrees of the Almighty. The country to which I am departing is, I hope and believe, the country where I shall be again united to the lost objects of my tenderest affection. I have but little business to adjust on earth—may I entreat the favour of you,” continued she, with some hesitation, “to be my executor? My property, being all contained in this narrow chamber, will not give you much embarrassment; and I shall die with peculiar peace of mind, if you will kindly assure me that I shall be buried by the side of my dear unhappy father.”

The thoughts that overwhelmed her, in mentioning her unfortunate parent, rendered her utterance indistinct; yet she endeavoured to enter on some private family reasons for applying
to me on this subject. I thought it most kind, however, to interrupt her, by a general assurance of my constant desire to obey, at all times, every injunction of her’s; and, observing that her distemper appeared to be nothing but mere weakness of body, I expressed a hope of seeing her restored. But, looking steadfastly upon me, she said, after a pause of some moments, “Be not so nain as to wish me to recover; for, in the world, I only fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.” The calm and pathetic voice with which she pronounced these affecting words of Shakspeare, pierced me to the soul; I was unable to reply, and I felt an involuntary tear on my cheek. My poor friend perceived it, and immediately exclaimed, in a more affectionate tone, “You are a good, but weak mortal; I must dismiss you from a scene which I hoped you would have supported with more philosophy. Indeed I begin also to feel that it is too much for us both: if I find myself a little stronger to-morrow, I will see you again; but if I refuse you admittance to my chamber, you must not be offended. And now you must leave me; do not attempt to say adieu, but give me your hand, and God bless you!”

Pressing her cold emaciated fingers to my lips, I left her apartment, as she ordered me, in silent haste, apprehending, from the changes in her countenance, that she was in danger of fainting. The next morning she sent me a short note, in a trembling hand, begging me to excuse her not seeing me again, as it arose from motives of kindness—and in the evening she expired.

Such was the end of this excellent being, in the forty-second year of her age. The calamities of her life, instead of giving any asperity to her temper, had softened and refined it. Farewell! Thou gentle and benevolent spirit, if, in thy present scene of happier existence, thou art conscious of sublunary occurrences, disdain not this imperfect memorial of thy sufferings and thy virtues; and, if the pages I am now writing should fall into the hand of any indigent and dejected maiden, whose ill-fortune may be similar to thine, may they soothe and diminish the disquietude of her life, and prepare her to meet the close of it with piety and composure!

Anna Maria.

THE TRUE HEART.

Thou hast seen a worn circlet inclosing around
Some gem all its brilliance retaining;
Thus true in my bosom my heart will be found,
Thus pure is my love still remaining.

F. W. K.
THE BETROTHED.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

— "Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."

"Nay, Cicely, think not so lightly of Aubrey's love," said Gertrude Spencer to her confidential attendant. "He cannot leave me at a moment like the present. Thou knowest the conditions of our union; and that on the day of De Vere's attaining to his twenty-fourth year the ceremony is—"

"Hush, lady!" interrupted Cicely, "I see Father Barnabas approaching. Even our confessor need not know our love secrets. But as to Aubrey's remaining inactive at home, when all the youth of England are in arms, I can but think, were I his betrothed—"

"Peace, Cicely!" said Gertrude, who in her turn found it necessary to check the garrulity of her companion, as Father Barnabas joined them, and, with a slight inclination of the head, accosted Gertrude.

"Salve ma filia! By'r holy mother, Mistress Gertrude, thou hast chosen an early hour for thy morning walk; the abbey bell hath not yet pealed for matin prayer."

"Thou knowest, father," replied Gertrude, "I am an early riser."

"Hast thou heard, Father Barnabas," inquired Cicely, "if the king be yet arrived at Southampton?"

"Maiden," harshly replied the monk, "I trouble not myself about worldly affairs. I trow thy head now runs on nought but the gaieties that will shortly turn yon town into a scene of riot and iniquity."

"I am not paid for moralizing," pertly retorted Cicely, "or I might, perhaps, have as much external show of piety as others."

She was proceeding, much to the annoyance of the monk, till checked by a severe look from her mistress, who cleared the gathering gloom from the brow of Father Barnabas, by desiring him to take charge of her weekly distributions to the poor of the neighbourhood.

"It became due yesterday, father," said Gertrude, handing him the money. "I sent it to the abbey, but thou wert absent."

"I thank thee, Mistress Gertrude," replied the monk, depositing the money in his pouch, and evading an explanation of his absence—"I thank thee, Mistress Gertrude, and shall fail not this
morn to visit thy pensioners, and to distribute thy dole. Vale, mea filia; qui dat inopibus mutuat domino! Vale!"

As Father Barnabas concluded, he folded his arms piously on his breast, and, with a lower obeisance than before, departed, while Gertrude and her maiden continued their early walk.

Gertrude Spencer was the only child of Sir Greinville Spencer, a gentleman of family and fortune, who, having borne a conspicuous rank in the political disturbances of the preceding reigns, had, in the latter part of that of King Henry IV. retired from public life to his seat at Netley, near the even then handsome town of Southampton.

His daughter Gertrude, the companion and solace of his retirement, added to unusual personal attractions a well-cultivated mind. Her education had been conducted on the liberal system of the age, combining the lighter accomplishments of the female character, with the more solid endowments of the scholar, for the attainment of which latter, the proximity of her father’s mansion to the abbey at Netley, and his intimacy with some of its most enlightened members, afforded her every advantage.

From an early period Gertrude Spencer had been allied to Aubrey de Vere, the youthful lord of Milbrook’s extensive domain. This union, though originally projected by the parents from motives of interest, had ripened into a union of souls. Gertrude and Aubrey had been taught, from almost infancy, to love each other, and, Nature their tutor, they had become proficient in the lesson.

Aubrey de Vere had well nigh attained his twenty-fourth year, the period fixed for his union with his beloved Gertrude. His father’s firm adherence to the cause of Henry IV. had been ever gratefully remembered by that monarch, who, in his last illness, had recommended young De Vere to the favour of his son and successor. It will not be doubted that, thus recommended, Aubrey, who to much manly beauty, rendered more graceful by a considerable share of wit and vivacity, added an unconquerable spirit, soon became a distinguished favourite with “Harry of Monmouth.”

At the period of the commencement of our history, Henry V. was preparing for his invasion of France, and had signified to Aubrey his intention of paying him a visit, on his arrival at Southampton, previous to embarkation. Detachments of military had been for several days pouring in, and forming an encampment on the common above the town; and the coming of the king was daily expected.

Feb. 1830.
It was anxiety on the part of Gertrude Spencer, lest the event of the king's visit to Milbrook should be a determination on Aubrey's part to embark with his sovereign, that gave rise to the conversation between her and Cicely, which was so abruptly terminated by the intrusion of Father Barnabas.

CHAPTER II.

An evil soul, producing holy writ,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the core.—Shakespeare.

"Prithee, Fitzalleyn, no more! should his highness command my services, it is impossible I can withhold them."

Such were the words of Aubrey de Vere to Fitzalleyn, his college companion and particular intimate, whom he had encountered at Southampton, in his ride from Milbrook to Netley, and upon whom he had prevailed to accompany him a part of the distance.

"Nay, Aubrey," returned Fitzalleyn, "thy intimacy with his highness is, I wot, but little worth, if it cannot procure thee an exemption. The king will, I trow, think not the worse of thee for preferring the sweet society of thy ladye-love before companionship with rough soldiers."

"Oh, Fitz, thou knowest him not!" replied Aubrey, "but wilt thou not accompany me farther?" added he, as his comrade checked his horse, and was in the act of turning.

"Not a step, Aubrey," replied Fitzalleyn, "I have an engagement at noon, and, by the mass, the sun seems well nigh to have attained to meridian height."

The parties then separated, Aubrey to make the best of his way to Sir Greinvile Spencer's, and Fitzalleyn to employ to his own advantage the opportunity thus offered by his absence.

"Weak, unsuspecting fool!" mused he, as he turned his horse's head in a direction for the abbey, "thou little deemest that in me thou hast a rival!"

He rode briskly onward till he reached the lawn in front of the abbey, which, surrounded on every side, save that toward the river, by extensive woodlands, that now glowed with the mellow tints of autumn, wore an aspect of seclusion and privacy scarcely to be equalled.

"Well, Barnaby," cried Fitzalleyn, as the portly figure of the monk appeared, "how sped you in your last journey to Southampton?"

"Truly, Master Fitzalleyn, as the Lord enabled me."
"Prithee, good monk, no more of thy cant; hadst thou intelligence from Grey?"

"Even so; and from the lord treasurer; yet doth neither of them know of such personages as Father Barnabas and good Master Fitzalleyn: all communications are made through that skilful devil Maurice."

"That's well! and does the earl enter heartily into our plot?"

"Our plot!" replied the monk, "I pray thee do not associate my name with thy secular proceedings; my duties are confined to the offices of religion, not—"

"Do not attempt to salvo thy conscience—thou canst not cheat the devil, good Barnaby. But a truce to this; how doth the fair Gertrude enjoy the prospect of her lover's absence?"

"I marked her this morning, and found her impatient to know the worst."

"She loves him, then! no matter; now to acquaint thee more intimately with my designs, good Barnabas. If the conspiracy—nay, start not, father—I cannot cloak our infernal plot with holiday terms—well, if our conspiracy against the king's life succeed, thou knowest I am out of danger; Gertrude and the barony are by contract mine. If it fail, Grey and his associates must die, and we, my good friend, are, by thy skilful management, still secure. In that case I have a double game to play. I stand well with Harry, and have a tongue—"

"In troth hast thou!" interrupted the monk, "one that can outlie the devil."

"And yet be not a match for a monk," replied Fitzalleyn; "but peace, good Barnaby—prithee do not flatter," he continued. "If Aubrey's love induce him to withhold his services in this campaign, I shall with ease gain credit with the impetuous Henry, that his coolness proceeds from disloyalty—nay, shall obliquely fix upon him the odium of the conspiracy."

"Excellent!" interrupted the monk.

"Nay, Barnaby, hear me out. If Aubrey's love be subservient to his ambition, it will then be mine, either to urge him to some post of danger, that his headlong courage may ensure his fall, or I must resort to violence, and detain or despatch him. Be it thy care to work upon the lady. Being her confessor, thou possessest the key to her heart: represent me favourably to her—fail not, in the event of Aubrey's departure, to impress her with the conviction of his indifference—thus thou wilt attack her pride. Remember, too, my good monk, to press into thy service all the mummeries of thy superstition: thus, between her fears
and her pride, we cannot fail to have her. I will exert all the
powers of intrigue to be appointed bearer of the royal despatches,
and will, ere long, return and concert farther measures with
thee; be thou, in the mean time, wary: remember the con-
ditions, my good monk; if I obtain the lady and the barony, the
abbey is to a certainty, Father Baruabas, thine own!"

"Trust me! trust me! good Master Fitzalleyn," replied the
monk, chuckling with delight at the apparently certain success
of the plot. "Good e’en, good e’en! trust me, trust me! Deus
auxillium fert servis fidelibus."

"By the mass!" ejaculated Fitzalleyn, as the monk left him,
"this hypocritical miscreant may well make my open villany
seem praiseworthy. This canting bald-pate, now, has but the
sordid hope of gain to spur him to his infernal work, while love,
smiling love, is the beacon toward which I steer; but I must
hence; Aubrey may return, and my delay breed suspicion."

He mounted his horse, and in a short time reached South-
ampton.

CHAPTER III.

But let such bold conspirators beware,
For heaven makes princes its peculiar care.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

It was late in the evening, in August, 1415, when a fast-sailing
sloop entered Trissanton Bay, the fine inlet on which stands the
town of Southampton.

She had been observed for some time coasting in the channel,
as if to effect a landing unobserved by the numerous vessels at
anchor in the bay. The master of the "Pretty Nancy," a trading
smack, had hailed her on her entrance into the channel between
the main-land and the Isle of Wight, and inquiring her destina-
tion, had offered to become her pilot. The only answer to this
inquiry and offer was a discharge of fire-arms from the people on
board the sloop, which, while it warned honest Joe Brandwine,
the master of the smack, to maintain a respectful distance, de-
termined him to watch the movements of so uncourteous a
stranger, who, though bearing at mast-head the English flag, was
evidently of foreign structure and rigging.

About an hour before midnight he observed the sloop put out
a pinnece, and instantly make all sail sea-ward.

"As I hope to be saved, Hodge!" muttered Joe to his mate,
who with himself had remained on the watch, "those cursed
hawks are at some sly trick! what say you to anchoring, and
giving chase ashore?"
"With all my heart, captain," replied Hodge, with a grin of delight at the prospect of indemnifying himself for a shot he had received in the arm from the fire of the sloop.

After a short consultation it was agreed to run their boat on shore, and to follow the party landed from the pinnace. This was the work of a few minutes. Brandwine, Hodge, and four others, landed below Netley Abbey, fully armed and determined, and after a short walk overtook the object of their pursuit, which proved to be a solitary individual, enveloped in a dark-hooded cloak, which effectually concealed his form and features.

"There's treason in that cloak of his," whispered Brandwine to Hodge, as he cautiously followed at a short distance.

"And if there's not murder in the rapier he has in his hand, my name's not Hodge Garlies," replied the mate.

As he spoke, the abbey clock tolled the hour of midnight—the stranger started, but soon recovering himself, proceeded.

"'Od's my life!!" almost shouted Joe Brandwine, seizing and thrusting into the capacious pocket of his immense frieze-coat, a packet which the stranger had dropped when startled by the sudden chime of the abbey clock, "'od's my life, we have him, here's a tell-tale."

In a few minutes the stranger was accosted by a person in the garb of a monk. "Ah, Maurice! thou dear devil! art thou come at last? let me hug thee! thou art in verity a most promising child!"

"Vous me flattez, Pere Barnabas," said the stranger; adding, in broken English, interspersed with French, "I have brought good news, beaucoup d'argent."

"That's well! but the letters, my dear Maurice, the letters."

"Oh, ver' well—I have de lettres too," replied Maurice, handing the monk a packet, which he hastily examined.

"But, Maurice, is this all?"

"He, non mon bon pere," replied Maurice, searching underneath his cloak, "I have autre pacquet pour Milor of Cambridge, and de oder messieurs. Mais, ma foi," added he, in a voice that indicated alarm, "je ne puis pas, Pere Barnabas, je ne puis pas le trouver—I cannot find it."

"Not find it!" ejaculated Father Barnabas, whom the reader will ere this have recognized—"not find it! By God! but thou shalt find it."

"Diable! je ne puis pas!" replied Maurice.

"Didst thou bring it on shore with thee?" hastily inquired the monk.
"Ma foi! je crois que non—I think not," replied Maurice, willing to cover his fault with a lie.

"Then hence, thou miserable bungler, hence—bring it hither to-morrow night at this hour. If thou come without it I will denounce thee as a traitor."

"Then, by'r lady! without it I will not come," ejaculated Maurice, in perfect English, as Barnabas left him; adding, "that cursed priest will, I trow, realize his menace. The packet for the earl is most certainly lost, and will, I doubt not, lead to his and his companions' detection—well—be it so. Barnabas and Fitzalleyn are still secure—the wily monk hath kept secret his own and his friend's participation in the conspiracy—"

"What conspiraety?" interrupted Joe Brandwine, who, with his five comrades, had come to the manful determination of arresting the stranger, malgré his long cloak and long rapier.

It may be proper to observe, that the fears of Joe and his shipmates had materially subsided, when they heard the monk chiding Maurice, shrewdly suspecting that even an ecclesiastic durst not demean himself so imperiously, were the stranger other than a human being. Not daring to approach sufficiently near to the speakers to overhear their conversation, they had contented themselves with awaiting the return of the stranger.

"What conspiracy?" vociferated Brandwine, rushing with his companions from their hiding place—"What conspiracy?" shouted Hodge, who was separately followed in the interrogation by the four sailors.

Maurice was at first alarmed at this unexpected encounter with six armed men, but recovering himself, replied in a slow and sepulchral voice, "a conspiracy for raising the devil! would ye see him?"

Whether the manner in which this answer was given, or the answer itself, coupled with the somewhat satanic appearance of the stranger in the long cloak, operated most strongly upon Joe and his comrades, we shall not take upon ourselves to decide. Suffice it to say, that of six as brave fellows as ever vanquished a threefold number of Frenchmen, when they appeared in prunia persona, "without a spice of devilry about them," Joe only could tremulously reply, "No, good sir, we are not anxious for that honour."

The stranger slowly and solemnly waved his arm, and the sailors hastily repaired to their boat, fully convinced that they had enjoyed the honour of an interview with his satanic majesty.
CHAPTER IV.
Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken banners wave.—Shakspeare.

The town of Southampton was now the head quarters of all the
chivalry of England. Detachments were hourly pouring in, and
at every blast of the trumpet, the inhabitants were thronging
round the north, or bar-gate, anxious to greet their expected
sovereign.

In the warmth of his affection and loyalty, Aubrey de Vere had
rode foremost of a gallant company of his retainers to meet his
royal master, and lay at his feet his own and his companions' ex-
pression of homage. As the youth and his attendants rode through
the north-gate at Winchester, a body of cavalry and men-at-arms
appeared in sight, and shortly after the royal banners were seen
floating proudly in the breeze. In a few minutes Aubrey had
leaped from his horse, and was at the feet of his sovereign.

"Ah, De Vere!" cried Henry, extending his hand, "right
 glad am I to bid thee welcome. I have been greeted by the loyal
courtesies of full many of your Hampshire gentlemen, and may
truly say, have exchanged words with none so grateful to my
sight, and so congenial to my heart, as thyself; rise, my good
Aubrey, mount thy courser, and journey at my side; these gentry,
thy friends, have my thanks for their loyalty. And how fares
the lovely Gertrude, how fares thy betrothed?" inquired Henry,
after De Vere had respectfully expressed his acknowledgments
to his sovereign.

"She is well, and lonely as ever, your highness," replied the
youth.

"Ah, Aubrey, I can almost envy that proud smile—to be
blessed, like thee, with the love of one of Nature's loveliest master-
pieces would indeed, methinks, plant in Harry's crown a jewel of
inestimable brightness."

"And in verity, sir," replied De Vere, "might the first of
women own thy heart a glorious conquest!"

"Aubrey, my union must be one of interest and of ambition,"
returned Henry: "but we are growing serious—that horse of
thine, De Vere, becomes the rider well; where didst thou proc-
cure it?"

"It is of my own breed, your highness; I have another which I
prize equally with this," replied Aubrey.

"By'r lady! 'tis a noble animal," added the king, attentively
examining it; "hast thou a price for it, Aubrey?"
“The highest price my cupidity might aspire to,” replied Aubrey, “is the honour of your highness’s acceptance of it.”

“By the mass, Aubrey, thou wouldst soon become a practised courtier. I agree to thy terms; it is not Harry Monmouth’s custom to think scorn of an advantageous offer. I trow it would not suffer by comparison with any beast that ever entered my stables.”

A ride of less than two hours brought the royal cavalcade to head quarters. A discharge from four demi-culverins that guarded the north gate, and a flourish of trumpets, announced the king’s approach. Dismounting from his horse, Henry took the arm of Aubrey, and without ceremony entered the town. The acclamations of assembled thousands rent the air at sight of their idolized monarch. Habited in a plain suit of highly polished steel armour, which served to show the graceful proportions of his remarkably fine form, he wore an open casque, displaying, through a profusion of jetty curls, a brow on whose marble tablet Nature seemed to have written, “This is a king.”

Henry gracefully bowed his thanks to his faithful subjects, who surrounded him in throngs, imploring blessings on his head; while the lively flashes that beamed from his dark and expressive eyes were the bright rays of that triumphant pleasure which played around his manly heart. As he proceeded down the street, his eye rested on the vessels destined to transport the army to France, which were riding at anchor on the broad bosom of the river.

“Aubrey” said he, “can thy ladye-love endure to part with thee for a season?”

“If it be your highness’s pleasure,” replied Aubrey, “she will not urge a wish to the contrary.”

“It is, Aubrey, my wish only inasmuch as I conceive it for thy benefit. However anxious I may be to fortify myself with the rampart of my bravest and dearest friends, believe me, I am not so selfish as to prefer my pleasure before the happiness or interests of others. But of this anon, Aubrey—now farewell—commend me to Sir Greinvile and his lovely daughter. I hope to see them ere long at Milbrook.”

The king pressed the hand of De Vere, and entered the castle. De Vere re-mounted his horse, which had been led by a servant, and returned home.

On the same evening, the packet which our readers may recollect to have been taken possession of by Joe Brandwine, was delivered into the hands of Henry by the authorities of the place, to whom it had been brought by the honest trader.

“Cold-blooded, ungrateful traitors!” cried Henry, after he
had perused the letters, which conveyed a circumstantial detail of the conspiracy against his life; "could not all my father's benefits, and my own gentle treatment, soften their savage breasts?"

He interrogated the trader and his ship-mates, and having ascertained the circumstances before related, enjoined the sailors to secrecy, and issued his warrant for the arrest of the Earl of Cambridge, Sir Thomas Grey, a member of his Privy Council, and the Lord Treasurer Scroop.

Having ordered them to separate confinement, he convened a council for the ensuing day, and purposely avoiding all communication on the subject, retired early to repose.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.—NO. 11.

ANECDOCTE OF WILLIAM III.

At the death of the Prince of Orange, father of William III., the purely republican party, finding a favourable opportunity, in the minority of his son, to humble the House of Orange, effected, after many struggles, the abolition of the stadtholdership; and thus reduced the young prince to the rank of a private subject. In this state of things, the little prince was one day taking an airing in his coach with his mother, the Princess Mary, eldest daughter to the unfortunate Charles I. The coach at length entered a gateway that led into a court, through which the coachman was to drive, to come to another gate facing the one which he had just passed; but here he was stopped by the French ambassador's carriage, which happened to be driving the opposite way. The prince's servants called out to the ambassador's coachman to put back, and make way for the Prince of Orange; the man was going to comply, when his master desired he would not give way an inch. Upon this a parley took place between some gentlemen attendants on both sides. The negociators for the prince reminded the ambassador's of the rank and splendour of the House of Orange, the founders of the government to which his excellency had been sent ambassador. The Frenchman replied, that he respected the House of Orange as much as any man; but he respected still more the dignity of his own character of ambassador from his Most Christian Majesty; and therefore he had a just right, as such, to claim precedence, even at the Hague, over a Prince of Orange, who, divested of the stadtholdership, was no more in Holland than a private subject. His excellency was next reminded of the rank and dignity of the prince's mother, who was Princess Royal of Great Britain. The ambas-
sador answered, that he had the most profound respect for her royal highness; and if he himself was in a private character, he would think himself honoured to be in the suite of so great and so amiable a princess, not half so respectable for being descended from the illustrious Henry IV. as for her many virtues and accomplishments: but he hoped her royal highness would excuse him for not giving way to her, as he was supporting the rights and privileges of his royal master, whose representative he was. The treaty lasted for some hours, but the ambassador remained inflexible: he would not suffer his carriage to be put back; and the princess could not bring herself to give way to an ambassador. At last an expedient was thought of to save her own and her son’s honour; the wall adjoining to the gateway was broke down, and a clear passage made through it; the prince’s carriage inclining then a little to one side, drove on, and left the Frenchman in possession of the field. This preserved the prince and his mother from the mortification of turning back; but still the ambassador carried his point.

The conduct of the ambassador was approved of by his royal master, to whom William, who never forgave the affront, had a personal dislike to the day of his death.

**JUSTIFIABLE DISSIMULATION.**

After the horrid massacre of the Huguenots in France, which began on St. Bartholomew’s Day, 1572, the King of Navarre was very rigorously guarded, by the order of the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis. But one day, when he was hunting near Senlis, during the heat of the chase, he seized a favourable opportunity of making his escape; and galloping through the woods, with a few faithful friends, amongst whom was young Rosny, afterwards Duke of Sully, he crossed the Seine at Poissy, and fled to the castle of a nobleman, who was a zealous, though secret Protestant, and strongly attached to his interest. Troops of horse were soon despatched, different ways, in pursuit of him. One of these detachments stopped at the gates of the castle, where Henry was then refreshing himself; and the captain demanded permission to search for him, showing the royal mandate to bring the head of Henry, and to put his attendants to the sword. Resistance was evidently vain; and compliance would have been a breach of hospitality, friendship, and humanity; at the same time that it must have proved fatal to the interests of the reformed religion, and to the whole body of Protestants in France, who had no other protector but the King of Navarre. The nobleman, therefore, without hesitation, and with an undaunted countenance, instantly said, “Waste not your time, sir, in fruit-
less searches. The King of Navarre, with his friends, passed this way about two hours ago; and if you set spurs to your horse, you will overtake him before the night approaches." The captain and his troop, satisfied with this answer, rode off at full speed; and the king was then left at liberty to provide for his safety, by disguising himself, and taking a different route.

THE FEMALE PIRATE.

Avilda, daughter to the King of Gothland, one of the loveliest women of her age, prided herself in victories as a marine spoiler. Sigar, King of Denmark, sought her in marriage; but the Amazon despised lover-like adulation, and rejected the costly presents laid at her feet by the royal admirer. Sigar resolved to assail her heart by a more appropriate encounter. He fitted out a mighty fleet, and engaging the ships of Avilda in a furious battle, which lasted eighteen hours, he vanquished the prowess and affections of this valorous beauty.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

After the battle of Culloden, in the year 1745, a reward of thirty thousand pounds was offered to any one who should discover or deliver up the young Pretender. He had taken refuge with the Kennedies, two common thieves; who protected him with fidelity; robbed for his support; and often went in disguise to Inverness, to buy provisions for him. A considerable time afterwards, one of these men, who had resisted the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, of the value of thirty shillings.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The last month has been distinguished by the publication of the first volume of Mr. Moore's "Life of Lord Byron," and in its presence the inferior lights of literature hide their diminished heads. It is a sufficiently bulky tome, and ample as are its pages, they are filled with matter novel and interesting. Mr. Moore has wisely allowed the noble bard to speak for himself wherever it was possible, and as his lordship not only kept a diary for some part of his life, but a memoranda at others, he has in these papers recorded much curious matter, which has been very properly transferred to these pages. Writing always with the utmost facility, his friends were in the constant habit of receiving letters from him, and as these not only reflect his mind, but contain much of his private history, his biographer has drawn largely upon these sources of information. The greater part of the volume is, therefore, composed of a diary and letters, and the "strings of pearl" with which Mr. Moore has connected them, are neither very long
nor very numerous. Though he has, however, been brief, he is
not uninteresting, and the fame of his noble and illustrious friend
comes out of his hands relieved of much of the undeserved odium
which attached to it.

Lord Byron, in his youth, was of a very violent temper, and his
mother was but ill calculated to cure him of a hereditary habit;
for she was a woman of vulgar mind, and great want of sensibility.
Owing to her carelessness, an accident, when he was a child, oc-
casioned the deformity of one of his legs, and as his lordship was
exceedingly vain of his personal endowments, this detraction from
the perfection of manly beauty caused him, throughout life, the
utmost pain and mortification. Mrs. Byron, however, so far from
reconciling him to this bodily blemish, never failed to reproach
him with it, for her constant exclamation was "you lame brat!"
The poet resented this treatment, and in their fits of violence
they were wont to throw at each other tea-pots, pokers, and every
other available missile. When he entered school, the violence of
her ungovernable temper mortified and annoyed him; and though
he wept at her death, the moment the corpse was borne from the
doors he put on the boxing-gloves, and had a set-to with one of
his friends, then on a visit at Newstead Abbey.

At school he was more remarkable for his proud and generous
spirit, than for his application; but although he neglected the
classics, he read other books with avidity. In love he was some-
what precocious, having entertained, at eight years of age, a pla-
tonic regard for a country girl. At sixteen he fell in love in
earnest, as an Irishman would say, with a young lady, Miss Cha-
worth, who resided near Newstead; she was older than him by
two years, and he did not succeed in inspiring her with any
tender sentiments. She soon after married, and the event em-
bittered the remainder of his life. A person who was present when
the first intelligence of the event was communicated to him, thus
describes the manner in which he received it: "I was present
when he first heard of the marriage. His mother said, 'Byron, I
have some news for you.' 'Well, what is it?' 'Take out your
handkerchief first, for you will want it.' 'Nonsense!' 'Take
out your handkerchief, I say.' He did so to humour her. 'Miss
Chaworth is married.' An expression very peculiar, impossible
to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handker-
chief into his pocket, saying, with an affected air of coldness and
nonchalance, 'Is that all?' 'Why, I expected you would have
been plunged into grief!' He made no reply, and soon began to
talk about something else.'"

About this period he wrote the following poem:—
"TO MY SON.

"Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my boy!

And thou canst lisp a father's name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same,
No self-reproach—but let me cease—
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my boy!

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.

Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—
A father's heart is thine, my boy!

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no! though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—
A father guards thy birth, my boy!

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace—
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face—
Ere half my glass of life is run—
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my boy!

Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my boy!"

We have inserted this poem, although it may ere this have found its way into the newspapers. Mr. Moore cannot account for its appearance amongst his papers, as his lordship never alluded to any circumstance that could lead to a supposition of the lines having been addressed to a son of his own.

Lord Byron started at once into popularity, and being regarded in the fashionable world as a "lion," he fell into dissipations which cast a shadow over his future destiny.

His union with Lady Byron was entirely a matter of convenience, and was, in fact, quite accidental. Another lady having refused him, he wrote to Miss Milbanke, by permission of his solicitor, and was accepted. Of this lady his lordship thus speaks in his private journal, under the date of 30th November, 1813:—

Feb. 1830.
"Yesterday, a very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her own right—an only child, and a savante, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess,—a mathematician—a metaphysician—and yet, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages."

The present volume terminates where they separate, and the succeeding volume must, we should think, be even more curious than the first.

Novels make their appearance rather slowly. "Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold," by the author of "Richelieu," relates to the reign of Henry VIII. and, though filled with descriptions of tournaments and splendid dresses, is particularly uninteresting. The author does not want power, but his subjects are sadly deficient in attraction. The days of chivalry may have been full of romance, but these things have passed, and we can no longer sympathise with heroes in black armour and floating plumes, because we can no longer see them, except at the Lord Mayor's show; and then they are, God knows, any thing but sentimental-looking. It is not because Sir Walter can impart an interest to stories of these times, that any writer is capable of creating a feeling in favour of the heroes of chivalry.

Talking of chivalry reminds us of "The History of Chivalry and the Crusades," by the Rev. Henry Stedbing, which forms the fiftieth volume of "Constable's Miscellany." The facts are very carefully gleaned from preceding writers, and a very clear, though not always correct, view is given of the extraordinary times of crusading and knight-errantry.

"Ringstead Abbey, or the Stranger's Grave, with other Tales," is a book very well calculated to amuse and instruct the young. The tales are full of incident, and in general are exceedingly well written.

Lieutenant Marshall's "Royal Naval Biography" is also an interesting volume, and contains abundance of romantic stories. Some of the anecdotes are new, and every page bears testimony to the heroism of British tars. Though not exactly adapted for the boudoir, ladies might peruse the work with advantage, and there are parts of it really amusing.
History, or rather private memoirs, seems to be now the rage. Dr. Calamy's "Historical Account of My own Life, with some Reflections on the Times I lived in," is a work of great value. It relates to an important period, that of Charles II. and James II.; and as the Doctor was a non-conformist, his testimony on several transactions of the time is extremely curious. The pictures of manners which it furnishes will surprise many, and one incident is so extraordinary that we must extract it. It relates to a deathbed scene.

"A lady of pleasure about this town, who had broken through the restraint of a religious education, into a very profligate life, as she found her end drew near, was in inexpressible horror of spirit, on reflecting upon her abominably vicious course. One in her company advised her to send for Mr. Sylvester, whom she had happened to meet with; and she commended him as an excellent good man, and one very fit to advise and assist her in her present distressed case. He was accordingly sent for, and prevailed with to make a visit, though it was with an aching trembling heart, it being but a very dark story that was told him of the person whom he was to advise and comfort. Before his admission, he was pressed by several, with great earnestness, to speak comfortably to the poor distressed lady, without dropping any thing that might have a tendency to heighten her agony. When he came to her, she opened her case with great freedom, and charged herself with abundance of guilt. She then asked, whether there was any room for such a wretch as she to hope for mercy? Upon which the standers-by begged him, for God's sake, to speak somewhat that might be comfortable to her. Hereupon, he freely told her, that it was not in man's power, but was God's prerogative, to speak peace and comfort. But he would set before her, in a narrow compass, the foundation upon which God in his word afforded the greatest sinners ground of hope; which settlement of his it was not in man's power to alter. So he distinctly opened to her the terms of salvation, as they are laid down in the Gospel. She declared, that nothing of that nature afforded her any comfort, she having oft returned back to the same abominable acts of wickedness, after very strong convictions, and most solemn vows, purposes, and resolutions of amendment. In the midst of this discourse, there comes in a dignified clergyman of the Church of England, sent for by some present. Upon his appearance, one in the company cried out, 'Madam, here comes your guardian angel; pray listen to him.' The curtains at the bed's-foot were presently thrown open, and the clergyman, without any discourse foregoing,
lifts up his hands, and in a solemn manner utters these words: 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I absolve thee from all thy sins!' How the poor gentlewoman was affected with this I cannot particularly say, nor did Mr. Sylvester stay to hear. He was so amazed and astonished at this sort of conduct, in one that called himself a minister of the Gospel, towards so great and horrid a sinner as he was then dealing with, that he could not bear to stay any longer, but immediately retired, went home, and was not soon or easily recovered from his fright. Putting circumstances together, I find reason to believe that the person who sent for Mr. Sylvester, on this occasion, was the very same that is mentioned by Bishop Burnet. He says she was one of the king's mistresses, and 'was the daughter of a clergyman, in whom her first education had so deep a root, that though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion was so deep laid in her, that though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror at sin, that she was never easy in an ill course; and died with a great sense of her former ill life.' He afterwards adds: (1681) 'Mrs. Roberts, whom the king had kept for some time, sent for me when she was a-dying. I saw her often for some weeks; and among other things, I desired her to write a letter to the king, expressing the sense she had of her past life. And at her desire I drew up such a letter as might be fit for her to write; but she never had strength enough to write. Upon that, I resolved to write a very plain letter to the king.' Several times have I heard Mr. Sylvester tell this story, and I never remember his relating it without a discernible revival of his horror at the matter of fact. But I think myself obliged to add withal, that I have good reason to believe that Dr. Burnet was not the clergyman that appeared when this good man was conversing with the fore-mentioned miserable creature.'

Of a very different description is the "Memoirs of Rear Admiral Paul Jones." Paul was a native of Scotland, and served an apprenticeship on board a Whitehaven collier. His spirit, however, soared above the obscurity of his lot: he entered the employ of America, did the republic good service, was honoured by the French government, and served subsequently as admiral in the Russian navy. In these various employments he showed a mind of great originality, and a superior daring, not devoid of discretion, which secured him success in every rencontre. The terror he inspired along our northern coast during the American war did not speedily subside; and mothers in Scotland were wont
to terrify their children into sleep by the name of Paul Jones the pirate. His life was published not long since by an American gentleman, but the present memoirs are compiled from his own papers. The arrangement is not very lucid, but the facts are curious, and redeem the want of tact in the editor.

We had almost forgotten to mention "The Rivals; or, Tracy's Ambition," by the author of the "Collegians." It consists of two tales, both of which possess intense interest, and are very worthy of the high reputation which Mr. Griffin has obtained as a powerful and accurate delineator of Irish life.

In the way of poetry we have "Satan, a Poem," by Robert Montgomery, which is too long to be interesting, while the hero is too repulsive to be persuasive. The poem, however, displays considerable powers, but the task was an ambitious one, and to have failed where Milton hardly succeeded is not very humiliating.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.—NO. 11.

MY DEAR JULIA,—You are too rational to expect a long letter from me at a season like this. The frost has been severe enough to freeze not only my words, but my thoughts; and I, who detest cold, was horror-struck the other morning to find my ink congealed into a lump of ice. The snow, as I perceive from my country letters, has fallen abundantly in the north and south; and during the last month we have had enough of it in London. A few days since a gentleman skated from Kensington to Hyde Park Corner, and Lady G—purposed the other day to give orders for a fashionable sledge.

Severe as the weather has been, however, the town is filling. The west-end begins to wear a look of cheerfulness, and a pleasing bustle prevails in Bond Street. Still the fashionable world may be considered dull. Very few parties have been given as yet, and the Opera does not open for some time. All this is exceedingly provoking, and the town would want something to talk about were it not for a duel which has taken place in Battersea Fields. One of the gentlemen was killed, and the other has been sent to gaol; and the thing would be quite electrifying, quite delightful, only it happens that there was no lady in question! The whole affair was quite devoid of romance, without a bit of love, and originated in what think you?—a dispute about the Catholic Question!

I pity the poor wretch who fell, from my heart; but it is quite ludicrous to read the maudlin sentiments which the newspapers utter on the occasion. Had parliament been sitting, or had any
thing else occurred to fill their journals, the affair of the duel
would have been dismissed in a single paragraph, and the public
saved a world of useless reflections; for be it known to you, the
parties concerned were professed duellists. The press is for
putting down the modern code of honour. Pretty work indeed!
If a lady be insulted, what is to be done to punish the delinquent?
Is she to turn fishwoman, and abuse him in the drawing-room,
while her lover and her brother are to sit by and twirl their
fingers? Oh! no, that will never do; they must fight for us.
Besides, it looks so well in the newspapers; and those who have
not spirit enough to endure the suspense before breakfast, why,
they can send a note to Sir Richard Birnie, and the parties are
bound over to keep the peace, with whole coats, and honour un-
impaired.

No doubt, my dear Julia, you wonder at this martial fit of
mine, but these, I need not tell you, are my abstract opinions.
In reality, I could not endure that any human being should be
sent to his account unprepared, with all his faults upon his head,
and no atonement made. At the same time it must be confessed,
that much of that polished manner which now renders the inter-
course of life so delightful, owes its origin to the practice of
duellng. Previous to its introduction gentlemen were brutal
towards each other, and in our day a perfect gentleman cannot
possibly be drawn into a duel; and the time is come, perhaps,
when the legislature ought to interfere to prevent the inexperi-
enced from being made the victims of wretches who boast of the
numbers they have slain in affairs of honour. In France this
crime has assumed an alarming appearance; and in Germany two
ladies, not long since, fired at each other, at the proper distance
of twelve paces!

The theatres have presented a succession of novelties during
the month. Two or three new pieces have been partially suc-
cessful, and the pantomimes have delighted not only the gallery,
but the boxes. The scenery is really delightful; and as painting
is only an artful method of cheating the eyes, why may we not
admire those scenic productions which, though in reality only
mere daubs, still appear so beautiful and so perfect. The chef-
d'œuvres of the ancient masters are mere prints, compared with
them; and fairy land exists nowhere but on the stage. 'Tis really
charming to look upon waving groves and valleys of roses within
the house, at the moment when we know that all without is frost
and snow. And then the genii, in the opening of the pantomime,
look so pretty and so happy; and the tricks are so laughable and
in the world. They differ not from one another in any thing but the external superstructure of their dress. In our measure, the female gowns are more correct and becoming than those of any other country. The dresses of all ages have been of a similar kind. The skirts were of one piece, but the waist was always divided into several parts, which were called petticoats. The bodice was always close-fitting, and the petticoats were of various lengths and thicknesses. The petti-coats were of silk, and the bodice was of silk or velvet. The bodice was always open at the back, and the petticoats were fastened with buttons. The petticoats were always of the same material as the bodice, and were fastened with buttons. The petticoats were always of the same material as the bodice, and were fastened with buttons. The petticoats were always of the same material as the bodice, and were fastened with buttons.
BALL DRESS

WALKING DRESS.

ENGRAVED FROM A DESIGN BY M. CANOVA.

Published October 1816.
so extraordinary, that it is no wonder that the clown's grimaces
draw a better audience than Kean's Richard.

Miss Fanny Kemble has tried several new characters, and suc-
ceeded in all. The "Grecian Daughter" has been revived for the
purpose of affording her a full field for the display of her pathetic
powers, and her success in the more arduous parts inspires her
friends with the hope that she is adequate to things as yet unat-
tained in the histrionic art.

The minor theatres are competing with the larger ones. At the
Adelphi a dwarf, not more than twenty-four inches in height, has
made his appearance in a pantomime; and whilst the Surrey hits
upon such attractive titles as "The Palace of Pastry" and "The
Bower of Barley-sugar" it can never want customers, particularly
at a season when all the provincial schools have been emptied into
London.

The exposures in Moore's "Life of Lord Byron" have alarmed
the gay world. Lady A—— and Mrs. B—— apply to a hundred
fair dames; and the scandal-mongers are busy in filling up the
biatuses which the biographer's good-nature substituted for real
names.

Yours, &c. &c.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

BALL DRESS.

A dress of pale pink tulle over a satin slip of the same colour.
The corsage is made to set close to the shape: it is cut low, but
not indecently so, round the bosom. The shape of the bust in
front is gracefully marked out by a twisted rouleau composed of
pale pink and tea-green satin, disposed straight down the centre
of the bust, and slanting on each side. A square fold of tulle,
divided in the middle of the shoulder, falls over the bosom and
back of the dress, and is trimmed with full quillings of white
tulle; this, falling low on the shoulders, forms an epaulette.
Short full sleeves of pink tulle over a long one of white gaze de
Chine. Gauntlet cuff of pink tulle edged with pink satin. The
short sleeve is confined to the arm by a rouleau to correspond
with that on the bust. Ceinture à la Grecque, bound and striped
with narrow green rouleaux. The trimming of the skirt consists
of a very deep hem, on which is laid a rouleau of pink satin;
œuds of broad gaze riband are placed upon it at regular dis-
tances, and a drapery composed of very broad pink and tea-green
gaze riband is arranged in festoons, which are pendant from the
œuds. The hair is dressed in a very large plaited band, wound
round the crown of the head, and two full bows placed behind.
The front hair is disposed in light curls. A bouquet of field flowers is inserted behind the bows of hair. Pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets with jewelled clasps. White kid gloves and shoes.

**WALKING DRESS.**

A gros de Naples pelisse; the colour is the lightest shade of *Violette de bois*. The skirt has no trimming round the bottom, but is finished up the front with a rouleau disposed *en serpent*. Large pelerine rounded on the shoulders, and descending in a point under the ceinture before and behind; it is finished at the edge by a rouleau. Tight sleeve, with a full half sleeve, which reaches to the elbow, where it is confined by a rouleau. Bonnet of gros des Indes, of a new shade of green, ornamented inside the brim next to the face with bows and ends of figured gauze rose-coloured riband. The crown is trimmed with a mixture of the same material as the bonnet, and knots of riband. Full ruff of white blond net. Cambric ruffles, slightly embroidered at the edge. Half boots, of drab-colour kid. Yellow gloves.

**GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.**

If the dictates of Fashion were always as reasonable and as conducive to health as they are in what regards out-door dress, her reign would really be a blessing to its votaries. Our fair leaders of ton take their morning walk or drive enveloped in a mantle lined with fur, the pelerine of which is as large as a short cloak. The fur collar of the mantle is fastened round the throat by a rich scarf, the hands are shielded from cold by a large muff, and the feet by half-boots lined with fur. Can any thing be more appropriate, or, to use a truly English word, more comfortable, than this costume? But let us see the same fair subject, slave we might, perhaps, venture to say, of the capricious goddess, dressed, or rather undressed, for an evening party, and we should be ready to wager that her apothecary’s bill would be longer even than that of her *marchande de modes*.

But, after all, moralizing is no part of our task; let us see, then, what new ordinances the versatile deity has issued during the last month. Cloaks are more worn than ever, both in carriage and promenade dress; for the former they are made very elegant and costly; in the latter very plain; but a large cape, whether it is composed of the material of the dress, or else of velvet or fur, is indispensable.

Some *élegantes*, but the number is very small, are seen in carriages in pelisse gowns, and large shawls, composed of French cashmere, with a border *en roseses*. We have also noticed a few
velvet pelisses made in a style something similar to a gentleman’s coat, lined and faced with costly fur, as ermine, chinchilla, or sable; these pelisses, we think, are very likely to come into favour; they have certainly a much better effect on a well-made and graceful figure than a cloak.

Among the novelties in carriage bonnets, the most elegant are those composed of a mixture of velvet and satin, or of figured gros de Naples; the last are peculiarly beautiful; the ground is either white, canary yellow, or a delicate shade of grey, covered with a light running pattern, in the most varied and brilliant colours. There is some alteration in the form of both bonnets and hats; the crowns of the former are lower, the brims are shorter at the ears, project less, and are by no means so wide as they have lately been worn. Bonnets are much trimmed, even for walking, but it is generally with the same material, either intermixed with riband, or without. Feathers are rarely worn by well-dressed women in walking dress.

There is too much mixture of colours in the trimmings of hats and bonnets, generally speaking, in carriage dress; but still, upon the whole, the effect of those trimmings is always striking, and often elegant. Large butterfly bows, or else ends of very broad riband, or of silk, arranged in the form of butterfly’s wings, and edged either with coloured silk or blond lace, is the favourite style of trimming, with feathers intermixed; but we have seen some hats trimmed with noeuds of broad rich riband, and an intermixture of blond lace, disposed in the shape of crescents; the effect was very novel and tasteful.

Merinos continue to be partially worn in home dress, but silks are much more in favour. Morning dresses are now made only partially high; a chemisette of lawn or cambric is always worn with them. Sleeves, though still too large, are diminished in size; the most novel are of the demigigot form, very wide at the top, but showing the shape of the lower part of the arm.

Satins and fancy silks are much worn in evening dress; there is a good deal of variety in the trimmings of these gowns; some are trimmed nearly to the knee, with ruches arranged in a variety of ways; or else with drapery flounces of tulle or gauze; the trimming of others is not above half so broad: it consists of a bias band, finished at the upper edge, with a row of points to fall over; or else a hem, on which is laid a corkscrew rouleau of two different colours.

The corsage is always cut in evening dress so as to expose the back of the bust and shoulders a good deal, but not so low in front as
they have been worn. Sleeves are very short, and extremely full for balls or grand parties; but for dinner or social evening parties, a long sleeve, of some transparent material, is usually worn over the short one. These sleeves are variously finished at the hand, some having a deep pointed cuff, others only a full quilling of blond net or tulle.

The hair is dressed nearly as it was last month, except that feathers are more generally worn than flowers; the latter being usually adopted by very young ladies only. Turbans and hérêts are still more in request than last month. Among the latter are some beautiful ones of blond net, embroidered in sprigs of myrtle, the leaves green, the stalk silver; they are ornamented with white feathers tipped with green, or vice versa.

The favourite colours are myrtle, tea-green, pink, canary-yellow, ponceau, jenarion, and brown.

**Bodus de Paris.**

**CONCERT DRESS.**

A dress of dark purple satin; corsage uni, and cut very low. Turkish sleeves of white tulle over rich white sarsnet. The skirt is finished at the bottom by a very deep hem, which is finished with a row of broad rich fringe. A white satin turban, disposed in voluminous folds, and ornamented with a mixture of silver ears of corn and beads, forms the head-dress. The hair is arranged à la Madonna. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers, fastened, in the sandal style, with riband.

**FULL DRESS.**

A gown of gros des Indes; the colour is a new and very beautiful shade of blue; corsage à la Duchesse de Berri. The sleeves are extremely short, and very full; they fall low upon the shoulder, and are so arranged as to stand a good deal out from the arm. The trimming of the skirt is one of the deepest that we have seen; it reaches considerably above the knee; it is composed of ornaments of tulle to correspond with the dress; they are interspersed with bows, and divided into compartments by rouleaux of the same material as the dress; and on the upper end of each rouleau is a bouquet of flowers. The hair is arranged at the side in corkscrew ringlets. The hind hair is turned tightly up to the crown of the head, and arranged in three broad plaits, which are formed into bows. The head-dress consists of gold pins and strings of pearl, the latter twisted among the bows, and brought round the forehead. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, gold and pearl.
FULL DRESS.    CONCERT DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR FEBRUARY, 1830.
STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN JANUARY, 1830.

Mantles still continue the rage both in carriage and walking dress. They are made still more ample, and the pelerines are frequently square. Those à la Marino Faliero have very large sleeves. The most fashionable walking bonnets are those made of velvet, and lined and trimmed with silk plush. The lining and the bonnet are always of different colours. For bonnets of dark green, solitaire foncé, and black, the linings are bright rose-colour, citron, or scarlet. They are something smaller than last month, and are still profusely trimmed.

Velvet is most generally employed for hats and bonnets in carriage dress. The former still continue to be made very large, and some have the brim cut a little deeper on one side than the other; where this is the case, the nœuds or coques, which usually adorn the inside of the brim of the bonnet, are placed on the largest side. Plumes of heron’s feathers are mingled with the bows or knots which trim the hat. Tufts of cock’s feathers have also been adopted by some very elegant women. One of the prettiest hats that we have seen was composed of granite velvet; the crown was trimmed with a drapery of the same material, edged with blond lace; one side of the lace fell over the back of the crown, the other was partially turned back in three plumes, by very short tufts of cock’s feathers: a large plume of cock’s feathers, and one long ostrich feather, the latter white, was placed on one side.

Small velvet cravats are very much in favour; they are sometimes fastened with an ornamental buckle. Many ladies prefer a plain gold ring, and some tie them in short bows and ends in front.

Some of the most elegantly dressed women at the Opera, a few evenings since, had cape gowns, either white, saffron-colour, or blue. The front of the corsage was adorned with drapery folds, which formed the shape in the stomacher style; in the centre of the bust, which was left plain, a bouquet of pensées, in coloured silks, beautifully shaded, was embroidered. A tucker of narrow blond lace finished the upper part of the corsage. Long sleeves of gaze D’Ispahan over the short full sleeve, à la béret, of crape. The upper end of the cuff is cut in a single deep point, which is edged with blond lace to correspond with the bust, and in front of the arm a bouquet is embroidered similar to that on the bosom, but smaller. The trimming of the skirt consists of very broad gauze ribands, shaded to correspond with the bouquets: it is arranged in waves, each of which is terminated at the points by bows of riband. There is more originality and
taste in this costume than in any we have seen for a considerable time.

There is not much novelty among the new ball dresses, if we except the one we are about to describe, which seems likely to be more in favour than any other: it is composed of white Smyrna gauze over white satin; the hem is one of the broadest that we have yet seen. A large moss rose is placed immediately above it, close to the right knee. A light wreath of rose-buds, attached to the stalk, goes from the rose at the knee to the ceinture, under which it terminates. The corsage is made extremely low, has a little fulness on each side of the bosom, sets close to the shape behind, and is ornamented with a narrow pink trimming round the bust, and at the bottom of the sleeve.

There are three modes of dressing the hair:—the Chinese, the English, and the Grecian. The first, which is probably the most unbecoming that ever was invented, is confined exclusively to very young ladies, or to ladies who wish to be thought very young. When the hair is arranged à la Chinoise, it is ornamented in general with gold combs only, but sometimes a row of pearls is brought over the forehead, and wound round the knot on the top of the head.

The Grecian style of hair-dressing is most in favour with ladies who have regular and striking features; the hair is very often arranged in this style on the forehead, under a turban or béret. Where there is no head-dress the hair is ornamented with knots of silver gauze, or riband; or sometimes blond lace, tastefully arranged with gold pins among the bows of hair.

The hair à l’Anglaise is occasionally adopted by women of almost all ages; though it must be confessed that nothing can be more ridiculous or unbecoming to an old or ugly woman, than those corkscrew ringlets, which have such a charming effect upon a young and pretty face. Gold or jewelled combs, the galleries of which are still higher than they were, are always in favour.

Dress caps of coloured blond net, and trimmed with blond lace to correspond, have just made their appearance; their form is something between a turban and a béret; they are trimmed with a mixture of silver riband and gold flowers; or vice versa. These caps are the smallest we have yet seen, and are generally becoming.

Fashionable colours are dark cherry-red, bleu d’Orleans, turquoise, citron, dark green, granite, and that shade of brown called solitaire foncé.
MADAME DE GENLIS.
THE

LADIES' MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1830.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

The advanced age which this celebrated lady has attained, having just entered on her eighty-fifth year, proves that study is not always unfavourable to longevity, instances of which are by no means uncommon among literary persons, both male and female.

Stephanie Felicite Ducrest de St. Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis, was born in the neighbourhood of Autun, in January, 1746. Her parents were persons of respectability, but of exceedingly straitened circumstances. Having been, however, enabled to afford to their child some of the advantages of education, to which her natural talents supplied the deficiency of her want of fortune, she appeared at an early age in the world, with no other recommendations than a pretty face and figure, and no despicable skill in music. Having rather good introductions, she was soon received into the houses of some persons of distinction, more in the capacity of an artist than in that rank to which her birth entitled her, but which her stinted means prevented her from asserting.

Mademoiselle de St. Aubin, though she was prevented from mingling in this society, observed it narrowly, forming her own manners, and laying up a stock of information of that kind which is most useful for persons who have their fortunes to make in the great world. She possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, a refined perception, which enabled her to mark the slightest shades of fashionable manners, and was soon an accomplished critic of that science which is called bon ton. To this she is indebted for her celebrity, or, at least, for that early fame which she acquired. In her first works it was remarked that the language and manners of the most polished classes—that vernacular elegance of diction which is common to the best societies in all countries—formed a prominent feature. It was something new in France to find this severe, and at the same time beautiful, style in light works; the public taste had been accustomed to a bolder method of composition, and Mademoiselle de St. Aubin's writing was looked upon as a luxury which was extremely palatable.

Considerable success had already crowned her labours, when March, 1830.
an accident happened which disposed of her in marriage to the Count de Genlis. He had never seen her, but was so much struck with the style of a letter of her’s, which had fallen into his hands, that he conceived for its author a warm admiration, and proposed to make her his wife. Mademoiselle de St. Aubin was not in a situation in which it would have been wise to refuse, and, as the count was an agreeable person, she embraced his offer. From the period at which her rank was thus elevated her celebrity began to increase. Being the niece of Madame de Montesson, she had free access to the palace of the Duke of Orleans. The Duke de Chartres, son of that prince, had several children, and determined to entrust the care of their education to the pretty and accomplished Comtesse de Genlis. The patience, the assiduity, and the skill, with which she sate about her new task, were in the highest degree laudable. She was not content with confining the useful and admirable discoveries which she had made in the education of children to the princes for whom she had been induced to make them, but published several of those books, which, whatever may be objected to other of her works, are excellent in their kind. "The Theatre of Education," "Adela and Theodore," "The Tales of the Castle," and "The Anceals of Virtue," were soon read by every mother of a family in France, and translated into several other languages.

So great was the estimation in which she was now held, that she became the director of the more mature years of her pupils, as she had been the governess of their earlier ones. Here it must be allowed that she displayed more vanity than discretion. The young prince, having attained a fit age, was about to receive the communion; Madame de Genlis constituted herself a theologian for this occasion, and published a book demonstrating that religion was the source of all earthly happiness, and the foundation of all true philosophy. However it might furnish amusement and food for sarcasm to the wits of Paris, that a book upon so grave a subject should issue from the boudoires of the Palais Royal, and however arrogant it was in a person in the author’s situation to assume such a task, there can be no doubt that the arguments it contains are indubitable, and that the general tenor of the book is useful. A second volume upon the Holy Scriptures, which soon followed, shows that Madame de Genlis had then conceived the design, which she has never since relinquished, of giving battle to the formidable host of the philosophes.

For some reason which it seems difficult to discover, Madame de Genlis became one of the partisans of the revolution. The
opinions of the Duke of Orleans, it is known, were also in favour of that measure, and probably the society by which she was surrounded partook of the same principles. The changes which ensued, and in which her patron (Orleans no longer, but Philippe Egalité,) afterwards lost his life, compelled her to seek her safety by flight. She retired with Petion (about her intimacy with whom her enemies tell some scandalous stories) to England, and settled at Bury St. Edmund's. Her retirement here was, however, disturbed by reports spread to her disadvantage by some of the French refugees, who accused her of being a revolutionist. She then went to London, where she experienced the same inconveniences from the same causes.

The Duke of Orleans at this period recalled her to Paris, but no sooner had she arrived, than the dangers again became so imminent that she was obliged to fly once more with the young princess. She fixed her abode at Tournay, which was then occupied by General Dumouriez's army. In this city she married her adopted daughter Pamela to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was afterwards killed in the Irish rebellion. The Austrian arms having now conquered Belgium, Madame de Genlis was compelled again to move her residence. She describes herself at this period as having been a sincere republican; and so strong were her feelings on this subject, that she resolved to direct her flight anywhere but towards a country under a monarchical government. She went first to Zug, in Switzerland; but, being refused by the magistrates permission to take up her abode there, she procured, through the means of General Montesquieu, then at Bremgarten, an asylum in the convent of St. Claire. Here it was that the young Princess of Orleans quitted her to live with the Princess de Conti, her aunt, who was residing at Fribourg. Madame de Genlis went thence to Altona, and afterwards to Hamburgh, where she experienced the same annoyances from the refugees as had assailed her in London. She would, however, have enjoyed the tranquillity of obscurity here, but for a quarrel into which she got with Rivalar. He played off all the power of his ill-nature and satire against her, and, neither confining himself to truth, nor displaying much gallantry, he contrived to turn the laugh very much against her.

In Hamburgh she published a work in a style different from all that she had yet attempted, entitled "The Knights of the Swan." It was not surprising that, espousing, as she had done, the revolutionary party, she should indulge in anti-monarchical declamations; but it was exceedingly wonderful that she should have
scrupled so little to offend those laws of decency and good morals which, in all her former writings, she had so strenuously advocated. Ill-natured people said that Armfeldt was her own character, and that to collect the incidents she had only to look back upon her past life. Her novel, however, was popular, and encouraged her to proceed in the same style. Though there is much truth in the censures which have been bestowed upon it, there is one excuse, which it should be remembered must apply to the writings of French people at this period: the disasters to which their country was subjected, and the calamities which had fallen upon themselves, were enough to have unsettled the best principles. Although nothing can be said for their works, their characters ought to be somewhat more leniently dealt with than at any other time. Adversity is a tyrannical power: and, for one heart which it purifies, a hundred sink under the rigour of its schooling.

In 1796 Madame de Genlis published a justification of her own conduct, under the title of "Précis de la Conduite de Madame de Genlis." It is a bold composition, and, if she does not entirely disprove all the accusations of her enemies, she meets them with a worthy courage. Soon after this, an opportunity for her returning into France being presented to her, she very readily embraced it. Buonaparte had a high opinion of her talents and her principles; he offered her apartments in the arsenal, which she accepted, and since this period she has continued to reside in France. Her gratitude, as well as her admiration for his character, induced her to express herself in very warm terms of him: for doing so she has incurred the charge of flattery; but, seeing from whom the accusation comes, we may be permitted to pause before we join in it. The praises which were lavished upon Buonaparte were universal, so that she can only be said to have joined in a feeling which at that time was quite common in France. As to the other accusation, which is sometimes calumniously applied to this period of her life, it is really too absurd to excite anything but laughter. It is said, and we are afraid believed by some persons in England, that some liaison, more tender than admiration on the one side and gratitude on the other, subsisted between Buonaparte and Madame de Genlis. She was between fifty and sixty years of age at the time, and, whatever she might have been earlier in life, she was then not an object of love. The charge is altogether more of a quiz than a scandal.

Madame de Genlis soon afterwards found herself engaged in a quarrel, into which nothing but the fearlessness of her temper
could have prompted her to enter. She attacked the first literary men of the day in Paris, who were united in the compilation of the "Biographic Universelle." Auger and Ginguéné were the first objects of her anger, but it was a squabble in which she gained no honour: she had neither knowledge nor wit enough to cope with such gigantic antagonists, and would have shown more discretion in leaving them untouched. In another of her works, "On the Influence of Women over Literature," she took her revenge; but it is to be regretted that, in doing so, she went out of her way to assail some persons of her own sex. Among others, Madame Cottilin, the author of "Elizabeth," is assailed in a manner perfectly unjustifiable: her talents are such as should have insured her respect; and her character is so perfectly unimpeachable, that an attack upon it is far more injurious to the persons making it than to the object of it.

"The Dinner Parties of the Baron d'Holbach," one of her latest works, excited much attention in Paris. Her vigorous attack upon the philosophes, whom she hates with a true unforgiving hatred, angered the adherents of their party. All that they can say, however, of the author, is, that it is a subject which she is not competent to treat: they discover that she is not learned; they inform the world that she is old; and they sneer at her. How much more satisfactory it would be if they would answer her book! She has, for this occasion at least, an advantage of which they cannot deprive her, for she has made the philosophers speak in their own language; and, until her critics can rail out the litera scripta, Madame de Genlis' triumph must remain as it is—a signal one.

That qualification which first made Madame de Genlis' name famous is the one upon which her literary name must mainly depend—her style. It is elegant, copious, and flowing. Her sentences are somewhat long, and burdened with relative pronouns, which create a sensation of weight in their perusal; but they are clear, and, by a happiness of diction, which is by no means common in French writers of the less serious sort of compositions, they are exceedingly agreeable. The best of them are so well known in England that it would be superfluous to say much of their merit. The union of amusement and instruction which they present is precisely that which books written for young persons ought to possess. They are in their way models of this sort of writing, and they are entitled to our regard as having been the causes of many other similar works by our own country-women. We are not sure that her "Madame de la Valliere," and her...
"Madame de Clermont," have been translated into English; they, with "Zuma, or the Discovery of the Peruvian Bark," are decidedly her best productions in a merely literary point of view, although in utility they are inferior to many of her others.

Owing to the circumstances of her life, and her disagreements with persons of high consideration, as well in the political as in the literary world, Madame de Genlis' character is much misunderstood, and of course misrepresented, in France. Her principles are doubted, and her talent is denied; we think she is unfairly dealt with on both scores. Whatever political failings she may have to answer ought to be excused, when it is recollected that ladies are generally bad politicians, and that she has lived in times of which the whole history of the world shows no example. Her literary errors, too, may be forgiven: much that she has written was sent into the world under the pressure of necessity—she wrote that she might eat—and, while her offences are so slight, we think upon this ground they may be pardoned.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT FOR HER CHILD.

He sleeps, in lifeless beauty sleeps,
And sorrowing forms are bending o'er him—
But like to mine no fond eye weeps,
For oh, like me could none adore him!

Oh, take those scatter'd flow'rs away—
What hand unkind hath brought them hither—
Emblems of human hopes are they,
Like them they fade, like them they wither!

Cold is the lip, and bloodless now,
That hath so oft to mine been prest:
Icy and pale the faded brow,
And still the late light-heaving breast.

No more, my child, the cherub smile
Shall raptur'd beam in thy blue eye—
No more thy lisping tones beguile—
Their echo now, thy mother's sigh!

No more thy sylph-like form shall twine
Around me fond, in love's embraces—
No more the proud delight be mine
To watch my darling's budding graces.

Thy widow'd mother's age to cheer,
Her fond hopes augur'd would be thine,
And, (what to her was more,) to rear
Thy valiant father's sinking line.

How timely check'd the ambitious thought—
From Heav'n estrang'd, my bosom beat
For earth and thee—this stroke hath taught
Where thou, thy sire, myself shall meet.

CHARLES M.
It is singular enough that while every country in Europe prides itself on its superiority to all the rest, they nevertheless are unanimous in adopting the fashions of one only. How it happened that France first became dictatrix of modes to the surrounding nations we know not, nor would it, perhaps, be possible to trace the cause; but look back as far as we may, we see the fickle goddess issuing those dictates to which the rest of Europe bowed submissively, from her grand seat of empire, Paris.

If we turn to very remote times indeed, we shall find the French ladies attired in a manner something similar to what is this day in use among the Sisters of Charity. This was, perhaps, the most durable fashion, for we cannot trace an instance of any other having prevailed for an equal length of time. It gave place, at last, to a costume resembling that of the Roman ladies, and here it was that the French spirit of invention first manifested itself in a striking manner. Our lovely readers are too well acquainted with the records of La Mode, not to recollect the curious superstructures into which the fair dames of Rome formed their tresses; but these, extravagant as they were, were very soon surpassed by the coiffures of the court of France. One of these, in the form of a heart, was of stupendous height: it was succeeded by a mode of arranging the hair that bore a striking resemblance to horns. This fashion was too ridiculous to be long in favour: it is possible, also, that the cynics of those days might not have scrupled to hint that horns were misplaced on the heads of the ladies. Be that as it may, we find them soon afterwards transforming their horns into pyramids, and these again were succeeded by cones.

The thousand and one famous preparations which we moderns possess for changing red or grey tresses into every possible shade of black, brown, and auburn, were not then even thought of; and to this circumstance it is possibly owing that coiffures en cheveux went out of fashion altogether, and were succeeded by caps, which had nothing but the richness of the materials to recommend them: the caulds were excessively low; and they were altogether the most dowdy-looking things imaginable.

Every woman of ton acknowledged that these caps only looked well on professed beauties; but as every woman of ton was, in her own opinion at least, a professed beauty, the reign of this fashion was not a short one. At last, however, it was exchanged for hats and feathers, very similar to those worn at that time by gentlemen.
If Taste had not always presided at the toilet of Frenchwomen, at least Modesty had never been absent from it, till she was banished in every sense by the infamous Isabeau of Bavaria. This princess was the first to introduce the nakedness of the bosom and shoulders, which was carried at her court to the most revolting excess.

Anne of Bretagne altered the colour of mourning: until her time it had been white, she adopted black—a fashion which is followed to the present day. Hoops, which have been so often in and out of fashion, were originally introduced in the reign of Francis I. of chivalrous memory; and bustles, to which the bustles of the present day are mere pigmies, were in great favour with the ladies of the court of his successor.

That disgrace to her sex, and scourge to France, Catherine of Medicis, was to the last degree expensive and magnificent in her attire: she was the first to introduce the use of white paint.

Henry IV. brought back good taste and simplicity. Perceiving that the passion for dress was carried to a ruinous excess, not only by the female, but the male part of his subjects, he passed a law to prevent all but pickpockets and women of pleasure from wearing rich clothes; and as even these gentry did not choose publicly to advertise their professions, splendid attire very soon disappeared entirely. If we find something of stiffness and formality in the ruffs and high collars of his time, still we can hardly bring ourselves to find fault with a style of dress which brings back to us so many delightful remembrances; our judgment is conquered by our feelings, and we cannot think the costume ridiculous that Henry liked to see worn by the ladies of his court.

After the murder of the good Henry his fashions disappeared, as well as his frank policy and knightly gallantry. The courtiers threw off their mantles, shaved their beards, and appeared in long loose coats, buttoned from one end to the other; red stockings, rolled up above the knee, square-toed shoes, and enormous wigs. Not one of my fair readers could figure to herself a lover at her feet in this costume without laughing, yet such was the court-dress of Louis XIV.'s time.

"But," says a pretty inquisitive belle, "the dress of the ladies, at least, was not so strangely bizarre?" Indeed, my dear madam, you mistake. One would almost have sworn that the sexes had come to a resolution to outvie each other in the singularity and absurdity of their costume; the women resumed their hoops, which were even increased in size, and decorated their heads with
a colossal structure composed of gauze, ribands, flowers, feathers, and jewels. This ridiculous coiffure was named Fontange, after one of the king’s mistresses, who first appeared in it.

Under Louis XV. the fashions underwent a new revolution; but they were at once devoid of grandeur and grace. The hair was frizzed, powdered, and disposed in large heavy curls. Rouge of the most glaring kind was put on unrestrainedly, from the cheekbone to the chin, and plentifully besprinkled with patches. The gowns were made with long waists, and peaked before and behind. The hoop was so contrived that the ladies all appeared in the last month of pregnancy. Can one help pitying the painters of those days? What an exercise must it have been to the patience of an artist, who possessed an atom of true taste, to paint a woman in such a dress.

But, in truth, the men themselves were not a whit more becomingly attired. Their large toupetts; their little chapeaux bras; their coats in the jacket style, too long for waistcoats, too short for coats; their long pockets; and their red heels, formed altogether a costume devoid of grandeur, elegance, taste, or convenience.

Under the reign of Louis XVI. the fashion of high heads and low carriages became general at the same time, so that stylish women could no longer sit in their coaches—they were obliged to kneel.

The good king had a taste for simplicity; he loved economy, and hated luxury. The court ceased to be richly dressed, but Fashion could not remain idle. She exercised her influence upon colours, and as she could not invent new ones, she contrived to vary their shades, and to change their names. Such was the origin of puce colour, of the colour of a suppressed sigh, of indiscreet tears, of a nymph’s emotion, of Paris mud, of London smoke, and several others that delicacy forbids us to mention.

The Anglo-mania became general among the gentlemen; and just at that time the taste for horse-racing had induced men of fashion, in England, to discard the formal style of dress which they had so long borrowed from France, and, rushing from one extreme to the other, the Englishman of fashion adopted the costume of his groom. In a country like ours that could be done without danger; in France it was the very worst step that could be taken. The equality of dress preceded, announced, and introduced that equality of conditions which so soon afterwards completely changed the face of society, and made so many proselytes, martyrs, and victims.
The revolution broke out, and with the new ideas on all subjects that it brought in its train, came new old ideas (never mind the Irishism, good reader,) of dress. The men adopted the Roman costume, the women the Grecian. The buskins, the ceintures, the light draperies, the coiffures à la Titus, were the delight of the one; the Phrygian cap became the head-dress of the others. Nudity itself came into fashion for the moment with the ladies, and the transparency of their dresses recalled that ancient robe named toga vitrea—the glass tunic.

Mme. Tallien and Recamier, dazzling in youth, beauty, and freshness, and with figures that might have served as models for a statuary, dressed themselves one day à la Grecque; their light draperies might, in truth, be aptly called glass tunics. Had a spark of modesty remained among the women, or decency among the men, these ladies would have been driven, by public indignation, from the promenades where they first showed themselves; but it was the reign of reason, and, under the sapient influence of the goddess, the Parisians were enchanted with the costume of these ladies. They were followed in the public walks, surrounded in company, applauded at the theatres; in short, they turned the heads of all the reasonable Parisians; and the following day Paris was filled with women, tall and short, fat and lean, withered, yellow, and sunburnt, with their throats, bosoms, and arms, bare; who, insensible to the ridicule that their appearance provoked, actually believed themselves Aspasias.

The days of reason disappeared. Some years passed, and France saw herself the happy possessor of two great men, I had almost said of two emperors; and, after all, why not? for surely Leroy, the unrivalled Leroy, merited the title of emperor of men-milliners. He knew how to multiply, by his genius, all the variations of the toilette. He possessed even the tact to give to dresses the character of the solemnities in which they were to figure. One could tell by the emblems on a ceinture, a gown, or a scarf, whether they were destined for a contract, a marriage, or a military festival. It was Leroy who first brought into fashion those rich Indian cashmeres, which, sometimes thrown over the shoulders, at others arranged in turbans and draperies, became the rage both of the court and the city. He invented Jewish toques, round dresses, diadems of roses, brought again into favour the coiffures à la Grecque, adjusted the folds of turbans with a Grace before unknown, even to the most scientific professors of the millinery art, and reached, in fine, the pinnacle of glory; when the chilling influence of politics, penetrating even into salons and
boudoirs, threatened, for an instant, the empire of Fashion. All that was elegant or graceful in dress was sacrificed to novelty and whim; and the waist placed between the shoulders, the coiffure ridiculously high, proclaimed that France was again returning to that state of barbarism from whence the transcendent genius of Leroy had recalled her.

Nothing can be conceived more piquant than the contrast between the French and English fashions at the epoch of the restoration. When the English saw their fair French neighbours come among them, with their waists half an inch in length, their gowns so long that they could hardly walk without stumbling, and their hats so high that they destroyed the proportions of their shape, they laughed outright. The French were better bred; they contented themselves with laughing at their fair visitors when their backs were turned, and of caricaturing les dames Anglaises, with their long screwed-up waists, their short gowns, bordered with striking colours, and their little bonnets, laid quite flat on the forehead.

But while the French laughed at us, they insensibly borrowed from us; and thus, in a little while, the style of dress in each nation became better, till they blended at last in one delightful whole.

The present year has been particularly remarkable for the richness and beauty of the new materials that have already appeared. The embroidery, painting, gold, and silver that ornament them, recall to us the splendour of the ancient costumes. The mantles for ladies have acquired an elegance which has rendered them an indispensable part of dress. Sleeves, after having had as many appellations as a German princess has baptismal names, have become at length more moderate in their dimensions, and graceful in their form. The same may be said of bonnets, which, though still large, are infinitely more becoming than they have been for some time past.

The taste for antique ornaments in jewellery is still general, and likely to continue so. Fashion and Taste have united in giving to the coiffure a new and most becoming character; it is no longer subject to any settled rule, but varies according to the complexion and features of the wearer. Thus we see tirebouchon ringlets adorn the forehead, while the hair is arranged on the summit of the head à la Chinoise; and plumes of ostrich feathers wave over the back of the head, giving an air of dignity to the wearer, while the beauty of her complexion is
heightened by the colours of the bouquet of flowers placed over her forehead. This is as it should be; may Fashion and Taste be ever thus in unison, and pleasing indeed will be our task of adorning with the records of *La Mode* the pages of the "Ladies' Museum."

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**STANZAS TO**

I saw thee 'mid the festive throng,
The glow of health was on thy cheek—
Thy praise, as light thou mov'dst along,
Each tongue was eloquent to speak,
Each heart to offer homage. He,
Thy chosen one, was at thy side,
And thy heart danced in maiden glee,
And his eye beamed triumphant pride,
And each young bosom dreamt of bliss—of nought beside.

Again I saw thee—up the aisle
Led by the man thou lov'st—thine eye
Trembled beneath a tear and smile,
A glance of troubled ecstasy.
I heard thy lips breathe forth the vow
To love but one, till death should part,
Yet heard with an unchanging brow;
Nor from my glazed eye could start
One burning, bursting drop, to ease my loaded heart.

The smile from thy pale cheek was driven,
When next I saw thee—he, to whom
Thy heart, thy vows, had late been given,
Was slumbering in the silent tomb.
Yet unobtrusive was thy grief,
Widowed, but unrepining thou—
Deep was thy mourning hour, but brief;
I've gazed upon thy faded brow,
Death's blight is on thee, 'tis no crime to love thee now!

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**TO MY COUNTRY.**

They told me of a clime where beauty reigns
Triumphant o'er its ever verdant plains,
Where sighing zephyrs whisper tales of love
To each soft flower that blossoms in the grove;
Where in its shady bowers the song of bird
Eternally, both day and night, is heard,
And hearts are joyous, as the limpid stream
Dancing melodious 'neath the solar beam.
But did they think I'd willingly go forth
An exile from thee, country of my birth!
No, no, I better love thy chill, bleak shore,
Whose skies are oft disturbed by tempest's roar;
But ah! they do not feel the chain thou hast
Around my spirit's best-affections cast.

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**CHARLES M.**

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**JAMES KNOX.**
THE BETROTHED.

CHAPTER V.

Yes, even love to fame must yield,
No recreant knight am I;
My home it is the battle field,
My song the battle cry!—Oberon.

"Well, Aubrey, thou dost then expect the honour of a royal visit," said Sir Greinvile Spencer, as he alighted with his daughter, Gertrude, at Milbrook House, and was received by its master at the door.

"To-day, sir," replied Aubrey, "his highness has signified his gracious pleasure thus to honour me; and, as I before informed you, has expressed a wish to meet you and Miss Gertrude at Milbrook."

"In verity, his highness doth us distinguished honour," said Sir Greinvile, as he entered the hall. "It is full many a day since I have seen the king," added the baronet; "never since, in the heighday of wassailry and dissipation, he was committed, by my honoured friend, Sir William Gascoigne, for gross contempt of judicial dignity. I was on the bench," continued Sir Greinvile, "when young Harry struck the venerable magistrate. He was even then a youth of noble bearing, though withal of most unkingely and uncourtly manners—his reformation was, indeed, most wondrous strange and sudden, and well bespeaks the goodness of his heart. But, Aubrey," added the old man, after Gertrude had left the apartment to attend to her toilet, "but, Aubrey, what are thy thoughts on this expedition? I trow his highness would fain have thee attend him?"

"Sir Greinvile," replied De Vere, "thou hast forestalled me; I wished thy company early this day to discourse upon this subject. Thou knowest that in November I shall have attained my twenty-fourth year; in the interim I am minded to dispose of my time to the best advantage. It is his highness's desire that I attend him to France; yet is it not his pleasure to constrain my inclinations. In such case, sir, I can but deem it the duty of every leal subject to consult and to conform to the wishes of so gracious a master."

"'Tis well said, Aubrey," replied the baronet, "the spirit of thy honoured father spoke within thee, then: trust me, thy Gertrude will not think more lightly of thy truth for this so honourable an absence."

As Sir Greinvile concluded, Gertrude entered. She had heard her father's last words, and with difficulty concealed her agitation.

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at the conviction of being constrained to part with Aubrey. De Vere arose, and conducted his betrothed to a seat between him and her father.

A silence of some seconds ensued, which Sir Greinvile was the first to break. "Gertrude," said he, "thy father was a warrior ever ready to serve his country; art thou not fain thy husband should be also one?"

"I would, my father, that he be always foremost in the cause of justice and of glory," replied Gertrude.

"That's my own girl," cried her father, fondly embracing her. "Now, my daughter, hear me. Such is the cause which now demands our Aubrey's services; nay, more, gratitude, as well as honour and justice, calls him to exertion. It is the royal Henry's pleasure that Aubrey accompany him to France—thy consent, my child, alone is wanting—has he it?"

"What am I, my father, that my weak wish should influence the royal will?" replied Gertrude. "No, sir, my inclinations are in duty subervient to my father's, and to Aubrey's," she added, faintly smiling through her tears, and extending her hand, which the lover passionately pressed to his lips.

At this moment a messenger from the king was announced.

"Safe hur honours! hur haf a messach from hur highness to Master Aubrey te Fer," said the strange personage who was introduced as the bearer of the royal message.

"Pray be seated, sir," said Aubrey, who could with difficulty suppress a smile at the strange dialect and ungainly obeisance of the speaker. "I am Aubrey de Vere," added he, "what are his majesty's commands?"

"Safe ye, shentle sir," replied the Welshman, "I haf it in commant to represent to hur honour, that his highness is sensibly cried at peing unEMALE TO TO hurself te pleasure of a fisit to Milprook, peing prefentet py an unlooket-for occurrence of creat import."

"Indeed, sir! may I inquire of what nature?" said Aubrey.

"Nothink less, sir, than a foul conspiracy akinst hur highness's life—the particulars not hafink yet transpiret, hur is unEMALE farther to inform hur honour."

"My God!" ejaculated Aubrey; adding, "knowest thou to whom the vile plot owes its birth?"

"One of the fillains," replied the Welshman, "is my Lort of Campritch—farther I know not."

"And to whom have I the honour of being indebted for this intelligence?" asked Aubrey.
"Taft Cam, at hur honour's serfice, captain of one of the Welsh companies of powmen."

"Well, captain, thou wilt partake of an early meal with us, and I will ride back with thee to Southampton," said Aubrey.

"Hur sall pe prout of hur honour's companionship," replied the captain.

After an hasty dinner, Aubrey and the messenger repaired to head-quarters. What there transpired must be reserved for a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

What news of him, that trait'rous wight?—Shakespeare.

On the morning after the events detailed in our third chapter, Fitzalleyn was seen to cross the ferry at Itchen, at an early hour, and to make the best of his way towards the abbey. There was an expression of restless impatience in his features which ill accorded with his assumed gaiety, as he slightly returned the obeisances of several fishermen and labourers who were repairing to their daily occupations; sometimes playfully interrogating, or satirically jeering, those who were known to him.

Half an hour's walk brought him near the abbey. His attention seemed to divert unconsciously from the object of his journey to the scenery around him, as he passed through the greenwood that encircled the abbey.

"By my say!" said he to himself, "these monks are seldom dull in selecting for their haunts the fairest spots. Methinks I could myself almost endure seclusion in a paradise like this."

As he spoke, an abrupt opening in the woods discovered the western angle of the abbey, and at the same moment the matin chaunt of the abbey-choir rose with a melodious swell on the morning breeze.

Even the depraved Fitzalleyn could not at first suppress his strongly-excited feelings. His tongue involuntarily caught up the chaunt, "Ora pro nobis!" but instantly checking himself, "Od's my life," ejaculated he, "but I should soon become as true a monk as the veriest hypocrite of them all! I trow, my precious Father Barnabas, now, is raising his lungs to as pious a pitch as any bald-pate of the choir!"

Suddenly the chaunting ceased, and a profound silence succeeded. Shortly after, a rush of footsteps from the chapel warned Fitzalleyn of the conclusion of matin prayer. "Well," said he, "the farce is over, and the fathers will now enjoy a quicker
relish to their morning meal, thus seasoned with a dash of piety."

As he spoke, several monks left the abbey, and among them Father Barnabas, who quickened his steps as he perceived Fitzalleyn, and soon accosted him in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible to the other members of his fraternity.

"Mi fili, confitebimur domino!"

"Prithee, father, dismiss this hypocritical cant, and shorten that venerable countenance, which religious mummary hath lengthened to such an alarming degree!" said Fitzalleyn; "those bald-pates cannot be eaves-dropping at this distance."

"Oh, Fitz! Fitz! canst thou not go to the devil with decency?" said Barnabas, taking his companion's arm, and leading him into an unfrequented path.

"Prithee, monk, do not affect to be witty," replied Fitzalleyn; "but now to business. Did Maurice meet thee last night? Was he true to his appointment?"

"He was; but, I fear, faithless to his trust."

"As how, good Barnabas?" inquired Fitzalleyn, hastily.

"He delivered into my hands the packet designed for us, with the gold."

"Prithee keep it, good father," answered Fitzalleyn, "and proceed with thy story."

"As to the packet for Grey and the earl," continued the monk, depositing the gold in a purse which hung at his girdle, "Maurice had it not. Much I suspect he has been bribed to negligence or treachery—he promised to return to-night."

"Return at doomsday!" vociferated Fitzalleyn; "the miscreant has wilfully betrayed us."

"Tut, tut, man!" cried the monk, "there is no way in which we can be criminated. Thy plan will be, if the design be discovered, to join thy voice against them, and urge the king to timely severity."

"Bravo, my good monk!" replied Fitzalleyn, "thine is the head to plot, and mine the hand to execute; I will e'en obey thy sage directions. And now, my good monk, for the fair Gertrude—that maid still clings around my heart."

"I have not yet seen her," replied the monk; "but shall not fail to make the most of opportunity."

"I doubt thee not, good father—I doubt thee not. I will, in the mean time, to Southampton, and, if aught transpire, will be the foremost in advising Henry to summary justice!"
"Yet have a care, Fitz; let not thy loyalty be too warm: it may breed suspicion," said the monk; adding, "I have other projects floating in my brain, yet cannot broach them now—thou shalt know all anon."

"Enough! enough, good Barnaby," returned Fitzalleyn, "thou wilt be a cardinal ere thou diest; I foresee thou wilt soon gloat upon the rental of yon well-endowed abbey."

"Do thou first obtain the barony," said the monk. "Our plots are not yet carried into execution. Be wary, Fitz, be wary; every thing depends on thy diligence and caution."

The monk retired within the abbey, and Fitzalleyn departed.

CHAPTER VII.

What whining monk art thou, what holy cheat,
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ear,
And canst thus vilely?—"Oway.

"Well, lady, what sayest thou now of my penetration?" said Cicely to her mistress.

"Truly, good Cicely, I am sore distressed in mind, and must not think of it."

"Why then, Mistress Gertrude, didst thou give such ready consent to his departure?"

"Dost thou ask, Cicely?" said Gertrude; "could I in modesty oppose his will? could my pride stoop to entreaty? No, Cicely, no; I expressed the greatest willingness; I even surprised my father and Aubrey by my ready consent. This it is which gives me pain; for should ought of harm befall him, I shall reflect upon my willing consent to his departure, as the cause of ill to Aubrey!"

"And how long, my lady," asked Cicely, "will Master Aubrey be absent?"

"Barely two months," replied Gertrude, "if success attend his master's arms."

"And believe me, mistress," returned Cicely, "Master Aubrey will for thy sweet sake alone be cautious not unneedfully to expose himself to peril. What saith the poet?—

'Weep thou not, my dearest love,
Weep thou not for me!
Can I rashly risk a life
That is so dear to thee?''"

"Pray heaven it may be so!" ejaculated Gertrude; adding, "go, good Cicely, bring my harp—I would fain solace me with a song."
Cicely left the room, and soon returning with the instrument, retired. Gertrude, thus left alone, ran over a plaintive prelude, and sang to an expressive air the following

**SONG.**

"The clarion's notes ran high—
The brave knight tore from his lady-love's arms,
He marked her pale cheek, and disordered charms,
    And her troubled bosom's sigh.
'Fear not,' he cried, 'thou loveliest maid,
    But for awhile we sever;
My country's call must be obeyed,
    But hearts like our's will part, oh, never!"

"He rushed to the battle plain;
Too ardently proud, too fatally brave;
A glorious name, and a gory grave,
    His deeds heroic gain.
The maiden his bosom loved so well,
    Ne'er from his side would sever,
In warrior's guise she fought and fell,
    And hearts like theirs were parted, never!"

The fair songstress ceased, and laying by her harp, ejaculated, "I have, in sooth, chosen a fit theme to exhilarate my depressed spirits."

At that moment three gentle taps at the door announced the approach of her confessor. Gertrude hastily dried her tearful eyes, and requested the father to enter.

"Salve, mea filia!" said Barnabas, as he moved to a seat opposite the young lady.

"Good morrow, father," replied Gertrude, "it pleases me that thou art come."

"I thank thee, lady. I thought it meet to see thee this morning, to remind thee that to-morrow I shall be most pleased to occupy the confessional a short space for thy benefit."

"I needed not the remembrance, father," replied Gertrude, "yet is thy attention grateful to me."

"If I err not," said the monk, "if I err not, lady, thou hast been weeping: is there aught of care upon thy mind? perchance thou mayest wish to disburden thyself now—if so, I wait thy leisure."

"No, father," returned the lady, "I need not now thy kindness."

"Truly, daughter," returned the wily ecclesiastic, "I marvel thou shouldst droop at such a time as this. Knowest thou not what festive revelries are preparing at Southampton?"

"Ah, father! many a heavy heart will beat amid those merry-
makings—and mine for one. 'Tis the thought of what those festivities are a prelude to that clouds my cheerfulness—it is—

for I will not disguise from thee, good father—it is—that Aubrey is about to leave me!"

"And wherefore shouldst thou grieve, my child?" rejoined the monk. "If Master Aubrey deemed that aught of peril menaced, he would not surely leave thee."

"Ah, my good father, he recks not of danger; enamoured of glory, he forsakes his betrothed."

"Truly, lady," said Father Barnabas, "I can but marvel the youth should prefer the blast of war before thy smiles. Moreover, the period fixed for him to claim thy hand is near approached: I know nothing of this passion thou callest love: my pious vow prohibits my knowing aught of it; yet should I almost deem, from Master Aubrey's neglect—"

"Nay, father," interrupted Gertrude, bursting into tears, "call it not neglect; give it not so harsh a name."

"Well, my child, I would not offend or pain thee," replied the monk; "pride, I have been told, forbids our belief in the infidelity of those whom we love."

"Alas, father! I fear thou art but too correct. I am, indeed, unwilling to believe Aubrey's departure influenced by increasing indifference."

"Nay, Mistress Gertrude; prithee do not distress thy gentle bosom by such, perhaps unfounded, suspicions," said the tempter, who began to fear the poison he had sought to instil into her ear, too sudden, and too openly powerful, in its baleful influence.

He was proceeding with his artful insinuations, when a message from Gertrude's father compelled her to break off the conference, and the monk departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
That plottest thus to murder our dread lord.

Shakespeare.

Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.—Ibid.

"Have the traitors been kept separate since their arrest, your highness?" asked Fitzaldeyn, who had been admitted, with Aubrey de Vere, to the royal presence, previous to the examination of the Earl of Cambridge and his two confederates, the Lord Treasurer Scroop and Sir Thomas Grey."

"They have," replied the king.

"Then, might I presume to counsel your highness," replied
Fitzalleyn, “I would advise the utmost secrecy with regard to the packet so providentially intercepted, and in a separate examination of each of the conspirators, make it appear that the intelligence your highness possesses is derived from the confessions of each of the traitor’s confederates. Suspicion, as the natural attendant of guilt, will readily bring them to this belief, and the confession and summary punishment of each must infallibly result.”

“By my say!” cried Henry, “thou hast counselled well, Master Fitzalleyn, it shall e’en be as thou suggested; and now,” added the king, “for the examination. Officer, bring hither the foremost of the traitors, Scroop.”

In a few moments the lord treasurer was brought in, guarded on each side by two yeomen of the royal guard.

“Now, thou vile conspirator, hear me,” exclaimed the king. “I am not minded to dispense my time in listening to the perjuries of an avowed traitor to his God and to his sovereign. Yet one question; and let me warn thee, do not die with a lie upon thy lips, for, by the cross, within an hour thou standest before the judgment-seat of thy Maker—hast thou, or hast thou not, been privy to this vile plot against my life?”

“It grieves me, royal sir,” replied Scroop, “that all my faithful services should not exonerate me from so unfounded a charge.”

“Thy services, villain! my benefits, thou shouldst have said. Did not I load thee with honours? did not I admit thee to my confidence, my counsels? but no more. Do these words of yours amount to a denial of thy guilt? Speak, sirrah!”

“They do, my liege.”

“Then hear me, knave!” replied the king. “By the confession of thy partners, it appears, that certain worthy gentlemen, named, my Lord of Cambridge, Sir Thomas Grey, our faithful councillor, and our right trusty and well-affected lord treasurer, have plotted to destroy their sovereign; and that on the 19th of this month, in this our town of Hampton, the deed was to be done.”

“My lord, I throw myself at your royal feet, and implore your clemency,” cried the treasurer.

“Hence, thou abject miscreant,” vociferated the king; “hadst thou been a bold, audacious traitor, I could have honoured thee for one virtue; now I see and abhor thy vile character: thou hast all the venom and the cowardice of the lurking snake—hence, reptile! Kneel to thy God, for, by my hopes of eternity, thou diest ere the sun go down! Officers, remove him. And
now for Cambridge," added Henry, as the lord treasurer was hurried from his presence.

"Well, Cambridge," said the king, as the traitor appeared, "art thou prepared for thy last awful account? Scroop has confessed; wilt thou imitate his example?"

"Will confession avail me aught?" asked the earl.

"Traitor as thou art I will not dissemble with thee," replied the king. "Do the prayers of mariners stem the tempest? do the tears of the hunted roe move the pity of the hounds? do the pitiless bleatings of the lamb ensure its safety from the butcher's knife? if so, thy confession will avail thee—if not, it will be fruitless."

"Then, sir king, I die as I have lived, unsubdued, and scorning thee! As for that Scroop, that tame, recanting villain, if there's a hell awaiting us, his portion must be worse than mine!"

He was removed by the guards, and Sir Thomas Grey was brought in.

The king addressed him. "Grey, I thought that in thee I possessed a faithful servant. What fiend could have tempted thee to league with traitors, who, when danger threatened, have denounced thee?"

"A wild and restless ambition, my liege," replied Sir Thomas Grey, "of which I am now prepared to pay the penalty. I seek not to deny or palliate my crime; but could I implore thy pardon, could I, by my death, seal thy gracious forgiveness, I would go to the block with exultation."

"Grey, thou hast my pardon, as far as I can grant it—justice must have its fulfilment."

"And none, my liege, is more willing to comply with its demands than Grey."

"Well said, Grey," replied the king, "thou wilt die as becomes a man. Away, and address thyself to thy God for that mercy which on earth is denied thee. It is a painful task, my lords," added Henry, addressing the noblemen around him, "it is a painful task to consign even the guilty to the dread penalty of justice. Hark ye, Aubrey," said the king, as the youth was retiring with Fitzalleyn, "this friend of thine has shown much prudence and penetration. Thou art, I think, well suited with a companion." Fitzalleyn bowed. "Adieu, gentlemen," added the king. "Aubrey, I shall see thee to-morrow; bring thy friend with thee. Adieu."

The young men then retired from the royal presence.

(To be continued.)
THE SOLITARY.—A FRAGMENT.

Stranger, thou bidd’st me tell a tale
Would smite thy cheek with terror pale—
Thou wouldst constrain me to impart
The history of a broken heart!
And thou shalt hear it—though my tongue
May falter, and my breast be wrung
With pangs it oft has felt before,
With pangs it thought to feel no more,
Yet shall to thee my woes be known,
They’ll bid thee lightly bear thine own.
If smarting ‘neath affliction’s rod,
Attend my tale, and bless thy God,
Grateful for mercies thee that spare
From pangs that others deeplier share.

But to my tale—thou know’st full well
The path that led thee to my cell,
How lone, how drear! yet o’er this wild
Few years have passed since culture smiled.
This desert spot, this barren waste,
An old and princely mansion graced:
Love, Peace, Contentment, smiled, where now
Stern Desolation rears his brow;
Light rapture danced in every breast,
And all—ah, yes—even I was blest!
Whence is the change? I will disclose
The cause, the secret, of my woes!

Haply thou deem’st, that o’er my brow
Life’s winter sheds its timely snow—
Thou deem’st the furrows on my cheek
The ravages of time bespeak—
Thou deem’st that age’s wasting blight
Hath dimmed these sunken orbs of sight—
But no—the mining worm of grief
Hath hurried on my yellow leaf;
The lamp is quenched before its time,
The tree hath perished in its prime,
Or but remains, to ruin sunk,
A cankered root, a shivered trunk!

It boots not, that of me and mine
I tell—the history of our line,
From whence it came, from whom it sprung,
Such boast may not employ my tongue.
Yet proudest deeds its annals grace,
For mine is not a nameless race.

How blest the hour, when yonder vale
To Laura heard my impassioned tale!
How blest the hour, when Laura’s voice
Own’d me the lover of her choice!
When tearful eye, and heaving breast,
A mutual, kindred flame confessed!
Thus, in a dear delusive dream,
Fondly did my young bosom deem!
THE SOLITARY.

Of this domain the orphan heir,
Its hills, its vales, its woodlands fair,
Of Laura's charms, or ample dower,
Her guardian's bosom owned the power;
'Twas avarice lit to passion's glow
The demon's breast, and wrought our woe.

With jealous rage and hatred fired,
Feelings that Laura's love inspired,
The wretch's arts a means devise
To rob me of my treasured prize,
Yet, cold as cruel, could delay
The deed of hatred till the day,
The day when, at my Laura's side,
I breathed the vow, and hailed her bride.

Gay was the banquet, prompt the smile
Of the insidious Bertram—while
With specious arts, and accents bland,
He hailed the bride, with secret hand
The bowl was mixed that was to sate
The venom of a rival's hate.

Destined for me, the fatal draught,
By dire mistake, my Laura quaffed—
One wild shriek told the tale too well,
Convulsed and blackened, as she fell!
Chill horror seized each gazer's frame,
To witness brighter scenes that came.

But Bertram, he, that trait'rous one,
How looked he when the deed was done?
The curse that fled his lips—the glow
Of baffled rage that lit his brow,
Too well his hate, his guilt confessed—
My vengeful hand achieved the rest.

Oh, as I grasped him by the throat,
How my avenging dagger smote!
How joyed mine eye his bleaching cheek,
How drank my ear his thrilling shriek!

I fled the spot—the lifeless charms
Of Laura folded in my arms.
None durst arrest my mad career,
My speed was wild—yon cliff is near—
The dashing billow foams beneath
To tempt despair to speedy death.

But no—a lingering fate was mine—
Some fishers from the whelming brine
Snatched me. To their vain care I owe
A loathed existence, lengthened woe.

The terrors of the law I woo'd,
And claimed the forfeit, "blood for blood."
Despair was baffled—'twas decreed
That justly did the villain bleed.
Absolved from guilty stain—restored
To being my torn heart abhorred—
Hither I sped, in woe to abide
Where Laura lived—where Laura died,
To pour for her the unceasing moan,
To wail her fate, and wish my own.

But could I dwell, where to my gaze
The memory of happier days
Each tree, each shrub, each once-loved flower
Restored in all its harrowing power?

I fled awhile—the word was given,
And culture from the scene was driven;
'Neath havoc's hand the mansion fell,
Dismantled was each flow'ry dell;
Each fairest spot, once fondly loved,
Where I and Laura oft had roved,
Was changed—weeds choked each velvet green,
And hasty ruin marked the scene;
And late where splendid halls appeared,
This lowly, lonely hut was reared.

The work of desolation past
Heartless I sought my home at last;
And as my eye in frenzy roved,
How well that wilderness it loved!
I thought the scene accorded best
With the distraction of my breast:
Yet with the desolation there
Not wildest desert would compare!

Oft is the solitary waste
With some brief struggling flow'ret graced,
Oft is the gloom of winter's day
Enlivened by some transient ray;
Yet ne'er do slumbering griefs impart
A glow, to cheer the broken heart;
No flower is ever born to bless
The maddened spirit's wilderness;
No respite can oblivion bring—
Hearts wintered know no second spring!

Stranger, thou'rt heard my tale—in vain
Thou hast not listened to the strain,
If it but gratitude hath taught
To Him whose love thy weal hath wrought,
While to the lot of others fell
The cup of misery. Fare thee well!        CHARLES M.

WIDOWED LOVE.

Tell me, chaste spirit! in yon orb of light,
Which seems to wearied souls an ark of rest,
So calm—so peaceful—so divinely bright—
Solace of broken hearts—the mansion of the blest!
Tell me, ch! tell me—shall I meet again
The long-lost object of my only love!
This hope but mine, death were release from pain;
Angel of mercy! haste—and waft my soul above!  T. G.
A FEMALE TOMMOWIST.

Mrs. Hall, in her admirable "Sketches of Irish Character," has given us several excellent examples of that class among her countrymen, who perpetually put off, not the "evil day," but the good one; and although one of her critics has said she is wearing out her ideas, we are of a contrary opinion, for there are infinite varieties in the species. From the "dinna fash yoursel" idler, of Miss Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenbervie," to the to-morrow of Miss Edgeworth's Prince of Procrastination, Basil Lowe, there may be traced in provident England, not less than the sister countries, numerous subjects for either mournful or ludicrous example. Every country can produce as plentiful a crop of these "cumberers of the ground," as a satirist could ridicule, or a moralist lament.

Miss Mitford's portraits are all so true to the life, so decisive in their lineaments, yet so delicate in their touches, that we cannot help wishing she had also drawn a dealer in to-morrow, by giving us an example, in her own sex, as brilliant, terse, racy, and original as her talking lady—an example that might bring many of us to book in the way of self-reformation, for who amongst us have no sins of omission to register?

Well do I remember the time (though many a year has passed since then,) when a great impression was made in my native town in consequence of pretty Sarah Selwyn leaving school for the purpose of becoming, nominally, her brother's housekeeper. She was just eighteen, tall, elegant, and graceful, though still of girlish appearance; was delicately fair, with small features, and mild blue eyes; her face surrounded, her head covered, by such a profusion of flaxen ringlets, that a picture of far inferior pretensions would have been interesting in such a frame. No wonder the young men pronounced her "an angel," and the girls tortured their poor heads with pins, rollers, curling irons, and cracker-like papers, to be angelic also.

The sprightly Sarah Selwyn, the accomplished Sarah Selwyn, as well as the beautiful Sarah Selwyn, rang in every one's ears the first fortnight, when the further discovery was made that although, from her passion for dancing, her brother called her Sal Volatile, yet that she added to all her attractions those of a learned lady. She was botanical, mechanical, casuistical, and could puzzle the doctor himself—was, in short, that strange animal which as yet we had never beheld, a real blue-stocking. Yet with all this, none of us were frightened at poor Sarah; and even when she had taken two men ten miles out of town to open

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a little hillock by the road-side, which she called a tumulus, and
returned with some broken brown crockery, which appeared to
be fragments of an unmentionable vessel, dropped from the pann-
ers of a travelling donkey, but which she declared was a Roman
vase, and presented, in due form, to the "philosophical society"
of the county town, though we envied, we forgave her superiority.
Neither her hard words, nor the coral lips which pronounced
them, could awaken dislike to one always kind and courteous;
and one, moreover, always proving, in one little weakness, that
even she—beauty, and wit, and philosopher as she might be—
Was not mixed up without alloy,
And formed but of a finer clay.

"My dear Miss Selvyn," would one of the matrons of the
party say, "I lent you my long cloak to preserve you from cold,
six weeks since, telling you I could not spare it. I am sorry to
interrupt your conversation, which, I dare say, is very instructive
to my young people, but I must have my cloak; I have sent and
written till I am tired—pray name a time for its return."

"Oh dear! I am so sorry; but I have been so busy cutting
out sheets and towels, that really—"

"You are an excellent housewife, I doubt not, or you would
not engage in such homely duties; but, really, in six weeks' time
I should have thought that—"

"To-morrow, dear madam, you may depend upon it I will seek
for the cloak, and—"

"And will you send me the song you promised so long,
Sarah?" said another of the party.

"And return my drawing book? As my poor sister's was
ruined completely at your house, I cannot help pressing for
mine!" cried a third.

"My dear friend, don't rise, your dress is torn so entirely out
of the gathers you cannot be seen."

"I recollect it is; cannot you pin it, Maria?"

"I shall ruin it if I do; the muslin is so fine that—"

"Oh! never mind, it must be pinned; or, if I can get out of
the room, I will borrow one of Mrs. ——; indeed I must get her
to lend me shoes, for mine are slit down at the heels; I did not
know we should make up a little dance."

"Nor would it have been thought of if you had not urged it,
which I thought strange, as you are going to have a large party
to-morrow, and have every thing to arrange."

"I had forgot that; but I must dance, I have promised so
many," replied the sought-for beauty.
Alas! the many quarrelled among the beaux; the many titfered among the belles; for even the beauty was rendered ludicrous by a dress too short and too wide. And thus it ever was! Poor Sarah was very extravagant, yet never well-dressed; very economic, yet never saving: dreaded as a borrower, and a destroyer, yet naturally generous, and intentionally just. Always a sloven; even the striking beauty of her long tresses became the medium of betraying her foible; her hair was always "to be adjusted to-morrow;" the next assembly would show her in a completely new dress; the next dinner party would prove that she had remembered to arrange the dessert before the company had arrived; and that the pastry, which she insisted on making herself, was not forgotten till the hour when it ought to be in the oven.

"Have you read the new novel by Charlotte Smith, or those sweet poems by Anna Matilda? Have you practised the music of Oscar and Malvina, which I sent you? Did you draw the pattern to commence working your flounce?" were questions asked then, as such are now. To all, Sarah generally gave a negative; she "never read any trifling productions—she had not time to practice new music; to morrow she would begin to work her new muslin, as she was determined to wear her dress on her brother's wedding-day."

But her brother married ere the pattern was drawn, and in the flutter and business of pleasure consequent on the bridal, poor Sarah was naturally driven on the rock of to-morrow, for the fulfilment of all her intentions, comprehending the study of hydraulics, and experiments on carbonic gas. As all things, however, have an end, and the bride was really a sensible and good young woman, who loved her husband, their gaiety was not unwisely protracted, and a time of being domestic succeeded, which Sarah embraced with avidity, as promising a novelty in her late circumstances.

"I will lay aside this treatise on the nature of the syphon, dear sister, and help you; give me that little cap, I shall be delighted to work it for you in the most superb style; you have no idea how very delicately I can do open hem."

The cap was gratefully handed in answer to her request, and Sarah determined to begin the work to-morrow; but a month elapsed before the pattern was fixed upon, and in the course of that time how many engagements were made, how many passing circumstances claimed attention! It was winter, and numerous parties invited; then Christmas involved engagements that must
be attended to, and the necessity of altering old dresses, returning borrowed ones, remembering the poor in such an inclement season, paying bills out of a narrow stipend, which required a large one; receiving the visits, or answering the letters, of an accepted lover, (whose father insisted that the parties should be of age before they married,) occupied all her time.

Yes! the admired beauty had now one lover, a professed, devoted, and adianced lover; but it was certain that she had been known as the belle of our circle two years before one man amongst her many adorers really offered himself in that capacity, and our readers are aware that he was a very young one. With all her charms, it was observed, that military men (those intruding captivators of all country misses, and match-spoilers of all country beaux,) seldom danced with her—perhaps they were more subject than others to distinguish deficiencies in dress costume, or had a technical aversion to that insubordination to propriety and common sense implied by the eternal "to-morrow." The sons of our wealthy merchants also, dazzled as they might be by her person, shrunk from the promiser who never performed, and deemed the innocent beauty a kind of dealer in accommodation bills—one whom it was proper to admire, but it would be madness to marry. But we must return to sprigging the baby-cap.

It was actually begun—Sarah laid aside her engagements within and without the house, whether of books never read, lessons never practised, fillagree never rolled, and drawings never finished; or of calls made always out of season, and visits at any time not named in the invitation, and seriously took to her needle. Happy and wise is the woman who knows the full value of this humble instrument, the most useful wherewith the dull can kill time, and the lively dispense kindness. Sarah discoursed eloquently on the subject, but someway she never had the good fortune to display her passion for its merits beyond her words. The needles in her possession were always so large that they tore the cambric, or so small that they could not contain the cotton—the mornings were too bright, the evenings too gloomy for the purpose—"she must buy better needles, inquire of some kind friend (knowing in such matters,) where real Japan cotton could be purchased, and alter her plan of proceeding to-morrow."

Not only did her sister-in-law (who quietly finished eleven similar undertakings whilst this was proceeding,) watch the soiled and slowly-progressive affair with an eye of interest, but that of her lover also; and, at his instigation, she resolved that, even with all possible hindrances, this covering for the head of
her future relative should be ready before it could be wanted; a
resolve rendered the more necessary, as it was become evident to
many, that even the young and hitherto ardent lover had become
somewhat infected with the fears of "to-morrow," and was apt
to contrast the torn flounces, the pinned sleeves, untied sashes, 
dirty frills, and make-shift nondescript devices common in
Sarah's dress, with the systematic neatness of her sister-in-law,
whose mind was yet far better stored with the information be-
fitting her sex and situation. Comparisons are dangerous as
well as odious—every true friend urged her to work the cap as
speedily as possible, and never did her kind relative find it, as
the phrase is, "lying about," without taking the opportunity of
silently forwarding the end proposed, so that it was, indeed,
_nearly_ finished, when the lady in question became unable to do
that or any thing else.

"But, dear sister," cried Sarah, "the cap is almost done, and
Henry will be so pleased with my punctuality, that, really, if you
will only put it off till _to-morrow—_"

Alas! the morrow came, and the boy came, but the cap was
neither finished for him, nor the sister after him; and when the
two years of probation had ended, Henry began to think his
friends wiser than himself, and proved that he had indeed arrived
at years of discretion—there was another pause.

And did so attractive a girl really lose her husband? Yes!
hers eccentricities, aided by her habits of procrastination, suc-
cceeded, at length, in breaking an affection as ardent and gene-
rous as ever man felt for woman; but, at the ripe age of thirty-
two, Sarah, after being successively a fashionist, politician, and
fanatic—after losing her fortune by inertness, and risking her
character by unmeaning levities and improper associations—mar-
ried a widower with six daughters; one of those considerate per-
sonages who fulfil the proverb of "please the eye and plague the
heart."

She has doubled his family, quadrupled his cares, curtailed
his comforts, diminished his respectability, and, it is feared, irre-
parably injured his fortune, yet she is a woman of integrity and
kindness; a woman who honours her husband, loves her children,
is friendly to her neighbours, charitable to the poor, and amiable
in her conduct to all around her. Even the idle and extravagant
servants, who complain that she forgets to give directions about
any thing, yet expects to find every thing done, call her "good-
tempered;" and the schoolmistress, who bewails her children's
return from the vacations, with ragged clothes and extravagant
ornaments, lace tuckers and soleless shoes, talks of her gentleness and negligence in the same breath. Husbands look at her with complacency, as being "still a fine woman;" wives, with tenderness, as "having been once handsome, but gone off prodigiously." Maiden ladies cannot tolerate even the mother of a family "in being so terrible a sloven, and rendering her children such;" but they have more mercy than the bachelors, who, in the ill-dressed dinners and ill-sorted company found at her table, consider her husband a perfect martyr. They know not (hard-hearted and ill-conditioned beings as they all are,) that no lady in their circle of acquaintance is more anxious to please even gourmands, than our unlucky friend; but, alas! her to-morrow is ever in the way—her venison is ruined with waiting for it, her pheasants tasteless for want of it—her fish requires the sauce it is to bring, her ragouts the seasoning to be purchased on its arrival. It is always her intention to set off her house, her husband, her children, and herself, on all occasions of festivity, in order to make amends for foregoing failures, but the day arrives before the first can be put in order; of course, the second must brook his usual mortification; the children are too much out of sorts to be rendered even temporarily tidy, and, besides, "every body makes allowances for them;" for herself, "really she is ashamed to be seen;" but to-morrow she will see after every thing."

Those who apprehend that indolence occasions this procrastination are as wrong as those who excuse it: 'tis a vile habit, began, perhaps, from the vanity of doing more, and affecting more, than others, which has degenerated into worse than doing nothing. Had she been content to be a beauty only, Sarah would have been at least a handsome automaton even now, for neatness and delicacy are never-failing cosmetics; if she had really cultivated her mind, instead of merely catching hold of a few hard words, and dipping into books above her understanding, she might have been a pleasant companion, and talked away the impression of dirty nails, draggled petticoats, and gaping pocket-holes; or if she had been indeed a notable sempstress, and a stay-at-home young woman, she would have been a truly estimable and loveable creature, for the union of utility and beauty are ever permanent. It was the universality of her claims that paralyzed them all, that lost her the lover of her loving days—the friends of her first and warmest attachments—the admirers of her brilliant captivations, and eventually the esteem which, if not dazzling, is generally permanent. The sweetness of her temper, and the inherent generosity of her nature, peculiarly fitted her for the arduous duties of a
mother-in-law, yet every one of her six daughters-in-law condemn
her as the connexion which induced them to marry unwisely, or
live single unpleasantly. In days to come, can it be hoped that
her own children will be more grateful for her kindness, or more
respectful for her prudence? Will they not remember and
regret the many periods when a little care might have arrested a
dangerous disease, a little correction have removed a growing
fault—when the discretion of a mother should have pointed out
the dangers of a tender connection, and the wisdom of a faithful
guardian have led them to remember their Creator in the days of
their youth? whereas, every duty was postponed, every warning
neglected, every obligation unenforced, until "to-morrow, and
to-morrow, and to-morrow."

B. H.

THE DEAD BRIGAND.

Why sleeps he here! the bands have met
With trumpet-clang and sword;
Their blood the sunny turf hath wet;
But he is not their lord.

With cloak that seemeth like a shroud,
And belt around him swung,
That man hath heard a lay more proud
Than e'er his bugle rung.

Where mournfully the river dashed
They came with brand and spear,
And torches on his cavern flashed;
Then wherefore sleeps he here!

He heard the trumpet of the foe
Swell its note o'er the sunless tide;
And must he leave that maid! oh, no!
She is his lovely bride.

Upon her cheek he pressed a kiss,
And to the field were driven
The fiery brigands in their bliss,
As meteors o'er the heaven.

He fell as falls the lofty tree,
When storms its trunk divide,
And the thrilling shout of victory
Pealed o'er him as he died.

No beauteous visions haunt him now
With music from the seas,
Or lips that breathed their sweetest vow
When woods had hushed their bees.

He needs no prophet to record,
No cypress-tree to weep;
With muffled cloak and bloody sword,
Thus should a soldier sleep!

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. 11.

THE PAGE.

"Henry, I trow thou hast been dreaming of Constance till thou hast forgotten thy last night's engagement," said Sir William Colingbourne, the gay proprietor of Abbey Hall, as he familiarly, and somewhat boisterously, burst into the apartment of his friend and visitor, Henry Talbot.

"Nay, William," replied Henry, "thou dost me wrong; I have, in verity, been engaged in a dream, but more the poet's than the lover's."

"What's this?" said Sir William, as he received a paper, which his friend, with a playful affectation of profound respect, handed him, and read the following:—"A ditty composed to the favourite air of Sir William Colingbourne, and humbly dedicated to him by his devoted servant and loving friend." "Weigh! thou art of late grown mighty poetical," said he; adding, with a smile, "I will pension thee, Hal, and make thee my rhymster. Thy song I'll get by rote, and troul it for thee after dinner; but come, my devoted servant and loving friend, let me hasten thee to pay thy devoirs to one, to whom, if I err not, thou art still more devoted and loving. Thy mistress is below, and, hawk in hand, expects her true knight to lead her to her palfrey."

With these words Sir William took his friend's arm, and descended with him to the court-yard, where the scene was of the most animated description. The attendants of those friends of Sir William who had repaired to Abbey Hall, to partake of the diversion of hawking, were caparisoning the horses of their masters. Michael Gervis, the falconer, with his assistants, were hooding their hawks, and applying to their feet the jesses, or straps, by which they were held on the hand. The merriment of the retainers, the impatient neighing of the horses, and the baying of dogs, presented a scene of animation somewhat tumultuous.

The guests of Sir William were partaking a slight repast in the hall, which done, the party was soon on horseback, and moved forward at a brisk rate to their diversions, to the enjoyment of which we shall leave them, whilst we introduce them more particularly to the reader.

The scene of our history is laid at Abbey Hall, adjoining the ancient village of Ambresbury, in Wiltshire. In the prime of life, Sir William Colingbourne, the proprietor of this hospitable mansion, had retired from court on the usurpation of Richard III. contenting himself with obscurity, as the most honourable con-
dition under a government which, in secret, he could but despise and abhor. His niece and heiress, Constance Tresilian, had, at an early age, been betrothed to Henry Talbot, who was, at the period of the commencement of our story, on a visit to her uncle, previously to his marriage. These flattering prospects were, however, blasted by the machinations of a false friend:—but we are anticipating our story, to which we return.

"Gentlemen," said Sir William to his friends, (who had been invited to an entertainment, at the conclusion of the day's diversions,) "ye have all liberally contributed to the festivity of the day by a copious flow of wit and song. Allow me, in return, to troul to a favourite air of mine a ditty from the pen of our poetical friend, Henry Talbot."

The song, a previous mention of which the reader may recollect, was as follows:—

The sun is up! the day is clear!
The quarry's on the wing!
Slip hood and jess, it hovers near,
Now up, my falcon, spring!
Fleet must the pinion cut the sky,
That would escape thine eagle eye!
Away, away, like mountain roe,
The game flies off apace—
Away, away, like bolt from bow
The gallant hawk gives chase!
To deadly deed the arrow wings,
So on its prey the falcon springs!
The strife—the struggle, cannot last—
Awhile 'twas dubious, yet 'tis past—
With crested plume that triumph speaks,
His master's hand the victor seeks.
Well done, my noble bird, well done,
Thy meal to-day thou'rt nobly won!

With similar ditties the hours flew gaily by, and the guests were about to retire, at a late hour, when Sir William, exhilarated with wine, and forgetful of necessary caution, rose and said,

"There was a time, my friends, when we used not to part without a health to our rulers—at present such a toast is only drank by traitors—yet let us pledge our country, 'not as she is, but as she should be!'" The guests arose, and the toast was drank with enthusiasm. "Gentlemen," added the lively and incautious host, "I cannot forbear a pleasantry that this moment strikes me. I'll term it an enigma; yourselves may furnish a solution.

'The cat, the rat, and Lovel, that dog,
Rule all England under a hog.'"

* "An allusion to the names of Catesby, Ratcliffe, and Lord Lovel, and to the arms of Richard, which were a boar," says the historian; adding, "this quibble cost the unfortunate gentleman his life."
A burst of laughter showed how readily the distich was comprehended—the guests were not slow to applaud a spirit that could express its contempt for the unprincipled ministers of the bloody and tyrannic Richard. Little did they suspect the fatal consequences of his imprudence that awaited the unfortunate Sir William—little did they suspect that one base enough to become the spy, the tool, of a tyrant, sat with them at the festive board of their hospitable entertainer.

Mark Cary had long beheld with jealous eyes the attachment of Constance Tresilian for Henry Talbot. Connected by blood with the families of both, he had himself been a witness to the contract which bound them to each other. Yet, indulging the unnatural hope of severing those tender ties, he, with insidious arts, wormed himself into the confidence of his unsuspecting rival, whose generous bosom little surmised it nourished a viper waiting to sting its everlasting peace.

So effectually did the traitor conceal the black duplicity of his soul, and so successful was he in his endeavours to appear amiable in the eyes of the confiding youth, that he soon became Henry Talbot's especial friend and confidant. In all his visits to the uncle of his betrothed, Cary accompanied him, and varied had been the machinations of the villain, which, though they had failed of supplanting his rival, had been devised with sufficient cunning not to redound upon their author. Too soon, however, a fatal opportunity offered. The incautious expressions employed by Sir William Colingbourne opened a door to the ruin of himself and friend; and Cary, unhesitatingly trampling upon all the ties of consanguinity, upon the claims of hospitality, prepared to reap a dreadful harvest from the imprudence of his too generous host and relative.

Immediately upon retiring from the banquet, he despatched, by a confidential messenger, a letter to King Richard, who at that time was at Salisbury. Setting forth his own fidelity, yet representing the necessity of caution, he denounced Sir William Colingbourne and Henry Talbot as traitors, and laid before the tyrant a plan for their apprehension, which might establish their guilt, and yet screen their accuser. Retiring to his apartment, he with impatience awaited the return of his emissary; who, after an absence of three hours, arrived, and convinced him, by three gentle taps on the door of his chamber, (the signal agreed upon,) of the successful execution of his commission.

Sir William and his guests were early on horseback, and after a ride of several miles over the plain, were returning to enjoy the festivities of Abbey Hall, when they were met by a strong de-
tachment of royal guards, the leader of which, on the approach of the cavalcade, rode forward, and with an authoritative voice, inquired, "Are there in this gay company any gentlemen who answer to the names of Colingbourne, Talbot, and Cary?"

Sir William, with his two companions thus addressed, advancing, presented themselves as the persons named. "Then, gentlemen," added the officer, "I have it in command from my lord the king, to summon ye this instant to Salisbury."

"Submit not to the arrest—we will support you," cried several of Sir William's party, the whole of which simultaneously moved forward to the defence of their friends.

Sir William, earnestly disclaiming all resistance, expressed his readiness to submit to the commands of the king, as the best proof of his innocence. His arguments prevailed: his sorrowing friends beheld him and his two companions surrender their swords, and, under military escort, depart for Salisbury.

Immediately upon their arrival, they were conducted to the presence of Richard.

"Ye have been speedy to obey my summons, masters," said the tyrant; adding, while a sardonic smile distorted his harsh features, "I must be equally speedy in the work of justice—do ye answer to the names of William Colingbourne, Mark Cary, and Henry Talbot?"

"Honest men seek no disguise," calmly replied Sir William; "those, sir, are our names."

"Then are they not the names of honest men, but of attainted traitors!" replied Richard; adding, "Sir William Colingbourne, thou art accused of having uttered seditious words against thy liege lord the king—dost thou confess the charge?"

"I cannot, sir, lay perjury upon my soul," replied Sir William; "against my liege lord I never uttered an ungracious word."

"Ha! a bold traitor!" cried the king, who well understood the allusion to his usurpation. "A bold and daring traitor! I'll talk with thee anon. Cary," added he, "dost thou know aught of the expressions employed by thy companion? remember, silence will erIBUTE thyself."

"And truly, sir, would Mark Cary rather perish with a friend than recreantly betray him."

"Harry Talbot," resumed Richard, "thou hast not yet spoken—dost thou confess against thy traitorous friend?"

"I am no Judas," replied Henry; "I cannot smile and betray."

"By my say!" cried the king, "we have to deal with sturdy
villains—we must ourselves be the accuser, since the valourous Sir Colingbourne thus casts his own expressions."

"That loathsome diet is only for the coward," indignantly replied Sir William. "If thou hast stomach for my poor quibble, hear it—"

"Enough, sir," interrupted Richard, "again we need not hear it—it hath been told us once; and though to thee it seems a pun, to us it sounds like rankest treason. But, sir, we have not yet done with thee: thou art, I ween, aware that Buckingham has paid the forfeit of his treasons. If thou wouldst gaze upon a grateful object, his trunkless head is blackening on our castle wall without. Your Wiltshire gales have a wondrous effect in changing the complexion of a traitor—now, an thou hestore for mercy, throw thyself on our royal clemency; confess thou didst participate in the traitorous design for which the duke has lately suffered."

"Even were I mean enough to seek to shield me from my fate," replied Colingbourne, "how could I hope to raise compassion in the bosom which was steeled to the cries of helpless infancy? how could I hope to ward the blow from that vile hand which administered to an unsuspecting wife the poisonous draught? No, tyrant, I seek not to disarre thy rage—Buckingham was my friend, but forfeited all claim to my regard, when first he lent himself, a willing instrument, to work out thy iniquitous designs. I will not hide from thee how grateful 'twas to me to learn he had deserted thy unholy cause, yet durst I not, even then, support a man who had betrayed the interests of his country."

"By heaven, we have secured a most determined traitor!" said the king; adding, with assumed calmness, "thou hast spoken well and valorously, sir knight, hast thou aught else to add? remember, tongues wag not in the grave."

There was an awful pause, as the gloomy tyrant gazed on his victim, whose calm and unshrinking eye met in proud defiance his infuriated glance.

"Away!" at length he exclaimed; "howl to thy priest—kneel to thy God! for, by my hopes of vengeance, one hour shall seal thy eternal destiny. Guards, remove him! As for ye other traitors, perpetual captivity be your reward; away!" he waved his hand, and both Talbot and Cary were removed.

It will be readily conceived that the king's anger against the last-mentioned person was merely assumed. In a short time Cary was recalled.
"By the rood, Master Cary," said Richard, "we stand beholden to thy fidelity. These worthies were, in verity, most desperate traitors. But seat thee, good Cary, seat thee, and tell me why thou durst not openly denounce them."

Cary, with sufficient duplicity, explained his conduct and wishes to the king.

"Excellent, my prudent friend," said Richard; "thou art a man after my own heart—thy plan was judicious, and thy views moderate. The Lady Constance and the estate are thine—I will despatch a body of my guards to establish thee in possession—and, dost thou hear? I am still thy debtor."

Cary expressed his acknowledgments, and was about to retire.

"Tarry, friend," said the king, perchance thou mayst as well dress thy tale to the lady with a few horrors—stay and see Sir Colingbourne die—he will, I trow, hold manfully to the last."

But Cary, whose heart, though hard, was not, like that of the inhuman tyrant, capable of receiving pleasure from sights of blood, excused himself, and retired.

Let us now return to the unhappy Constance, who, from the previous day's fatigue, had been indisposed for the morning ride with her friends. She had completed her arrangements for the reception of the party on their return, and retired to her chamber to await their arrival. "Truly am I grown strangely forgetful," ejaculated she; "I promised Henry I would perfect me in the song he taught me."

She retired, and shortly after returning, with her spinet, sang to a plaintive air the following

**SONG.**

MY FIRST, LAST LOVE, FAREWELL!

The fight was done—the strife was o'er—
On the red field of battle low
A warrior lay—the chilling damp
Of death was gathering on his brow,
And o'er him bent a female form,
And as his dying accents fell,
'Twas thus they met her startled ear,
"My first, last love, farewell!"

Her kerchief staunched the purple stream—
Her arm sustained his sinking head—
She clasped his bosom, which her own
Warmth returned not—he was dead!
She saw him die—one thrilling shriek
Escaped, as by his side she fell,
These hurried words faint gasping forth,
"My first, last love, farewell!"

As Constance finished her song, the trampling of horses was

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heard below. "They are come!" she gaily exclaimed, and hastened to meet, as she supposed, her friends. What was her surprise, when she beheld the court-yard filled with armed horsemen. Summoning her fortitude, she inquired the purport of their visit.

"Our business, fair lady," replied the commander of the troop, "is to summon Sir William Colingbourne and two of his friends to meet their sovereign." Observing her agitation, he added, "Be not distressed, fair maiden, thy friends will, I doubt not, prove their innocence; if Guy de Clifforde's interest can avail them aught, I promise thee it shall not be wanting."

Constance faltered her acknowledgments to the generous cavalier, and informed him her uncle was with his friends on the plain. With a graceful courtesy that savoured of respect and pity, the officer bade her adieu, and retired with his company.

Heavily passed the minutes with the unhappy maiden, till the return of the equestrian party, unaccompanied by her uncle and lover, realized her worst fears. Refusing consolation, she retired to her chamber, to cherish in solitude the grief that would admit of no palliative. The visitors at the hall severally retired, and the orphan was left alone to the indulgence of her sorrows.

The sun was sinking in an unclouded brightness, that ill-accorded with the gloom which hung over the ill-fated inmates of Abbey Hall, when Constance, anxiously awaiting the return of messengers which she had despatched to Salisbury, beheld from her window a single horseman rapidly approaching. She strove to leave the room, but her strength failing her, she sank, almost insensible, on a couch. In a few minutes Mark Cary burst into the apartment—his presence seemed to revive her.

"My uncle—my Henry—tell me, where are they?" she wildly exclaimed, as she seized his extended hand.

"Calm thyself, dearest Constance," said the villain, as he supported her trembling frame to a seat.

"Calm! calm!" almost shrieked the maiden, "dost thou bid me be calm, while Henry, while my uncle, are in the hands of an infuriated tyrant? Oh, Mark, if thou hast any pity tell me the worst!"

The traitor gradually unfolded to her the dreadful tale; informing her of his having been sentenced to imprisonment with Henry, and of his escape during the confusion that attended the sudden execution of Sir William. To his surprise the maiden received the intelligence with a degree of firmness of which he had thought her incapable.
"Didst thou see my uncle die?" she almost calmly inquired; adding, "will they murder Henry, too?"

Cary assured her of his conviction that the tyrant would not thus far extend his cruelty, informed her he did not see her uncle suffer, and concluded by representing the necessity of an immediate flight, as the emissaries of Richard were, he said, approaching to eject from the hall its present inmates.

"Nay, Constance, it must not be," said Cary, as the orphan expressed her determination to await the coming of the soldiers; "we have every thing to fear from their arrival. Thou wilt be exposed to the brutal violence of lawless riffians; and the least of my misfortunes will be, again to fall into the hands of the tyrant. Let us, under cover of the night, retire to Winchester: I will place thee under my mother's care, and henceforth direct all my exertions to the rescue of our mutual friend."

The plan was too rational to be rejected. Constance, with the insidious Cary, and only two attendants, departed on horseback for Winchester; whither, after a long and dreary ride, they arrived, and Constance was placed under the protection of Cary's mother, an amiable lady, who kindly received the orphan, and sedulously endeavoured to mitigate those sorrows, of which her own idolized but unworthy son had been the author.

It was now that the traitor began to think of reaping the fruit of his designing. His first device was to convey to the ears of Constance a report of the death of Henry Talbot. Many and bitter were the tears of the ill-fated maid at this double bereavement. Long was it ere the strength of nature could combat with the ills of her situation, and when recovered from the dangerous indisposition which seized her, there was a settled gloom upon her spirits which nothing could remove.

Weeks and months rolled away; and not an hour passed unimproved by the insidious Cary, whose insinuating graces, which had wrought so effectually upon the too-confiding Henry Talbot, aimed, with no trifling degree of success, at the affection and esteem of Constance. To himself, and his aged parent, the bereaved heart of the orphan clung, as to the only beings upon earth who had any claim upon her fondness.

These instances of attachment the traitor was willing to understand as symptoms of the passion with which he had sought to inspire her. At length he ventured to address her in the language of love; but the cold and calm refusal that met his impassioned vows, convinced him of the hopelessness of his cause.

Before proceeding farther, it may be necessary to give a brief
detail of events that occurred during the period of Constance Tresilian's residence at Winchester. The measure of Richard's crimes was full; and a fate, too mild and honourable, however, for his many and detestable enormities, awaited him. The Earl of Richmond landed in Wales, and, seconded by the wishes and prayers of the nation, marched against the tyrant. Richard, whose only virtues were military courage and skill, hastened to oppose him. The adverse armies met at Bosworth, near Leicester, where, after the loss of one-third of his army, the death of the tyrant (who, having performed prodigies of valour, fell at length, overwhelmed by numbers,) decided the fate of the day, leaving the victory, with undisputed possession of the crown of England, to his triumphant rival.

In these changes of events, Mark Cary was not slow to read the downfall of his hopes. He renewed his solicitations to the orphan, but without success. Once more resorting to his favourite arts, he was preparing to force or inveigle her to compliance, when an unexpected occurrence frustrated his machinations.

Sir Guy de Clifford, the cavalier whom the reader may remember to have been despatched to Abbey Hall, to procure the arrest of the ill-fated uncle of Constance, disgusted with the tyrannic cruelty of Richard, had thrown off his allegiance, and was now in the command of a detachment of troops in the service of the Earl of Richmond. This gallant officer now appeared before Winchester, which place opened its gates with enthusiasm.

Cary, well knowing the detestation with which his treacheries were viewed by Sir Guy, whom he knew to be aware of his abode in Winchester, attempted to escape from the town with Constance, upon whom he had prevailed, by those arts in which he was so perfectly an adept, to accompany him. In this attempt, however, he was foiled by the vigilance of the guard placed by Sir Guy, at the gates of the town, for the purpose of intercepting suspected persons.

Himself and Constance, whom he had habited as a page, were conducted before the officer on guard, in whom Constance discovered Michael Gerris, her late uncle's falconer. The honest fellow's surprise was equal to her own.

"Bless thee, my honoured lady!" said he, while the tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks, "the world hath been a weary one to thee; but, Heaven be praised! thy sorrows are well nigh over; a few hours will restore to thee Master
Talbot; poor gentleman, he has suffered a long and dreary captivity!

"My honest Gervis," replied Constance, while her tears flowed in unison with his own, "thou hast yet another grief to learn. Henry has been long released from thralldom by the hand of death."

"From whom, lady, hadst thou that information?"

"From my friend here, Gervis, my friend, Master Mark Cary—you knew him, Gervis."

"And know him now, lady, as no meet companion for thee—I know him as the blackest, vilest traitor."

Without heeding the expostulations of Constance, he ordered the deceiver into close custody; then, leading the astonished maiden to a seat, he addressed her: "That villain has deluded thee, dearest lady; hear me—Mark Cary is the author of all thy misfortunes; to him thou owest the loss of my honoured master, thy lamented uncle; to him thou owest the long and painful durance of Master Talbot—it is a long and a distressing tale, lady, but thou shalt hear it anon. But wilt thou not quit this strange garb, lady?"

Constance, expressing her intention to retain her disguise, requested the lieutenant to favour her with a recital of past events. Gervis complied, by a somewhat prolix detail of the treachery of Cary, concluding with an eulogium on Sir Guy de Clifford, who had been a second time despatched to Abbey Hall, a few hours after the departure of Constance, commissioned to eject the domestics of Sir William Colingbourne, and to establish the possession of Mark Cary.

Of this arbitrary command he had taken upon himself the execution, with the intention of offering his protection to the unfriended orphan; and, though disappointed in not finding her, he had executed his harsh commission in the mildest manner, liberally contributing, from his own private resources, to the relief of the sufferers.

This generous conduct had so gained him the affections of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that, on his seceding from the cause of the tyrant, he was joined by them in considerable numbers. "Myself," added Gervis, "who had the honour to promote the enterprise, Sir Guy has advanced to the rank I now hold."

"And when," inquired Constance, "will your generous commander march to Salisbury?"

"To-morrow's dawn, lady, will see us on our route; and ere
the castle dial shall tell the hour of ten, liberty will be Master Talbot's. Ah! lady, right glad am I to see that smile—'tis what thy features have, I trow, of late been strangers to."

"Good Gervis," returned Constance, "wilt thou, if Sir Guy withhold not his permission, this day depart with me for Salisbury?"

"Right willingly, lady," replied the falconer—"yet what can it avail? we cannot of ourselves procure Master Talbot's release. Sir Guy, with an armed force, can alone gain access to the town."

"I grant it, good Gervis," said Constance, "yet may we per-chance devise some means of softening one night of Henry's captivity, by conveying to him information of approaching succour."

"But, lady, we must first obtain Sir Guy's permission—wilt thou that I ask it, or wilt thou become petitioner?"

"Even so, good Gervis," gaily replied Constance.

"Wilt thou not then doff these boyish habiliments?" asked Michael.

"Nay, my friend—as the page of Henry, I will solicit Sir Guy's promise of speedy assistance, and his permission to depart instantly; so, Gervis, hold thyself in readiness to attend me to Sir Guy. If I am fanciful," continued she, observing the lieutenant gazing on her with astonishment; "if I am fanciful, dear Gervis, 'tis joy has made me so."

Gervis expressing his readiness to seek Sir Guy immediately, Constance familiarly took his offered arm, and set out with him to the quarters of the commandant.

"Well, good master lieutenant," said Sir Guy, when Gervis, with his charge, had gained access to him, "what doth this pretty youth require?"

"As a friend of Master Henry Talbot, Sir Guy," replied Gervis, "he is anxious to learn, from your own lips, when that unfortunate gentleman may expect enlargement."

"To-morrow's morning meal, fair boy," replied De Clifford, "will be the last that Talbot shall receive from a gaoler's hand."

"I have another boon to ask, sir," said Constance.

"Name it, and 'tis thine, sir page," replied the general.

"It is," continued Constance, "that Master Gervis may attend me at noon to Salisbury."

"He wishes, sir," said the lieutenant, observing his companion's confusion, "to give to Master Talbot some intimation of approaching good fortune."
"Truly, fair sir," smilingly returned Sir Guy, "I honour the devotion that can undertake so long and lonely a journey, from a wish to soften, for a few hours, the sorrows of a friend. Thou and Gervis have my full permission to depart immediately, with such attendants as ye may require. And now, Gervis," continued the general, "what news from the walls?"

"I tarried, sir, till thou shouldst put the question," replied the lieutenant; "the traitorous Mark Cary is a prisoner. I apprehended the villain in his attempt to escape, and have ordered him to close confinement."

"'Tis well," said Sir Guy, "I deemed we should secure the caitiff. We will not send him to his fate till we have convinced him of the failure of his machinations."

"Yet spare him, sir," said Constance, "spare him for his mother's sake!"

"Truly, I can but marvel that thou, the friend of Talbot, shouldst intercede for his most deadly foe—who art thou, lovely boy?"

"To-morrow, sir, ere noon, thy question shall be answered," replied Constance; "now I avail myself of thy permission, and humbly take my leave."

"Thou art a strange creature; yet adieu—success attend thy travel," said Sir Guy, as Constance pressed his extended hand, and retired.

Let us now return to Henry Talbot, who still continued a close prisoner at Salisbury. His captivity was rendered more intolerable, by his apprehensions for the safety of his beloved Constance, of whose fate, since his incarceration, he had been able to acquire no information.

The shades of evening had begun to deepen the gloom of his lonely prison, as Henry, tired with pacing its narrow limits, drew near the grated window, and, with melancholy pleasure, surveyed the sinking sun, whose fading beams marked the close of another day of solitary confinement. The serenity of the scene promoted in the breast of the captive a correspondent degree of calm. His soul seemed elevated above the difficulties of his fortune, and he was beginning to indulge in the delightful dream of liberty and reunion with his Constance, when his reveries were broken by a voice beneath the window of his prison, chaunting the following

**SONG.**

Warrior, look up to the heavens above thee,
See how in fondness upon thee they smile;
He that rules over them cannot but love thee,
Doubt not, though danger lower o'er thee awhile.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

The rage of a tyrant no more shall oppress thee;
   Calmly await, till the night pass away,
   Calmly await, till the morn come to bless thee,
Freedom and rapture shall brighten its ray.

With maniac wildness Henry climbed the iron grating of the window, and raising himself, for the first time, sufficiently high to enable him to command a view of the ground below, beheld, through the gloom of the evening, a youth in the habit of a page, standing beneath the fortress. Despondingly he loosed his hold, and regaining the floor, ejaculated, “I am doomed to disappointments; that voice sounded like the silver accents of my Constance. I deemed at first that she was come to beguile the tedious hours of my captivity. Yon fair-haired page, I doubt not, deems this cell of mine the prison of some luckless friend. Fond boy! perchance thy poetic vision may ne’er be realized; the friend thou hast sought to cheer may never, as thy fond fancy promises, be restored to freedom. I had myself a dream last night,” continued he, musing; “I will work it into a ditty, and inscribe it on the captive’s only tablet.”

Having selected a favourable spot, he, with his ring, inscribed on the wall of his prison the following address

TO CONSTANCE.

I had a dream last night, my love!
   A dream of bliss, a dream of thee!
Methought my prison doors were burst,
   And thou wert come to set me free!
Again, begirt with noble dames
   I stood—and thou wert at my side—
   We knelt—we breathed the mutual vow—
   We rose—I proudly hailed thee, bride!

As the captive concluded his task, he threw himself on his knees, and having devoutly offered up his evening orisons, retired to his pallet, and soon buried in profound sleep all consciousness of his situation.

Henry had scarcely finished his frugal morning meal, when his attention was attracted by the sound of an unusual number of footsteps ascending the stairs that led to his prison—amid the confusion of murmurs, he could distinguish the cry of “God save King Henry!”

The captive sprung from his seat, and wildly exclaimed, “The tyrant’s reign is o’er!”

The next moment the door of his prison was burst, and he was pressed to the bosom of his betrothed, his faithful Constance.
When the first transports of the lovers had subsided, Henry paid his acknowledgments to Sir Guy de Clifford, and taking the arm of his Constance, descended, amid the shouts of the soldiers, to the square, where he was welcomed with acclamations by the delighted populace. Having received the congratulations of many of his personal friends, who had assembled to hail his liberation, Henry assisted his betrothed to her saddle, and, attended by Sir Guy, and several officers of his corps, set off for Abbey Hall.

The old domestics of Sir William Colingbourne had been, by the care of De Clifford, restored to their situations, and were awaiting the arrival of their future lord. The old hall rang with acclamations as he alighted with his affianced bride, and gallant company.

"Truly, in this circle of happy faces, lacks there one honest countenance," said Sir Guy de Clifford, during the banquet which followed the arrival of the party at the hall; "Michael Gervis, the falconer, should, methinks, share the happiness he hath done so much to promote."

Gervis was summoned to the banqueting-room, and, malgré all his scruples of honest humility, was constrained to sit on the left hand of the Lady Constance.

"Knowest thou aught, good master lieutenant," asked Sir Guy, "of the fair-haired page thou didst yesterday escort to Salisbury?"

"The youth put himself under my protection, sir, describing himself as a friend of Master Talbot's; and I felt bound to assist him," replied Gervis, who had been instructed by Constance.

"Marry then!" said Henry, "it was, I trow, the youth who sang so sweetly last night, below my window—he must have been aware of my approaching enlargement, and perilled himself to awaken me to hope. I would give half my estate to discover him."

"I agree to your conditions, Henry," said Constance; "the youth you mention sang, I think, somewhat thus—"

The rage of a tyrant no more shall oppress thee;
Calmly await, till the night pass away,
Calmly await, till the morn come to bless thee,
Freedom and rapture shall brighten its ray!"

The words, the air; but, more than all, the silver tones of the fair songstress, struck conviction to the breast of Henry. The tears of rapture rushed into his eyes, as he clasped his faithful
Constance to his bosom, and proclaimed her to have been the minstrel-page whose song had delighted him!

The bird so sweet that caroled round the cage,
Where her mate held unwilling hermitage!

CHARLES M.

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.—NO. 111.
RISE OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE.

CATHERINE was born at Runghen, a small village in Livonia, of very poor parents, who were only boors, or vassals; her father and mother dying, left her very young in great want; the parish-clerk, out of compassion, took her home to his house, where she learned to read. Dr. Glack, minister of Marienburgh, seeing her there, inquired of the clerk who she was; and being informed she was a poor orphan he had taken into his house out of charity, what from a wish to relieve the poor clerk from a burden he was not well able to support, and a liking to the little orphan, the doctor took her home to his house, notwithstanding he had a numerous family of his own. Here her company and opportunities for improvement were better, and her deportment such, that she became equally esteemed by the doctor, his wife, and children: her steady, diligent, and careful attention to all their domestic concerns, ingratiated her so much with the doctor and his wife, that they made no distinction between her and their own children. She ever after showed her acknowledgment with the utmost gratitude, in richly providing for all those who could lay claim to any alliance to the doctor's family; nor did she forget her first benefactor, the clerk of Runghen. In this happy situation she grew up to womanhood, when a Livonian serjeant, in the Swedish service, fell passionately in love with her; she likewise liking him, agreed to marry him, provided it could be done with the doctor's consent, who, upon inquiry into the man's character, finding it unexceptionable, readily gave it. The marriage-day was appointed, and, indeed, came, when a sudden order came to the serjeant that very morning to march directly with a detachment for Riga, who was thereby disappointed from ever enjoying his lovely bride. Soon after this, General Baur, at the head of an army, came before the town and took it, in the year 1702, when all the inhabitants were made prisoners, and amongst the rest this lovely bride. In the promiscuous crowd, overwhelmed with grief, and bathed in tears at her unhappy fate, the general observing her, saw a je ne scai quoi in her whole appearance, which attracted him so much, that he asked her several
questions about her situation; to which she made answers with more sense than is usual in persons of her rank; he desired her not to be afraid, for he would take care of her, and gave immediate orders for her safety and reception into his house, of which he gave her the whole charge, with authority over all his servants, by whom she was very much beloved from her manner of using them; the general afterwards often said, his house was never so well managed as when she was with him.

Prince Menzikoff, who was his patron, seeing her one day at the general’s, observed something very extraordinary in her air and manner, and inquiring who she was, and on what footing she served him, the general told him what has been already related, and with due encomiums on the merits of her conduct in his house; the prince said, such a person would be of great consequence to him, for he was then very ill served in that respect; to which the general replied, he was under too many obligations to his highness to have it in his power to refuse him anything he had a mind to, and immediately calling for Catherine, told her, that was Prince Menzikoff, and that he had occasion for a servant like herself, and that the prince had it much more in his power to be a friend to her than he had, adding, that he had too great a regard for her to prevent her receiving such a piece of honour and good fortune. She answered only by a profound courtesy, which showed, if not her consent, that it was not then in her power to refuse the offer that was made: in short, the prince took her home the same day, and she lived with him till the year 1704, when the czar, one day dining with the prince, happened to see her, and spoke to her; she made a yet stronger impression on that monarch, who would likewise have her to be his servant; from whence she rose to be Empress of Russia.

**Origin of the Title of Dauphin.**

In the times of the feudal system, the kingdom of France was divided into many petty sovereignties, as the empire of Germany is at present. Humbert, or Hubert II. the Count of Dauphiné, married, in 1332, Mary de Baux, who was allied to the house of France, and by her he had an only son. One day, it is said, being playing with this child at Lyons, he let him accidentally fall into the Rhone, in which he was drowned. From that fatal period he was a prey to all the horrors of grief; and feeling, moreover, a deep resentment for the affronts he had received from the house of Savoy, he resolved to give his dominions to that of France. This cession, made in 1343, to Philip of Valois, was confirmed in 1349, on condition that the eldest sons of the Kings of France
should bear the title of Dauphin. Philip, in gratitude for a cession which thus united Dauphiny to the crown, gave the donor forty thousand crown pieces of gold, and a pension of ten thousand livres. Humbert next entered among the Dominicans; and on Christmas-day, 1351, received all the sacred orders from the hands of Pope Clement VI. who created him Patriarch of Alexandria, and gave him the administration of the Archbishopric of Rheims. Humbert passed the remainder of his days in tranquillity and in the exercises of piety, and died at the age of forty-three, at Clermont, in the province of Auvergne.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

Henry IV. of France, having in vain endeavoured to seduce Madame de Guercheville, he appointed her, on his second marriage with Mary of Medicis, to be one of the ladies of honour to that princess; saying, that since she was a lady of real honour, she should be in that post with the queen his wife. This great monarch, with all his accomplishments as well as rank, was not always successful in his addresses to the fair; and a noble saying is recorded of Catherine, sister to the Viscount de Rhoan, who, to a declaration of love from this prince, answered, that she was too humble to be his wife, and too good to be his mistress.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.
She knelt upon the beach with hands upraised,
With hair all streaming, and with lips apart;
Fired was her eye, that on the ocean gazed
In all the misery of a breaking heart.
Clasping her knees, her wondering infants bend,
Who came to welcome back their wand’ring sire.
What are their hopes? the mother from the cliff
Sees, and exclaims, “Oh, God! the ship’s on fire!”
Merciful Heaven! her soul is in her eyes,
As fiercer, redder, still the flame appears;
No sound escapes her lips; oh, no! her grief
Is too profound for words, too deep for tears.
To him who, dryshod, walked upon the sea,
Whose hand the storm and billow can direct,
Knowing all human aid in vain, she turns,
And asks internally, “Wilt thou protect?”
Two angry elements oppose, yet mark
The gracious answer to her heart-breathed prayer;
The angel of destruction fans the flame,
Yet mercy cries, “Oh! stay thy hand and spare.”

The boat—the boat—great God! and is he safe!
Safe from the perils of the raging fire!
A brief suspense; and then the faithful wife
Embraced her husband, and the babes their sire.  D. L. J.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The distress of the country seems to have affected the publishing trade; the season is rapidly advancing, and yet the number of new books recently issued is comparatively small. The delightful novel hesitates to appear, and tomes of bulk and weight come forth, like men of merit, with a laudable modesty. There is, indeed, no want of religious works; they multiply weekly, and perhaps we ought to rejoice, that if publishers are slow in catering for our amusement and mental culture, they do not neglect to stimulate our devotions and improve our morals.

If the number of new books be somewhat small, it is pleasant to find that they are of considerable value. The Marquis of Londonderry has completed his work on the late war, by the publication of another quarto, entitled, "Narrative of the War in Germany and France in 1813 and 1814." His preceding volume had the advantage of being edited by the author of "The Subaltern;" but the noble marquis, unwilling to share his literary reputation with another, has, in the present instance, boldly ventured to be responsible for the faults and beauties of his narrative. The craft of authorship is not of very difficult attainment; and the noble writer shows that he has need only of a little more experience to become an adept in book-making. His style is soldier-like, vigorous, and straight-forward, and the facts are not disguised by any effort at fine writing. The various statements are exceedingly curious, and the volume will hereafter be referred to as an authority on disputed points during two eventful years.

"The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro" is also a work of a military character, but by far more amusing. It is edited, like the Marquis of Londonderry's first "Narrative," by the Rev. Mr. Gleig, and is chiefly composed of letters and papers which belonged to the subject of the biography, the greater part of whose eventful life was spent in India. Sir Thomas was a man of much shrewdness and great capacity, and his opinions on the East are exceedingly valuable. They have the merit also of being perfectly original, for he saw things in a light very different from ordinary travellers.

Speaking of travellers reminds us of Sir Humphry Davy's posthumous work, "Consolations in Travel; or the Last Days of a Philosopher." This little volume is filled with valuable matter, indicative at once of the profound mind and amiable heart of the lamented author. He discusses various subjects—chemical, philosophical, and religious; and upon every question he appears at March, 1830.
home. Though not very well suited for a lady's boudoir, it ought to be found there: if it does not amuse, it will certainly instruct.

We have not had many novels during the preceding month. "Fitz of Fitzford, a Legend of Devon," is one of Mrs. Bray's most happy attempts at a romance. The scene is laid in Devonshire, and the fair authoress excels in picturing forth the sublime and the grand in rural prospects. The story is interesting, the fearful predominates over the pleasing, and the chief characters are well drawn.

"The Dominie's Legacy," by the author of "The Sectarian," is of a very different character, but is equally entertaining. The scene is laid in Scotland, and all the tales, or rather transcripts of private life, are purely Scotch, and the feelings of the author are decidedly national. There are a few vulgarisms, but on the whole the work is excellent.

Of a character not unlike the preceding is "The Christian Physiologist—Tales illustrative of the Five Senses," by the author of "The Collegians." Its tone is religious, and its object the promotion of morality and temperance. We cannot say that the writer has been very successful, but his attempt merits commendation.

We question if any of our fair readers have read the poetry of George Colman the younger, but most of them, no doubt, have witnessed the representation of his comedies. They are as witty as his poems are objectionable; and his "Random Records," just published, are not of a nature to recommend his former productions. They are dull and uninteresting, and, though there is joy for sinners who repent, we dislike that those who endeavoured to corrupt us when young, should undertake the voluntary office of lecturing us on our duty when we are old. "Random Records" have very little to attract readers, except the name of the author.

The indefatigable Dr. Bowring has sent his muse to Hungary in search of song, and his "Poetry of the Magyars" shows that the intellectual excursion has not been unprofitable. Hungarian lyrics possess much beauty, and Dr. Bowring, we have no doubt, has done ample justice to the originals. The following two pieces are fair specimens of his manner, and Hungarian sentiment.

**The Magyar Maid.**

The Magyar maid alone should be  
The wife of Magyar man,  
For she can cook, and only she,  
Our soup of red cayenne.
I'll nestle at the village end,  
There make my peaceful home,  
For there the gentle dovelets wend,  
And there my dove shall come.

I mowed the grass, the sheaves I bound,  
And labour'd through the day,  
Then fell exhausted on the ground—  
My maiden was away.

Alas! my heart is orphaned now,  
And laid in sorrow's train:  
The flowers are dead that wreath'd my brow,  
My sickle is in twain.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE YOUNG WIFE.  
Her labouring hands the meal must knead,  
Her busy toil must bake the bread,  
The priest may read his records o'er,  
The lord and master take the air:  
But there is nought but grievous care  
And heavy labour for the poor.

As from the rock the mad cascade  
Falls—so did I—a thoughtless maid—  
Wed—when it had been well to tarry.  
O could I be a maid again,  
That man must be a man of men,  
Who should seduce the maid to marry.

When speaking of novels, we had nearly forgotten “The For-  
rester,” and “Sydenham, or Memoirs of a Man of the World.”  
These are works of very superior merit, and deserve more than a  
passing remark. Still we do not approve of their tendency;  
they are satirical; and whatever tends to put us out of humour  
with society, is not suited to the pages of a novel. “Sydenham”  
has no plot—no story. It is a succession of portraits of living  
characters, shadowed forth under ill-disguised names; and, though  
cleverly drawn, there is too much malice in the delineation to  
render the satire effective.

Of a very different tendency is “Lawrie Todd, or Settlers in  
the Woods,” by John Galt, Esq. author of the “Annals of the  
Parish.” It describes life in the wilds of America; and although  
we cannot be supposed, from our necessary ignorance, to enter  
very minutely into the wants, sufferings, and feelings, of such  
persons as live in these wildernesses, there is enough to excite  
our curiosity, and render us anxious to know more of a state of  
society so novel and extraordinary. The story is interesting, and  
is well told.

“The Lost Heir and the Prediction,” is one of the best novels
of the season. We are told the incidents of the story are real, and that the principal event is well known in high life. For our own parts, we cannot vouch for the truth of all this; but we can only say that the work has amused us, and is, we think, likely to amuse our readers.

"The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman" are fictitious. The author has no claim to the appellation of gentleman, and his book is little worth.

Africa is still an unknown waste, yet we have recently had two works on the subject of its interior geography and inhabitants. "Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition" is by his faithful servant, Richard Lander, who has once more tempted the dangers of African travel; and "René Caillie's Journey to Timbuctoo" is, as the title imports, by a Frenchman, who, we suspect, was never beyond Cairo. He speaks, however, with wonderful confidence and certainty, but unfortunately for the truth of his statements, he disregards consistency, and blunders rather awkwardly now and then. His statement differs from that of all other travellers.

The new edition of the Waverley novels proceeds regularly, the "Tales of My Landlord" being now in progress. "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," and "The Family Library," have both been lately occupied on Natural History, a branch of science both pleasing and interesting. With this class of books Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia" seems intended to range. As far as we can judge from the volumes already published, and from the names announced as its contributors, the work will be executed with considerable ability, and will form in itself a complete ladies' library. Unlike, both in form and arrangement, the inconveniently bulky folios of Chambers and others, with which our grandmothers used to associate the idea of a cyclopædia, these volumes, of which three are already published, and which it is proposed to extend to one hundred, are in the portable size of post octavo, possessing nothing of the dictionary form. The first comprises a portion of the History of Scotland, selected, we suppose, on account of the great name of its author, Sir Walter Scott, to be completed in two volumes; the others are, a volume of the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, which is very succinctly and lucidly treated; and the first of a Treatise on Domestic Economy, containing much useful information.

Fanny Kemble, whose theatrical attraction continues undiminished, and whose efforts are fast retrieving the affairs of Covent
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Garden Theatre from impending ruin, has appeared before the public in a literary character; the following glee, composed by Sir George Smart, being attributed to her pen.

"The moment must come, when the hands that unite
In the firm clasp of friendship, will sever;
When the eyes that have beam'd o'er us brightly to-night,
Will have ceased to shine round us for ever.
Yet wreath round the goblet's brim
With pleasure's roseate crown:
What though the future hour be dim—
The present is our own.

"The moment is come—and again we are parting,
To roam through the world each our separate way:
In the bright eye of beauty the pearl-drop is starting—
Yet hope, sunny hope, through the tear sheds its ray.
Then wreath again the goblet's brim
With pleasure's roseate crown:
In hope, though present hours be dim—
The future is our own.

"The moment is past—and the bright throng around us,
So lately that gather'd, has fled like a dream;
And Time is untwisting the fond links that bound us,
Like frost-leaves that melt with the morning's young beam.
Yet wreath once more the goblet's brim
With pleasure's roseate crown:
What though our future hour be dim—
The past has been our own."

Several works of great value are now in the press, and our notices of new books next month, we have no doubt, will be much more ample than the present.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

MORNING DRESS.

A gros de Naples dress; the colour is a beautiful shade of French grey. The corsage, made up to the throat, but without a collar, is disposed in full folds longitudinally; it wraps considerably to the left side. The sleeve is tight from the wrist to the elbow; from thence to the shoulder it is very full. The skirt is trimmed just above the hem with two rows of pointed trimming; they fall over in the same direction at a little distance from each other. A pointed lace ruff is supported round the throat by a small cravat of figured gros de Naples, fastened in front by a gold brooch. Cambric manchettes, edged with narrow pointed lace. White lace cap; the border is turned entirely back from the face.
of the former are trimmed with blond lace or fringe. Those composed of the latter are sometimes trimmed with the same material, but oftener with fringe, composed of two colours, to correspond with those of the silk.

Crape, tulle, and different kinds of gauze are in favour for ball dress. We have seen some very pretty dancing dresses, made of striped satin gauze, and trimmed with ribands. The corsage is usually disposed in drapery folds, the sleeve very short and full, much puffed out on the shoulder, and confined to the arm by a band, which corresponds with the trimming, if that is of riband or embroidery.

If the dress is trimmed with embroidery, it is generally a wreath of flowers or foliage, placed immediately above the hem. In riband trimmings there is more variety; some are arranged in a chain of different colours, placed on the upper edge of the hem; others are composed of knots, which are intermingled with bouilloné, or which are employed to arrange a deep flounce round the border, in draperies.

There is a good deal of variety in the manner of dressing the hair. Some ladies have it disposed in corkscrew ringlets, which fall very low on each side of the face. Others prefer full clusters of curls over the temples; and some have the hair braided across the forehead, and the ends curled over the ears. It is dressed behind in full bows, sometimes mingled with plaited bands. Some ladies have the bows arranged very high on the summit of the head, others wear them lower, and placed more behind; but in either case the luxuriance of the hair is displayed.

The hair is variously ornamented in evening dress. Bows of gold and silver gauze, and gold or jewelled combs, form a favourite coiffure: sometimes feathers are added. Flowers are the most general ornament of the hair for ball dress; but they are usually intermixed either with bows of gauze or of riband, and ornamental combs. Turbans, bérets, and dress hats, are also in favour, particularly with married ladies. The former are a good deal in the oriental style; those most in request are of gold or silver tissue, or velvet. Some are decorated with feathers, others have bunches of ripe corn, in gold or silver.

We have seen several, the trimming of which consists of an intermixture of fringe with the material of the turban; this has a very striking effect, particularly where the turban is of coloured gauze, and the fringe is party-coloured. Bérets are composed of the same materials as turbans. Their form is still more unbe-
coming than last month, for they are larger, and very low. Dress hats are smaller than they have been worn for some time past. The brims of some turn up a little on one side. They are always decorated with feathers. Velvet and white satin are the favourite materials for dress hats. We have, however, seen a few in crape, spotted with gold.

The colours most in favour are dark green, bright rose-colour, straw-colour, ruby, French grey, and a peculiarly beautiful shade of fawn-colour.

**Modes de Paris.**

**Evening Dress.**

A dress of pale citron-coloured gauze, over a gros de Naples slip of a corresponding colour. Corsage uni, cut excessively low, and finished round the bust by a fulling tucker of blond lace, which is headed by a very full ruche of blond net. Béret sleeve, very full and short, terminated en manchette, with blond lace; it is confined to the arm, immediately above the blond, by a band, which is finished in the centre of the arm by a very full nœud. The trimming of the skirt consists of a flounce of blond lace, disposed in drapery, and headed by a satin rouleau. The points of the draperies are adorned with butterfly ornaments in satin. The hair is dressed in full curls on the temples, and bands and bows behind; they are brought very high on the crown of the head. A bandeau of richly wrought gold lace is brought from the bows behind round the head, and low on the forehead; it is ornamented with a cameo in front. A bird-of-paradise, placed far back on the left side, waves gracefully to the right. Gold ear-rings, of the girandole form. The necklace and bracelets should also be of massive gold. White satin slippers, en sandales. White kid gloves. Cedar fan, richly ornamented with gold.

**Full Dress.**

A black satin gown, corsage uni; it is cut low round the bust. Long-sleeve of white gaze de Paris, over a short one of white gros de Naples. The long sleeve is of uncommon width; it is terminated by a black satin cuff, cut at the upper edge in two points. The skirt is trimmed with a single row of broad gold fringe, which is attached to the upper edge of the hem. The ceinture is of black riband, with broad gold stripes; one of the ends, fringed with gold, hangs pendant from the waist nearly to the bottom of the dress. Black satin hat, ornamented with a number of pink ostrich feathers round the crown; they are so placed as to fall in various directions; the brim is decorated with
two feathers, and with two rows of massive gold chain, placed on one side; the chain is united at each end, under an ornament of gold and pearl. The ear-rings and bracelets are gold. Boa tippet. White satin slippers. White kid gloves.

**Statement of Fashions at Paris, in February, 1830.**

We do not remember a winter in which the dress of the ladies has been so varied and expensive as the present. We must, however, except promenade dress, for the intensity of the cold has prevented any change in it; but if we look at those worn in home costume, and for grand parties, we shall find variety and magnificence enough to satisfy the most fastidious of our readers.

Pelisse-gowns are universally adopted both in undress and half dress. In the former they are usually made in merinos or gros de Naples. The corsage, made en habit d'homme, is faced with velvet or silk plush. The sleeve has suffered no alteration in the form since last month.

The form of the pelisse-gown is the same in half dress; but the material and trimming are different. We have seen some composed of blue watered gros de Naples, and faced with satin of a corresponding colour. The skirt was finished by a very deep hem, surmounted by a torsade. The facing was continued down each side of the front to the hem; it had the form of a broken cone, and was very broad at the bottom.

Another of these dresses, made exactly in the same manner, is composed of velvet, and faced with satin; but the facing, cut in large scallops, is bordered by a narrow gold band. This dress excited much admiration a few evenings since at the opera.

Velvet gowns are also in great favour in half dress; they have in general the corsage drapé, and partially high. The skirt is excessively wide; it is made without gores, and the fulness so disposed that it falls in folds too ample to be graceful. The sleeves are in the style of the sixteenth century, that is to say, very wide and open from the shoulder to the elbow; they are lined in general with white satin, though some ladies prefer a satin that contrasts strongly with the colour of the velvet. The under sleeve is also of satin, and is confined to the arm, in three places, by armlets of gold or pearl, or bands of velvet. The ceinture must be very broad, and it is de rigueur, that the buckle which fastens it must be of massive gold, and of the gothic form.

Velvet is also a good deal worn in full dress. Among the nuptial paraphernalia of a young bride of high fashion, is a gown composed of it; the colour is a very vivid shade of ponceau; the
hem, which even exceeds the usual breadth, is simply finished
by three small rouleaus of satin, of a corresponding colour,
placed very near each other, immediately above the hem. The
corsage, cut excessively low, and made to set close to the shape,
is ornamented round the upper part by drapery folds of satin,
which are fastened in the centre of the back and bosom, and on
the shoulders, by agraffes of pearls. The sleeve is en béret, ex-
tremely short and full.

Another dress was made in a similar manner, except the sleeve,
which was composed of blond lace over white satin; it was ex-
tremely full, and divided in the middle by an arumlet of purple
velvet, (the material of the dress,) round which was twined a
string of pearls. The upper part of the sleeve had the béret
form, while the lower part fell loosely over the point of the elbow,
in the ruffle style.

Black satin dresses, trimmed with gold guimp, or fringe, or
with bands of gold net-work, are also in great favour in full
dress. The corsages of these dresses are much ornamented:
some have the front of the bust covered with a drapery arranged
in the stomacher style by gold bands; others have the corsage
cut in front in the form of a V, which is edged with a narrow band
of gold net, or else a guimp. The under body, composed of white
satin, which is thus very much displayed, is sometimes adorned
with a slight embroidery in gold, in the centre of the bosom.

Splendour is also the prevailing feature of ball dress, except
for unmarried ladies, who, in France, always dress with great
simplicity. At a grand ball lately given by a distinguished mem-
ber of the corps diplomatique, the dresses were in general superb.
Crape, tulle, and various kinds of gauze over satin, or gros
de Naples under dresses, were the materials most in request.
There were also some gowns of blond net, and a good many of
English lace.

One of the prettiest dresses was a gown of Persian gauze,
spotted with gold, corsage en cœur, and sleeves oriélles d’élé-
phant. The hem was, as usual, very broad, and the trimming
placed on its upper edge was a garland of oak leaves, embroi-
dered in gold.

Another dress of white gaze de laine was trimmed above the
hem with the same material; it was arranged in folds to form
triangles; these ornaments were about a quarter of a yard in
depth; they are bordered by a light embroidery in gold, and
separated by gold bands.

A dress of white gauze was much admired for its elegant sim-
plicity: the corsage, made to set close to the shape, was finished by a deep fall of blond lace, arranged in draperies by pearl ornaments. A Siamese sleeve of blond lace, over white satin. This sleeve is very full; it is confined to the arm, about two inches above the elbow, by an armllet of gold, finely wrought; the remaining part of the sleeve hangs loose from the armllet to the elbow, but does not descend below it; it is rounded, hangs very full, and has altogether a very graceful effect. The trimming of the skirt is a single row of white feather fringe, so deep that it nearly covers the hem.

The coiffures were remarkable for their elegance; the greater number were, of course, en cheveux. Several ladies had their hair dressed lighter on the temples than usual; it was also not so high behind, being usually arranged in two or three bows only: if there were three, one was very large, and the two others smaller; if two, they were of equal size.

Many coiffures were composed of a mixture of flowers and diamonds; a bouquet, composed of ripe ears of corn in diamonds, was placed on the right side, and a sprig of roses on the left.

A most tasteful head-dress was composed of a half wreath of white plumes, placed round the crown of the head, close to the bows of hair; it terminated on one side by a long spiral feather, which fell upon the neck.

Another charming coiffure was composed of a garland of laurel leaves in pearl, brought low upon the forehead, and two large butterfly bows of lavender-coloured gauze, spotted with silver, placed very backward, apparently supporting the bows of hair. Two long ostrich feathers were inserted in one of the bows of hair, in such a manner as to form a V; a letter which is a favourite ornament in the disposition of decorations for the hair as well as for dresses.

A singular, but very beautiful, head-dress was composed of tresses of hair, arranged in a kind of net-work, from which the flowers called Reines Marguerites appeared to be on the point of falling. A bandeau of large pearls, ornamented in the middle with a cameo, went round the head, and was brought very low on the forehead.

A wreath of small light feathers, placed very much to one side, and of two different colours, is a favourite coiffure with those ladies who affect simplicity; there is something of grace and originality in this style of head dress.

Fashionable colours are citron, granite, carnation, ponceau, blue, and various shades of rose-colour.
THE
LADIES’ MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1830.

ANECDOYES OF ANIMALS.—NO. 1.

THE SHARK.

Increasing still the terrors of the storm,
His jaws terrific armed with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along,
And from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey—demands themselves.

Thomson.

Nor of the finny tribe alone, but of all the productions of animated nature, the shark is the fiercest and most voracious. In size it is little inferior to the whale, which it surpasses in strength and celerity. No fish, indeed, can swim so fast: it outstrips the swiftest vessels. Being of the cartilaginous kind, that is, having cartilages, or gristles, instead of bones, they seem to have no bounds placed to their dimensions; and it is supposed that they grow larger every day till they die. There are several species, some of which are frequently thirty feet long, and weigh four thousand pounds.

It is an observation as old as the days of Pliny, that the shark is obliged to turn on its back to seize its prey; this, however, they do on one side. Its jaws, above and below, are planted all over with most terrible teeth, said to be one hundred and forty-four in number, and its mouth and throat are so enormously wide as to be capable of swallowing a man with great ease. It must have been a species of shark that swallowed the prophet Jonah, for a whale it could not be without an additional miracle. Its voracity is such that it is said not to spare its own offspring, and it often swallows its prey entire.

Among its singularities may be reckoned its enmity to man, or rather its love of human flesh, which having once tasted, it never desists from haunting those places where it expects the return of the prey. Along the coasts of Africa, where these animals are found in great abundance, numbers of the negroes, who, for various purposes, are obliged to frequent these waters, are seized
and devoured by them every year; and it is added, that they manifest a preference to the flesh of the black men. But though the shark may be called a common enemy, he has no opposition but from the human race, who have contrived different methods to destroy him. He often falls, however, a victim to his own rapacity, by means of the stratagems employed to take him; the method of doing which, with our English sailors, is to bait a large hook with a piece of beef or pork, which is thrown into the sea by a strong cord, strengthened near the hook by an iron chain. Without this precaution the shark would quickly bite the cord in two, and set himself at liberty. The struggle with temptation, even when this voracious animal is not pressed by the call of appetite, it is amusing to observe. He approaches, examines, and swims round it: seems for awhile to neglect it, as if apprehensive of the delusion; but his voracity increasing, he returns as if ready to seize it, when apprehension again drives him back: thus, like a youthful sinner, he keeps agitated between desire and fear, while the sailors continue to divert themselves with his contending passions, till they make a pretence of drawing the bait away, when, propelled by every appetite at once, he darts rapidly at the bait, and makes one ravenous gulp of it, hook and all. Sometimes, however, he does not so entirely gorge the whole, but that he once more gets free; yet even then, though wounded and bleeding with the hook, he will again pursue the bait until he is taken. When the hook is lodged in his maw, his efforts are most strenuously, though vainly, exerted to get free: he endeavours to cut the chain with his teeth; he labours with all his force to break the line; and his exertions to disgorge the hook almost turn his stomach inside out; until, enfeebled by unsuccessful attempts, and quite exhausted of his strength, he permits the sailors to drag him out of his native element, and despatch him, which is done by repeated and severe blows on the head.

In dragging him, however, on ship-board, much caution is necessary, and much difficulty and danger are frequently experienced; for in the agonies of death he is terrible, and struggles powerfully with his executioners: his head and tail are secured and fastened at the same time; but the latter is afterwards frequently cut off with an axe, to prevent his flouncing, the consequence of which might be highly dangerous. And such is the degree of vitality, or strength of the vital principle, in the shark, that he is killed with more difficulty than almost any other animal in the world; it moves about long after the head is cut off, and even when cut in pieces, the muscles still preserve their
motion, and vibrate for minutes after being separated from the body.

This is the manner in which Europeans destroy the shark; but some of the negroes along the African coast take a bolder and more dangerous method to combat their terrible enemy. Armed with nothing more than a knife, the negro plunges into the water, where he sees the shark watching for his prey, and boldly swims forward to meet him. Though the great animal does not come to provoke the combat, he does not avoid it, and suffers the man to approach him, but just as he turns upon his side to seize the aggressor, the negro watches the opportunity, plunges his knife in the fish’s belly, and pursues his blows with such success, that he lays the ravenous tyrant dead at the bottom: he soon, however, returns, fixes the fish’s head in a noose, and drags him to shore, where he makes a noble feast for the adjacent villages.

We are told by Dr. Goldsmith, that a Guinea captain was, by stress of weather, driven into the harbour of Belfast, in Ireland, with a lading of very sickly slaves, who took every opportunity to throw themselves overboard, when brought upon deck, as is usual, for the benefit of the fresh air. The captain perceiving, among others, a woman slave attempting to drown herself, pitched upon her as a proper example for the rest. As he supposed that they did not know the terrors attending death, he ordered the woman to be tied with a rope under the arm-pits, and so let her down into the water. When the poor creature was thus plunged in, and about half-way down, she was heard to give a terrible shriek, which at first was ascribed to her fears of drowning; but soon after, the water appearing red all around her, she was drawn up, and it was found that a shark, (but of what species is not ascertained,) which had followed the ship, had bitten her off from the middle.

Mr. Pennant was informed by the master of a Guinea ship, that a rage for suicide prevailed among his slaves, from an opinion entertained by the unfortunate wretches that, after death, they should be restored to their families, friends, and country. To convince them that their bodies could never be re-animated, he ordered the corpse of one that was just dead to be tied by the heels to a rope, and lowered into the sea. It was drawn up again as quickly as the united force of the crew could do it; yet, in that very short time, the sharks had devoured every part but the feet, which were secured by the end of the cord.

Sir Brook Watson, a late alderman of London, was, in his youth, swimming at a little distance from a ship, when he saw a
shark making towards him. Struck with terror at its approach, he immediately cried out for assistance. A rope was instantly thrown out; and while the men were in the act of drawing him up the ship's side, the monster darted after him, and, at a single snap, tore off his leg.

In the pearl-fisheries of South America, every negro, to defend himself against these animals, carries with him into the water a sharp knife; which, if the fish offer to assault him, he endeavours to strike into its belly; on which it generally swims off. The officers who are in the vessels keep a watchful eye on these voracious creatures; and, when they observe them approach, shake the ropes fastened to the negroes to put them on their guard. Many, when the divers have been in danger, have thrown themselves into the water, with knives in their hands, and hastened to their defence; but too often all their dexterity and precaution have been of no avail.

In the reign of Queen Anne, as recorded by Hughes, a merchant ship arrived at Barbadoes from England, some of the men of which were one day bathing in the sea, when a large shark appeared, and sprung forwards directly at them. A person from the ship called out to warn them of their danger; on which they all immediately swam to the vessel, and arrived in perfect safety, except one poor fellow, who was cut in two by the shark almost within reach of the oars. A comrade and intimate friend of the unfortunate victim, when he observed the severed trunk of his companion, was seized with a degree of horror that words cannot describe. The insatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search of the remainder of his prey, when the brave youth plunged into the water, determining either to make the shark disgorge, or to be buried himself in the same grave. He held in his hand a long and sharp-pointed knife, and the rapacious animal pushed furiously towards him: he had turned on his side, and opened his enormous jaws, in order to seize him, when the youth, diving dexterously, seized him with his left hand somewhere below the upper fins, and stabbed him several times in the belly. The enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then, mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form, now stained with his own streaming blood, above the foaming waves. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw that the combat was decided; but they were ignorant which was slain, till the shark, weakened at length by loss of blood, made towards the shore, and along with him his con-
queror; who, flushed with victory, pushed his foe with redoubled
animour, and, with the aid of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore.
Here he ripped up the bowels of the animal, obtained the severed
remainder of his friend’s body, and buried it with the trunk in
the same grave.

An Indian, on the coast of California, on plunging into the sea,
was seized by a shark; but, by a most extraordinary feat of ac-
tivity, cleared himself, and, though considerably wounded, threw
blood and water at the animal to show his bravery and contempt.
But the voracious animal seized him with horrid violence a
second time, and in a moment dragged him to the bottom. His
companions, though not far from him, and much affected by the
loss, were not able to render him any assistance whatever.

The West Indian negroes often venture to contend with the
shark in close combat. They know his power to be limited by
the position of his mouth underneath; and, as soon as they dis-
cover him, they dive beneath, and in rising, stab him before he
has an opportunity of putting himself into a state of defence.
Thus do boldness and address unite in triumph over strength and
ferocity.

According to Captain Portlock’s account, the South Sea
islanders are not in the least afraid of the sharks, but will swim
among them without exhibiting the least signs of fear. “I have
seen,” says that gentleman, “five or six large sharks swimming
about the ship, when there have been upwards of a hundred
Indians in the water, both men and women: they seemed quite
indifferent about them, and the sharks never offered to make an
attack on any of them, and yet at the same time would seize our
bait greedily; whence it is manifest that they derive their con-
fidance of safety from their experience, that they are able to
repel the attacks of those voracious creatures.”

The observation of Aelian, that the young of this animal, when
pursued, will take refuge in the belly of its mother, by swimming
down her mouth, is confirmed by one of the best of modern
ichthyologists—Rondeletius.

Notwithstanding the voracity of these creatures, it is asserted,
that they will not devour any feathered animal that is thrown
overboard.

One species, denominated the basking shark, has so little of
the rapacious nature of these animals, and seems so little dis-
posed to attack or fear mankind, that it will often suffer itself to
be patted and stroked. Its liver alone is of such an immense
size as frequently to weigh near one thousand pounds, from
which so great a quantity of good oil is extracted as to render this shark of considerable importance to the Scotch fishermen, who are very dexterous in catching it. When pursued, they do not accelerate their motion till the boat comes almost in contact with them, when the harpooner strikes his weapon into the body as near the gills as he can. They seem not very susceptible of pain; for they often remain in the same place till the united strength of two men is exerted to force the harpoon deeper. As soon as they perceive themselves wounded they plunge headlong to the bottom; and frequently coil the rope round their bodies in agony, attempting to disengage themselves from the fatal instrument by rolling on the ground. Discovering that these efforts are in vain, they swim off with such amazing rapidity, that one instance has occurred of a basking shark towing to some distance a vessel of seventy tons burthen against a fresh gale. They sometimes run off with two hundred fathoms of line, and two harpoons in them; and will employ the men from twelve to twenty-four hours before they are subdued. As soon as they are killed, the fishermen haul them on shore; or, if at a distance from land, to the vessel’s side, to cut them up and take out the liver, which is the only useful part of their bodies. This is melted into oil in kettles provided for the purpose; and, if the fish be a large one, it will yield eight barrels or upwards. According to Anderson, the oil of a single fish will sometimes sell for twenty or thirty pounds sterling.

TO MISS W——, ON HEARING HER SING “THE ARAB STEED.”

I heard thee breathe the stirring strain,
And fancy’s visions, waked by thee,
Gave to my throbbing heart and brain
The fervour of reality.

Methought I heard the trumpet’s sound,
I saw thy Arab charger’s bound,
As on he rushed, with slackened rein,
Vaulting, in pride, o’er heaps of slain.

As o’er the gory field of fight
I saw thee seek thy warrior knight,
My spirit burned to battle there,
And claim the fears of one so fair.

And oh, methought, ’twere bliss to die
In the proud clasp of victory,
With thee to guard my last repose,
With thee my expiring eyes to close,
With thee to catch my latest sigh,
Thy wail, sweet maid, my lullaby!

CHARLES M.
THE LADYE OF THE SUNNE.
A knight of a gay and gallant mien
On a milk-white courser came.
Charles Dibdin the Younger.

"'Fore George! Robin Islip, these jousts be rare things, man," exclaimed Master Simon Flinn, an honest factor and citizen of London, who, by favour of the superintendent of the extensive buildings which were erected in the centre of Smithfield for the celebration of a splendid tournament, had obtained permission for himself and neighbour to view the gay balconies and richly-adorned galleries which King Edward III. and his court were to fill as spectators of the mimic fight.

"Ay, ay," replied Robin, "here'll be prancing and lancing on the morrow enow to satisfy the stomachs o' some o' the jousters for the rest o' their days. I'faith, Master Flinn," said the pacific cit, shrugging up his shoulders, "I'd rather they than me. This bone-breaking in disport may be pleasant to them, albeit, by the mass! I should think they have had fighting enow in earnest of late, without falling upon each other in jest."

"That's a just remark, gossip," answered Master Simon, "but out of evil springeth good, for is not trade benefited by these displays? and as trade and commerce is the very heart of a kingdom, so long as that is kept alive, Master Islip, there's little fear of the nation's falling to decay. What the king takes from one pocket invariably drops, with some profit, into that of another."

"Ay, ay—well, well," responded Master Islip, with a tone of approval, for he entertained a great notion of Simon Flinn's sagacity; and their conversation now naturally resolving itself into the more interesting discussion of their own concerns, they trudged forward arm-in-arm, and, passing the barriers, proceeded leisurely to take the air in the romantic fields which then displayed their rural beauties to the enjoyment and recreation of the money-getting citizens of London, on the spot which is now engrossed by Clerkenwell and its many buildings.

Early on the following morn crowds were flocking to the royal lists. Important body-esquires and spruce pages were leading the knights' coursers to their appointed stands, or bearing their glittering holiday arms. The marshals and heralds were running to and fro with alacrity, and in seeming confusion.

Many high-born dames, anxious to see and be seen to advantage, were already securing the best possible places, and as noon approached the necessary tumult gradually subsided to the
hum and buzz of many voices whispering their hopes and expectations; and now the well-ordered arrangements being completed, a herald was despatched with notice thereof to Edward and his train. And presently the most splendid cavalcade that was ever witnessed on a similar occasion slowly advanced, with all the pomp and ceremony due to such a noble assemblage of mighty lords and valiant knights, amid the thundering acclamations of thousands of admiring spectators. But far surpassing all the attractions of gay apparelled knight and pawing courser was the novel sight which this day met the eager eyes of the multitude.

Dame Alice Pierce, the king’s mistress, mounted on a white palfrey, gorgeously caparisoned, and led by a groom in a livery of green velvet of Genoa, embroidered with silver, rode at the head of twelve damsels of high degree, whose beauty was only inferior to the dazzling and incomparable Alice’s; and each, by a chain of golden links, led the horse of her chosen knight, who shone in all the pride of polished mail and nodding plume!

Upon her entrée strains of martial music burst forth, mingling with the loud plaudits of the delighted beholders, and the Lord John Chandos and Sir James Audeley, assisting her to dismount, conducted her between them to the royal Edward, who, greeting her with evident pride and pleasure, seated her on his left hand, giving her, after the wont and custom on these gallant occasions, the appellation of “The Ladye of the Sunne,” by which romantic title she was to be addressed during the jousts; and now the barriers being thrown open, the dangerous pastime commenced.

“I pray thee, Sir Godfrey, who is this knight that answereth the defiance of the noble Earl of Lancaster?” inquired a youthful knight, and a foreigner by his accent—of which there were many present both among the spectators and the combatants—“I do not recognize his cognizance—an arrow or a field vert.”

“That is the supercilious and self-sufficient Sir Aubrey Mellor,” replied Sir Godfrey, with a sneer; “and if his egregious vanity (which hath impertinently thrust him in opposition to the redoubtable Lancaster,) do not burst like a bubble under the superior might of his opponent, by my say! I’ll eat my spurs!”

And a few minutes verified his prophetic words, for on the first onset the noble earl, with apparent ease, bore Sir Aubrey completely over his crupper, amid peals of unrestrained laughter at his ridiculous discomfiture. Another and another followed, and shared the same fate, and Lancaster appeared to have come to
the resolution of singly holding out against all comers, when Lord John Chandos galloped into the ring, and met him with such equal skill, and ran so many courses, with no other effect than wearying himself and opponent, that the king, smiling, commanded them to withdraw, courteously saying, that, with such a parity of might and valour, there would happen no more mischief than if they laid their cold unwielded weapons together.

"And now, by the mark!" cried Sir Godfrey, "these great luminaries having set, all those that follow will be in comparison only as the many stars of night."

"Say not so," said the foreign knight; "for lo! here comes the redoubtable Sir Robert Knols, as brave a knight as ever placed lance in rest—at least you must allow he is a star of the first magnitude."

"A just tribute to his worth," accorded Sir Godfrey; "and, save me! who answers his defiance?"

"Knewest thou not?" demanded the other.

"Oh! right well—right well," replied Sir Godfrey, indulging in a hearty fit of laughter. "It is even the worshipful knight of the thimble, Sir John Hawkwood, who hath changed his sharp needle for a good lance, his goose for a targe, and his shopboard for a Barbary blood!"

"What meanest thou?" demanded his companion, not exactly comprehending the drift of this tirade. "What has he been?"

"A tailor! a tailor! by the rood!" exclaimed Sir Godfrey; "but valour warming his breast, and fortune smiling, he took his measures accordingly, and albeit he be but a poor knight, he knows so well, by experience, how to cut his coat according to his cloth, that he invariably makes a very good appearance. But let's mark the issue!" added he, observing the opponents making ready for the rush; and, in contradiction to his prejudiced opinion, Sir John Hawkwood very cleverly bore his antagonist from the saddle.

Thus ended the first day's jousts, and on the following noon they were recommenced and pursued with similar sport and entertainment, till towards the conclusion, when the third prize being about to be awarded to Sir George Melville, who had bravely maintained the lists against three or four comers, his

* Sir John Hawkwood was originally a tailor, born in Essex; but entering the army, he, by his great prowess and good conduct, achieved knighthood. His origin, however, in the eyes of the prejudiced world, was ungenerously considered an exclusion, although in Italy he became so famous that they erected a statue to him to testify his valour to posterity.
The ladye of the sunne.

herald's defiance was suddenly and unexpectedly answered by the appearance of a knight cased in a glittering suit of foreign mail, richly studded, mounted on a white courser, with trappings of blue and silver, who pricked gallantly into the ring, and courteously bowing to the company, quickly prepared for the encounter, in which good fortune so seconded his good lance that he presently came off victorious.

Dismounting, he was conducted, by the marshal, to the feet of the "fayre ladye of the sunne;" but, apparently struck motionless, he stood silently gazing upon her, in lieu of bending his knee and paying her homage. Whilst she, wondering at the knight's silence, arose, and extending her hand to proffer a golden laurel, the meed of his superior skill, he threw up his vizor, and in a broken hollow voice, which well accorded with his wan and death-like features, he frantically exclaimed:—

"Alice Pierce, touch not, with thy polluting hands, the body of him who would once have joyfully perilled it for a smile from thee! Look on these care-worn features, and tremble at the havoc thy perfidy hath made in the heart and the peace of one who so truly loved thee!" and more he would have uttered in the bitter agony of his wounded feelings, but the fair Alice swooned as she recognized his haggard countenance, and the anxious, doating king, yielding his mistress to the care of her women, turned angrily towards the object of her alarm, and frowningly bade the marshal arrest him as a traitor.

A faint smile of fearless contempt flitted across the knight's melancholy features. "Sir king," replied he, firmly, "I dread not thine anger; 'twill harm me less than thy love hath done. For this may only slay the injured man, whose days the other hath for ever rendered dark and cheerless."

The king's choler was visibly moderated when he heard the knight express himself so manfully, and the marshal's eye, reading his liege lord's irresolution, stood beside the love-lorn knight without offering to lay hands upon him; for indeed it was an unwarrantable proceeding, which the knight, no less than his sympathizing compers, (indicated by their murmurs,) appeared determined to resist, for they presently recognized, in the unfortunate knight, the person of Sir Robert Ferrers, who had been, only a few years since, one of the gayest and handsomest cavaliers that ever ran a successful course for lady's favour, and no less famed for his valour in the battle-field than his skill and gallantry in the less adventurous sports of the ring.

"Deeply as I feel thou hast wronged me, royal sir," continued
the unhappy Ferrers, "I came hither to reprove that false, unfortunate woman, and not to revile the royal Edward. No! if thou hast wronged me wittingly, may thine own heart reproach thee for it. I cannot blame another for loving her, (so fair, so winning as she is,) but I blame her wanton infidelity in cruelly breaking that sacred bond of love and troth which she pledged with so much seeming sincerity and truth. But I have beheld her—even in the splendour and glory that her shame hath so dearly purchased—yes—and my presence touched her heart with compunction; she shrank, with bitter recollection, before the withering gaze of the man she has injured. I have gained my point—my own eyes have witnessed the utter destruction of my fondest hopes, for my ears could not credit the world's rumours, or believe my poor, poor Alice so lost—so faithless!"

As he uttered these last words his violent emotion almost overpowered his utterance—his pride seemed struggling with his grief for mastery; but, arousing himself with a great effort, he continued—"To thee, King Edward, and ye, my companions in arms, a long, a last farewell! I go, like the wounded hart that fleeth from its pursuers, only to find a grave in the covert; I quit the world with this poignant grief rankling in my breast, to die far, far from the haunts of men!" and, clasping his hands together, the tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes; but, rushing unmolested from the king's presence, he leaped upon his courser, and was rapidly borne, as on the wings of the wind, from the gay pageant, over which the melancholy expression of his misfortunes had cast a gloom that mirth or music had not power to dissipate.

Many days, too, passed before the fair, but frail, Alice Pierce recovered from the shock of this heart-rending interview, and it was remarked by all but the doating king, that from this time she became an altered woman. Her conduct, indeed, was more like the effect of insanity than reason; for, presuming upon the king's favour, she grew so insolent and overbearing, that she even ventured to intermeddle with affairs of the state, sometimes sitting in the courts of justice herself, to countenance her own causes; and, lastly, proceeded to such unwarrantable lengths, that the parliament required her to be removed from the court before they would grant the king a fresh supply, and with which he was fain to comply, although she was very soon afterwards restored again, to the great injury of many worthy men, against whom her revenge, through the king, often operated fatally.
Upon the king’s death, however, her imperious temper suddenly yielded to a just fear of the enemies she had made, and she fled precipitately, bearing away with her every thing of value which her haste permitted, not even sparing the rings on Edward’s fingers!

Extravagantly, however, as she had been used to live in the foolish and unsparing indulgence of the doating king, what would have been an independence to some was soon improvidently expended by this unfortunate woman, and she saw want and misery approaching her with rapid strides, without possessing nerve or ability to defend herself.

Forlorn and friendless, and scarcely knowing whither to seek for the necessary of life, she was wandering through the intricacies of a wood on the borders of Norfolk, intending to seek aid of a farmer’s wife, forgotten in her prosperity, who, she remembered, had been always kind and indulgent to her in her happier days.

Sunburnt and wan, with bare feet, and arrayed in the coarse woollen garment of a cotter, she pursued her way, supporting her delicate and enfeebled frame upon a staff. But night came on darkly and drearily, the cold wind moaned through the creaking branches of the trees, and large drops of rain began to fall slowly from the gathering clouds.

The heart of Alice Pierce died within her—she now saw no prospect of reaching her destination that night, and already suspecting that she had missed her way, her swelling heart vented its affections in a flow of bitter tears. A peal of thunder now rumbled awfully in the distance, followed by a tempest of heavy rain, which soon drenched the garments of the affrighted Alice.

Hope, however, appeared still to lure her on, though nature almost failed in the effort, when suddenly she descried, at a short distance, the feeble rays of a light, which, upon a nearer approach, she discovered proceeded through the crevices of a rude hut.

Her tottering limbs bore her to the door—she heard a voice within murmuring as if in prayer. She would have spoken, but her tongue refused its office. She knocked unheeded, and it was not till she had repeated her application several times that the rudely-formed door was unbarked.

It was thrown open, and in the bending form and care-worn haggard features of the solitary inmate, the wretched Alice recognized Sir Robert Ferrers. He appeared like a reproving spirit in her sight, and, wildly shrieking out his name, she fell senseless at his feet!—her spirit had fled for ever!

A. CROWQUILL.
THE BETROTHED.

CHAPTER IX.

See
His thousands—in what martial equipage
They issue forth!—Milton.

Those only who have witnessed the embarkation of a military force, will be able to form an idea of the bustle and confusion that prevailed in the town of Southampton on the evening of the 19th of August.

The main body of the army had gone on shipboard on the preceding day, but this evening the monarch, and his favourite body of archers, with two thousand men-at-arms, were to embark. The immense masses of people that lined the streets and lanes adjacent to the quay, and that covered, on every side, the higher ground without the walls, had assembled from the towns and villages for many miles around, to witness the departure of their sovereign.

It was a fine autumn evening: the declining sun’s beams, glancing from the arms and accoutrements of the military—the fleet, consisting of upwards of two hundred and ninety sail, riding at anchor within a mile of the town, and giving to the broad bosom of the river the appearance of a forest of masts—the signals of the seamen on shipboard—the firing of ordnance—and strains of martial music, presented a scene equally novel and interesting. About seven o’clock the royal yacht bore up the river, followed by nine other vessels, and, coming to anchor below the quay, launched her boats, which made towards shore.

The men-at-arms and archers were ranged along the beach. From five till near seven they had been employed in striking their tents. The royal pavilion still remained, over which the gorgeous banner of England floated to the evening air. The boats on shore were now put in requisition, and plying alternately with the pinnaces from the transports, the whole body of archers and men-at-arms, in somewhat less than an hour, were on shipboard.

Precisely as the curfew “tolled the knell of parting day,” the royal pavilion was struck, as if momentarily, and the king, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of York, the Earls of Suffolk, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Salisbury, with about a dozen nobles and knights, among whom were Aubrey de Vere and Fitz-alley, advanced to the quay. A barge was in waiting to receive the royal cortege; and while Henry was giving his last directions to some members of his council, the royal band, among which were ten clarions, played some enlivening airs.

APRIL, 1830.
Henry's constitutional vivacity seemed almost to forsake him at this momentary crisis. "'Fore George, Edward!" said he to his brother, "were I not constrained to firmness, methinks my weakness would have me play the woman. How many of those brave fellows, whose hearts now beat with love and loyalty, as lightly as their dancing plumes, or as their mistress's waving kerchiefs, shall, ere the moon’s wane, sleep in foreign dust! Truly, I should think the wives and mistresses of all those gay young warriors can but curse me for separating such fond hearts, too many, alas! for ever."

"Nay, royal Henry," replied the duke, "when you return with victory and honour, their lovely bosoms will glow with gratitude to the monarch who taught their husbands and lovers to reap such glorious harvest of renown. And mark, your highness," added Edward, "how many bright eyes smile on you through their tears."

"By the mass!" cried Henry, "my eyes would willingly catch the soft infection!"

He raised his eyes towards a group of beautiful females who were standing near, and, with a graceful obeisance, bade them a silent adieu. The silence of the monarch seemed to be contagious. Not a murmur escaped from the assembled multitude, as Henry entered the barge with his suite, and proceeded, at a rapid rate, to the royal yacht.

The illustrious party was soon on board the vessel which was destined to transport them to victory and honour, and (too many of them) to death. At a discharge of culverins from the walls, the signal for weighing anchor, the whole of the splendid armament moved slowly and majestically down the river, followed by the eyes and the hearts of the spectators. In about half an hour a favourable breeze sprung up, and the fleet was, in a very short time, invisible to the thousands that lined the shore, straining their eager eyes for a parting glance of their retiring friends.

"Swift through the yielding wave
Each gallant vessel flew,
As conscious it contained the brave,
And sped to victory too."

The crowds that had thronged the shore and the walls, soon separating, departed to their respective habitations; and before the moon had risen high enough in the heavens to fling her radiant glory along the river, the town exhibited the same quiet appearance as if nothing had occurred to disturb its wonted stillness.
Sir Greinville Spencer and his daughter, having, in their yacht, accompanied the fleet as far as the mouth of the river, returned, and landed below the fort at Netley, retiring to their mansion to indulge in that lonely grief which follows upon the loss of those we love. Aubrey marked their departure, and with his scarf waved an adieu, as he chaunted—

"Farewell, bright sun! farewell, green earth!  
Farewell, my ladye love!  
The dark green wave now rolls beneath.  
The dark blue sky above!"

"Thy beams, bright sun! again will rise  
An altered scene above:  
Farewell, green island of my birth!  
Farewell, my ladye-love!"

CHAPTER X.

Our castle’s strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn—here let them lie  
Till famine eat them up.—Macbeth.

On the 21st of August, 1415, the English fleet bore down upon Havre de Grace. A brisk north-easterly gale had speedily urged the invaders to their destination, and in a few hours they had debarked, and taken possession of the port of Havre.

Little time was consumed in forming the plan of operations, and soon the country around had cause to dread the fury of the assailants.

Harfleur offered the first important barrier to the progress of the invaders. Desirous to reserve his power for the most momentous occasions, and unwilling to waste his time and strength in unimportant conquests, Henry had despatched summonses to surrender to the towns and castles in the vicinity. These summonses were, with one exception, effectual. The town of Harfleur (which lay in the line of march proposed by the English) declared its intention of surrendering only to absolute necessity.

Jean D’Estoutteville, the governor of the castle and garrison, had, on the earliest intelligence of the invasion, despatched a courier to Paris, demanding a reinforcement, and a considerable body of archers entered the town on the morning that an herald from Henry demanded its surrender.

The governor drew up his forces on the ramparts of the town, and leading the herald through the lines, bade him observe his resources. "Tell thy master," said he, "that while ten of those gallant men survive, I will not yield to an invader the trust reposed in me by my monarch!"
The herald was sent back to the English head-quarters under a strong escort, the governor apprehending danger from the fury of the inhabitants, who neither knew nor respected the sacred inviolability of his person and office. Henry, though incensed at this unforeseen obstruction to his progress, could not help admiring the honourable spirit evinced by the governor. “By'r lady!” he exclaimed, “a brave fellow this same D’Estouterville; but we shall, I trow, find a way to cool his courage!”

He accordingly laid siege to the place, which seemed to offer an easy capture. The inhabitants, however, as if animated by the spirit of the governor, defended themselves with resolution; and it was not till a detachment of English foragers had cut off the supplies destined for the garrison, by which it was reduced to the severest want, that the governor permitted a word to be uttered on the subject of a surrender.

Of this circumstance Henry obtained information, and, anticipating the event, had acceded to the request of Aubrey, that Fitzalleyn should be the bearer of despatches, which he had in contemplation to send to England upon the capture of Harfleur. Henry had at first designed this duty for De Vere, but the latter having signified his wish to remain, and recommended to the office his comrade, Fitzalleyn, the king, with the greatest readiness, acceded to his wish.

A few days subsequently to this arrangement, the governor of the besieged town appeared at the camp, and requested an interview with the king. He was a man of gigantic stature, armed at all points in a suit of brass mail, except that he wore no helmet. The thin, grey, scattered hair which covered his finely formed forehead, showed him to be considerably past the meridian of life; while the bright flashes from his dark hazel eyes seemed to have lost none of their fire from “the wasting blight of age,” which had left upon his brow such evident traces of its power.

Henry was reviewing his archers when the governor arrived at the camp. He explained the object of his mission in a bold, yet respectful, manner, adding, “We make no terms, sir; we confide to your honour, convinced that you will offer such conditions as brave men may accept. If your offers meet not our views, our determination is fixed—the horses which myself and my esquire are now riding, are two of the only ten which remain to us—these, sir, we will kill and subsist on for a time, and then we die like men of honour, amid the ruins of our burning town.”

Henry surveyed the speaker in silence; at length he replied, “I was prepared to see in the governor of Harfleur a perfect
soldier, and I am not disappointed. Sir knight—for if thou wear'st not spurs, 'fore George! I will install thee—we must save thee and thy brave soldiers this meal of horseflesh. By'r lady! I trow your teeth had need be strong to attack those sorry devils, whose bone and skin would, I ween, full thrice outweigh their flesh! My conditions are, that ye surrender prisoners on parole—no pillage of the place being allowed—and if your famished soldiers can stomach English viands, ye shall not lack a meal whilst Harry Monmouth hath to give."

The governor acquiesced in the terms, and the king took possession of the town. On the following day Fitzalleyn was ordered to hold himself in readiness to set off within three days with despatches.

CHAPTER XI.

A friend.
What friend? Your name!—Shakespeare.

Within ten minutes after Fitzalleyn had received the king's commands he was on horseback.

"I have no time to be napping," said he to himself, "fifteen good leagues must Roan Robin travel before he sleeps, and it wants but two hours of sunset. My road is weary and difficult, my time limited; for soon after noon to-morrow I must be back, or my absence may excite suspicion."

It is unnecessary to follow the intriguer in his long and dreary ride, and to enumerate how often, from ignorance of the road, he slackened the rein on Roan Robin's neck, and suffered him to proceed at random. The night was beautifully calm; the moon, which was near approaching to the full, shed a soft lustre on the dark foliage of the forest that spread its thick gloom around the foot of Mont Didier.

About an hour after midnight Fitzalleyn entered the forest. "Bravo, old Robin!" said Fitzalleyn, patting his horse's neck, "thou hast done thy work gallantly. A little farther, my good fellow, and a full manger and soft straw shall make thee forget thy fatigue."

Robin seemed to understand the encouraging assurance of his rider; he shook his mane, and replied with a shrill neigh. Fitzalleyn penetrated the forest, and, dismounting, led Roan Robin forward through the thick underwood.

"Arrêtez! Qui va là?" cried a voice from the forest, and as the instant a shrill whistle echoed through the woody labyrinth.

"Un ami!" shouted Fitzalleyn.
"Tenez ! votre argent!" cried a horseman, advancing, and pointing his cross-bow, as if in the act of discharging an arrow at his breast. He was followed by four or five others, who, advancing at a rapid pace, surrounded Fitzalleyn.

"Messieurs! je voudrois voir votre capitaine," said the Englishman.

"Ha! Maurice! Il veut voir, Maurice!" said one of the robbers, for such they were.

The last speaker put his whistle to his lips, and in a few minutes the gigantic form of Maurice, mounted on a black charger of proportionate magnitude, was seen to emerge from the forest.

"Retirez vous!" shouted he to his comrades, who immediately left the spot. "Now, Fitz," said Maurice, "we are alone—to thy business."

"In troth will I, and speedily, good Maurice," replied Fitzalleyn; adding, "as I informed you, I am to proceed to England with despatches three days hence. I shall take ship at Dieppe, and prevail on Aubrey to accompany me thus far. Do thou send some trusty fellows, and in the Bois le Tour, through which lies our route, commence an attack upon us. The object is to secure Aubrey—thou knowest the rest."

"On the third morning from this?" asked Maurice.

"Thou'rt right; on the third morning from this at noon," replied Fitzalleyn. "But, by-the-bye, Maurice, how didst thou contrive to fail in thy late attempt?"

"The devil, I believe," replied Maurice, "leagued against us."

"Thou knowest how Grey and his associates perished?"

"I heard it," returned Maurice; adding, "well, we must make another attempt. Our minister has, by his emissaries, offered me an exemption from my sentence of outlawry if I compass Henry's death; and the foul fiend seize me, if I rest till it is done. But, Fitz, how fares it with our holy father, Barnabas? I wonderously soured the old hypocrite in the affair of the packet. Is he still the same old canting mongrel as ever?"

"He is a treasure in our hands, Maurice," replied Fitzalleyn.

"But, Maurice, thou wilt not forget the time and place for Aubrey's—"

"Tut, tut, Fitz! am I slow when mischief's to be done?" replied the robber, while a satanic grin distorted his features.

"Why, Maurice, since the affair of the packet, I have, I must acknowledge, been rather doubtful of thine infallibility."

"A truce, good Master Fitzalleyn! a truce, I beseech thee!" replied Maurice. "But," added he, observing his companion
to lean languidly upon his horse, "but, Fitz, thou art fatigued; and as for thy horse, by'r lady! he seems to have felt the spur till he had no longer blood to give to your impatience."

"Nor wilt thou marvel, Maurice. He was in his stall at Harfleur two hours before sunset," replied Fitzalleyn.

"Then is he worth his weight in nobles," returned the robber.

"And he must be back again by noon to-morrow," said his companion, "unless I leave him with you and take yours."

They exchanged horses, and Fitzalleyn, having swallowed the contents of Maurice's wine-flask, and again warned him to punctuality, left him to make the best of his way to the camp.

CHAPTER XII.

On you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof.
Shakspeare.

The majestic orb of day was beginning to sink into the glowing bosom of the distant sea, as King Henry, with his brother, the Duke of York, returned from reviewing his army. "If Courtney return not to-night, Edward," said he, "I shall, in the morning, issue orders for an immediate march. If France be disposed to trifle with our proposals, she shall find we can execute as fearlessly as we negotiate. Our despatches for England must to-morrow be made up, and war or peace must be decided on. Good even, Edward, an thou wilt not tarry," added the king; "if Courtney return to-night I shall require thy attendance."

The king and his royal brother separated. Henry retired within his tent, to concert measures for his future operations, on the event of the proposals which he had made to the French court being rejected.

"A truce to serious thought," said Henry, laying by some papers which he had been examining. "Harvey, come, thou little musical varlet! bring thy harp, and let me hear one of thy new ditties."

The page, thus addressed, entered the royal tent with his harp in his hand. This youth, from his superior minstrel powers, was a distinguished favourite with the king, and generally resided in a partition of the royal pavilion.

"What kind of ditty shall I troul, your highness?" asked he, playfully; "merry, or sad?"

"E'en what thou wilt, sir page," replied the king.

"Then, sir," said the page, "it shall be a song old Wilkie, the blind poet, taught me."

He sang the following

SONG.

"Hark! the clashing scimitar
'Gainst helm and hauberc sounds afar!
Hark! the quivering lance's jar,
Its thrust shall leave no trifling scar!
Hark! the shouts that hope debar,
As faintly gleams life's waning star!
Hark! the cannon's rattling car,
Whose raking fire whole squadrons mar!
Hark! the steed of armed hussar
Trampling! such, young soldier, are
The spirit-stirring sounds of war!

"Mark! while dying warriors groan
Around, ye field with relics strewn
Of arms, that late so brightly shone—
Now only purple gleams thereon!
And mark! in mute despair, alone,
Yon female form, whose plaintive moan
Is raised o'er some ill-fated one,
A husband, brother, sire, or son!
Yes, mark them well! it should be known
To thee, that such, young soldier, are
The spirit-sick'ning scenes of war!"

"'Fore George, Harvey!" said the king, "thou givest but a melancholy picture of the sounds and sights of the tented field; I trow it was a poet of little fire that taught thee the ditty. Well, fellow, how now?" continued the king, as the sentinel appeared at the door of the pavilion.

"The Baron Courtney," replied the soldier, "is returned from Paris, and requests an audience of your highness."

"Admit him instantly," said the king. "Rise, my dear Courtney," continued he, as the baron entered, and knelt at his feet; "and now for your intelligence. Does France accede to our proposals?"

"With contemptuous scorn she rejects them," replied Courtney. "Moreover, my orders are to represent to your highness, that while an English army remains in the country, no terms will be acceded to, nor any conditions offered. 'While the English monarch infests our towns, and ravages our country with his barbarians,' said the French minister, 'can he expect to negotiate? can he expect an invaded and insulted people tamely to offer, or accept, dishonourable conditions from an enemy in arms? No; return to thy master, tell him to maintain, as he may, the violence he hath begun. France will soon check the progress of an impetuous boy—'

"Ha! boy!" exclaimed Henry, starting from his seat, and
striking his hand vehemently on the table, "did the Frenchman
call me boy? By the mass! I will soon cram his words down
his vile throat! Our English barbarians, as he terms them,
commanded by their impetuous boy, shall accept his challenge.
Go, good Courtney, thou requirest rest; or stay, I will summon
my council; to them thou shalt more fully relate the circum-
stances of thy embassy; and to-morrow, Courtney, to-morrow
will I let loose all the fury of my brave companions. Boy!
Quotha! Is Harry Richmond to be branded thus?"
The king immediately issued his summons to his council, the
result of whose deliberations was an immediate renewal of hos-
tilities.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF MEMORY.

Hung are the summer roses
You sunny porch above;
Where my mother oft would welcome me
With smiles of fondest love;
And violets gleam upon the sward
Which my childish feet have prest,
When the cuckoo tuned his even song
To the sweet skies of the west.

Oh, they give a freshness to my heart
Of dreams for ever fled,
Like rose-leaves from their parent tree
In depth of beauty shed;
And the spell which has been hushed in vain
For many a joyless day,
Attunes the spirit of my mind
To memory's sweetest lay.

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

LINES.

Black eyes have looked on me, and I have shrunk
Almost beneath their spirit-searching glance;
And of the sweet, though fatal, poison drunk,
Till all my soul was "lap'd in blissful trance"—
Till I had almost ceased the thing to be
I was before—and Love another world to me.

Blue eyes have smiled on me, and I have looked,
Exchanging smile for smile, and looked again,
Till melted smiles to tears, and could have brooked
The forfeiture of worlds with less than pain.
This was in youth's wild morn of passion—now
I can on Beauty gaze with an unblushing brow.

CHARLES M.
THE MINES OF IDRIA.

Malefactors in Germany are condemned to these mines to work for life, which, however, seldom lasts long; for this kind of labour is the most unwholesome that can be imagined. The following pathetic display of the miseries of those who are doomed to toil in them, is contained in a letter from a late ingenious English traveller to his friend.

"After passing through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not return home without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idria, and seeing those dreadful subterraneous caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever again seeing the cheerful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious task-masters.

"Imagine to yourself a hole in the side of a mountain, about five yards over: down this you are let, in a kind of bucket, more than one hundred fathoms, the prospect growing more and more gloomy, yet still widening, as you descend. At length, after swinging in terrible suspense for some time in this precarious situation, you reach the bottom, and tread on the ground, which, by its hollow sound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there dispersed, so as that the wretched inhabitants of these mansions can go from one place to another without a guide. And yet let me assure you, that though they, by custom, could see objects very distinctly by these lights, I could scarcely discern, for some time, any thing, not even the person who came with me to show me these scenes of horror.

"From this description, I suppose, you have but a disagreeable idea of this place; yet it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants: such wretches my eyes never before beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover an horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they, in general, consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense; but they seldom consume much provision, as they lose their appetites in a short time, and commonly in about two years expire, through a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

"In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by my name, and inquiring after my health with the most cordial affec-
tion. I turned, and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and, with a piteous accent, said, "Ah, Everard, do you not know me?" But what was my surprise, when, through the veil of this wretchedness, I discovered the features of a dear old friend!

"I flew to him with affection; and, after a tear of condolence, asked how he came there. To this he replied, that having fought a duel with an officer of the Austrian infantry, against the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered, by some banditti who had long infested that quarter. With these he lived nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive upon the wheel! However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known; and several of the associates of his accusation and danger bearing witness to his innocence, his sentence of punishment by the rack was changed into that of perpetual banishment and labour in the mines of Idria—a sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

"As my old friend was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who, at once, I perceived to be born for better fortune: the dreadful situation of this place was not able to destroy her beauty; and even in this scene of wretchedness, she seemed to have charms sufficient to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was, in fact, daughter to one of the first families in Vienna, and having tried every means to procure her husband's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, from whence few of the living return; and with him she was contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life, and with him to toil, despising the splendour of opulence, and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy.

"I was afterwards spectator of the most affecting scene I ever beheld. In the course of some days after my visiting this gloomy mansion, a person came post from Vienna to the Idrian Bottom, who was followed by a second, and he by a third. The first inquiry was after my unfortunate friend; and I, happening to overhear the demand, gave them the first intelligence. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend and fellow-soldier to my friend. They came with his par-
don, which had been procured by the general with whom the duel had been fought, and who was by this time perfectly cured of his wounds.

"I led them, with all the expedition of joy, down to this dreary abode, presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change of his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's liberty.

"Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple; nor could I, without a tear, behold my friend taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock; to another his working clothes; and to a third his household utensils; that is, such as were necessary for him in that situation.

"We soon emerged from the mine, where he once more revisited the light of the sun, that he had totally despaired of ever seeing again. A postchaise and four were ready the next morning to take them to Vienna. The emperor again took him into favour; his fortune and rank were restored; and he and his fair partner have now the satisfaction of feeling happiness with a double relish, as they once had known what it was to be miserable."

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**THE INJURED LOVER'S WISH.**

Ou! for the wing that cleaves the air
With light unwearied play,
That I might once more hover where
That false one yet may stray,
When all the world is wrapped in sleep
That I might softly move,
Light as the silver beams that steep
The foliage of the grove;
And while on every leaf so light,
The beam and dew-drop meet,
Descending from my airy height,
Sink fondly at her feet.
Then—if, still false, she shunned my prayer—
If all of hope was o'er—
Spread my wild wings upon the air,
And ne'er be heard of more!
Might lie me where the shoreless seas
In desolation lie;
Where wintry winds the waters freeze.
That mock the sullen sky.
The iceberg thence my home should be,
The albatross my mate,
My grave should be the depthless sea,
When time should fix my fate.
And thus unknown I’d thenceforth live,
And thus I’d like to die—
Her perjury I might forgive
When cold my frame should lie!
No monument should rise to tell
The story of my woes,
No mockery of hearse or knell
Should mark my being’s close;
But far and still beneath the deep
Unnoticed I’d be laid,
Nor leave it any wretch to weep
The wreck that love had made!
But to the winds I’d give my last,
My deadly, deathful cry,
And bid it fill the wintry blast,
When storms deform the sky;
And round her dwelling let it sweep,
Like death’s own dreadful chimes,
And wake the false one from her sleep
With memory of her crimes!
Let her remember the fond smile
That lured me from repose;
The sighs, the tears, that would beguile
And soften all my woes;
Then let her recollect the change,
Most undeserved by me,
That sent me forth, a wretch, to range,
And mourn her perjury!
May this, then, be the false one’s meed,
Thus may she ever find,
Still as the wintry blasts succeed,
My wild voice in the wind!

M. Leman Grimstone.

REFLECTIONS.

Dost thou hear the sound which is murmuring past,
Howled drearily forth by the voice of the blast?
Its whisperings tell in my dreaming ear,
Of mourning and sorrow, of grief and despair!

It may be the shriek of the mariner, cast
On the rocks of the ocean, which now swells the blast,
Or it may be the screams of the sea-gull I hear,
O’er the mountainous waves as she takes her career.
Hast thou ne’er watched this proud bird of the ocean,
As her eye glances down on the tide of commotion?
She raises her pinions—prepares for her flight—
In the dim mist of distance is hidden from sight.

Yon dark heaving waves are an emblem of life,
In its varying scenes of contention and strife,
But the storms and the ragings of life will pass by,
And the calm which succeeds must be sought for on high.

Agnes.

April, 1830.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. III.

FEMALE REVENGE.

"They tell me the sky has a beautiful blue—
They tell me how lovely the violet’s hue—
Yet the fairest of flowers, and the clearest of skies,
Cannot rival the hue of my Gertrude’s bright eyes.

Not the star of the morn, when it blushes awhile,
Can express half the sweetness that beams in her smile;
Sons of avarice, pile ye the gems that ye prize,
But give me the diamonds of Gertrude’s bright eyes."

"There, Martin, what think’st thou of my ditty? It had need
be passable, for it cost me a flagon of right good canary to old
Morris, the blind harper, who taught it me."

"Would old Morris had his ditty, and we the racy sack in yon
empty tankard," said the companion of the first speaker; adding,
"but prithee, Gaspar, a truce to that eternal theme of thy Ger-
trude’s eyes, and give exercise to thy own optics. If mine deceive
me not, we may, ere long, expect a visit: I see a squadron enter-
ing the harbour."

"Fishing-smacks, I suppose," said Gaspar, without raising his
eyes from the match-lock he was cleaning.

"Fish, man!" cried the other, "dost take me to be as blind
with love as thy silly self? I tell thee they are no fishing-smacks,
but gallant well-rigged ships of war; and they are scudding into
port as fast as wind and tide can bring them. Put down thy
rusty match-lock, Gaspar, and treat thy eyes with a view of them;
’tis a sight we see not oft in this villainous resort of cormorants
and mackarel-trollers."

"By my say!" replied Gaspar, laying aside his fusee, and com-
ing from behind an angle of the fortress which had obstructed his
view, "an they be fishing-vessels, they had need carry better fry
than falls to the lot of our garrison on maigre days, or their
owners must, I trow, look long ere they find their account in
trading with such costly gear."

It was agreed between the speakers, who were soldiers on guard
at the castle of Weymouth, to inform the captain, or governor, of
the approach of the squadron which had been the subject of the
preceding dialogue.

That officer immediately appeared on the walls, and by the aid
of a rude telescope, such as were then in use, discovered four
vessels of war, of French construction, sailing rapidly into the
harbour. Turning to one of the sentinels, he ordered him to
summon his lieutenant, and again proceeded to reconnoitre the
approaching armament.
“Archer,” said the governor, as the lieutenant appeared, "summon the garrison to an immediate muster, and man the walls with our whole force: let the culverins be charged, and every precaution taken to resist an enemy; for such, I apprehend, are those vessels off the Nore. Stay, Archer," added he, handing him his glass, "examine them yourself, and give me your opinion."

The lieutenant did as directed, and, expressing his conviction of the propriety of the governor's orders, retired to put them in execution.

The stir within the castle communicated itself to the inhabitants of the little town, or rather hamlet, of Weymouth. The inhabitants thronged the shore, and alarm—not unmixed, however, with considerable curiosity, was depicted on every countenance. These symptoms of terror were, however, changed into expressions of tumultuous joy, when the squadron, entering the bay, hoisted the royal flag of England, and fired a salute of small arms, which was returned, amid the shouts of the populace, by the culverins of the castle.

By this time the squadron came to an anchor, at about a quarter of a mile from the castle, and a boat was dispatched on shore with a message to the governor. It announced to him the arrival of Queen Margaret, with her son, Prince Edward, attended by a considerable number of refugees, under the Duke of Somerset, and a body of French troops.

This heroic lady had long been detained, by contrary winds, from coming to the assistance of her husband, Henry VI.; who, having been deposed by Edward, Duke of York, was at length restored to his crown, and, by the powerful aid of the brave Earl of Warwick, was making head against his enemy.

The governor, upon the receipt of the message, went himself on board the queen's ship, and attended his illustrious visitors on shore.

It was on the morning of the 14th of April, 1471, that the young and gallant Prince Edward landed with his mother, and his betrothed bride, the Lady Anne, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, on the realm of his fathers. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, for several miles around, were assembled, and rent the air with their acclamations.

Landing from the boat which conveyed him on shore, the prince knelt on the beach, and, raising his naked sword, exclaimed, "Thus kneeling on the bosom of my parent earth, the land that gave me being, I swear I will not quit its sacred bounds till I have
redressed my father's injuries, and restored peace to unhappy England. Never, till I have hurled destruction on my country's proud oppressor, will I to this good blade give repose!"

Scarce eighteen summers had shed their down upon his lip, yet the care that had

"Fanned, not smitten,"
his fair open brow, and tempered the vivacity of his keen blue eye, gave him an appearance of being older; and as he rose from his knees, his cheeks still crimsoned with the glow of excited feeling, and, leading forward his mother and his lovely betrothed, bowed gracefully to the assembled multitudes, (whose anxiety to evince their affection and loyalty was tumultuous in the extreme,) the beauty and winning graces of this gallant and accomplished youth impressed every beholder with admiration.

Having lodged the queen and the lady Anne in the castle, the prince directed his attention to the debarkation of his little army, which, under the direction of the Duke of Somerset and the young Comte St. Julien, had remained on board, awaiting his orders.

"St Julien!" cried the prince, grasping the hand of the young French noble on his landing, "it may, ere long, be in my power to give thee a more splendid reception, but, believe me, thou canst not meet a warmer welcome than that which now I give thee to the shores of England."

"And by my sword, my dear prince!" replied the comte, "the welcome of the heart is all St. Julien seeks."

"My lord of Somerset," added Edward, as the duke landed with his officers, "ourselves and the gentlemen in our train are brother exiles— together have we shared our adversity, and I promise that each, that all, of our brave and faithful followers shall participate in every happiness that Fate may have in store for us. But come, my lords and gentlemen, let us to the castle, where the governor has provided ample cheer for weary voyagers."

As the prince ceased, he took an arm each of the duke and comte, and, followed by his principal officers, entered the castle. Such of his troops as could not be entertained in the castle were quartered upon the inhabitants of the town, whose attachment to the cause of Henry, and to the person of his son, ensured them an hospitable reception.

The castle clock had pealed the hour of ten on the evening of the queen's arrival at Weymouth, when a stranger, enveloped in a horseman's cloak, appeared on the walls, and, after a short conversation with a sentinel on guard, retired to a lonely part of the fortifications; and, seating himself on a culverin, remained a con-
siderable time apparently absorbed in contemplation of the scene which lay before him.

The waters of the bay, which reflected, in a long and radiant line, the splendour of the newly-risen moon, were scarce rippled by a breath of air. To the right extended the Portland hills, presenting, in their bold and varied outline, a fine contrast to the more uniform scenery opposite; which, bearing more perceptible marks of cultivation, was smiling in all the verdure of early spring. In front lay the harbour, which reposed, in unbroken serenity, beneath the soft moon-light, like a babe, pillowed to repose, beneath its mother’s protecting eye. The stillness of the scene was only broken at intervals by the splash of a distant oar, or the cry of the sea-gull.

"The comte is unmindful of his engagement," ejaculated the stranger, turning from the scene over which his eye had been roaming with evident pleasure; "I must retire, or you sentinel may attach to my tarrying more meaning than I could wish."

He was hastily retiring, when his steps were arrested by the object of his search, who, unseen, had approached him.

"Arnaud, I am later than my engagement," said the Comte St. Julien, taking the arm of the person he addressed. "I found it impossible," added he, "to escape earlier from the banquet. I need thy advice, Arnaud: thou knowest I have the fullest confidence in thy prudence and fidelity. Thou hast been my agent in many a piece of devilry, good Arnaud; but now I need thy exertions in an affair that may outdo all past devices of thy fertile brain."

"My poor services, comte, thou mayest, to their fullest extent, command," replied the other; adding, "my advice or imagination will, I trow, avail thee little."

"Nay, Arnaud," returned St. Julien, "thou underratest thine abilities. But hear me. I have quitted the pleasures of Paris, which, by the assistance of thy genius, have been neither few nor stinted. I have engaged in a doubtful and dangerous enterprise, ostensibly from motives of friendship for young Edward; I say ostensibly, for attachment to the prince, Arnaud, has formed no part of my inducement."

"Thou mightest have dispensed with that information, comte," replied his companion.

"As how?" inquired the other, in evident alarm; "hast thou heard aught to the contrary? Speak, Arnaud, does rumour assign to me any other motive for my exertions in the prince’s behalf?"
"Spare thy alarm, sir," returned Arnaud. "I derive my information from no other source than my own observation. But to thy story, comte: it grows late; we must soon retire."

"Briefly thus, then," said St. Julien. "I love the Lady Anne; and, Arnaud, though the prince's betrothed, she must never be his wedded wife. How to obtain her I know not, unless by desertion from Edward to his enemies; by this means shall I obtain a hold upon the gratitude of York, who will be fain to requite me by a transfer of the lovely maid, in case of her falling into his hands, a necessary consequence of victory. Tell me, Arnaud, deemest thou the design feasible, or canst thou offer objections?"

"The main design is good," replied Arnaud; "but why wait the uncertainty of a battle? Why, in our desertion of Prince Edward, carry we not off his bride elect?"

"'Tis well, Arnaud; it shall be so. I had objections to that scheme, but let them pass."

"Yet one word more, comte. How wilt thou justify to France thy desertion of a cause thou art commissioned to uphold?"

"By my faith, Arnaud, I had not thought of that! What must be done?" cried the comte, gazing intently on his companion.

There was an indefinable expression in Arnaud's features as he replied to St. Julien's anxious inquiry—"Comte, we are intriguers; we must not lay claim to any great share of principle. The Duke of York is a usurper; he has hurled from the throne the rightful monarch—him whom thou art sent to support. It will be in thy power, by a double intrigue, to gain thy own ends, and to execute the commands of thy master. We must remain in apparent co-operation with young Edward; we must even march with him to the field. Since thou dar'st not openly betray thy designs, the Duke of York can be covertly apprised of thy intentions to join him. When the armies meet, we can, under cover of a surrender, side with the Yorkists, and, by our junction, ensure them the victory. Now, comte, hear me further. When success shall thus far have attended our intrigues, the lady will, by the death of thy rival, be of necessity at thy disposal: our efforts next will be to ensure security on our return to France. Our surrender can be represented as unavoidable, and our reputation retrieved by one bold effort—the death of the usurper."

"Arnaud, thou art planning impossibilities," interrupted the comte.

"Hear me," continued the other. "Thou canst seduce the duke, into whose confidence thou wilt have insinuated thyself, to accompany us a part of the road on our return to France. The
poignards of three or four trusty fellows can repay his attention, and ensure to us the favour of our royal master, whose hatred for the house of York is ardent as his affection for the imbecile Henry, who may then ascend the throne; for it little concerns thee, I apprehend, which party prevails, if but thy own desires be gratified."

"Yet thinkest thou we can confide the daring deed to any of thy comrades?" inquired St. Julien.

"Believe me, sir," replied the other, with a demoniac smile, "I am not apt to misapply my confidence. I have myself a secret, which I conceal from even thee."

"Thou art a strange, mysterious being, Arnaud," answered the comte; "but I must leave thee—our return together to the castle might excite surprise."

As he spoke, he folded his cloak about him, and retired.

"Weak, unsuspecting fool!" ejaculated Arnaud, when the sound of his companion's footsteps had ceased, "thou art mine! this master-stroke of hatred has completed thy downfall. Thou callest me a strange mysterious being—thou wilt know me anon; and know me to thy undoing! Vengeance will soon be mine, and thou, false one, wilt feel thy wound the deeper, when thou shalt know the hand that did inflict it."

As the speaker retired from the walls, he gave utterance to his feelings in the following:

SONG.

"Go, gaze upon the storm-lit wave,
And list how wild the breakers rave—
Though blue cahns skies again appear,
The tempest's roar still haunts thine ear.

See, where the honey's sweets distil—
There's venom in't—yet take thy fill—
The sweets will soon be all forgot,
The gall thy taste forsaketh not.

The prisoned eagle may forget
The fostering hand that gave him meat;
But ah, the hand that rashly smote
The noble bird forgettesth not!

Love is like its emblem, fire,
That must, no longer fed, expire—
Revenge is like the phœnix gay,
That springs the brightlier from decay!"

The third morning after the queen's arrival beheld her on her march toward the metropolis. Her little army gradually increased, and, secure of the affections of the populace, her bosom began to feel the enlivening rays of that buoyant hope to which
it had been long a stranger. But a melancholy destiny attended that unhappy princess. Soon the fatal intelligence arrived of the defeat of her partisans, and the death of the Earl of Warwick, on the very day of her arrival in England.

That heroic general having taken post at Barnet, in the neighbourhood of London, had determined on awaiting the arrival of his enemies. At this place his power was seriously weakened by the base defalcation of his son-in-law, the Duke of Clarence, who, breaking through every tie of honour and gratitude, deserted with twelve thousand of the earl’s bravest and most disciplined adherents. Unshaken by this infidelity of his unnatural relative, (whom he had associated with himself in the regency, and invested with all the honours and patrimony of the house of York,) the earl determined on combating with the difficulties of his situation, and rejected with contempt every condition offered him by the usurper.

Early on the morning of the 14th of April, the earl drew up his forces, which, though unequal in point of numbers to those of his opponents, glowed with unequal ardour for the contest. Determined to share the fortunes of his meanest soldier, Warwick engaged on foot; and, hazarding his person in the thickest of the fight, long maintained the ascendant over superior numbers, repulsing the enemy wherever he appeared. A fatal accident accelerated his ruin. The cognizance of the Lancastrian party was a radiated star, while that of the enemy was a sun. The mistiness of the morning rendering the distinction of these ensigns difficult, produced the most destructive consequences.

The Marquis of Montague, brother to the Earl of Warwick, had engaged, as he conceived, a body of the enemy, whom he compelled to retire. The discomfited party proved to be auxiliaries, headed by the Earl of Oxford. This unhappy mistake, while it depressed the ardour of Warwick’s troops, revived the drooping spirits of the Yorkists, and decided the fate of the day.

Determined to perish, or avenge for his misconduct, Montague threw himself, almost unattended, into the midst of the enemy, and quickly found the death which his temerity had provoked. A similar fate awaited his gallant brother: rallying his dispirited troops for a final attack, Warwick charged the main body of his opponent, and fell, after performing prodigies of valour, among heaps of his faithful adherents. His death decided the contest. Orders had been issued that no quarter should be given, and in a brief space the field was covered with the slain.

Thus perished, on the day of the queen’s arrival, the generous
and heroic Earl of Warwick, leaving his royal mistress in hopeless despondency, and his child, the Lady Anne, a disconsolate orphan. On the receipt of the harrowing intelligence of the captivity of her husband, (who had fallen into Edward’s hands at the battle of Barnet,) and the ruin of her hopes, the unhappy queen felt her natural firmness unequal to the task of combating with the dangers of her situation. "Her courage," to use the words of the historian, "which had supported her under so many disastrous events, quite left her, and she immediately foresaw all the dismal consequences of this calamity."

After a short sojourn at the Abbey of Beaulieu, in which place she had taken sanctuary, the unhappy princess, again roused into exertion by the endeavours of her friends, joined the army, which, in its march through the counties of Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester, received numerous reinforcements, and acquired a strength that might enable it to offer a vigorous resistance to the pursuer, who was approaching by forced marches to accelerate an engagement.

The armies met on the banks of the Severn, near the town of Tewkesbury, and, inflamed by mutual hatred, lost no time in coming to action. The event of the disastrous day is but too well known. The Lancastrians suffered a total defeat. The brave Earl of Devonshire, and Lord Wenloe, with many other distinguished officers, and about three thousand soldiers, perished on the field.

The French troops surrendered at the close of the engagement, during which they had remained inactive, while the queen and prince with difficulty escaped from the field, and were captured shortly after.

Brought, with his mother, before the conqueror, and insulted by the inquiry how he presumed to invade England, the gallant youth indignantly replied, he came thither to claim his just inheritance, to hurl a usurper from the violated throne, to avenge his father’s wrongs, and to redress his own.

"Thou talkest it well, young lordling," said Edward, stifling his resentment; "and who is the usurper thy manly arm essayed to expel? Look on him, my lords! he seems a doughty champion for the arduous task," added he, in bitter irony.

"Thou, thou art the vile usurper!" cried the prince, "and had I but met thee on the field, methinks thou hadst found my arm, though young, not void of strength when raised against my father's foe."

"Young insolent, feel the force of mine!" cried the barbarous
Edward, as, with his gauntlet, he struck the unarmed youth on the cheek.

The blow was the signal of violence; the prince was torn from his mother's arms, and hurried, by the inhuman nobles attending on the person of Edward, into an adjoining apartment; and soon the dying groans of her beautiful and gallant boy smote on the ears of the horror-stricken queen, and told the fearful truth that the daggers of the miscreants had completed the work of destruction.

On the day after the prince's death, the Comte St. Julien solicited an interview with Edward, and claimed, as the reward of his voluntary surrender, the person of the Lady Anne, who had fallen into his hands with the queen and her son, at the close of the disastrous fight of Tewkesbury.

Edward immediately commanded the presence of the orphan. "Lady," said he, "dost thou accept the hand of this gallant French knight? he can release thee from captivity, and restore thee to honour."

"Does Warwick, in his cold and gory grave, still inspire his enemy with hatred, that thus he persecutes his orphan?" cried the Lady Anne, who seemed supported in that trying hour by more than mortal firmness. "No, tyrant, my hand, my heart, are wedded to one who never sought his aims by treachery and dishonour. The prince, the rightful heir to these realms, is my affianced husband—he is thy prisoner, confront him with yon traitorous villain, and if he stand unshrinkingly before the lightning of my Edward's eye, I am content to forget my birth—I am content to forego my engagement to the royal youth, who too rashly confided to the false friendship of that recreant."

"If, lady, thou speakest of thy contract to St. Julien's rival, I can, on that point, set thy doubts at rest."

"What meanest thou," ejaculated the lady; "has aught befallen the prince?"

"Is he not in the hands of an enemy whom thou and the world deem remorseless?" cried Edward, whose heart was not quite steeled to pity, willing to conceal the dreadful truth. "But answer me, lady," continued he, "wilt thou wed the comte, or wilt thou, as the consequence of a refusal, bury thy charms in the perpetual gloom of a nunnery?"

"Thanks, thanks to thee for that alternative!" cried the lady. "A nunnery—a dungeon—a scaffold—any, any torture, rather than wed the villain whom my heart abhors, the wretch who betrayed my Edward!"
“Counte,” said Edward, “I have fulfilled my engagement. The lady refuses thy suit—it were unkingly and unknighthly to force her inclinations.”

“Yet let the wanton know her favourite has perished!” cried St. Julien; “let her learn that though my love is unrequited, my hatred could destroy my rival!”

“Is he, is he dead?” shrieked the orphan. “Alas! I read in your relentless eyes the dreadful truth—fiends! monsters! heaven will requite you!”

“Comte,” said Edward, after the weeping maid had been removed, “somewhat still remains between us;” then commanding an officer to summon the persons who that morning had been admitted to an audience, without further notice of St. Julien, he directed his conversation to the nobles around.

In a few minutes Arnaud and several French soldiers were introduced. Each distinctly maintained the fact of his having been suborned by the comte to compass the death of Edward, previous to their departure for their native country.

“Well, St. Julien,” said Edward, after having heard the evidence, “canst thou rebut the charge?”

“I am betrayed,” replied the comte, “and know my doom. Englishman, thou canst kill, but canst not intimidate me.”

“Tis well,” replied Edward; “officers, remove the prisoner.”

“I was born free, and will die unshackled,” shouted St. Julien, as, tearing himself from the grasp of the officers, he plunged his poignard into his own bosom, and fell bleeding to the earth.

“By the mass!” cried Edward, who seemed to enjoy the scene, “the Frenchman was no dastard. Had all his countrymen been like himself, Cressy and Poictiers had not, I trow, teemed with such honour to our English heroes.”

At this moment every eye was directed to Arnaud, who threw himself upon the bleeding body of the comte, exclaiming, “Revenge has had its fill! Rouse thee, St. Julien, and see the hand that smote thee! Have the berry’s juice and manly garb so far disguised me, that thou knowest not Isabel, the wronged, deluded nun? To thee I owe the ruin of my fame—by thee seduced from innocence, I became the scoff of all my once-loved friends. Driven from the home that loathed me, disguised I have clung to thee, the author of my wrongs. Vengeance has been my theme—my reverie by day, my dream by night. Urged on by me, thou hast plunged deep, deep in crime. Now thou knowest the ready tool, the willing minister of villany—now hast thou learned the secret long denied thy ear—revenge at length is sated. St.
Julien, Isabel revives to join thee in the grave! then lip to lip,
and breast to breast, let us together seek our eternity of woe!"

As she ceased, she folded her victim in a loathed embrace. St.
Julien spoke not, but, raising his fainting form to a last effort,
plunged his poignard into her bosom. A deep and thrilling
shriek told its effect but too well; and together their guilty
spirits fled to the realms of retribution.  

Charles M.

__SERENADE__

Fled is day's refulgent beam,
Night is round me closing,
Sweetly on our mountain stream
Moonlight is reposing:
All is holy stillness,
Save where flow'rt's blossom
Lets the zephyr print a kiss
On its beauteous bosom.

Long have I been waiting here,
Lonely vigils keeping,
Whilst thou, dearest one, wert near,
Very near, but sleeping.
Wake, oh! wake, and I will try
If a form so tender,
Will unto my minstrelsy
One soft smile surrender.

Beauty wakes! her lattice now
In her light is flashing,
And with bended knee I bow,
In the strength of passion;
Lady! let it aye be mine,
Thus to bow before thee,
Thus to feel thy worth divine—
Feeling, to adore thee.  

James Knox.

__TO A SLEEPING LINNET, LATELY CAUGHT__

Sleep, pretty flutterer, sleep!
Thy song hath wearied thee,
With which thou'rt wont to cheer
Thy lone captivity.

May visions of past bliss
In slumbers visit thee,
And may'st thou, pretty bird,
In fancy's dreams be free!

Then, when thou wak'st again,
That dream shall make thee gay,
And with a livelier strain,
Thou'lt wile the hours away.  

Charles M.
THE GOOD PRIEST.

There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace — Cowper.

The Rev. Francis Truman is a pattern for all clergymen. He is the son of a worthy yeoman, who, because his boy was "cute, and mortal clever at taking his learning," was resolved "to make a parson on him;" so the old gentleman expressed himself; and Francis being an only child, no other individual was injured by the money expended on his education; which was, however, more than honest Truman could well afford. But this expense was not thrown away; the seed was sown in a kindly soil, and well did it thrive and prosper. As his father continued firm to his purpose of making him "a parson," at the proper age Frank was sent to study divinity on the classic banks of the Isis; and in that celebrated establishment distinguished himself alike for the correctness of his conduct, and the extent of his acquirements. He was the candidate for, and obtained, several prizes; in due process of time was admitted to his degrees, and early bid fair to become a successful competitor for the next vacant fellowship, when other prospects opened before him.

In the same college of which young Truman was a member, Lord Ashford, heir to one of the first titles and one of the most splendid fortunes in the kingdom, was also a student. This favourite of fortune was wild, volatile, gay, and impetuous; easily led into the commission of evil, more from want of a steadiness of principle to enable him to resist the bad advice of those infamous characters who are always ready to become panders to the vices of the great and the affluent, than prone, from any innate love of error, or wickedness of disposition. When he had committed a fault, he was always ready to own, and to apologise for it; and if he had injured any one, he was never easy till he had made redress and atonement. Frank Truman and Lord Ashford were very good friends, though the former always very freely reprobated the conduct of his titled associate, when he deemed it to be deserving of reprehension.

About two miles from Oxford, in a comfortable little farm-house, surrounded by some thirty or forty acres of land, lived an elderly gentleman of the name of Wilton. He had encountered the cares, and shared the frowns, of the world; and had retired

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to this spot to pass the remainder of his days in calm content; dividing his time between his daughter and his farm. It is the hackneyed trick of all writers to embody every female charm, and every feminine virtue, in the person of their heroines; they are usually represented as all perfection, and as beings too fair and too fine to consort with the mass of inhabitants in this wicked world. I shall not follow the example I condemn, but simply say, that Maria Wilton was a fair lass of eighteen; her beauty not of such a dazzling nature as to render her “the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;” yet she was tall and finely formed; and her sweetly-intelligent features spoke a mind of no common order. Her hair was nearly black, her eyes dark and sparkling, and such was the happy nature of her own disposition, such the fond indulgence of her father to her little whims and fancies, that their lustre was rarely dimmed, except with “the graceful tear that flows for others’ woes.” Her education had not been neglected, and she had acquired every accomplishment suited to her sphere of life. She could not handle her needle like Miss Linwood, yet her embroidery was by no means contemptible; she could not paint like a professor, yet the sitting-room was decorated with many little gems from her pencil, which bespoke genius and application; she could not sing like Catalani or Stephens, yet when she warbled “her native wood notes wild,” her enraptured father would hang over her in all the ecstasy of doting fondness. It was Maria’s good fortune, as the event proved, to attract the notice of Lord Ashford. He saw her one evening as she was assisting an old and decrepit woman to the cottage, whom some rude boys had been molesting and ill-treating; the blush of virtuous indignation mantled on her cheek, and the tear of pity glistened in her eye. His lordship gazed, and

“\nThe flame of passion through his struggling soul
Deep kindling,”

roused all those emotions which he neither attempted, nor wished to quell. He fancied that he loved; mistaking the “tumultuous battling in his veins,” caused by lawless passion’s sway, for the pure and unadulterated aspirations of that divine passion. He procured an introduction to Mr. Wilton, and took an opportunity of making proposals to his daughter, which she rejected with indignation; he then offered her his hand, on condition that their union should be kept a secret till the death of his father. This offer she also declined, resolved that the man who had once insulted her should never be her husband; and she commanded
his lordship to see her no more. His lordship, unfortunately for him, had a friend, as he called himself, to whom he communicated his offers, their rejection, and his despair. Brown laughed at him; and told him the girl had only a few womanish scruples, which time and assiduity would remove; and that, if the affair was left to him, he doubted not being able to pave the way for the accomplishment of his lordship's wishes, without his going through the degrading and vulgar form of marriage.

Furnished with a carte blanche from Lord Ashford, the villain, watching his opportunity, decoyed away the unsuspecting girl, and being totally devoid of principle himself, and laughing at all pretensions to virtue in others, nay, thinking that he was doing Miss Wilton a service, in endeavouring to render her infamous, he determined to try if he could not bring her to listen to his own suit, instead of forwarding that of the man whom he styled his friend. The indignant reproof with which she greeted his treachery, at once roused his bad passions to the height, when her screams attracted the notice of a gentleman who was passing, and who, guided by the sounds, rushed into the room. Brown was well known to the intruder, who was no other than Truman; and who, having commanded the wretch to quit his presence, himself conveyed the hapless girl to her almost heart-broken father. The scene which ensued mocked all description, and I shall not attempt to delineate it.

Like most villains, to save himself, Brown betrayed his employer; and Truman's first object was to seek his lordship, and point out to him the nature of his crime. Lord Ashford listened, was convinced, vowed to make redress, and kept his word: for the day which saw Maria Wilton become the wife of Francis Truman, saw him put in possession of the most valuable rectory in his lordship's gift; where this worthy pastor still resides, preaching and practising the duties of Christianity; beloved and respected by his parishioners, and supremely happy in his own family.

It is now about three years since Mr. Truman first became personally known to me. At that period, in travelling through Lancashire, I was overtaken by a tremendous storm, upon a common not many miles from Manchester. There was no house near to shelter me, until, after riding about half a mile, a hovel appeared in sight, towards which I eagerly made, to seek a refuge beneath its roof. When I approached, I was struck by the air of desolation that reigned around, and startled by the sounds of distress which issued from within, and were heard even above all
the howlings of the storm. The external appearance of this miserable hut was far from being prepossessing: it was low, consisting apparently of two rooms only on the ground floor, with a chamber above; the walls were sadly dilapidated, and looked black from age and accumulated dirt. The windows were shattered in many places, and bundles of rags stopped up the apertures. A piece of garden ground in front was matted and overgrown with weeds; and a pool of stagnant water, which, disturbed by the rain, sent forth a perfume not at all equalling that of Arabia, completed the wretched picture. I hesitated for some moments whether I should stop, or pass on; but the rain spoke so feelingly in favour of the former course, that I determined to see what sort of accommodation I could have.

The sounds of distress were now hushed, and I rode up and knocked at the door, which, after a little time, was opened by a man of most unpromising appearance, who asked me what I wanted, in such a tone as almost induced me to turn about, and ride forward at all hazards. A moment's reflection, however, induced me to persevere in my original intention; and I asked if he could afford shelter to me and my horse, till the storm was over. "No. You must ride on!" was the response, "we've no room here for strangers." The rain now fell with redoubled violence, and a face of a very different sort appeared at the door. It was that of a female, in which Lavater would have discovered indications of benevolence and virtue, notwithstanding the deep misery which seemed impressed upon her features. "Nay, father," said she, in a voice not unmusical, "though we are wretched, don't let us be inhuman. The gentleman may put his horse in the shed at the back of the house, and dry himself as well as he is able at our fire; he does not look as if he would insult our misery." "By my soul! no," I replied; "if you are in distress, I will at least respect, if I cannot relieve, your sufferings." I dismounted, and leading my horse in the direction to which she pointed, found a kind of shed in which a quantity of rubbish was heaped up, and into which I turned my poor beast. When I returned to the door, I found the woman only there; she beckoned me in, and pointing to the chair that stood by the hearth on which a fire was blazing, the only appearance of comfort the dismal mansion presented, said, "You can rest, and dry yourself there; refreshment we have none to offer that you can partake of; and I have only to request, that, whatever you may hear, or see, you will take no notice of it after you have again crossed this threshold." I readily promised a compliance with
her wishes, and threw myself into the chair, ruminating on my situation. She retired into the next room, from which the one I was in appeared to be separated only by a thin partition; and I heard a third voice say, "Oh, Lucy! it will soon be all over with me; I feel I cannot live much longer." A deep sob prevented me from hearing the reply; and when composure appeared to be a little restored, another voice, the impressive, affectionate tones of which I shall never forget, said, "Despair not; but turn to your Creator. Trust in him, and though thy sins have been as scarlet, they shall become white as wool." The voice which I had before heard, now exclaimed, "Pray for me! pray for me!" and I soon heard the fervent aspirations of devotion offered up in behalf of the sufferer, who appeared to be near that awful moment which the most virtuous cannot contemplate without trembling, and which to the wicked must indeed bring tremendous and appalling visitations.

After about ten minutes had elapsed, a stifled groan issued from the apartment, and soon after a shriek from the female, and an agonized exclamation of "He is dead! he is dead!" with the falling of something heavy on the floor, roused me from my seat, and I unconsciously entered the place of woe. What a sight presented itself! On the bed lay a young man, seemingly in the last pangs of death; he was convulsed with pain, and now groaned aloud in agony. On the floor lay the young woman in a fit, and the old man was bending over her, clasping his hands in listless sorrow. By the bed knelted another figure, whom I at once took to be the clergyman; and certainly never did I behold a more apt personification of the attributes of piety and religion. His countenance beamed with compassionate sorrow, and his eye was lifted up in resignation, while there was an imploring aspect in his countenance, which seemed to pray that the cup of death might yet pass from the unfortunate sufferer, if it was the will of Heaven.

So intent were the only two persons in the room, who were in possession of their faculties, upon the objects of their care, that my entrance was unperceived; and it was not till I approached the female, and had endeavoured to raise her from the ground, that the old man darted upon me a look of recognition, and exclaimed, in a harsh, discordant voice, rendered tremulous by grief, "What want ye here? are you come to betray us? or are you too a freethinker, and come to exult over the ruin your cursed principles have brought upon my family?" I immediately suspected, that in the dying man I saw at once the dupe, and the
victim, of those apostles of sedition and infidelity, who, at the period I am speaking of, were busily employed in sowing the seeds of disaffection, and spreading the flames of rebellion in the manufacturing districts; and I replied, "No, my friend, thank Heaven, I am not, nor am I come to betray you; if I can serve you, I will; but I cannot injure the unfortunate." I then requested him to assist me in conveying the young woman to a chair; and having lancets about me, opened a vein. After a short time, the blood flowed freely, and respiration returned. She recovered, however, only to witness the dissolution of her husband, for such the young man was, who, after a severe struggle, died, muttering curses on those who had seduced him from his faith in his God, and his allegiance to his king! The scene was awful, and I must draw a veil over it. I cannot, even at this distance of time, think of the horror and despair of the dying man, without shuddering at his misery, and execrating those who had been the cause of it.

The clergyman was Mr. Truman. Having ascertained that all was over, and that he could not at present be of any farther use, he proposed to me to depart, promising to send assistance to the cottage as soon as he reached his own home, which I learned was only a mile distant. "God bless you, sir," was the response of the female; the old man could only wring his hands, utterance was denied him.

The storm was now over, and

"As from the face of Heaven the shattered clouds
Tumultuous roved, th' immemorial sky
Sublimer swelled, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lightened air
A higher lustre, and a clearer calm,
Diffusive trembled; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Dressed all the fields, and Nature smiled revived."

The serenity which reigned around extended its influence to our own breasts, and we gradually fell into conversation. Mr. Truman then requested I would accompany him home; and on the way related to me the history of the family we had just left. It was short, simple, and melancholy; and I suspect the domestic annals of that period would furnish many a parallel.

Wilson, the old man whom we had just left, was once a flourishing manufacturer, and the deceased, Boardman, had married his daughter, and was admitted partner in his business. All things went on well till after the peace, when several merchants
with whom Wilson was connected, and who owed him large sums, failed, owing to their speculations in sending goods to foreign markets; his credit could not survive the shock, and he also became a bankrupt. A handsome dividend was paid to the creditors; and the firm of Wilson and Boardman might again have flourished, had he not, unfortunately, become acquainted with some of those dabblers in politics and religion, who think themselves better employed in attending to state affairs than their own. The neglect of business consequent on public-house meetings for political and religious discussions, and the demoralizing effects of an opinion that the extravagance of government was alone to blame for the failure of every private undertaking, produced the usual results. Every thing they had was made away with; their business entirely dwindled away; and they were compelled to remove to the miserable hovel where I found them. Here Boardman was visited with the illness which ended in his death. A few days before that event, they had been discovered by Truman, who had administered assistance to their bodily, and advice to their mental, ailments. Boardman and Wilson were both roused to a sense of their error; and the former died as I have related. The old man, as I subsequently learned from Truman, soon followed him, a sincere and heart-broken penitent; and his daughter was placed in a school which Mrs. Truman had founded near the rectory house, for the village children.

The history of poor Wilson was just finished, when we arrived at the rectory; I spent the evening there, and thus laid the foundation of an intimacy, which I most anxiously hope will end only with my life. W. C. S.

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YEARS OF MY YOUTH!

Years of my youth! ye are faded and fled,
Like yon bright summer-stream that's exhausted and gone.
Later days, which turmoil and distraction have bred,
As this wild winter-torrent roll foamingly on.

Years of my youth! all the pleasures so gay,
That gilded the halo of life's early morn,
Are fled, like the flow'rets of summer, away,
That late did this stream's lovely borders adorn.

Yet, years of my youth! have ye not left behind
Bright remembrances, ever that triumph o'er time?
Such the shells on this stream's pebbly margin I find,
Which the summer-flood brightened, and torrents never dim.

CHARLES M.
SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.—NO. IV.
ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

At the battle of Prague, in which Marshal Daun forced the King of Prussia to raise the siege of that place, Frederick, in retreating, had his left wing thrown into confusion, which obliged him to ride over some rough ground to give orders, when his horse stumbled, and the king fell near a wounded soldier, who cried out, “Sir, if you do not plant two or three pieces of cannon on that hill, and an ambuscade in the defile under it, your wing will be lost.” The man pointed to the ground, which the king had not at all in his contemplation: he turned his head that way, and was silent a few seconds, when he pulled his ring, of small value, off his finger, saying, “If you escape bring that ring to me yourself.” The advice was instantly taken, and the whole Prussian wing saved by it. In about a month, the soldier, whose name was Peter Schreutzer, being sufficiently recovered of his wound, followed the king, and made himself known. His majesty presented him with a captain’s commission, in which rank he behaved so well at Rosbach, that he became successively major and lieutenant-colonel. In the affair of Dresden the king was hesitating; and said to one of his aides-de-camp, send for Schreutzer. The king asked his advice, which was followed, and was successful. Soon after this he had a regiment given him, and was made a major-general. He had the most remarkable coolness in danger of any man that ever lived; his animal spirits were so great that the king took much pleasure in his company, and rallied him many times for his great stomach and spirits, saying, that he volatilized all his food as soon as he eat it; and once made him drink nothing but water, while all the rest of the company had champagne.

BAGPIPES.

Beyond all memory or tradition, the favourite instrument of the Scotch musicians has been the bagpipe, introduced into Scotland at a very early period by the Norwegians. The large bagpipe is the instrument of the highlanders for war, for marriage, for funeral processions, and other great occasions. They have also a smaller kind, on which dancing tunes are played. A certain species of this wind music, called pibrochs, rouses the native highlanders in the same way that the sound of the trumpet does the war-horse; and even produces effects little less marvellous than those recorded of the ancient music.—At the battle of Quebec, in April 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the general complained to a field-officer of Fraser's
regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps. "Sir," answered he, 
with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes 
to play this morning; nothing encourages highlanders so much 
in a day of action: nay, even now they would be of use."—"Let 
them blow then, like the devil," replied the general, "if it will 
bring back the men." The pipes were ordered to play a favourite 
martial air, and the highlanders, the moment they heard the music, 
returned and formed with alacrity in the rear.

HELEN.

Every one speaks of the beautiful Helen, but few are aware 
that she had five husbands, Theseus, Menelaus, Paris, Deiphobus, 
and Achilles; that she was hanged in the Isle of Rhodes by the 
servants of Polixen; and that, in the war of which she was the 
cause, eight hundred and eighty-six thousand Greeks, and six 
hundred and seventy thousand Trojans, lost their lives.

THE DIAMOND RING.

"Nay, Alice, nay, the night wind blows, 
Honour shrieks the raven in my ear, 
I think I dare not urge the deed — 
My bosom thrills with boding fear."

"Nay, hush thy plaints, my lady fair— 
A Douglas thou, and fear a spell! 
Urge but thy courage one short hour; 
Be valiant, Lady Isabel."

"Alice, I dare not go alone, 
Think of the awful hour of night— 
And then to meet the goblin king. 
It sears my brain with wild affright.

"It must not be, we must not search 
For what Heaven's wisdom has concealed; 
Enough for man to know what is, 
Nor dare to seek what's unrevealed"

"Well, please thyself," the hag replied, 
"The fated hour is waning fast, 
And thou may'st vainly rue thy fear 
When but another hour has passed.

"Think of the gallant Gordon, think 
On Armande's all-conquering knight— 
To know he loves is surely worth 
A little fear—a walk at night.

"Go, wash thy kerchief, gentle maid, 
In blest St. Margaret's hallowed well; 
And thou shalt see thy true love there, 
And know thy fate, fair Isabel." 
The plaid concealed her fairy form; 
The maiden snood her tresses bound, 
As, with a desperate fear, she bent 
Her footsteps to the haunted ground.
The queen of night rode high in heaven,
Amongst her satellites so fair;
And 'twas the distant ocean's roar
That broke the stillness of the air.

Oh! many a tale was told of deeds,
Which happened at St. Margaret's well;
And on All Halloween 'twas said,
Full many a maid would try the spell.

For there 'twas said, the faithful swain
Would meet, or leave some pledge of love;
And thus Earl Douglas's fair child,
The fatal truth resolved to prove.

Twice in the stream her 'kerchief dipped—
No sound was heard—no form appeared—
When sudden from the darkened sky
The struggling moonbeam disappeared.

Again the lamp of heaven shone bright,
When lo! a shallop came in view;
But who that vessel steered, or who
Were on the deck she never knew.

She shrunk behind the sheltering rock,
When lo! two strangers stepped ashore;
One was a highlander; and one
The belt and spurs of knighthood wore.

Again the lamp of heaven was dimmed,
But still the maid remained concealed,
When plainly to her wondering eyes
A sight of horror was revealed.

She saw them wind behind the rocks,
Then heard a scream of agony;
And when again they came in sight,
She stood without the power to fly.

A female form they bore along,
Whose tresses, waving bright and fair,
Were stained with gore—she saw and knew
The colour of her own fair hair.

Terror, dismay, prophetic fear,
Conspired her gentle heart to swell,
When lo! she thought she heard the name
Pronounced of Lady Isabel.

"No more," a deep-toned voice exclaimed,
"Shall love and pride hold such a strife;
And this night's deed shall cancel soon
The follies of an early life."

Cold as that murdered lady's cheek,
She stood in terror and dismay;
When having borne the corse on deck
The vessel scudded fast away.

Scarce had it passed the headland point,
Which joined St. Margaret's haunted flood,
With trembling step she stole away,
And by the place of murder stood.
THE DIAMOND RING.

When something brilliant met her view—
She stooped—it was a diamond ring;
So j n t r o u s was the gem 't could ne'er
Disgrace the finger of a king.

* * *

Pale as the sheeted spectre's child,
Old Alice met fair Isabel;
But not to mortal ear would she
The terrors of that evening tell.

But from that fatal hour her cheek
Losts its once bright-enchanting bloom.
And all who saw Earl Douglas' child,
Said she was hastening to the tomb.

* * *

Six moons had waned since she her fate
Had tried at blest St. Margaret's well,
When brave Sir Angus Armandave
Came suitor to fair Isabel.

Long had she loved the noble youth,
And long a secret passion nursed,
For young Sir Angus was a knight
Of Scotland's heroes best and first.

* * *

The marriage feast was proudly decked,
And all around was light and glee;
The altar streamed with thousand lamps,
And harp and lute went merrily.

With cheek as pale as mountain snow
Stood she, the young and lovely bride;
Her blue eye glanced the chapel o'er,
And as she looked around she sighed.

"Last night," in trembling tones, she said,
"To me an awful vision came—
It long has pained my midnight hours
In characters of living flame."

"A vision, lady!" spoke the knight;
"Care shall not, love, approach my bride,
And blest Sir Angus gains a prize
All Scotland cannot match beside.

"What was this direful vision, say,
Which seems to pale thy glowing cheek?
What can have pained thy gentle breast,
My bride, my Isabel, then speak?"

Then to Sir Angus thus she said,
"This dowry to my spouse I bring."
He turned, and scarce suppressed a groan—
He knew too well "the diamond ring."

"Traitor!" he cried, "be this thy fate,
For thou 'gainst me hast leagued with hell!"
And with his dirk he pierced the heart,
The virtuous heart of Isabel.

"Oh! bear me to my mother's grave,
There let me sleep," the fair one cried.
"Oh! had I bowed to Heaven's decrees,
I should not such a death have died.
"But I, presumptuous, sought to scan
What Heaven had wisely hid from me;
Enough for man to know what is,
Nor seek into futurity.
"My father! dearest, best of friends,
Embrace thy daughter: now farewell!!"
Her soft eye closed, and, with a sigh,
Expired the Lady Isabel.
Her clansmen's swords avenge her death
Upon the false—the recreant knight;
And, it was said, a tale of blood
This horrid deed had brought to light.
He long had loved fair Isabel—
But lo! his hand, his faith, his name,
Were given to one who had no wealth,
The lovely, humble, Margaret Greame.
And then to rid him of those bonds,
Which mortal tongue can ne'er untie,
With felon sword he cut the knot
Which held—and cut it finally.
The ring, which, struggling, from his hand
Amongst his victim's garments fell,
Spoke with a trumpet tongue, and told
A tale to Lady Isabel.
Alas! too well she knew that gem—
Knew, too, the hand it once had graced,
And was she then condemn'd to find
Her heart's first idol thus debased.
And every night, fair Margaret's ghost,
Seem'd hovering round her lover's bed,
And still repeated this command,
"Revenge the blood which has been shed.
"Tho' private was the direful deed,
Public his punishment must be,
And let his proudest moment change
To heart-consuming agony.
"And on the bridal morning give,
This diamond pledge to Armandave;
So shall my murdered form repose,
Tranquil in my unhallow'd grave."
He knew the ring, and as his life
In lingering tortures passed away—
He made confession of his guilt,
And died before the close of day.
But never since dared maiden's form
Go near St. Margaret's haunted well;
For there, 'tis said, at midnight walks
The ghost of Lady Isabel.
And there, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A shallop rises o'er the wave;
And with her tresses stain'd with gore
Appears the wife of Armandave.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The preceding month has been a busy one with legislators and publishers. There has been an abundance of new laws and new books, and we are half inclined to agree with the radicals in pronouncing the latter the more profitable.

Among the novelties of the month are "Travels in the Morea," by Colonel Leake, and "Travels in Peru," by Mr. Temple. The first is very learned and very dull, and the second is very lively and very amusing. Colonel Leake saw every thing with reference to the past: his antiquarian spirit looked amidst the ruins of Greece for illustrations of classical authors; and, though an ardent Hellenist, he evidently prefers the former to the present inhabitants of the Morea. Mr. Temple, on the contrary, presents us with very lively descriptions of a new world, where antiquity has never been, and where architecture is confined to the supposed rude temples of the unfortunate Incas. Mr. Temple, like other travellers, saw strange sights, and he excels in telling an odd story with a most becoming gravity. Among other strange things he saw a monstrous condor—indeed he shot the bird himself; and when extended on the ground it covered an area of forty feet. Mr. Southey believes in the existence of such birds; and a veracious bishop of Norway, in the twelfth century, relates an anecdote of one which stooped in its aerial flight upon a floating whale, and bore the monster of the deep into an element where he was decidedly out of water. Mr. Temple's stories, however, are not always so incredible. Of the shark he relates a variety of anecdotes not less extraordinary than those we have narrated in our first article.

Our author mixed much with society in Peru, and the results of his observations are very pleasingly told. The little distinction which exists between the upper and lower classes in domestic comforts must astonish any European. Their best houses are little better than our barns in construction, and scarcely better furnished, except that their few utensils are generally of silver. The following extract will give some idea of the style of a man of rank:

"The Marquis of Otavi showed me to a very decent out-house bed-chamber. 'Here,' said he, 'you may order your muchaco to spread your bed, whilst we go to supper, which is now ready.' We then returned to the saloon, where a ragged peone spread a dirty towel on the table, and was directed to 'put the chair for the cavalleria.' Another peone arrived with an armful of dingy silver plates, which he scattered and clattered on the table with several
forks and a knife. Five of us now managed to place ourselves at
the table, and immediately a deep silver dish was laid before us
with chupe, i.e. bits of mutton, potatoes, onions, and aji, boiled
together, composing a very good family dish. Some broiled
ribs of mutton followed as the second course; a silver goblet
with water stood in the middle of the table for the use of the
guests, and here ended the marquis's entertainment, with which
all must have been very fairly satisfied, if the meal was relished
with an appetite such as I gave unequivocal proofs of having
brought with me. I was, indeed, a little disappointed in seeing
water only for the beverage, rich and wholesome as it was re-
peatedly pronounced to be; because, at Cinti, a few leagues dis-
tant, excellent wine is made, and might be had cheap. Besides,
the estate of the marquis furnishes grapes in abundance, together
with every other production of Nature; a circumstance, which,
on reflection, also induced me to think that mine host's table
might have been a little more plenteously served. The noble
owner of an estate, extending in one direction upwards of thirty
leagues, and so near to such a market as that of Potosi, where
every article of necessity or luxury at one time met with a ready
sale, and where there is still a very fair consumption, might be
expected to have acquired a taste for more convenience and better
cheer than was here to be met with. It is true that, in the revo-
lution, the marquis suffered very heavy losses, from being plun-
dered at different times, by different parties, of horned cattle,
horses, mules, and sheep, to no less an amount than thirty
thousand head, exclusive of contributions, which he said he
cheerfully and voluntarily paid in support of the cause of inde-
pendence. Still, the estate and a very numerous tenantry re-
main, which induces the mere superficial observer of things to
suppose, that no plausible excuse can exist for so much wretched-
ness and misery as were apparent in the whole establishment.
The marquis, too, is himself a European, having been born in
the fine province of Malaga, in Spain; where also, it is no more
than reasonable to suppose, he might have acquired habits of
domestic decency and comfort suitable to respectable life.

"I have said that I received a hearty welcome; nothing could be
more cordial, but I am not on that account to suppress the truth
in describing the manners and customs of a people of whom it is
my wish to give a faithful representation; and this sketch may
be considered a tolerably accurate outline of the general mode of
living here among that class of people, which in England we
denominate the first."
Mr. Temple's condor reminds us of a very amusing volume just published, entitled, "Field Sports of the North of Europe," by Mr. Lloyd. Our fair readers cannot be supposed to know much about such sylvan amusements, but it was not so with their ancestors. "Ladies of high degree" were once wont to cherish the voracious hawk, and follow the sleek hound. They are represented on curvetting palfreys, with the bird of prey perched on their gentle hand; and, to tell the truth, there is nothing unbecoming in the exhibition. To our mind it had a very pleasing look of grace and gladness. Mr. Lloyd, however, does not concern himself with such trivial pastimes; he pursues more formidable game, and relates some perilous adventures by "flood and field," in chasing bears, boars, and wolves. Now and then he relaxes from his high employ, and favours us with anecdotes illustrative of rustic life in the north. On the whole he seems to think well of the peasantry, but he cannot conceal that they are ignorant and superstitious.

Of works on foreign manners we have also "Notices of Brazil," by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, and "Letters from Nova Scotia," by Captain Moorsom, in both of which much new and interesting matter will be found.

The war in the peninsula has not been as yet exhausted, and well it were not until the world had leisure to read "Adventures in the Rifé Brigade," by Captain Kincaid. This is decidedly the most amusing of all the military narratives which have appeared since the battle of Waterloo—prolific in blood and memoirs. The captain, of course, played his part to admiration, fought his way through every obstacle, beat the French, and did a still better thing—wrote the volume before us.

The venerable, but eccentric, author of "Caleb Williams," having completed the history of England during the commonwealth, ventures once more before the public in his original and most becoming character of a novelist. "Cloudesley," like his "St. Leon," is the history of a human mind, seared and distracted by events over which he could exercise little or no control; and sinking at length into apathy and discontent under the force of adverse circumstances. The plot is therefore simple, but it admits a variety of incidents, all of which are introduced in the author's peculiar style. Though inferior, as a literary production, to "Caleb Williams," it could have been written only by the author of "Political Justice."

"The Life of a Lawyer" is partly fictitious and partly real. A great part of the work is filled with discussions on law reforms,
but the following anecdote is so well told, and so true to nature, that we cannot resist the temptation of transferring it to our pages:

MY FIRST-BORN.

"It was very soon after I had been appointed lord chancellor, that I had to undergo great anxiety of a different nature from all legal or political matters, and from a novel source to me.

"Oh! how often have I longed to be a father. Unconnected as I was with every one, I often felt as if I could have resigned all my fame, honours, and fortune, with cheerfulness, if I could but have enjoyed that one blessing. It appeared to me that I had hitherto proceeded in the world a solitary and isolated adventurer, and thus also I was to depart from it, and leave no trace behind me. My name was to be elevated to the most extensive renown—was to be in the mouth of every one—and was then to fall suddenly and die away for ever.

"How bitterly I often felt this I cannot express. Neither can I think of it without calling to mind the firmness, the soothing resignation, the true and unchangeable affection, with which this deprivation was borne by her who must have often felt it even more deeply than I. To me a thousand employments and lofty projects were ever present to engage my thoughts from all that was not immediately present, yet to me it was a bitter grief; but to her the want of children must have been a source of continual and recurring sorrow.

"Years had now, however, passed over, and our feelings were much tranquillized, yet not deadened, on the subject; although, indeed, there was, on my elevation to the peerage, a fresh reason for wishing for an heir. I cannot say how it would have been, but perhaps, in the autumn of my life, it was more joyful intelligence than it would ever have been, when it was communicated to me that Lady Malvern would soon become a mother. I received it with exultation, and the greater because such an event was utterly unexpected, as she was fast approaching that time of life when all hopes of this nature end. * * * It was expected that all doubts would be over by the month of May; and on the 15th of that month Lady Malvern was accordingly taken ill, late in the evening.

"I passed the whole of that night sleepless and agitated, but the morning brought no relief; and my public duties called me at ten o'clock to the Court of Chancery, as it was then Easter Term. I knew that now I should have to fix my attention on abstract and technical matters, when my thoughts were engrossed
by one great and overwhelming subject. I knew, however, that I could be of no service at home, and that my presence in the house was an additional anxiety to Lady Malvern. I therefore determined to set off for Westminster Hall.

"I directed that the event, or any alteration in the state of Lady Malvern, should be immediately communicated to me, wherever I should be.

"I arrived in court, and it was indeed a distressing day. I had to sit in a public court, crowded by the counsel and the public, all gazing at me and watching my slightest movement. I had to appear to give my mind exclusively to the business to be gone through. I had to endure all the wranglings and squabbles of the day, and seem to be concerned with nothing but them. I tried in vain to fix my attention to what was going on; but the words which were uttered seemed perfectly unintelligible to me. The court, at times, passed from my view, and my whole thoughts rushed back to my own house, and the scene that was there transacting."

He then proceeds to the House of Lords:

"The house met; I took my seat on the woolsack, and the ordinary business was transacted, but it could not fix my attention. I had, indeed, nothing to do; but what was said by other lords was almost unheard. The whole scene appeared to me as a dream. A confused noise sounded in my ears, but I could attach no distinct idea to the place I was in, or the persons I was apparently listening to. I looked round anxiously every moment for some message or letter to me, but I could think of nothing else.

"At last, I observed a note in the hands of one of the clerks of the house. He looked towards me, and seemed in some doubt whether he should give it to me. I soon understood that this letter was intended for me, and stretched out my hand for it, and tore it open. I read as follows:—

"'Berkeley Square.
"'8 o'clock, (evening.)
"'I have to inform your lordship that Lady Malvern has just given birth to a son. I am sorry to say she is at present lifeless, [1] but I have, nevertheless, great hopes that her ladyship will recover.

"'I am, my lord,
"'Your lordship's most obliged servant,
"'THOMAS BEYNON, M.D.'"

"This letter, joined to my previous excitement, was more than
I could bear. I remained for some moments perfectly stupefied, and only recollect hearing some expressions of alarm as to myself, from the peers sitting near me. I then fell forward quite insensible.

"The house was, of course, in immediate commotion. All business was suspended, and I was removed to the open air, when I soon recovered. I did not at first come to a correct knowledge of all that had passed. I had a vague notion that a child had been born to me, and that my wife was no more. I soon saw that the best place for me was my own house. I got into my carriage, therefore, and was quickly at my door, and had in the meantime fully recollected the alarming intelligence conveyed in the letter of the doctor.

"I jumped out of the carriage and ran hastily into the house. I was met in the hall by Dr. Beynon. I was unable to speak, but his look restored me.

"'All is well, my dear lord,' he said; 'I hope I have not alarmed you.'

"'My wife?' I gasped out; 'but my wife?'

"'Lady Malvern has now recovered,' said Dr. Beynon. 'She was at first dreadfully overcome. She is now quite safe—quite safe, I assure you, my lord.'

"His calmness did assure me. This was happiness enough for some little time. Another thought soon, however, revived.

"'Ah! Dr. Beynon,' I cried, 'my child—have I a child?'

"'You have, indeed, my lord,' he replied earnestly; 'in perfect health—a son!'

"This seemed too much to realize at once; but the doctor well knew the feelings of my mind, and merely pointed me up stairs. I immediately felt his meaning. I rushed up, and my child was soon indeed brought to me, and in my arms. I could only welcome him by a flood of tears.

"Let me not attempt to describe my feelings on that occasion. He can alone know them who holds in his arms his first-born. They are too fine and pure to bear a detail.

"I felt, indeed, my life renewed at this moment. I felt I had not lived in vain. I now enjoyed the full privileges of a man, and could look with tranquillity and comfort to my future life and dying moments.

"My next thought was of Lady Malvern. I deposited my little infant, as yet almost unconscious of existence, in his nurse's arms, and stole softly to her room.

"She was now in a sweet and placid sleep, and all danger had
passed over her. I would not awake her. It was here that I could collect and tranquillize my own perturbed feelings. I then wanted no better companion than her sleeping form, that I might reflect upon and reconcile myself to all my new-born happiness.”

“The Memoirs of the Life and Public Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles” is a very dull book, but still possessing a considerable portion of value. Sir Thomas resided much in the east, but as he was a very credulous man, his letters given in the work are full of the most absurd and monstrous stories of men-eaters, and abominable practices of savage life.

A romance, under the title of “The Adventures of Hatim Tai,” has been published by the Oriental Translation Fund, a society established for translating into English works hitherto accessible only to the few who are learned in eastern lore. The hero was an Arab chief who lived in the sixth century, and whose name is proverbial for bravery and generosity. “Hatim,” says an Arabian author of the twelfth century, “was liberal, brave, wise, and victorious; when he fought, he conquered; when he plundered, he carried off; when he was asked, he gave; when he shot the arrow, he hit the mark; and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated.” The incidents are varied, and the style is extremely simple.

Among other useful books published during the month is “The Treasury of Knowledge.” The name is pretty and comprehensive, and the contents answer to the announcement in the title-page. The work is, of course, addressed to the rising generation, and is well adapted to the capacity of the young.

The different literary speculations, peculiar to this age, continue to flourish. Mr. Murray’s “Family Library,” and Dr. Lardner’s “Cabinet Cyclopædia,” keep pace with the Waverley Novels, and the “Library of Entertaining Knowledge.” Sir Walter Scott has furnished for the one his “History of Scotland,” and Mr. Washington Irving has abridged for the other his “Life of Columbus.”

Mr. Moore’s new work has produced from Lady Byron a series of remarks, in exculpation of her mother from the charge of improper interference. That the charge is negatived is certain, but that Lord Byron did not labour under that impression is by no means established. This, however, is now of little importance. Had his lordship been even a reformed rake there might have been some hope of domestic happiness, rarely as it is found under such circumstances; but if any doubt previously existed as to Lord Byron’s moral character, the disclosures Mr. Moore has made place the matter at rest.
THE MIRROR OF FASHION.
PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A high dress composed of French-grey gros des Indes; corsage en chemisette. Long, full sleeves, the fulness confined towards the lower part of the arm by a deep cuff, the upper part of which is cut in sharp points; they are corded with satin. Large round pelerine, the border of which is scalloped. The trimming of the skirt consists of a single flounce, scalloped round the edge to correspond with the pelerine, and also corded with satin; the flounce is laid on the upper edge of the hem, which reaches nearly to the knee. The collarette is composed of a double fall of English lace. Bonnet of rose-coloured gros de Naples; it is of a large size, and very much trimmed; the inside of the brim is decorated with knots of gauze riband to correspond in colour, and the crown is trimmed with a mixture of pates, of the material of the bonnet, edged with blond lace, and full bows of riband; the strings tie on the right side with very long ends. Drah-coloured half boots, tipped at the toe with black. Pale yellow gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

A crêpe dress; the colour is that shade of rose called maiden's blush; it is worn over a slip to correspond. The corsage, made to set close to the shape, and rather higher than we have lately seen them, is tastefully trimmed round the bust with a band of satin, laid on en rouleau, and disposed in points. Béret sleeve, extremely short, but of moderate width. The trimming of the skirt consists of a row of satin points, which are corded with the same material; they fall over the upper edge of the hem. The hair is arranged in light loose curls on the temples, and disposed in very full bows on the crown of the head. A profusion of white ostrich feathers, inserted among the bows, and falling over them, forms a coiffure at once graceful and original. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls. Boa tippet of swansdown.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Our fair fashionables cannot now, as heretofore, be accused of sacrificing health and comfort to the desire of displaying their charms; so far from that being the case at present, we see that, notwithstanding the near approach of spring, the warm garb of winter still keeps its station: the only difference in promenade costume is, that the muff is occasionally discarded, and that cloth mantles are superseded by silk ones, quite as warm, but rather less heavy.

We have noticed within the last few days, in carriage dress,
PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS. EVENING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR APRIL 1830

Published by James Roberts & Co., London.
some very elegant hats and bonnets, (the latter of the capote shape,) in white satin. One of the latter had a remarkably low crown, which was partially covered with a satin drapery, edged with blond lace; the brim is quite as wide as they have recently been worn, but not so deep; three white ostrich feathers, tipped with pink, are placed on one side of the crown. One end of the drapery of which we have just spoken, is so arranged as to form a rosette at the base of the feathers; a single feather, to correspond, is placed across the brim on the inside; the strings are of pink and white figured gauze riband.

The capotes are smaller and rather closer than any we have yet seen. Some are trimmed with an intermixture of azure-blue and white figured gauze riband, and white satin. Two separate pieces of satin are arranged in the fan style, one at each side of the crown: a large nœud of riband is placed at the base of each of these ornaments, and another just between them, at the top of the crown. A curtain veil of blond lace finishes the edge of the brim.

We have already seen some morning dresses made of chintz; they are of bright full colours. One that struck us as being particularly elegant and appropriate for the breakfast-table, had the corsage made nearly to the throat, and to fasten behind; it is finished round the top with two rows of deep-pointed trimming, which falls over in the pelerine style. The corsage is made en chemisette; that is to say, with a slight degree of fulness. The sleeve is very full to the elbow, from thence to the wrist it is tight; the cuff is pointed, and comes nearly half way to the elbow. The trimming of the skirt consists of a double row of points, nearly a quarter of a yard in depth, and set on just above the knee.

Watered gros de Naples, and striped satins, are the materials most in favour in dinner and evening dress. In the former the corsage is cut low, but the sleeves are frequently worn long. A good many have the bosom trimmed with a full ruche of blond net; sometimes the net is cut in points, which are overcast with coloured silk; other dresses have a single fall of blond lace, which stands up round the bosom, and is generally very narrow. Many dresses have a double bias fold round the bosom, which is so arranged on the shoulder as to form an epaulette. This fashion is very advantageous to the shape; it gives width to the chest, and an appearance of en bon point where the figure is too thin.

Light materials are, as usual, most in request for the ball-room. Crape, tulle, and Circassian gauze are all in favour. Ball dresses continue to be made as described last month, but the trimmings
vary. Some dresses are finished round the border with a single large rouleau of satin, from which depends, at regular distances, ornaments of notched riband, something in the shape of the tail of a bird-of-paradise. Others are trimmed with bouillonné, the bouillons formed by gold or silver lozenges, from which tassels hang pendant.

Head-dresses of hair are still more general than last month; but the hair is less profusely ornamented. Some youthful belles adorn it with flowers only; others with brilliant combs; but the mixture of two or three sorts of ornament is not so general.

Jewish and Indian turbans are a good deal in favour. We have noticed also a new head-dress of the turban description; it has a low, oval crown, composed of rouleaux of silver gauze, which form a kind of trellis-work; the front is arranged in full folds of silver gauze and white satin, intermingled; a full plume of long, white, curled ostrich feathers is placed very far back on the left side, and droops over to the right.

The colours in favour remain the same as last month, with the addition of maiden’s blush.

Bodès de Paris.

BALL DRESS.

A dress of gaze d’Ispahan; the colour is a bright lavender bloom, over a satin slip of the same shade. Corsage à la Caroline, cut very low round the bust and shoulders; the sleeve is of the double béret form, ornamented on the shoulders with knots of riband to correspond. The skirt is trimmed with rouleaux placed en biais, and each finished at the upper part by a knot of riband. Coiffure à la Caroline; the hair is much parted on the forehead, dressed very full on the temples, and disposed behind in platted bands, which are formed into bows on the crown of the head; a knot of riband is intermingled with the bows; a double band of twisted riband descends from the knot to the left ear, where it terminates in a smaller knot. Gold necklace and ear-rings. Carved cedar fan. White satin slippers, en sandales. White kid gloves.

DINNER DRESS.

A lemon-coloured satin gown—corsage uni, finished round the bust en pelerine, with a very broad feather fringe of the same colour. The sleeve, excessively full to the elbow, and from thence tight to the wrist, is ornamented with knots of riband down the front of the arm. The skirt is finished round the border with feather fringe, set on just below the knee. Ceinture of broad gauze riband, terminated with fringe. Fichu of gaze
BALL DRESS

DINNER DRESS

FRENCH COSTUME 10th APRIL 1830

Published by James Parker, London
de Paris, trimmed round the throat with a double quilling of blond net, and fastened in front by a gold and ruby brooch. The head-dress is a héret of gros d’orient, richly ornamented with gold fringe, and surmounted by the plumage of a bird-of-paradise.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN MARCH, 1830.

Mantles begin to be laid aside. Many ladies appear in the promenades in high dresses, with very large velvet pelerines, made with long ends: these pelerines are trimmed with a border of ermine, or sable, and the trimming of the dress generally corresponds.

Shawls of French cashmere have lately come much into favour, both for the promenades and the morning exhibitions. There is great variety in the borders of these shawls; some are en rosaces, others have small Turkish borders, so well imitated that they cannot be distinguished from the original, and a good many offer an equally correct imitation of the products of the Chinese loom.

Satin and gros des Indes are the materials most in favour for bonnets, though velvet ones are still partially worn. Those for the promenade, though large, are rather of a close shape; they are very much trimmed with knots of rich riband, and pates of the material of the bonnet. Feathers are rarely seen on promenade bonnets; but if they are used they are tufts of cocks’ feathers, or short plumes of marabouts.

Carriage hats have rather increased in size, and are very much trimmed. Some are ornamented with three large knots of rich riband, placed in a bias direction; one at the top of the crown, another half-way to the brim, and a third quite at the bottom of the crown; this last is terminated by feather fringe, the ends of which hang over the brim. Others have seven or eight plumes of marabouts, each a little shorter than the other, placed in front of the crown, in such a manner that the feathers all droop to the left side. Many are ornamented with ostrich feathers, so placed as to form a V, and others have the plumes arranged in front to fall back over the crown.

All carriage hats are more or less ornamented under the brim; some have a feather which passes from the crown under one side of the brim; others have a broad blond lace, which passes across one side of the brim, and is festooned on the other by a nœud of riband; and some have a twisted riband, terminated at each end, next to the edge of the brim, by a knot of the same material.

Striped and figured poplin is much in favour in half dress. Some of these gowns are made in the pelisse style, but without
lappels; they have a plain tight corsage, and a pelerine à quatre points. The sleeve is of the Amadis form; they have no trimming round the skirt, but the hem is usually a full quarter of a yard in depth. The dress is closed in front by straps, which are fastened by gold buckles, richly wrought, or else by satin rosettes, the ends of which are finished by feather fringe.

Velvet is no longer seen in full dress; but black satin still keeps its ground. A lady of very high rank lately appeared at a brilliant reunion in a black satin gown, the border of which was superbly embroidered in gold palms. The corsage of the dress was crossed, before and behind, in the form of an X; it was finished with a light embroidery in gold; a similar embroidery ornamented the band of the short béret sleeve.

White and coloured satin, gros d’orient, and other rich silks, are also in favour. The bosom is very much exposed. Many dresses, instead of being made quite square in the corsage, are sloped a little down in front; when this is the ease, a chemisette front of blond lace, or satin, is usually worn underneath. Long sleeves are either of the Amadis or the Donna Maria form, and the short ones, adopted by the most elegant women, are either of the Marino Faliero shape, or else of the double béret form.

Balls were never more numerous or more brilliant than this season; there seems to be a kind of mania among the Parisians for excelling each other in the splendour and frequency of these entertainments. Nevertheless, there is no fixed style of ball-dress; for a lady who appeared a night or two ago in all the blaze of eastern magnificence, will not hesitate to present herself the next evening, in the most brilliant circle, in a crepe or gauze gown, without any other ornament than a wreath of flowers, or a few satin rouleaus disposed round the border.

Pearl trimmings, and those of beads in imitation of pearls, have recently come very much into favour for ball-dress; this kind of trimming sometimes forms the heading to chenille or feather fringe. It is also worn in wreaths of foliage or of flowers. Head-dresses of hair are now mostly confined to the ball-room; they are ornamented in the style we described last month. Turbans, bérets, and dress caps are all in favour for full-dress parties; the two first offer nothing remarkable. The caps are composed of an intermixture of satin and blond lace, sometimes of velvet and blond lace; the border is arranged en béret, and the crown is covered with blond lace draperies, and profusely ornamented with flowers.

Fashionable colours are lavender-bloom, lemon-colour, poncæau, blue, and rose-colour.
THE

LADIES' MUSEUM.

MAY, 1830.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON.

This most interesting biography of our greatest naval hero has just been republished in the "Family Library," of which it forms the twelfth volume. Mr. Murray has acted wisely in giving to the public, for five shillings, a history which, for faithfulness and simplicity, force and vividness, is not excelled by any similar composition in the English language. The brilliant achievements it records, which follow each other with indescribable rapidity, are narrated in a style so devoid of either mawkish sentimentality or meretricious ornament, that every action speaks for itself, explicitly, chastely, and perspicuously. Such a work, itself little more than an epitome, it is difficult to epitomise, and we must therefore content ourselves with stating a few of the leading incidents in our hero's "eventful history."

Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th September, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, of which place his father was rector; and at the age of twelve entered on board the Raisonnable, of 64 guns, under his maternal uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling. This vessel was lying in the Medway, and his reception on board her was far from encouraging. "He was put," says Mr. Southey, "into the Chatham stage, and on its arrival was set down with the rest of the passengers, and left to find his way on board as he could. After wandering about in the cold, without being able to reach the ship, an officer observed the forlorn appearance of the boy, questioned him; and, happening to be acquainted with his uncle, took him home, and gave him some refreshment. When he got on board, Captain Suckling was not in the ship, nor had any person been apprized of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day, without being noticed by any one; and it was not till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, 'took compassion on him.' The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil,—when the living branch is cut from the parent tree,—is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart: but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of May, 1830.
being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to these feelings, the sea-boy has to endure physical hardships, and the privation of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service."

In 1773 he was admitted as cockswain, under Captain Lutwidge, on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, where he displayed his native fearlessness in attacking a huge bear. He next went to the East Indies in the Seaborse, of 20 guns, where the effects of the climate reduced him to a skeleton, and he was obliged to return. During his absence, Captain Suckling had been made Comptroller of the Navy, and by his interest he was appointed acting lieutenant in the Worcester, 64, then going with convoy to Gibraltar. Soon after his return, on the 8th of April, 1777, he passed his examination for a lieutenancy. Captain Suckling sat at the head of the board; and, when the examination had ended, in a manner highly honourable to Nelson, rose from his seat, and introduced him to the examining captains as his nephew. They expressed their wonder that he had not informed them of this relationship before; he replied, that he did not wish the younger to be favoured; he knew his nephew would pass a good examination, and he had not been deceived. The next day Nelson received his commission as second lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, Captain William Locker, then fitting out for Jamaica.

Lieutenant Cuthbert Collingwood had long been in habits of great friendship with Nelson, and Sir Peter Parker, under whom they now were, being the friend of both, whenever Nelson got a step in rank, Collingwood succeeded him. In 1779 he was appointed post captain, and in 1780 stormed the castle of San Juan, on the Mosquito shore, from which service he returned in such a deplorable state of health as to be obliged to come home. Whilst still suffering from the fatal effect of a West Indian climate, he was sent to the North Seas, and kept there the whole winter, as if, he said, to try his constitution. He was next ordered to Quebec, where, his surgeon told him, he would certainly be laid up by the climate, and urged him to represent it to the Admiralty; he, however, sailed in the Albemarle for Canada, and during his first cruise captured a fishing schooner which contained nearly all the property her master possessed, and the poor fellow had a large family at home anxiously expecting him. Nelson restored him his vessel and cargo, and gave him a certificate to secure him
against further capture. The man afterwards came off to the Albemarle, at the hazard of his life, with a present of sheep, poultry, and fresh provisions, which proved most valuable, for the scurvy was raging on board, and the crew had not tasted a fresh meal for four months.

Nelson was shortly afterwards introduced, by Lord Hood, on the West India station, to the Duke of Clarence, then Prince William, who became from that time his firm friend. He appeared to his royal highness as the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full land uniform, an old fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length, making altogether so remarkable a figure, that the duke observed he had never seen any thing like it before; but his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing, and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that showed he was no common being.

In 1783 preliminaries of peace were signed, and Nelson returned to England, where he made it his first business to endeavour to get the wages due to his men for the various ships in which they had served during the war. The disgust of seamen to the navy he attributed to the plan of turning them over from ship to ship, so that the officers and men could care little about each other. Yet he himself was so beloved by his men, that his whole ship's company offered, if he could get a ship, to enter for her immediately. He, however, did not apply for one, because he was not wealthy enough to live on board in the manner which was then customary, and, to economize on his half pay, he retired to St. Omer's. Here he fell in love with the daughter of an English clergyman, but, on weighing the evils of a straitened income to a married man, he broke off the acquaintance by quitting France. The following year he was appointed to the Boreas, of 28 guns, and sailed for the Leeward Islands.

Whilst on this station he formed an attachment to the widow of Dr. Nisbet, a physician of Barbadoes, then in her 18th year. She had one child, a son, by name Josiah, who was three years old. They were married on the 11th of March, 1787, Prince William being present, by his own desire, to give away the bride. Her manners were mild and winning, and the union promised, and for some years produced, as much happiness as such continual separation is capable of. His letters breathe the purest affection, and he evidently became a husband with a due sense of the obligation.

In the course of his duty he discovered a system of depreda-
tion practised upon government to an immense amount, not less than millions, in the West Indies alone; but the peculators were too powerful; and they succeeded not merely in impeding inquiry, but even in raising prejudices against Nelson at the Board of Admiralty, which it was many years before he could subdue.

Owing, probably, to these prejudices, and the influence of the peculators, he was treated, on his return to England, in a manner which had nearly driven him from the service. During the three years that the Boreas had remained upon a station which is usually so fatal, not a single officer or man of her whole complement had died. This almost unexampled instance of good health, though mostly, no doubt, imputable to healthy seasons, must, in some measure, also, be ascribed to the wise conduct of the captain. He never suffered the ships to remain more than three or four weeks at a time, at any of the islands; and when the hurricane months confined him to English Harbour, he encouraged all kinds of useful amusement: music, dancing, and cudgeling among the men; theatricals among the officers: any thing which could employ their attention, and keep their spirits cheerful. The Boreas arrived in England in June. Nelson, who had many times been supposed to be consumptive when in the West Indies, and perhaps was saved from consumption by that climate, was still in a precarious state of health; and the raw wet weather of our ungenial summers brought on cold, and sore throat, and fever: yet his vessel was kept at the Nore from the end of June till the end of November, serving as a slop and receiving ship. This unworthy treatment, which more probably proceeded from intention than from neglect, excited in Nelson the strongest indignation.

Now unemployed, he took his wife to his father's parsonage, where he remained till 1793, when the troubles of the French revolution brought him again forward, and he sailed in the Agamemnon to the Mediterranean, under Lord Hood. The fleet arrived in those seas at a time when the south of France would willingly have formed itself into a separate republic, under the protection of England. But good principles had been at that time perilously abused by ignorant and profligate men; and, in its fear and hatred of democracy, the English government abhorred whatever was republican. Lord Hood could not take advantage of the fair occasion which presented itself; and which, if it had been seized with vigour, might have ended in dividing France—but he negotiated with the people of Toulon, to take possession, provisionally, of their port and city; which,
fatally for themselves, was done. Before the British fleet entered, Nelson was sent with despatches to Sir William Hamilton, our envoy at the court of Naples. Sir William, after his first interview with him, told Lady Hamilton he was about to introduce a little man to her, who could not boast of being very handsome; but such a man, as, he believed, would one day astonish the world. "I have never before," he continued, "entertained an officer at my house; but I am determined to bring him here. Let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Thus that acquaintance began which ended in the destruction of Nelson's domestic happiness. It seemed to threaten no such consequences at its commencement. He spoke of Lady Hamilton, in a letter to his wife, as a young woman of amiable manners, who did honour to the station to which she had been raised; and he remarked, that she had been exceedingly kind to Josiah. The activity with which the envoy exerted himself in procuring troops from Naples, to assist in garrisoning Toulon, so delighted him, that he is said to have exclaimed: "Sir William, you are a man after my own heart!—you do business in my own way;" and then to have added, "I am now only a captain; but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree." Here, also, that acquaintance with the Neapolitan court commenced, which led to the only blot upon Nelson's public character. The king, who was sincere at that time in his enmity to the French, called the English the saviours of Italy, and of his dominions in particular. He paid the most flattering attentions to Nelson, made him dine with him, and seated him at his right hand.

Having accomplished this mission, Nelson joined Commodore Linzee at Tunis, where he represented to the dey the atrocity of the French government, and expostulated with him on the impolicy of his supporting it. Such arguments were of little avail in Barbary; and when the dey was told that the French had put their sovereign to death, he replied, "Nothing could be more heinous; and yet, if historians told the truth, the English had once done the same." This answer was doubtless suggested by the French about him, who had completely gained the ascendancy.

He was next sent to co-operate with Paoli in Corsica. He commanded at the siege of Bastia, which, strongly fortified, and garrisoned by four thousand men, surrendered to no more than twelve hundred. He afterwards had a gallant encounter with five French ships of war, and at the siege of Calvi he lost the sight of his right eye.
When Admiral Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, succeeded in the Mediterranean command, Nelson removed to the Captain, of 74 guns, and was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, and the taking of Porto Ferrajo. In the memorable action of the 14th of February, 1797, wherein fifteen English ships defeated a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven sail, and took four three-deckers, Commodore Nelson, in the Captain, attacked the Santissima Trinidad, of 136 guns; and passing to the San Nicolas, of 80, and then to the San Josef, of 112 guns, he had the happiness to see both these ships strike. For his gallant conduct he was made a Knight of the Bath, and Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

After holding a command in the blockade of Cadiz, Sir Horatio was sent to take the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, which he was obliged to abandon, with the loss of his right arm. On this account he received a pension of 1000l. per annum; and the memorial which, as a matter of form, he was called upon to present on this occasion, exhibited an extraordinary catalogue of services performed during the war. It stated, that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbour, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns: he had served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi: he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers: taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; and actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of a hundred and twenty times; in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.

His sufferings from the lost limb were long and painful. Not having been in England till now, since he lost his eye, he went to receive a year's pay, as smart money; but could not obtain payment, because he had neglected to bring a certificate from a surgeon, that the sight was actually destroyed. A little irritated that this form should be insisted upon, because, though the fact was not apparent, he thought it was sufficiently notorious, he procured a certificate, at the same time, for the loss of his arm; saying, they might just as well doubt one as the other. This put him in good humour with himself, and with the clerk who had offended him. On his return to the office, the clerk finding it was only the annual pay of a captain, observed, he thought it had been more. "Oh!" replied Nelson, "this is only for an eye. In a few days I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows,
most probably for a leg." Accordingly he soon afterwards went; and with perfect good humour exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

Early in 1798 he was sent up the Mediterranean to watch the French ships which were ready to convey Buonaparte to Egypt; and on the 1st of August, in the Bay of Aboukir, at the mouth of the Nile, obtained one of his most splendid victories, which was rewarded with the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of 2000l. He was now at the summit of glory. Congratulations, rewards, and honours, showered upon him from all parts of Europe.

The rapid advance of the French, almost without opposition from the united forces of the wretched governments of Italy, and of Naples in particular, rendered it necessary to remove the royal family to Sicily, which, with property to the amount of two millions and a half, was effected with some difficulty. Nelson had now formed an infatuated attachment for Lady Hamilton, which totally weaned his affections from his wife, and led to the only blot upon his public character. Cardinal Ruffo having collected a royalist force, with which he was advancing upon Naples, Captain Foster, in the Seahorse, was ordered to co-operate with him to the utmost of his power; and, as the reduction of Fort St. Elmo would be greatly expedited by the possession of the castles of Uovo and Nuovo, a capitulation, granting protection in persons and property to the garrisons, was signed by the Cardinal, the Russian and Turkish commanders, and Captain Foote, as commander of the British force. A flag of truce was flying on the castles and on board the Sea-horse, when Nelson arrived and made a signal to annul the treaty, declaring he would grant rebels no other terms than those of unconditional submission. The arguments of Nelson, Sir William Hamilton, and his lady, who took an active part in the conference, could not convince the cardinal that such a treaty could be honourably set aside; he was silenced, however, by Nelson's authority; Captain Foote was sent out of the Bay, and the garrisons, taken out of the castles under the pretence of carrying the treaty into effect, were delivered over as rebels to the vengeance of the Sicilian Court. A deplorable transaction! a stain, Mr. Southey justly adds, upon the memory of Nelson, and the honour of England. To palliate it, he says, would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked.

Prince Francesco Caraccioli, a noble Neapolitan, seventy years old, who had been forced to join the French, escaped from one of these castles before its surrender, and was discovered in the disguise of a peasant. He was brought on board the Foudroyant,
where he had before been received as an admiral and a prince, at
nine o'clock in the morning; at ten his trial commenced, if trial
it could be called for which only one hour's preparation was al-
lowed; at twelve he was sentenced to death; and at five in the
same afternoon he was hanged by order of Lord Nelson. He en-
treated a second trial, on the ground that the president of the
court martial was notoriously his personal enemy, but it was re-
fused. He then solicited to be shot. He was, he said, an old
man, not very anxious about prolonging life, but the disgrace of
being hanged was dreadful to him. This being also denied him,
he sent an application to Lady Hamilton, who, with Sir William,
was with Lord Nelson throughout these proceedings, but she could
not be seen on this occasion, though her devotion to the Neapo-
litan court, and her hatred of all whom she regarded as its enemies,
made her so forget what was due to the character of her sex, as
to be present at the execution. It was too obvious that the British
Admiral was influenced by a baneful passion, which first destroyed
his domestic happiness, and then deeply stained his public character.

St. Elmo fell to Captain Trowbridge, who acted on land with so
much skill, that Nelson said of him, with truth, that he was a
first-rate general. Capua, Gaieta, and other forts on that coast,
fell successively to British sailors, who freed all the Roman States,
Captain Louis hoisting English colours on the capitol, and acting
as governor of Rome. Nelson's attention was next directed to
Malta, where Captain Ball, who was besieging the French garri-
sion, was almost starving for want of supplies, which Nelson, not-
withstanding all he had done for the Sicilian Court, could not ob-
tain, and the captain was at last driven to the necessity of seizing,
at his own risk as to the consequences, some vessels which were
lying in Gergenti, laden with corn.

In February, 1800, Nelson himself sailed for that island, and
on his way fell in with a French squadron bound for its relief,
part of which he took, and the remainder escaped. The surrender
of Malta being at hand, Sir William Hamilton being recalled, and
feeling no cordiality towards Lord Keith, Nelson returned to
England, travelling through Germany to Hamburg, and landing
at Yarmouth, in company with Sir William and Lady Hamilton.
Public admiration awaited him at every step; in short, he had
now every earthly blessing except domestic happiness. This,
Lady Hamilton's influence over him had destroyed for ever: he
had quarrelled with his son-in-law on that account, and now se-
parated from Lady Nelson, though some of his last words to her
were, "I call God to witness, there is nothing in you, or your
conduct, that I wish otherwise."
Nelson was next employed to break a confederacy which Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had formed against this country; and for his splendid victory at Copenhagen, which he called the most difficult achievement, the hardest fought battle, the most glorious result, that ever graced the annals of our country, he was created a Viscount.

On the recommencement of hostilities, in 1803, he was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet. After long and anxiously blockading Toulon, eleven sail of the line, under Admiral Villeneuve, put to sea on the 30th March, 1805, and, effecting a junction with seven sail in Cadiz, proceeded to the West Indies. Lord Nelson quickly pursued them, with only ten sail of the line to oppose to their united force; but his name alone was a tower of strength, and Villeneuve returned hastily to Europe.

Lord Nelson, after an anxious pursuit, arrived in London, and was offered a force sufficient to cope with that of France and her allies, with which he sailed for Cadiz. The brilliant achievement off Cape Trafalgar, which took place on the 21st October, was dearly purchased with his loss. He lived only long enough to be assured of a most triumphant victory; and his remains were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral with great pomp.

MARRIED AUTHORS.

Mr. Moore, in his "Life of Lord Byron," decides, after much reasoning, not very remarkable for perspicuity, that authors—or, at least, men of genius—make very unsuitable husbands. They are, according to his showing, as has been remarked by the "Spectator," fit for nothing but the desk or the gallows; and it certainly was friendly in one "up to the craft" to put the fair on their guard. In future, young ladies will refuse to look upon every unhappy wight who may happen to write sonnets to their eyebrows, and the more excellent his verse, the more sedulously must they shun him. This is a fortunate discovery; a deal of brain-hammering will be saved by those not born poetical, and whiskered striplings will, in future, study to write a good hand, rather than endite an harmonious couplet. Poetry, if Jammie Hogg be right, is already at a discount; perhaps a future scarcity may serve to increase its value.

Mr. Campbell, however—and he ought to know something of the matter—calls Mr. Moore's logic twaddle; and, I confess, my own experience inclines me to favour his view of the subject. The few married authors whom I have known were remarkably domestic men; and, what is still more to the point, their better halves were happy women. Lady Byron's champion adduces Sir
Walter Scott and Mr. Flaxman, to show that high and undoubted genius does not disqualify a man for the enjoyment of his own fireside. The artist was blessed in a fair and kind partner; and Lady Scott idolises, as she ought, the best of husbands. There is a happy look even about her portrait; you see from the engraving that she is a canny body, and that her life’s cup has been a blessed one. The fame of Sir Walter appears more dear to her than to himself; she hates, with a woman’s strong hatred, the few critics who have assailed him, and is so unbounded an admirer of his genius, that, not content with the admitted excellence of his writings, she contends that they are perfectly faultless. Pope, and Dryden, and Byron, and Moore, are not to be compared to Sir Walter as a poet; and then as a novelist—no one disputes with her ladyship. The great wizard of the north smiles at this; but who is there that does not see in the admiration of the wife a tacit approval of the husband?

There was another fair lady who doated on her husband, and worshipped his genius. I have seen a picture in the parlour of poor Maturin, in York Street, Dublin, which I could ever contemplate with delight. The wife and husband were surrounded by a young and lovely progeny; and they blessed and kissed their fond children, and then talked of literature, and religion, and philosophy. They were both young, early marriage had produced no abatement of affection, and their loves seemed strengthened by every soft tendril which years had twined about their hearts. Maturin was all heart; poverty saddened his life, and prompted him to advocate what was foreign to his feelings; but whatever show he made abroad, his nature expanded in his own house, and his wife felt that he merited her affection. His person was elegantly formed, and he was weak enough to seek applause by its ostentations exhibition. This was a faults vanity, but Mrs. Maturin—and here come’s a proof of woman’s superiority—was free from such a failing. Beauty had set its signet on her brow; and her figure was perfect, but she thought not of self: her husband and her children occupied all her thoughts, and in her liking there was nothing mercenary. She did not view her partner’s talents as so much mental bullion to be coined into pounds, shillings, and pence, and to be converted to vile uses. She exulted in the anticipation of an imperishable fame, and felt aggrieved when any one questioned his right of appealing to posterity. Her sensibility on this point, and her husband’s literary extravagance, were wont to give her much uneasiness, and I have heard her, with pleasure, for hours vindicating some of poor Maturin’s latter productions against the honest and fair objections of reviewers. She is a lady
of good sense, good taste, and a considerable degree of talent. In separating from such a woman, the poet must have felt, but who can describe his feelings?

To turn from poetry to painting, Flaxman was not the only modern artist whose married life challenged commendation. The president of the Royal Academy, Martin Archer Shee, can boast of those domestic joys which hallow home, and give to wedded love a blessing. We have it under his own hand in the "Bijou" for 1829, in a very pretty poem,—for Martin is a poet and a novelist to boot—and here are two of the opening stanzas. They are addressed to Mrs. Shee.

"Our wedding day!—another stage
In full career from youth to age
We've travelled on together;
Yet still affection cheers the road,
And helps to lighten every load
That time has laid on either.
And though by many a jolt apprised,
Life's ways are not Macadamised,
Or smooth as wealth could make them;
O'er ups and downs, unjaded still,
We never felt the wish or will
To shorten or forsake them."

The concluding stanza but one is too much in point to be omitted.

"Yet still no changes can destroy
Our pleasures, while we thus enjoy
The circle that's around us,
While in our children thus we find
More comforts than we've left behind
Since Hymen's knot first bound us."

To come back to poetry, all the great names among his contemporaries are against Mr. Moore's theory. His own life condemns it, and it is disproved by Campbell and Southey. The latter is one of the most domestic men living. On the banks of a Cumberland lake he enjoys the delights of a home, endearèd by all the affections of the heart; and to the happiness of which he contributes by those social virtues which consecrate the hearth. Mr. Campbell is not less remarkable for his excellency in private life; and I have heard that Coleridge is also a very domestic man.

Amongst foreigners the argument gains further strength. Wieland, like Milton's "Adam," provided himself, rather late in life, with a helpmate. He had sought happiness in various ways previously, but in wedlock only could he find it. In his letters to Zimmerman and Gesner, he speaks of his wife in terms of the most endearing tenderness: yet she was a woman, one would suppose, not very likely to charm an irritable poet. She was, it is true, mild and unassuming, but then, she never read one of her
husband's poems! Worse than this, she never inquired about what he did write, and never perused a single page of his composition!

Monti, the greatest of Italian poets, had the happiness to enjoy a home endeared by "wedded love." His wife evinced the strongest affection through a life sufficiently arduous: and it appears that the poet merited all her tenderness. The picture which Mrs. Jamieson draws of the Monti family is most interesting; and those who doubt the capability of men of genius to fulfil the various duties of life, will do well to study her "Loves of the Poets."

Turning, however, from the sons of song to intellects of more grasp and maturity, we are overwhelmed with evidence against the theory of Mr. Moore. The majority of men of mind were married men, and, what is more, were happily married. Leaving the ancients to take care of themselves, it will be sufficient to mention among the moderns the names of Grotius, Johnson, Burke, and Romilly. The first was indebted for his liberation from prison to the heroism and ingenuity of his wife; and the great moralist was so partial to his fat spouse, that his awkward caresses filled his scholars, who peeped through the keyhole, with laughter. His paper in the "Idler" on her death betrays that manly sorrow which is far more touching than the beautiful eloquence in which it is conceived. Burke, when fatigued with politics, gladly retired to Beaconsfield, for he was wont to say, that "in the most anxious moments of his public life, all his cares vanished when he entered his own house." The fondness of the father and the husband is finely portrayed in a letter which he wrote soon after the death of his only son. "Had it pleased God," he said, "to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all points in which personal merit can be viewed—in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment—would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line."

Sir Samuel Romilly's attachment to his wife, a Quakeress, was such, that his affliction on her death undermined his reason, and he precipitated himself into the grave by his own hand.

These are only a few of the many instances which could be adduced in opposition to Mr. Moore's theory. In truth, high intellect soon learns that "fondness for fame is avarice of air," and that happiness is to be found only at the domestic hearth.

P. D.
THE BEAUTIES OF CHARITY.

We have all seen books bearing the titles of the "Beauties" of voluminous authors, who were thus in a manner as at once compressed and drawn out—exhibited in their most striking characteristics, and taught to produce great effect with little comparative means. For the busy and industrious part of the community, those who have perhaps much taste for literature and little time for its indulgence, such volumes were unquestionably valuable treats—to use Dr. Johnson's expression, "they tore the heart out of a book, and fed the anxious mind upon the pure essence." As the readers of periodicals are generally of this description, we flatter ourselves that at the close of that severe season which has been almost unparalleled in its inflictions on the lower classes, a retrospective view of a small portion of its sufferings, and of that relief which we have known to be administered, will by no means furnish an uninteresting or un instructive essay for the female eye, since to ladies it is well known the more immediate application of charity is assigned in general, when private, and in some cases they are found wise distributors of that which is public.

It too frequently happens that young persons, though very kind in their intentions, and willing to engage in all the offices of humanity, are yet so fond of what may be termed the picturesque and romantic, in poverty and sorrow, that their better feelings are blunted from their habitual desire of excitement, and their active benevolence paralyzed by the disgust they conceive for objects devoid of external attraction. A lovely child hanging at the breast of a pale and interesting mother, they could sincerely pity; but alas! a dirty babe will seldom be lovely; and a wretched, ragged, mother may be too stupified by sorrow for the efforts of duty, or may have been driven by it to partial intemperance, and yet remain a subject on which compassion and relief might be most beneficially exerted. We would therefore earnestly recommend even the most delicate and fastidious to remember with Portia,

---we all do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

To restore true lovers to each other, to reward noble exertion, to raise up depressed worth, to awaken the smile of hope on the brow of despair, would be indeed the most delightful occupation the tender-hearted and the highly-accomplished could find; but those do much good in the world who are contented with inferior triumphs, and nobly do they act who sacrifice not only the little vanities which enable them to be charitable, but those sensations

MAY, 1830.
of loathing, inspired by squalid poverty, and of indignation, awakened by misconduct and mismanagement, in order that they may snatch from destruction helpless infancy and withering age, and "him who is ready to perish."

Never was the hand of charity more widely opened than it has been in the metropolis during the late winter; but as Sterne "took a single captive and shut him up in his dungeon" when he wished to shew us the horrors of imprisonment, so must we take individual instances to exhibit "the beauties of charity," since we cannot follow hundreds from the Mendicity Society, nor enter one in a thousand of the garrets and cellars lighted and warmed by the givers of coals. We must leave them to the praises of a numerous body resembling a hard-working fishwoman of our acquaintance, "Now God and Saint Patrick bless ye madum, for the bit ticket ye geed me yester-day—case for why? didn't it bring a bushel sick coals as never warmed my heart, to say nothing o' the tatoes, glory to 'em when one's starving."

One rather public occasion we may venture to sketch. In a parish of Holborn there was a sudden resolve made among the proper authorities, to institute a soup and bread charity. The weather was then at its coldest, the distress known to be extreme, nevertheless the news spread with dispatch through all the regions of Saffron Hill; whether by the facility of female tongues, or the olfactory organs which, like those of Dominie Sampson, snuffed the rich cauldron, we know not. It is, however, certain that at the meridian hour, the north and south gave up their poor, and the east and west withheld them not; and there was a pouring-out from many an unseen court and obscure alley, towards the workhouse. The procession was chiefly feminine, for men not used to it rarely beg; but now and then an aged man, who had lost the dearest ties of life, came forth to gain that sustenance he had no one to provide for him. The various vessels brought on these occasions proved but too clearly how sadly their dwellings were denuded of necessaries, and even whilst their grotesqueness awakened a smile, a sigh at the poverty so exhibited quickly followed. It would have formed no bad subject for a Wilkie's pencil, that same assemblage—on one hand, a crowd of eager suppliants, ragged, and gaunt, and anxious, yet bearing in many a lineament that tenderness which so frequently exalts the wife and mother, even in the humblest station, and those varieties of age, character, and intellect, found in every crowd. Contrasted with these were the well fed, well dressed distributors, two of whom sate at a table apportioning bread, whilst two poured
the savoury liquid, in measured portions, to the candidates; they were men of grave demeanour, somewhat austere carriage, and per chance of unrelenting features, for two bore the awful name of overseer; and fearful of the strife of tongues (seeing the crowd behind pressed somewhat rudely) their questions were short to the poor, and a glance or a nod formed all the communication between each other—a mode by no means inconvenient to men, whose very hearts were at once riven and relieved by the sights they witnessed, and the occupation they pursued.

Between the table and the cauldron hovered the slight dark figure of the curate, looking with keen and apprehensive eye into the crowd, many of whom felt his presence an assurance of favour, “seeing Mr. —— knew all they had gone through,” whilst others were aware that his knowledge was an inconvenience, for “he was a particular person,” and as it was evident the decreasing soup would not last out, they concluded he looked for his own set of “good kind of folks.” It was at least evident that he wished one pale-looking woman who had arrived with the first, yet continually shrunk behind, to come forward, though in fact he had never seen her before, but he was struck by the modesty of her looks, her tall attenuated form, and the decency with which her apparel was adjusted.

When at length she approached, the cause of her delay appeared in the magnitude of the vessel she had brought, and which hitherto she had held behind her.

“I am ashamed, sir, quite ashamed, but I had got nothing else to bring.”

“How many are you in family, good woman?”

“I have eight children (but then one is a baby); my husband has been ill on the floor above a fortnight.”

Mr. B——p (kind, generous, considerate,) began to pour into the mighty receptacle, repeating to his colleague “eight children and the husband sick;” one, two, three, four quarts fell down; the faint pale face was flushed with joy and gratitude; another and another fell, and the very sound seemed to restore the half famished frame, and relight eyes that had once been as brilliant as ever illumined a drawing-room, or inspired a poet; and though it was with difficulty she lifted her burden, now aided by a suitable proportion of bread, and she found the “I thank you” stick in the throat, not one of the five donors made a comment on her case, for there was something that rose in their throats likewise; they yet made shift to register her name for the next soup day, and determining to help her husband.
We must not drop this single scene in our subject, without adding that the subscription for the purpose had been aided by the beautiful, the great, and the gay; by those who had never trod on the same ground with their objects, but from their aristocratic abodes had lent a willing ear to the representations of the young clergyman in behalf of his parish. Nor was this instance a solitary one, for a young man of fashion (unknown, and of course unsolicited) presented to the same person a handsome sum to be expended in clothing, expressly for "women and children;" annexing only the condition of concealing his name, evidently in the modesty of his nature, and not from the false shame of blushing because he was good. It will be readily believed that flannel, shoes, blankets, and stuff frocks, found their way to the melancholy abode of the woman with the fathomless pitcher—nay, more, she has children on the list for every charity-school, for she has been found as worthy as she is impoverished.

But we must not dwell too long on even happy circumstances, nor abridge ourselves of the power of relating a circumstance almost unparalleled in human suffering and noble relief; and the more affecting, as belonging to a class far removed from those we have already mentioned.

In the course of the late winter a once esteemed dentist, who had fallen "into the sere of the yellow leaf" from age, and the rapid rise of younger men, sunk into the very extreme of poverty. This was the sooner produced, from the incurable blindness of both his wife and daughter, on whom he had bestowed every aid in the power of medicine, but without effect, and whom he waited upon and supported almost to the very day of his decease. When all hope of obtaining aid from his profession ceased, he represented his sad case to the Duchess of ———, in hope that some little place under government might be accorded him as the means of earning his bread; and his petitioning letter being graciously replied to by the lady, for a season himself and the wretched beings who depended on him were supported by hope. Alas! this slender fare, in the course of a long cold winter, failed to sustain the shrinking frame of seventy-two, and his constant partition of a small portion of food with his wretched dependents (who now suspect that he too frequently gave them all) hastened that hour which yet, for their sakes, he earnestly desired to postpone—he died, and was buried by his parish.

Soon afterwards, his death, and the destitution of his family, appeared in the newspapers; and one woman of high rank, who remembered him, lost not an hour in writing to a friend in town,
and desiring her to seek out "the fatherless and the widow," and, following the dictates of her own heart, help them in the manner and degree necessary.

The lady in question was accustomed to feel and to aid, and well knew that the Countess of G—d—d was not less sincere than benevolent. She set out, accompanied by a dear friend of her own, well skilled in exploring the haunts of the wretched, and ever ready to relieve them. The circumstance of a blind mother and daughter being the objects inquired for, conducted them sooner than was expected to an abode so singularly melancholy, and the manner in which they were conducted to the attic by the mistress of the house, convinced them that whatever were the misfortunes of the family they sought, their virtues were commensurate, since even their poverty and their debts had left them a warm advocate in her who was suffering from their inability.

These women, highly educated, of unsullied conduct, and once moving in a most respectable sphere of life, were found in a room containing three chairs, and a broken-down sofa, their only bed. They had no table, scarcely a single cooking utensil, and one blanket had been since Christmas their only covering for the night. The person of the elder was clean and tidy, and the floor of the room newly scoured by the daughter, who in her darkness, from long habit, is able to perform every kind office for her mother, though sightless as herself. A more melancholy spectacle of human wretchedness, of the forlornness by which man is parted from his kind, and in which poverty received her last sting, can scarcely be imagined than these unhappy females exhibited.

A few necessary questions were asked, a sorrowful recital was given, but it was evident to both the visitants that each were alike mourners for him whom they had lost. Of his sorrows they spoke, on his virtues they dilated; in the midst of their self-evident miseries they complained not of one circumstance in their own hard fate.

"Be comforted," said the visitant; "you are suffering much, but you shall henceforth be provided for: the Countess of G—d—d will provide for you. Since you like this place you shall remain here: I will send you in a good bed, and every other necessary, and a guinea every Monday."

A great cry arose, and the blind instinctively rushed forward and clasped each other to hearts that seemed breaking with astonishment and emotion: the moment that articulate words were uttered, each cried in very agony, while tears ran from their sightless eyes, "Oh! that he could have lived to have known it!"
Oh! that his poor broken heart could have seen this day!
"Oh! my mother, we shall have too much, and we can give him nothing!"
"No, child, no; and he gave us all."

So deeply were these poor creatures affected by remembrances so cruel, and yet so honourable to themselves and to him they had lost, that it was a long time before they drew comfort from their brightened prospects; and so much were their visitants moved, that each were, like themselves, unable to speak or sooth them. By degrees their emotions subsided, and their poor trembling hearts breathed forth thanks to God, and blessings on their benefactress; but such were the emotions all experienced, that it was not till yesterday, when their riches of every kind arrived in a tangible shape, that they could be said to rejoice in their acquisitions and their reliance for the future.

The circumstances related are a small portion of the "beauties of charity" witnessed in the late season; but our limits warn us to conclude. We must, however, mention one excellent scheme carried very extensively into effect by a gentleman of our acquaintance, who relieved every beggar and street wanderer by a boon of a pint of porter, two herrings, and a luncheon of bread, the fish being of excellent quality, and cooked at the houses where the beer was distributed. In many cases life was unquestionably preserved to houseless and starving wanderers by this medium, who, thus refreshed, were enabled to find more permanent relief. Nor can it be doubted that the very severity of the trials afforded by the past winter has induced many sufferers to present themselves for notice who would otherwise have continued to languish in obscurity, and led the thoughtless to reflect more seriously on their fellow-creatures' wants than they ever did before. Sincerely do we trust that they will never lose the bias to humanity thus happily aroused in their bosoms; for never is woman so estimable or so loveable as when she binds the wounds of misfortune, and assuages the pains of sorrow, stooping either from the heights of rank or intellect to become a "ministering angel" to the poor and destitute, and "him who hath no belpers."

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**SONG.**

O, deem not guile is in the tear
That steals from lovely woman's eye,
O, deem not aught save truth sincere
Prompts her gentle bosom's sigh;
For when at pure affection's shrine
She becomes a worshipper,
SONG.

Robed in charms most like divine,
Love is all the world to her!

Oh, trust not to the faithless smile
Of man, nor heed his passion'd prayer—
Too oft it is the traitor's wife,
To lure his victim to despair:
But when at pure affection's shrine
Woman is a worshipper,
Robed in joys most like divine,
Love is all the world to her!  

CHARLES M.

CHERISHED REMEMBERANCES.

That day I never can forget,
When first I gazed on thee,
For many a chilling retrospect
That look has brought to me;
And still on memory's page it yet
Shines with impassioned glow,
For though we're parted, still for thee
My heart's affections flow.

And now I'm thinking of the past,
Where glides a purling stream,
And o'er the waves the glittering sun
Has flung its joyous beam:
And, oh! how glad the waters look,
Enlivened by its rays;
The insect tribe, too, shares the joy
Which on the surface plays.

And now a cloud has gathered o'er
Where gleamed the dazzling light,
And all the fair and beautiful
Is hidden from my sight;
The waters look no longer glad,
But dark and chillingly,
The waves roll on as if they mourned
The brightness passed away.

And e'en as sunshine on the tide
Were we when first we met,
We thought not of the future, as
When all our hopes must set:
And transient as those wavering beams
My first love-dream has been;
We parted—and, on earth, no more
Shall we e'er meet again.

But deeply hidden in my heart,
Thy name shall e'er remain,
The thought of thee shall soothe my soul,
And solace every pain:
And to relieve my anguished mind,
To memory I'll repair,
And banish every worldly grief
To commune with thee there.  

M aria S.
THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.

Of the first settlers in Virginia, the most distinguished character was a Captain Smith, a man who seemed to unite every quality of a hero; a man of such bravery and conduct, that his actions would confer dignity on the page of the historian. With his history is closely interwoven that of Pocahontas, a native American princess, whose soft simplicity and innocence could not but hold captive every mind.

It was on the 26th of April, 1606, that the ship in which Captain Smith had embarked came within sight of the American coast; and it had, by accident, got into the mouth of that bay, which is now so well known by the name of Chesapeake.

It is only in active life that men can estimate their qualities, for it is impossible to answer for that courage which has never encountered danger, or for that fortitude which has never had any evils to support. The situation of the colonists was now the touchstone of their moral character; for they were encompassed on every side with imminent calamities. A scanty supply of provisions, and the uncertainty of recruiting them, in a country where every imagination was filled with the barbarity of the natives, disquieted the breasts of those whose nerves were not firm.

In this situation of affairs, there was wanting a head to support the infant colony, and Captain Smith was elected ruler by unanimous consent. The conduct of Smith justified the wisdom of their choice. By his judgment, courage, and industry, he saved the new establishment; for, by his judgment, he discovered and defeated the schemes devised by the Indians for its destruction; by his courage he became their terror; and by descending to manual labour, his example produced a spirit of patient toil among his companions.

One of the tributary streams to the river Potomac is that of Chickahoinny, which descended about four miles above the infant settlement. It was an object with the colony to discover its source; but the dread of an ambush from the Indians deterred the majority from the undertaking. Smith, ever delighting in enterprise, gallantly undertook himself to discover the head of the river, having found six others who were willing to become the partners of his danger.

In the prosecution of his enterprise he displayed admirable intrepidity; but, being attacked by the Indians, notwithstanding a spirited and desperate resistance, he was overpowered. His party, from whom he had separated himself, were scalped, and
he himself was taken prisoner. When Smith entered the royal wigwam, the whole court gave a shout; and the Queen of Appamattox was appointed to carry him water to wash, while one of the concubines left the throne, and brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry himself. Hence Smith was received more like a guest than a prisoner; and, after an abundant supper, a skin was spread for him to sleep upon.

The person of our hero was extremely prepossessing; to a figure comely from nature was superadded that external grace which he had acquired in the court and the camps of England; for several ladies of distinguished rank had heaped upon him unequivocal marks of their tenderness.

The influence of the passions is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast; hence love operates in the same manner throughout the world, and discovers itself by the same symptoms in the breasts of beings separated by an immeasurable ocean. When Smith appeared before the Emperor Powhatan, the first impression he made decided favourably for him in the minds of the women. This his knowledge of the sex soon discovered; but his attention was principally attracted by the charms of a young girl, whose looks emanated from a heart that was the seat of every tenderness, and who could not conceal those soft emotions of which the female bosom is so susceptible.

This young girl was the daughter of the emperor. She was called Pocahontas; and when Smith was engaged by the interrogations of the king, and she thought herself unobserved, never did the moon gaze more steadfastly on the water than she on the prisoner.

The next day a long and profound consultation was held by the king and his council, when a huge stone was brought before Powhatan, and several men assembled with clubs in their hands. The lamentations of the women admonished Smith of his destiny; who being brought blind-folded to the spot, his head was laid on the block, and the men prepared with their clubs to beat out his brains. The women now became more bitter in their lamentations over the victim; but the savage monarch was inexorable, and the executioners were lifting their arms to perform the office of death, when Pocahontas ran with mournful distraction to the stone, and getting the victim’s head into her arms, laid her own upon it to receive the blow.

Powhatan was not wanting in paternal feeling: his soul was devoted to his daughter Pocahontas; and so much did his ferocity relent at this display of innocent softness in a girl of four-
teen, that he instantly pronounced Smith's pardon, and dismissed the executioners. Indeed, every heart melted into tenderness at the scene. The joy of the successful mediator expressed itself in silence; she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, weeping with a violence that choked her utterance.

The breast of Smith did not yield to this act of female softness and humanity; it excited an emotion of gratitude, but it kindled no passion in his heart. Formed for action and enterprise, he considered love as leading to imbecility, and unworthy of a great mind. Although his person could inspire tender sentiments, his mind was not ductile to them. His penetration, however, foresaw the uses to which the passion of Pocahontas for him might be converted; and his solicitude for the success of the colony, which was much nearer to his heart, made him feign a return of that fondness which every day augmented in the bosom of the princess.

It was the custom of Powhatan, when he was weary of his women, to bestow them among those of his courtiers who had ingratiated themselves into his favour; nor could his servants be more honoured than by this mark of his esteem.

Powhatan had conceived a very high predilection for Captain Smith. He caused his person to be adorned with a robe of raccoon skins, similar to that which he wore himself; and of the two women who sat at his throne, he signified it to be his royal pleasure to consign one of them to his guest.

No sooner did this intelligence reach the ears of the squaws, than a bitter controversy took place between them, as to which of the two was the more worthy of pre-eminence. Jealousy cannot, like other passions, be restrained by modesty or prudence; a vent it will have; and soon it burst forth from these women with the impetuosity of a torrent. They had neither fingers enough to scratch with, nor a vulgarity of tongue sufficient to deliver the abuse that laboured, with convulsive throes, to come forth from their bosoms.

At length Powhatan separated the combatants, and told our hero to make his own choice. But Smith, who was a man that never forgot the respect due to himself, declined, with cold civility, the honour his majesty intended him; to the unspeakable joy of Pocahontas, who awaited the event with much solicitude.

Captain Smith was then released from his captivity, and was escorted to the British colony by guides, who were, on their return, loaded with appropriate presents. Restored to liberty,
however, he found the colony panic-struck, and contemplating an immediate return to England; this his eloquence overruled.

The colonists, therefore, thought once more of maintaining the fort; and in this resolution they were confirmed by the coming of Pocahontas, with a numerous train of attendants loaded with Indian corn, and other grain of the country.

The colonists flocked with eager curiosity to behold an Indian girl, who had saved, by her interposition, the life of their chief; nor was their admiration less excited by the humanity of her disposition than by the beauty of her person. Pocahontas was eminently interesting both in form and features. Her person was below the middle size, but admirably proportioned. Her waist resembled that of the French monarch’s mistress; it was la taille à la main. Her limbs were delicate; and her feet were distinguished by those exquisite insteps extolled by Homer.

The acclamations of the crowd affected to tears the sensibility of Pocahontas; but her native modesty was abashed; and it was with delight that she obeyed the invitation of Captain Smith to wander with him, remote from vulgar curiosity, along the banks of the river. Here she gave loose to all the tumultuous ecstasy of love; hanging on his arm, and weeping with an eloquence more powerful than words.

Some time afterwards, in the absence of Captain Smith, Powhatan, having taken offence at some act of the colonists, had sent them a hatchet, which was a token of defiance, and laid waste the fields of corn, which he judged it might be difficult to protect. When Smith returned to the fort, he found his people reduced to a state bordering on famine, and that there was no alternative left but to invade a neighbouring town, and levy contributions on their grain. A detachment of the bravest men was selected from the colonists, and an early hour of the morning was fixed for their departure; but the crafty Powhatan, by means of his spies, anticipated their march; the oldest warriors were posted in ambush to wage among them unseen destruction; and the whole party would inevitably have been destroyed by the Indians, had not the kind, the faithful, the lovely Pocahontas, in a dismal night of thunder, lightning, and rain, stolen through the woods, and apprized Smith of his danger.

Though the breast of Pocahontas cherished the deepest affection for Captain Smith, yet, such is the native modesty of the sex in all countries, that she could not collect resolution, by words, to tell him of her love; and the captain, though he returned her endearments, never dropped the slightest hint about
marriage. Pocahontas had, however, the discernment to perceive that among people of a civilized nation, no bonds but those of marriage could secure to a woman the object of her affections, and that little confidence was to be reposed in the fond assurances of a lover, till he evinced their sincerity by becoming a husband.

Averse to any solemn engagement with Pocahontas, yet conscious of her ardour for such an union, Smith devised an expedient that could not fail to cure her of her passion. He embarked privately for England, and enjoined the colonists, as they valued their own safety, to represent that he was dead; for he knew the mischief that every woman feels an impulse to perpetrate, whose passion has been scorned; but he also remembered the position, that where there was no hope there could be no longer love; and the breast, which, knowing him to be living, would glow with a desire for revenge, would, on the belief of his death, be accessible only to the softness of sorrow.

The project of our adventurer was founded on an acquaintance with the human heart; for, when Pocahontas again, under pretence of carrying provisions to the fort, gratified her secret longing to meet her beloved Englishman, she yielded to the bitterness of anguish on hearing of his death. A colonist of the name of Wright undertook to practice the deceit. He pretended to show the afflicted girl the grave of Captain Smith; recounting the tender remembrance he expressed for her in his dying moments, and the hope he fondly indulged of meeting her in the world of spirits. Love is ever credulous; but Pocahontas listened to this artful tale with Catholic faith. She prostrated herself on the pretended grave, beat her bosom, and uttered the most piercing cries.

Mr. John Rolfe, another of the colonists, was young, brave, generous, but of impetuous passions. His fine talents had been cultivated by a liberal education; but his feelings, ever tremblingly alive to external impressions, made him resentful of even an involuntary design to offend; and an affair of honour with a superior officer had driven him to the shores of the new world.

Possessing a supreme contempt for the vulgar, there were few of the colonists whose company he could endure. The only companion of his social hour, for a long time, had been Smith; but when that gallant soldier returned to England, Rolfe constructed for himself a log house in the woods, and, when not upon duty at the fort, was to be found there, solitary and sad.

Though the breast of Rolfe possessed not the ambition of Smith, it was infinitely more accessible to the softer emotions.
He beheld with interest the tender sentiments which Pocahontas cherished for Captain Smith, and participating in her sorrow, his own heart became infected with a violent passion. He delighted in the secrecy of his solitude, where he could indulge, undisturbed, the emotions that Pocahontas had excited; he wandered dejected, by moonlight, along the banks of the river; and he who was once remarkable for dressing himself with studied elegance, now walked about with his hose ungarnered.

It was during one of these nights, when Mr. Rolfe was sitting, woe-begone, under an oak, that a foot, wandering among the trees, disturbed his thoughts. It was too light to belong to a man, and his prophetic soul told him it was the step of Pocahontas. He stole to the spot. It was she! It was Pocahontas strewing flowers over the imaginary grave of Captain Smith. Overcome with terror and surprize, to be thus discovered by a stranger, she sunk into the arms of Rolfe.

For what rapturous moments is a lover often indebted to accident! The impassioned youth clasped the Indian maid to his beating heart, and drank from her lips the poison of delight. The breast of woman is, perhaps, never more susceptible of a new passion than when it is agitated by the remains of a former one.

When Pocahontas recovered from her confusion, a blush burned on her cheek, to find herself in the arms of a man; but when Rolfe threw himself before her, on his knees, and, clasping his hands to the moon, discovered the emotions that had so long filled his breast, the afflicted girl suffered him to wipe the tear from her eye that overflowed with sorrow, and no longer repulsed the ardour of his caresses.

The day was now breaking on the summits of the mountains in the east; the song of the mocking bird was become faint, and the cry of the muckawiss was heard only at long intervals. Pocahontas urged her departure; but Rolfe still breathed in her ear the music of his vows; and the sun had appeared above the mountains when she returned through the woods.

In the early part of the year 1612, two more ships arrived from England with men and provisions. They found the colony much distressed for want of grain; they had no leader to stimulate them to industry by his example, and, relapsing into indolence, they had neglected the cultivation of the earth. The provision brought them by the ships was not sufficient for them to subsist on long, and Powhatan, who was still at variance with the colony, had refused them a supply.

In this critical situation of affairs, Captain Argall, who com-

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manded one of the ships, devised an expedient to bring Powhatan to a compliance with their demands. His prolific brain was big with a stratagem, which, however unjustifiable, met with the concurrence of the colonists. He knew the affection which Powhatan bore for his daughter Pocahontas, and was determined to seize her.

Argall, having unloaded his vessel at the fort, sailed up the Potomac, under pretence of trading with the Indians who inhabited its banks. But he had been informed that Pocahontas was on a visit to Japazaws, King of Potomac; and his real motive was to gain over the savage by presents, and make him the instrument of putting Pocahontas into his power.

Japazaws had his price. For the promised reward of a copper kettle, of which this savage had become enamoured, he prevailed on Pocahontas to accompany him and his queen on a visit on board the ship, when Argall detained the betrayed girl, and conveyed her, with some corn he had purchased, in triumph to the fort.

Rolfe was not sorry for the stratagem that brought Pocahontas to the fort. He had exposed himself to the most imminent danger by a midnight expedition to the neighbourhood of Werowocomoco, where his Indian beauty had promised to meet him in an unfrequented grove of magnolios; and he would inevitably have been scalped by a party of the enemy, had not her brother Nantaquas, whose friendship the lover had diligently cultivated, interposed his kind offices, and not only restrained the arms of his savage companions, but conducted him out of danger.

Pocahontas now put herself under the protection of Rolfe, who, by his tender, but respectful, conduct, soothed her mind to tranquillity; while the colonists, influenced by other motives and interests, renewed their importunities upon Powhatan; demanding a supply of provisions in ransom for his child.

Powhatan, in solicitude for his daughter, and being informed that a formidable reinforcement of men and ammunition had arrived at the fort, not only complied with the terms of the ransom, but proposed to enter into an alliance with the colonists.

It was Nantaquas who came to the fort with provisions to ransom his sister. Rolfe availed himself of the occasion to contrive a private interview with them, and to propose himself in unequivocal terms as husband to Pocahontas. The amiable girl was flattered by the preference of the young and accomplished European. Nantaquas urged the suit; and when Rolfe took the hand of Pocahontas, and, with a look of inexpressible anxiety and
tenderness, repeated his proposal, the lovely Indian was melted to softness, and, with blushing timidity, consented to become his wife.

The ransom being paid, Pocahontas was now at liberty to return to Werowocomoco. But Hymen was not to be cheated of his prerogative; neither Rolfe nor Pocahontas were willing ever more to separate; and Nantaquas was despatched to obtain the consent of Powhatan.

Powhatan did not withhold his consent; but adhering to the resolution he had made never to put himself into the power of the whites, he sent Opitchapan, the uncle of Pocahontas, with his son, Nantaquas, to witness the marriage.

Rolfe was now happy in the arms of Pocahontas, who discovered in every question an eagerness of knowledge; and the elegant attainments of the husband enabled him to cultivate the wild paradise of her mind. Rolfe found in Pocahontas that companion of his solitude for which he had so long sighed; and as she reclined her head upon his shoulder, and made enquiries respecting Europe, or exchanged with him the glance of intelligence and affection, his eyes sparkled with transport and delight.

In the year 1616 several ships arrived at the colony from different parts of England; and Rolfe, by the death of his father, becoming entitled to an estate in Middlesex, he embarked, with his Indian bride, in a vessel for Plymouth. Pocahontas had presented him with a son; and their infant offspring accompanied them across the Atlantic.

It was on the 12th of June, 1616, that Mr. Rolfe arrived at Plymouth with Pocahontas. He immediately proceeded with her to London, where she was introduced at court to James I.; who, tenacious of his prerogative, was inflamed with indignation that one of his subjects should aspire to an alliance with royal blood! The haughty monarch would not suffer Rolfe to be admitted to his presence; and when he received Pocahontas, his looks rebuked her for descending from the dignity of a king's daughter, to wed with a man of no title or family. The ladies of the court were, however, charmed with the unaffected sweetness of her manners; and they spared no caresses nor presents to soothe her to complacency.

At length Captain Smith advanced to salute Pocahontas, at whose unexpected appearance she expressed the utmost astonishment, which gave way to scorn; but in a subsequent interview the tender girl hung over Smith with tears, and reproached him in accents that breathed kindness rather than resentment.
The smoke of London being offensive to Pocahontas, her husband removed her to Brentford; where she breathed a less noxious atmosphere. Here she was visited by ladies of distinguished rank from the metropolis, and carriages bearing coronets were often drawn up before her door. Good breeding is the offspring of good sense; it is a mode, not a substance; and Pocahontas, whose penetration was intuitive, soon learned to receive her visitors with appropriate variations of deference.

But the hour was hastening when Pocahontas was to descend to that place where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling: that bosom, which had so often undergone perturbation for the sufferings of another, was soon to be stilled; that eye, which had so often overflowed with humanity, was soon to be closed; that hand, which had been raised in supplication to avert the death of the prisoner, was soon to moulder in the grave!

Rolfe's right to his father's lands was disputed by another claimant; and not being of a temper to bear with the law's delay, he formed the resolution to embark again with Pocahontas for the shores of the New World. In Virginia he was entitled, by the right of his bride, to lands of immeasurable extent; and he was of opinion that the return of Pocahontas, by rendering services to the colonists, would give permanence to the settlement, and increase the value of his possessions. The estates which had descended to Pocahontas spread over a vast tract of country; they extended to the south nearly as high as the falls of the great rivers, over the Potomac, even to Patuxent, in Maryland.

But Providence had decreed that Pocahontas was never more to return to her native soil. Rolfe had gone with her to Gravesend, for the purpose of embarking in a convenient ship; but Fate interposed between the design and execution, and at Gravesend Pocahontas died.

To express the grief that afflicted Rolfe at the death of his wife, who had now for three years been alike the sharer of his sorrow and his joy; who at the age of nineteen, when her mind was every day acquiring an accession of piety, and her person growing more lovely to the sight, was snatched from him prematurely, and borne to the grave; to express his grief were an hopeless attempt, and can be conceived only by him who has been both a husband and a lover.

Pocahontas left one son, from whom are descended, by the female line, two of the most respectable families now in Virginia; the Randolphs and the Bowlings.

J. D.
THE BETROTHED.

CHAPTER XIII.

I grant him bloody,
Malicious, false of heart, deceitful,
Smacking of every vice that has a name.

Shakespeare.

On the morning after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, Fitzalleyn, accompanied by his unsuspecting victim, set out for Dieppe, from which place the former was to embark with despatches for England.

As they rode leisurely forward, Aubrey entrusted his companion with various commissions, and taking from his bosom a cross, splendidly ornamented with brilliants, delivered it to him with the following words:—

"This, my dear Fitz, was the dying gift of my honoured father. To thee, who hast so long been privy to my engagements to Gertrude, do I confide it. Deliver it thyself into her hands, and tell her that De Vere hopes soon to lay his laurels at her feet, and claim again this precious gage."

"In good troth will I, Aubrey," replied the traitor, while a smile of triumph lit up his features, which changed to an undefined expression of contempt, as De Vere added—

"I see, Fitz, the confidence I have reposed in thee gives thee pleasure."

"Verily, my dear Aubrey," said Fitzalleyn, "were not thy confidence most grateful to me, I must, methinks, be strangely insensible."

By this time the travellers had entered the forest. Fitzalleyn drew forth his dial, and, attentively examining it, said, "I like exactness. By an hour after noon I promised to be on the water: it now lacks a few minutes of mid-day; and 'tis strange, methinks, if with our present speed we clear not easily the nine remaining miles."

"List, Fitzalleyn! didst thou hear that whistle?" eagerly demanded Aubrey.

"In sooth did I not," responded his companion.

"Nay, then, in verity! there it is again," said Aubrey, as a shrill whistle echoed through the wood.

"The fellow seems to mouth his bird-call well," replied Fitzalleyn.

At this moment, Maurice, accompanied by about half a score of horsemen, appeared.

"Ho, messieurs! your arms!" shouted he.
"On my life!" cried Fitzalleyn, "these gentlemen seem to possess a wondrous share of courtesy! What didst thou say, sirrah?" continued he, addressing himself to Maurice.

"What we say, sir," replied the robber, "is, deliver your swords."

"In thy heart only shalt thou have mine, rufian!" cried De Vere, advancing upon Maurice.

"First rein thy gallant steed, youth!" replied the robber, as, bending his bow, he took his aim, and the next moment the beautiful animal sprang, with a convulsive leap, into the air, and fell, lifeless and bleeding, on the green sward.

"My gallant grey! Well, I must fight on foot!" exclaimed Aubrey de Vere, disengaging himself from his horse: he advanced with his drawn sword.

"Aubrey, art thou mad?" cried Fitzalleyn; "dost thou not see the fellow pointing a second arrow? it is vain to resist—surrender your weapon!"

"Never!" cried Aubrey.

"Think of Gertrude—think of my important mission," returned Fitzalleyn; "love, honour, duty, forbid our rashly sacrificing our lives."

Fitzalleyn had his reasons for preserving Aubrey's life; nor was it Maurice's intention to have executed his menace, in discharging effectually the arrow he had aimed.

"Enough!" cried Aubrey. "Fitzalleyn, thou hast prevailed."

The companions delivered their swords, and each was immediately lashed to his horse, Aubrey having been first mounted on one of the robbers'.

"Tete noir!" said the captain, after they had proceeded little more than a mile, "Tete noir! thou and thy five comrades attend this bearer of despatches to Paris. I will conduct his companion to his destination."

"Aubrey! we must part, it seems; adieu!" cried Fitzalleyn, as the parties separated.

Maurice and his companions proceeded at a rapid rate, with their prisoner, toward their fastness on Mount Didier.

"Release me, varlets!" cried Fitzalleyn, as soon as the trampling of the horses of the other party had ceased to sound on the green turf. "By'r lady!" said he, after being released from his temporary restraint, "by'r lady! fellows, but ye acted your parts admirably, I wist. Aubrey would play the man—I feared ye would ha' been constrained to have your swords through him;
THE BETROTHED.

the fellow's patriotism acted stronglier than his love, or he would not have surrendered. But now, my good fellows, ye may follow your comrades; I will journey alone. Trump up some tale of a rescue, or that ye gave me up to another party of your fellows. Adieu, adieu, messieurs."

The robbers departed, and Fitzalleyn pursued his journey. He soon arrived at Dieppe, and, embarking on board an armed vessel, which had been sent thither to receive him, set off with a rather favourable wind for England.

CHAPTER XIV.

O'er-ruling Heaven defeats their base designs,
Blasts the proud fabric of their impious hopes,
Even by the hands that reared it!

From an Original Poem.

The sun was setting in the gaily illumined west, "sinking in glory as a warrior proud," when Henry gave orders for an encampment on the fertile plains of Cambrai.

All hands were busied in executing an order so welcome after a long march, and the tents in a short time were spread over the wide and luxuriant champaign. The king, ever indulgent to the wishes of his soldiers, had postponed for an hour the period of retiring to rest.

The camp at this time presented an unusual scene of bustle and gaiety. Groups of soldiers were seen wandering through the lines, listening to the hands of military music that at different stations were playing martial airs. Several parties were at various games; and others were attending to the songs of some wandering minstrels, who fearlessly exhibited their talents in the camp of the enemies of their country.

At this period the Norman French was so generally known by the English soldiers, that few were ignorant of the songs chaunted by these troubadours; and the deep silence that pervaded the group surrounding one vocalist, strikingly contrasting with the roars of merriment that burst from another group, sufficiently indicated the power of these rude minstrels over the feelings of their auditors.

One of these musical vagrants, however, engrossed an unusual share of attention. He was a tall and martial-looking fellow, and sang with a degree of execution that astonished his auditory. At intervals he would suspend his songs, and by a display of much broad wit and comicality, convulse the bystanders with laughter.
"Well, gentlemen," said he, at last, "I have exhausted my stock of minstrel-lore, except, indeed, such as may not be adapted for this assembly. Now, if you have any materials for a song, let me have it, and I will soon work them up into a ditty."

A soldier who stood near assured him they spent too much time in fighting to have much music on their tongues, upon which the following dialogue commenced:—

"But," says the minstrel, "do not your adventures in the field afford you ample store of battle tales and songs of war?"

"In sooth, good Frenchman," replied the soldier, "when we are engaged we have no leisure to think of ballads, and when the battle's done, if we sleep not with the quietus of an arrow in our bosoms, we sleep almost as soundly in our tents, till roused to exertion by the trumpet's call."

"But are there never occurrences that force ye into a ditty?" returned the minstrel. "Do ye never lose some favourite warrior by open hate or treachery?"

"In sooth have we," said the soldier. "Only three days since we lost as gallant a young soldier as ever reared a lance."

"As how?" interrupted the minstrel.

"I will tell thee," returned the soldier. "One was sent with despatches, and his friend accompanied him. In passing a wood a few miles from Dieppe, they were attacked by robbers; the bearer of despatches escaped, and his companion perished, as gallant a gentleman as ever mowed down a countryman of thine."

"And this so lately?" inquired the minstrel.

"Three days ago," replied the Englishman.

As he spoke, the signal for strangers to depart rang through the camp, and at the same instant the patrol passed the spot where the minstrel stood.

The reader may probably recollect the name of Hodge Garlies, the mate of the Pretty Nancy, who, in conjunction with Joe Brandwine and his shipmates, had been so instrumental in detecting the conspiracy against Henry's life. Hodge had changed his profession, and, as a compensation for his services, had received a subordinate promotion.

Now it happened that Hodge commanded the patrol of the district where the minstrel had taken his station. The duty of expelling strangers from the camp in the evening was thus deputed to the quondam mate, whose antipathy to the French was as natural as that of the English bull-dog to the animal from which it derives its name. It may, therefore, be readily sup-
posed that Hodge executed his commission with great alacrity. "Shift your quarters, Frenchman!" said he to the minstrel, in a manner that showed, were his inclinations consulted, he should not soon re-enter the camp.

As the minstrel was retiring, Hodge recognized in him an old acquaintance. He instantly arrested him, and without once losing his hold, dragged him tumultuously to the door of the royal pavilion, and demanded an audience of his highness, who, after hearing a few words, ordered the minstrel into close custody till the morning.

CHAPTER XV.

The villain hath confessed.—*Dryden.*

"Are the witnesses in waiting?" inquired Henry, who had early in the morning summoned his council to inquire into the circumstances connected with the apprehension of the French minstrel, as noticed in the preceding chapter.

"Both they and the prisoner are in waiting, your highness," replied an officer.

"Confront them," said the king; and in a few minutes Hodge Garlies and three of his shipmates, who had, like himself, accepted the king's commission, entered the tent, followed by Maurice, who was strongly manacled.

This singular personage, after having secured the person of Aubrey de Vere, had adopted the disguise of a wandering minstrel, and entered the English camp for the purpose of ascertaining the opinion entertained of the fate of his captive. It was with this view that he had entered into conversation with the English soldier, and, without exciting suspicion, had learned the story, as related in a letter from Fitzalley, containing a fictitious account of Aubrey's death.

Hodge was directed to substantiate the charge he had made on the preceding night, which he did by a circumstantial, yet somewhat curious, detail of the events recorded in our third chapter.

In this account he was supported by the testimony of his companions, all of whom most positively maintained the identity of the minstrel with the bearer of the letters to the criminals Grey, Cambridge, and Scroop.

"Now, sir minstrel, hast thou any confession to make?" said Henry.

"Will it exempt me from the punishment that now awaits me?" inquired Maurice.
“It becomes not thee to make such inquiry,” replied the king. “Then send me to my doom!” responded the criminal; “thou canst kill, but, believe me, thou wilt not intimidate me.” “Enough!” said the king; “away with this miscreant—the rack will teach him truth! And, Garlies,” added the king, after Maurice had been removed from his presence, “be thou present when that caitiff expiates his crimes upon the wheel: thy attendance may be a check on him; for even with torture in his frame, and with hell before his eyes, I should not marvel if he vent in lies his dying breath.”

The king then dismissed his council, and retired to indulge in privacy his reflections. He had not been long thus engaged when a message arrived from the officer into whose custody Maurice had been committed, informing him that the criminal was prepared to make confession.

The king inquired if he had been subjected to the torture, and was answered in the negative. He immediately commanded his presence. The extent of his confession was unknown, the king, his brother, and the Earl of Westmoreland, being alone privy to it.

In less than half an hour a body of picked cavalry, under the command of Sir Augustus Dalville, set off at a rapid pace in a direction for Paris, as was presumed by the inquisitive soldiery. Maurice was strapped to his horse, and his guards had positive orders to stab him to the heart, if they should discover in his conduct the least retracting from his engagements. Previously to his departure he had been given to understand that instant death would be the consequence of a failure of the object of the journey.

The reader will, we imagine, have, ere this, discovered the destination of the party to be the robber’s fortress on Mount Didier, with the liberation of Aubrey de Vere for their object. From the place of encampment to this spot, the distance was barely eight leagues, and in two hours the gallant company had entered the wood that circled the mountain. Maurice’s whistle was shortly after heard echoing through the wood, and the whole of the banditti appeared, to the number of nearly three-score.

“These long arrows would make havoc in thy company, sir captain,” said Maurice to Sir Augustus Dalville. “Comrades!” said he, elevating his voice, “your captain is a prisoner; are ye prepared to rescue?”

Every bow was instantaneously bent.
"Hold! ye ready hands and gallant hearts!" he exclaimed; and putting aside the sabres that his guards held pointed to his breast, "put down your weapons, fellows," said he; "think ye the leader of a gallant troop like yonder one, has fear of death before his eyes? Tete noir!" continued he, "produce your captive."

The robber he addressed immediately retired, and shortly after returned with Aubrey de Vere. Sir Augustus rode forward, and embraced his friend.

"Augustus, this is friendship!" exclaimed Aubrey, warmly returning the embrace.

"Captain, have I forfeited mine honour?" asked Maurice.

"By the mass!" exclaimed Dalville, "indeed thou hast not; and I can respect thee for thy nobleness. Gentlemen!" continued he to the robbers, "be not alarmed for the safety of your leader—on the word of a true knight he shall not be harmed."

Maurice waved his hand, and the robbers slowly and sadly retired. Sir Augustus ordered him to be released from constraint, and the whole party instantly returned to Cambrai.

CHAPTER XVI.

He is but a friar, yet he's big enough to be a pope.—Dryden.

Previously to the events recorded in the two preceding chapters, Fitzalleyn had arrived at Southampton. To send for Father Barnabas, who was to be prime agitator in the design he had in contemplation, was his first step.

The monk could ill suppress his gratification on the receipt of the message. "My remembrance to Master Fitzalleyn," said he to the messenger, "and in an hour from this, I will, deo volente, gratify myself by waiting on him."

True to his appointment the monk was seen guiding his palfrey down the main street of the "good towne of Hamptone," and entering the hostelry near the quay.

"Ah, my pious father!" cried Fitzalleyn, "I see thou art still punctual as ever. Fore George! thy abbey provender, I trow, agrees well with thee and thy palfrey—ye both look sleek and trim."

"Content and a quiet mind, good Fitzalleyn," replied the monk, "go far to improve the condition of both man and beast."

"Good cheer and a sleeping conscience, thou should'st say, father!" said Fitzalleyn. "Why, Barnaby, in verity, I think thy palfrey has double the weight to carry he used to have. Thou art, indeed, wondrously increased. But, my good monk, how fares my little rosebud, blooming as ever? prithee tell me,
how is the lovely Gertrude?" continued Fitzalleyn; adding, "I call her mine, for mine, good father, she will be, an thou aid me with thy pious endeavours."

"And how can I assist thee?" demanded Barnabas.

"Hear me," said Fitzalleyn: "in two hours from this time I set off for London with despatches from the king to his council."

"And art thou truly invested with this authority? art thou in verity charged with despatches?" interrupted the monk.

"Aye, by my fay, am I!" replied his companion; adding, as the monk burst into a loud laugh, "and is there aught marvellous in that, good Barnaby?"

"No, Fitz; I could not, however, help thinking of Maurice's despatches to us."

"Ah, right, Barnaby," returned Fitzalleyn; "they were, in verity, of somewhat different nature from those I bear; but to my tale. As I told thee, I shall leave this place very shortly. My stay in London will be several days. Now, my design is this; do thou represent to Mistress Gertrude that it is Aubrey who is charged with despatches; tell her it will be impossible for him to make any tarry, and that, if she would see him, she must meet him at the chapel at Netley. Give her this cross," said he, handing the monk the jewelled cross which Aubrey had entrusted to his charge, "give her this cross, it will confirm her belief that none but Aubrey could have commissioned thee; and hark ye, Barnabas, be faithful and discreet; tell her, and season the intelligence with as much piety as thou art master of, tell her, that to secure him from a hazardous enterprize to which he is appointed immediately on his return to France, she must consent to unite her fate with his, instantly on his return from London. Conquer her scruples. Enjoin her to secrecy as regards her father; and at the hour of eleven on the third night from this, be with her at the altar in the abbey chapel: be careful to impress upon her mind that it is but antedating the ceremony a few days, or weeks at most, and that it will exempt her lover from a dangerous service. Barnabas, thou dear fellow, the plot can but succeed; and mark, at eleven, on the third night from this, in the chapel at Netley."

"As to secrecy toward her father," coolly replied the monk, "that would be impossible, were he not fortunately absent."

"Absent! that is indeed most opportune; thus the only danger is removed, for, Barnaby, where a woman loves—"

"Nay, none of thy raptures, good Fitzalleyn," interrupted the monk; "besides, her love is not thine."
THE BETROTHED.

"I know it, I know it," impatiently replied Fitzalleyn; "but Aubrey is secured, and once united to Gertrude, it will be my own fault if I do not shortly teach her to forget him."

"Why, there," replied the monk, "thou hast reason on thy side. Woman's will, you know, must be forced. Well, Fitz," continued he, "thou must not, I opine, be refused. Speed thee to London; transact thine affairs there without thought of Netley, or thou wilt barely 'scape the charge of madness. When thou returnest to Southampton, I'll stake my credit that thy wife awaits thee."

"Then, my friend," returned Fitzalleyn, "once united to Gertrude, once bound in vinculo matrimonii, the devil himself shall fail to part us. There, Barnaby, didst ever hear me quote Latin afore?"

"And I will reply," said the monk. "Quos deus adjunxit, nemo separet. Adieu, Fitz, adieu."

He left the apartment, and, mounting his palfrey, returned to Netley.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FRAGMENT.

Do they love thee now
Who fondly round thee press,
When rapture danced within thy breast,
And smiles lit up thy brow?

Do they cling to thee,
And hush thy whelming fears,
When they behold, too wild for tears,
Thy bosom's agony?

Upon thy altered frame
They calmly, coldly gaze,
Who circled thee, amid the blaze,
Of fortune and of fame?

Dishonour's on thy name,
Despair is in thy heart,
Yet is there one to whom thou art
Still faultless—still the same,

As when at thy dear side
She knelt, and breathed the vow
That made her thine—the prayer that thou
Responding, hail'dst her bride!

Oh, she was born to bless
Thy being—every tear
Of thine she shares, for bitterness
Hath made thee doubly dear!

MAY, 1830.

CHARLES M.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. IV.

THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

"Is the earl at home?" demanded a gentleman, as he alighted at Essex House, from a horse which seemed to have been ridden long and furiously.

"His lordship is indisposed, and cannot be spoken with," replied the porter.

"Tell him Ralph Neville is at the door," said the stranger.

The porter retired; and, almost instantly returning, admitted the youth, who, hearing the earl was in his library, repaired thither, and was met at the door by his lordship, who received him with all the affectionate familiarity of an old and valued friend.

"Well, my dear lord," said Neville, "I am returned, covered, I suppose, with obloquy; yet supported by conscious rectitude, and prepared to throw myself and fortunes at the feet of our sovereign lady, and by her smile or frown to stand or fall."

"Nay, Ralph," cried the earl, "an thou trust'st to woman's smiles, thou baskest in an uncertain sunshine."

"Thyself, my gallant lord, art a proof of the contrary," replied Neville; adding, "I shall trespass on thy friendship, my dear Essex, to accompany me instantly to the queen, where the sun of thy eloquence will, I doubt not, dispel the mist that clouds my name, and hurl shame upon my base aspersers."

"Ah! my friend," said the earl, while the glow that for a moment lit up his pallid cheek betrayed the agitation of his feelings, "thou prop'st thine expectations on a broken reed. The sun of Essex's honour has set; the queen and her servant are estranged, no more to be re-united."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Neville.

"Ah! Ralph," continued Essex, "thou know'st not how precarious is his fortune who hangs upon a prince's favour. Long and faithfully have I served her majesty—not as the hireling of a court—not as a heartless, selfish sycophant—but as her loyal and devoted slave. I have shared her griefs—I have mourned for her losses of fame and fortune—and, more than all, I have borne the contumely of her imperious temper. What has been my requital? Neville, blush for my dishonour—a contemptuous scoff—a blow!"

"Nay, my good lord," replied Neville, "some imprudence of thine must, I am persuaded, have urged the queen to this intemperate act. Thou well know'st her high spirit brooks not contradiction, and shouldst have given it way: thou art too unbending—
shall I say, too imperious—to thy royal mistress. But come,” added he, perceiving the earl to be deeply agitated, “I see not such mortal injury to thy honour; the wound was from a fair and royal hand, and should not, methinks—”

“Hold, Neville!” interrupted Essex; “does the lion’s rage the less alarm the traveller because he is the lord of brutes? can the wound I have received give me less pain because inflicted by a royal hand? no; let those who make their profit of princes show no sense of princes’ injuries. I sought not favour; I courted not advancement; but when her majesty was pleased to honour me I served her faithfully—”

“And humbly?” interrogated Neville.

“As a man!” replied the earl, “intrepidly and unceasingly; and rather is my wound the deeper, inflicted as it is by one whose honour and interest have ever been my delight. But no more of this,” continued the earl; “a recital of my injuries can but distress thee, Neville, while to me it yields but aggravated pain. Go thou to the queen, and may the god of justice so enable thee to plead thy cause, that her majesty may cease to entertain those unjust suspicions against her truest subject; for such, in spite of appearances, I have ever maintained thou art.”

“In truth will I to the queen, and from my lips, Essex, she shall bear a justification of my friend.”

“Not an thou lov’st me, Ralph,” replied the earl, “wilt thou make mention of my name to the queen. Leave it to time and to her own heart to make me reparation. Yet, Neville, seek not to-day an audience of her majesty; her temper as yet is ruffled, her passion unsubsided, and the fault of Essex may be visited on his friend.”

“What, then,” inquired Neville, “didst thou so far forget thyself as to be betrayed to anger?”

“Wouldst thou have me treated as a slave, and not prove myself a noble?” replied the earl; adding, “Neville, my disgrace has given me occasion to prove friendship almost superior to love: thou hast been too interested by my fortunes to think of the Lady Blanche.”

“Nay, my lord,” returned Neville, “I had not forgotten her; how fares she?”

“This morning at the palace I conversed with her of thee. She saw me depart, enraged, from the council; the tale of my humiliation had been whispered round; she was affected, even to tears, by the dishonour of her Neville’s friend.”

“I should scarce deem her worth my love,” said Ralph, “if
she felt not for my friend; but was thy quarrel with the queen so recent?"

"Still so curious, Ralph," replied the earl, smiling; "I shall grow jealous by-and-by, and almost suspect thou art disposed to profit by my disgrace. This morning the rupture was, and, therefore, Ralph, thou hadst best defer till to-morrow thy interview with the queen. It is possible some latent tenderness for Essex may, when her passion cools, work well to his friend. But now, Neville, let me introduce thee to Lady Essex: that angel woman has been doubly dear to me since my disgrace. She hails with pleasure my release from the cares and dangers of a court, and restoration to domestic bliss. Hark! is not that her voice?" continued the earl, as the full and mellow tones of a harp were heard in an adjoining apartment, in an accompaniment to the following canzonet, sung with the most bewitching simplicity and pathos:

"Fly, love, with me, from the snares that delight thee,
   Falsely secure thou art lingering here—
Hasten where love's soft endearments invite thee,
   Tender as even fond passion's own tear!

Joy's rosy chaplets are scattered around thee,
   War's laurelled wreaths would thy wishes employ:
Thorns 'neath the roses are lurking to wound thee,
   Laurels have poisons, thy peace to destroy.

Fly from the pleasures that smile to undo thee,
   No longer confide to the flatterer's smile;
Beware of the praise that to ruin would woo thee,
   Of the hand that would fondle and stab thee the while.

And come, love, with me, if my prayers have won thee,
   To the spot where no falsehood disquiet shall raise,
Where eyes that adore thee shall ever beam on thee,
   Where the lips of affection shall whisper thy praise!"

"Sweet songstress!" ejaculated the earl, while the tears rushed into his eyes, "I will indeed quit the cares and dangers of the court for the sweets of unambitious privacy! Happy shall I be if my proud heart can humble to its lowly lot. But come, my friend," continued he, "let us to my lady. She is not aware of your arrival, Neville, or she would not, I trow, have played the minstrel on so heart-speaking a subject."

On the morning after the events above narrated, the Lady Margaret Wriothesly, a maid of honour in the confidence of the queen, was summoned to Elizabeth's chamber.

"Wriothesly," said the queen, "didst thou take heed of Essex yesterday, when he left the court? how did he bear himself?"
"Wild with rage, my lady," replied the confidante, "he flung himself from the council-chamber. His fury, however, subsided when the Lady Blanche appeared. He took her hand, and, as he whispered an adieu, I think I saw their lips meet."

"Think!" interrupted the queen, "what mean'st thou? art thou not sure thou saw'st it? Yes; I see thou art; thou feardest, perhaps, kind creature, to do violence to my feelings; but mark me, woman, Elizabeth is not to be trifled with; if she honours thee with her confidence, in return she expects the truth. Nay, no tears, girl," added she: "perhaps I wrong thee; thou know'st my mood, and shouldst not take it ill. Assist me to dress, Wriothesly," continued the queen, "and then to the presence-chamber; there are petitions to be received. As for Essex, I will forget him; the proud noble has forfeited my friendship, and is, ere this, I doubt not, bitterly repenting his frowardness. If ever I restore him to favour it must not be yet—an ungovernable beast must be stinted. * But Blanche, the minion! I can neither forget nor forgive her."

With these words the queen repaired to the presence-chamber, which was thronged with courtiers and petitioners, who, on her entry, rent the air with their acclamations of "God save Queen Elizabeth!"

"I thank you, good people," said the queen; "and now for the petitions. Ralph Neville!" cried she, as the youth pressed forward, and threw himself at her feet, "how is this? hadst thou permission to return to England?"

"Disgraced from the appointment with which your majesty thought fit to honour me," replied Neville, "I have presumed to apply to my sovereign, to convince her, that, though branded as an unworthy servant, I am not, as my enemies would represent me, in heart a traitor. I come, gracious queen, to solicit your justice."

"Ha! rash boy, thou know'st not upon what dangers thou art rushing. Justice would to thee be condemnation—away, Neville! I honoured thy father for his fidelity, and love for his memory bids me extend towards his son the only mercy in my gift, that of silence on the subject of his offences."

"Respect for the memory of that father, most gracious lady, forbids Ralph Neville from bowing his head to undeserved obloquy. I seek not mercy, lady, I ask for justice; let a full in-

* These last words were actually employed by Elizabeth, in reference to the refusal of Essex to make submissions to her.
quiry be made into my conduct, and by the faithful chronicle of
my deeds let me stand or fall!"

"Away, young man!" exclaimed the queen; "again I warn
thee thou tread'st on slippery ground—a fall will plunge thee
into ruin and dishonour."

"If danger menace me, lady, unshrinkingly I woo it."

"Ha! does thy pride reject our mercy?" exclaimed Elizabeth;
"then, by the rood, thou shalt have terrible justice! I tell thee,
Ralph Neville, thou art a traitor; a vile and dastardly traitor!
Thou wert appointed to the command of one of our fairest Irish
towns, and did secretly betray to a barbarian enemy thy sacred
and important trust."

"You are deceived, my queen! my enemies at home—foes,
who, under these very walls, crouch to thee with all the show of
fidelity—betrayed both thee and me. My officers were their
creatures—they were instructed to work my downfall, at the ter-
rible sacrifice of your interest and honour."

"'Tis false! 'tis false as hell!" cried the queen, while her
whole frame shook with fury. "Officers, remove the prisoner.
Ralph Neville, wert thou my own brother's son, thou shouldst die
a traitor's death!"

Neville was about to be conveyed from the chamber, when the
Lady Blanche, who, as maid of honour to the queen, was in at-
tendance, threw herself at the feet of Elizabeth.

"Spare him, my mistress!" she ejaculated, "he is thy true
subject, thy devoted slave."

"In the name of God, woman! by what right dost thou inter-
cede for him?"

"By the most sacred of all rights, my queen, by that of mar-
rriage—he is my husband!"

"Explain this mystery," said the queen, struggling with her
resentment.

"Before his departure for Ireland, madam, I privately gave
him my hand."

"Who was present, mistress, at this marriage?"

"The Earl and Countess of Essex."

"Hence, minion!" cried the queen, spurning from her the
error-smitten Blanche. "Neville, hear me," added she; "thou
must wed this woman without my knowledge or consent*—
loathsome by the advice of Essex, who thought himself entitled to

* None of the nobility could marry without the consent of the sove-
reign.—Hume.
make or unmake laws at his pleasure. The earl is liberal towards his friends, thus to palm upon them his rejected mistresses! Essex was yesterday disgraced and banished from my presence; and, God’s death! he will look long ere he be reinstated in my favour. He was seen to take his farewell from the lips of this weeping beauty, this fair Magdalene. Neville, continued the queen, in a tone of bitter irony, “I congratulate thee on thy marriage with the leman of thy friend.”

“Thou dost foul wrong to my friend and my chaste wife,” cried Ralph, urged by her taunts to a forgetfulness of all respect.

“Insolent wretch!” cried the queen; but, checking her fury, she proceeded, “hear me farther: thou and thy chaste wife shall spend the honeymoon beneath one roof; but, mark me, in separate apartments—in the Tower; the most fitting abode for an adultress and a traitor. Officers, remove them.”

As the queen spoke, she left the place, and, retiring to her chamber, gave herself up to reflections scarcely less pleasurable than those of her victims.

* * * * *

During several weeks did the active and aspiring spirit of the Earl of Essex pine in obscurity and estrangement from his royal mistress, yet did his pride refuse to make such submissions as might have reinstated him in her favour; submissions to which his friends zealously exhorted him.

The enemies of the high-spirited nobleman were beginning to triumph in the downfall of their late powerful rival, while his desponding friends already beheld the failure of every hope they had cherished for his restoration to that favour and distinction to which his great and generous qualities so justly entitled him.

It was at this period that some officers of Ralph Neville’s regiment arrived at Essex House from Ireland, whose evidence enabled the earl to establish his friend’s innocence of the charge which, since his unfortunate interview with the queen, had retained him in close confinement. Anxious to release Neville and his unhappy bride from their perilous and humiliating situation, the earl repaired with his witnesses to the palace, and solicited, as a stranger, an audience of her majesty. The mental disquietude of a few weeks had wrought so entire a change in the countenance of the young nobleman, lately glowing with health and animation, that, appearing in the company of strangers, and in the habit of a private gentleman, he passed undiscovered by the numerous officers of the court to the queen’s presence.
Almost overcome with surprise and gratification, Elizabeth received her penitent favourite. The tears rushed into her eyes, as she addressed him. "Was it kind, my lord, to steal upon me thus? I was prepared to meet a stranger, an indifferent person—not one who—" The queen checked herself, and raising the earl from his knees, addressed him. "But thou look'st ill, Essex; thou hast, I fear, taken too much to heart my brief resentment."

The earl was beginning to assign a more rational cause for his indisposition, when the queen interrupted him. "Nay, proud fool," said she, smiling, at the same time tapping him playfully on the cheek, "thou canst not deny thou hast been unhappy. I, too, had feared that unlucky violence of mine had lost me my best friend and most faithful servant; forgive me, Essex, and tell me 'tis not so." The earl kissed her extended hand, and expressed his grateful acknowledgments of kindness equally unexpected and unmerited.

"Nay, not unmerited," said the queen; adding, "we were both carried away by our passions, and must forgive each other. But what would these gentlest?" demanded the queen, directing her attention to the companions of Essex, whom she had scarce observed before, so much had her attention been engrossed by the favourite.

The earl briefly explained their business.

"I foresee a successful termination of Neville's difficulties," said the queen; "I will immediately despatch messengers to summon hither himself and his bride. In the mean time, Essex, I need thy advice on a subject which now employs my privy-council; they are at this moment sitting to decide on the appointment of a successor to my lamented Burleigh; let us share their deliberations. These gentlemen, thy companions, may have the range of the palace, till summoned to the presence-chamber."

The astonishment of the members of the privy-council may be readily conceived, at the entrance of the queen attended by the Earl of Essex, who, during the progress of the debate, (to a participation of which he was kindly invited by Elizabeth,) evidently enjoyed an increase of her esteem and affection. At the conclusion of their deliberations, the queen addressed the nobles present, "My lords, ye were witnesses, some weeks ago, to the committal of a reputed traitor; ye are now invited to witness the enlargement and restoration to his rights of an injured subject—follow me to the presence-chamber."

On their arrival thither, Ralph Neville and the Lady Blanche were discovered in the custody of officers of the Tower, while in
another part of the room were seen the persons whom Essex had brought to the palace.

"Has Ralph Neville had communication with those gentlemen?" demanded the queen, as she took her seat, motioning the Earl of Essex to sit beside her.

The officers replied in the negative.

"'Tis well," said Elizabeth; "and now to business. Ralph Neville, thou art accused of having traitorously yielded to the enemy the town of Waterford, which thou wast appointed to garrison: thou hast previously denied the charge; hast thou evidence to prove thine innocence?"

"I perceive in this apartment, my lady," replied Neville, "some officers of my regiment. Kindness to me, I can readily imagine, has brought them hither. On their testimony of the general loyalty of my conduct I repose my claim to belief, while I again most solemnly assert my innocence."

"Sir cavaliers," said the queen, "ye are at liberty to speak in the defence of your commander."

One of the witnesses presented to the queen a sealed parchment, which she delivered to Essex, who, having broken the seal, returned it to her majesty.

"What is this?" said the queen, as she proceeded to read the contents. ""The death-bed confession of Mark Elson, an officer in Neville's regiment, as received by Walter Hatton, Philip Heylin, and Henry Sydney, officers in the same corps.' Essex, read the remainder," said the queen, handing him the packet.

Essex complied.

"'Expecting shortly to appear in the presence of my Maker, I absolve my conscience, by this faithful acknowledgment, of an offence against a guiltless gentleman, who is, I doubt not, ere this, suffering for my misdeeds. From the hands of Paul Wriothesly, whose confidential agent I have long been, I received a bribe of five hundred pounds, and a commission in the regiment commanded by Ralph Neville, as an inducement to betray into the hands of the enemy the town under the charge of that officer. This I accomplished by suborning the two sentinels at the west gate, who, on the entry of the enemy, were slaughtered, to prevent discovery. I make this confession to three of my comrades, entreating them to spare no exertions, that the truth may reach the ears of our gracious queen.""

"Ye are, I trow, the gentlemen whose names are mentioned in the confession?" said Elizabeth, addressing the witnesses.

"Your majesty is correct," replied Walter Hatton; "and, with permission, I will speak for myself and my brother-officers."
"Proceed," said the queen.
"At the request of the dying Elson (who, almost immediately after the consummation of his treachery, was struck, as if by the avenging hand of Heaven, with a mortal malady,) we were released by the Irish chieftain, O'Neal, and, repairing to headquarters, requested leave of absence, which was denied us. Seeing the necessity of despatch we resigned our commissions, and hastened to obtain justice for our injured commander."

"By the rood! my friends," said Elizabeth, "your conduct becomes your cause; and far be it from Elizabeth to throw any obstacle in the path of justice. Ralph Neville, I repent me of the rash expressions I employed toward thee. I grieve for thy undeserved imprisonment; and, as the only recompense in my gift, I absolve thee and thy fair spouse from all blame touching your covert union. And now," added she, in a sterner tone, "there are others to whom justice must be awarded. Paul Wriothesly, the charge of treason cleaves to thee—rebut it, an thou'rt able."

"I trust, my queen," replied the traitor, "your majesty will allow me time to prepare my defence."

"Time! thou cool, inveterate hater!" cried the queen, "thou hast had time for repentance! The victim of thy duplicity has long languished in a dungeon, while thou hast secretly triumphed in his sufferings. But I know the main-spring of thy machinations—thou art the neglected rival of Neville in the affections of the Lady Blanche. Thy sister sought to poison my ear against that innocent woman; but I have detected her duplicity, and thy disgrace shall be her punishment. Away! perpetual exile be thy reward—I reprove not thy treason more severely; 'twill be pain enough to thee to know thy rival enjoys the regards of thy queen, and the affections of thy mistress!"

CHARLES M.

SÉRENADE.

Fleet as the falcon o'er Leman's deep tide,
Lover of Leila, thy galley should glide;
For, gazing afar from her lattice on high,
The maiden awaits, and wishes thee nigh.
She has promised to tempt the wave to-night,
In her lover's bark, by the calm moonlight.
Thy loved guitar's sweet murmurs wake,
And sing its melody o'er the lake,
And Leila's ear entranced shall listen,
And Leila's eye delighted glisten.
Thus Beauty and Heaven, happy lover, on thee
Shall smile in their softest witchery.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Although the publishing season is advancing with rapid strides, a mere enumeration of the various works, large and small, which the past month has sent forth, would occupy no little space. Of the great abundance continually pouring upon us, the small proportion which appears likely to occupy a place among our standard authors is by no means flattering to the present state of literature, the majority being written with a view to present profit only, and calculated to excite no higher interest than the newspaper of the day—to be read and forgotten. Even "The Doom of Devorgoil, a Melo-Drama," and "Auchindran, or the Ayrshire Tragedy," though bearing the great name of Sir Walter Scott, a name which will always maintain a place in the very highest rank of British poets and novelists, will add little to his fame. The former was written for the Adelphi Theatre when Mr. Terry, for whom Sir Walter had a particular regard, was its proprietor; but the manner in which the mimic goblins of Devorgoil are intermixed with the supernatural machinery rendered it unfit for representation, in addition to which, the plot is extremely meagre, and the entire subject below the author's powers. "Auchindran," however, contains some fine passages, and is altogether of a higher character, and founded on a much more interesting story.

Even Voyages and Travels are assuming somewhat of the novel form, and coming forth as "Notices," "Notes," and "Narratives." In addition to "Notices of Brazil," we have now "Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys," collected during his travels in the east, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt; "Notes on Haiti," or St. Domingo, made during a residence in that republic, by Charles Mackenzie, Esq.; and a "Narrative of a Tour through some Parts of the Turkish Empire," by John Fuller, Esq. In the latter is an interesting account of a Christian marriage in Aleppo, at which the author was present, and which appears, in that country, to be no ordinary affair. The rejoicings were kept up for several days, during which various stories were told by an old buffoon, of which the following is a specimen:

THE JEW OF HAMAH.

"Once upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who, having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goats' hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goats' hair, to take all his household with him,
and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbours, a Jew named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him that it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected that they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when, finding his expectations realized, he took out the gold and filled them up again with butter so carefully, that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbour had practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering if possible his property; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy. After long consideration, a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighbouring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goats' hair to the manufacturers of the mashalaks, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gypsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and conveying it privately to his house at Hamah, shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazar and bought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps or kalpaks, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room. About this time, as he was walking along the streets one day he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and having en-
ticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street, and from the other houses in the town, that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days’ search, not being able to gain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair: till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing, he had been seen walking in company with Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognized in the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the cadi, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house, and when the cadi was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive,—"Yah illah, el Allah!" he exclaimed, 'there is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true, effendi,' continued he, addressing himself to the cadi, 'that I saw the Jew Mousa’s son passing by my house; and for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse: nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet: but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when, to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him: and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognize his father.' At this instant a servant who was waiting on the outside let loose the ape into the divan, who seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha’s story; 'A miracle, a real miracle!" they cried out, 'great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet:" and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey and retire from the court. A compromise was now his only resource; and accordingly, as soon as
it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that the father, with his whole family, should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Hamah."

"Travels in Kamchatka and Siberia, with a Narrative of a Residence in China," by Peter Dobell, councillor of the court of the Emperor of Russia, relate many curious particulars of those countries. His description of a Chinese dandy has some novelty. "Many persons," he says, "have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or bons vivans. They are, however, mistaken; few countries possess more of those worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese petit-maitre is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth-pick, hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with chulan flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable. The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; though some, from avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirt and under garments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habits of the master through his splendid disguise. Those who are in the habit of mixing with Europeans are more attentive to cleanliness; but, generally speaking, the Chinese are certainly not so clean in their persons as one would expect from the inhabitants of a warm climate."
These vain people give a curious account of the origin of letters. "A Chinese," they say, "who was accustomed when he walked to take a book for his amusement, went once some distance into the woods, where he stopped to read and rest himself. Finding himself fatigued, he put the book down on the ground and placed a stone on it, whilst he lay down to repose himself. After a while he got up and went home—but forgot the book. It remained there for several years, until every part was decayed, except twenty-four characters covered by the stone. These a monkey afterwards found, and not being able to read them, he presented them to the Europeans, who formed their language with them. This story, ridiculous as it is, shews the vanity and pride of the Chinese, and the contempt they have for Europeans."

A "Personal Narrative of an Officer in the Army of Occupation in France from 1815 to 1818," is written by a medical officer, and much of what he details has the charm of novelty.

Horace Smith, the author of "Brambletye House," has just produced a novel in three volumes, under the title of "Walter Colyton, a Tale of 1698," which aspires to a place with those of Sir Walter Scott; but though it will, no doubt, be very generally read, it will not add much to the reputation of the author. The story is interesting; but as a summary of it would be unentertaining to those who have read it, and destroy the pleasure of perusal by those who have not, we shall merely give an extract by way of specimen. The speaker is addressing William III. on the time-serving character of too many of the then English courtiers:—

"I can easily believe that this covetousness and inconsistency on the one side, coupled with the insight which your majesty must have obtained into the clamorous protestations of universal loyalty that preceded the general defection from the late king, may have lowered our nation in your eyes; nor can I deny that the revolution, however glorious to your majesty, however blessed in its results, may be hereafter deemed dishonourable to the people of England in the mode of its achievement. But the Stuarts are only the victims of the general corruption they themselves effected. At the time of the restoration, high-minded Puritans of the Hutchinson and Ludlow stamp were still living, men who might have strengthened the public mind by imparting to it their own morality and strict religious tone; even as the Goths, when they intermingled with the degenerate people of Italy, corroborated their bodily strength. But in the reign of Charles the Second, drunkenness, irreligion, immorality, and corruption, became tests of loyalty; and the people at large soon learned to imitate, though
they could not surpass, the gross depravity of the court. Charles
and his successor were both pensioners of France; both secretly
leagued with a foreign despot against their subjects; and they can
have no right therefore to complain when the people turned the
stream of corruption, and entered into conspiracies against them-
selves. It will be for your majesty to commence a moral revo-
lution, still more glorious than the political one you have achieved,
by making the court a school of religion, morality, and decorum;
and thus gradually reforming the people by the same high ex-
ample that has so thoroughly corrupted them.”

“The King’s Own,” by Captain Marryat, author of “The
Naval Officer,” a novel in the style of Mr. Cooper, is a con-
siderable improvement on the captain’s former production, and
will be read with interest. “Carwell, or Crime and Sorrow,” is
a melancholy story well sustained. “Derwentwater, a Tale of
1715,” is another attempt to tread in the path of Sir Walter
Scott; the author, however, though apparently a young writer,
is not without talent. “The Game of Life,” by Leitch Ritchie,
is of the school of Fielding rather than of Scott, and bears no
resemblance to the fashionable novels of the day. “The Jewish
Maiden” is an interesting story very prettily told.

“Three Courses and a Dessert,” with about fifty sketches on
wood, from the inimitable pencil of George Cruikshank, has
some literary as well as graphic merit. The three courses are
three sets of tales or scenes; the first, West Country Chronicles;
the second, Irish; the third, Legal; and the Dessert, Miscel-
naneous. Another illustrated work, by W. H. Brooke, has been
published by our sister, as Paddy calls himself, being the pro-
duction of the Dublin press, entitled “Traits and Stories of the
Irish Peasantry,” in two volumes. They are nine in number,
and delightful stories they are.

“The Fugitives, or a Trip to Canada,” and “Anecdotal Re-
miniscences of Distinguished Literary and Political Characters,”
are productions of a class with which the press ought not to be
burthened. They display little talent, and excite little interest.

“Sketches from Nature,” consist of a variety of narratives,
the result of Mr. Macdiarmid’s observations, all of which are
amusing, and many display great descriptive power.

The supply of Memoirs of Buonaparte from France seems in-
exhaustible. We scarcely expected that any thing new could now
be published concerning him, but two volumes of “Private Me-
moirs” of this extraordinary man, written by M. de Bourrienne,
his private secretary, have just appeared, which prove the subject
to be not quite exhausted. "Three Lectures on the Cost of obtaining Money," by N. W. Senior; "India," by R. Rickards, Esq.; and a "History of the University of Edinburgh," in three volumes, octavo, are not very likely to interest our fair readers.

The plan and purpose of "A Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Waugh, DD." is to delineate the course of this good man through his early life, his pastoral ministry for forty-five years in London, his labours in connexion with public institutions, his character as a friend, and in domestic relations, and his conduct in affliction and death. To a considerable extent he is made his own biographer, by means of his private diary, his correspondence, and occasional journals. These form the most attractive portions of the book, and we shall extract one or two specimens, premising, in explanation of what follows, that Dr. Waugh was a native of Berwickshire, and received the rudiments of his education at the secluded village of Earlston, in the vicinity of Melrose, and of other scenes of border story and poetical renown. The following is from his diary:

"I recollect the friendships of youth with reverence. They are the embraces of the heart of man ere vice has polluted or interest diverted its operations. In the churchyard of Earlston lies the friend of my youth. John Anderson was a young man of the gentlest manners and of unaffected piety. Often, when the public service of the church was over, have we wandered amidst the bower of Cowdenknowes, and talked of the power of that Being by whose hands the foundations of the mountains we beheld were laid, and by whose pencil the lovely scene around us was drawn, and by whose breath the flowers among our feet were perfumed. On our knees have we many a time in succession lifted up our hearts to him for knowledge, for pardon, for the formation of his image in the soul. We looked forward to the days of coming prosperity, and fondly hoped it might please God that, hand in hand, we should pass through life to that world we were taught to love and aspire after. But Heaven thought otherwise, and by a consumption carried my friend to the grave in the bloom of life. I cannot, even at this distance of time, read his letters, but the recollection of the past overcomes my soul to weakness.

"John Anderson had a sister: if ever piety and mildness of soul, with most becoming softness, inhabited a female form, it was the form of that excellent young woman. Through solicitude about her brother, she caught his disorder. I hurried to Earlston the moment I heard of her danger: she made an effort to rise up to receive me. 'My brother, my brother, he whom you so loved,
is gone! I heard the trampling of the horses' feet as his funeral passed by the door. I shall soon be with him. My God will supply all my wants out of his fulness in glory by Christ Jesus; her strength was spent;—in four days after, I held the cord which let her down into the grave. She was buried in the grave adjoining to her brother's, and but ten days after his interment. 'They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.' They are the boast of the village. Their memory is still fragrant; reproach could not sully their fair character; I do not remember of an enemy they ever had. Their religion was truly like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Farewell, my earliest friend! I will hold up your image to my heart, and trace on my own the sincerity, friendship, love, and goodness of yours.'

The following anecdote is given in illustration of his winning suavity as chairman of the Examination Committee of the London Missionary Society, in which he presided for many years.

"A pious young man, who was desirous of devoting himself to the work of the ministry among the heathen, and had been recommended with that view to the committee of the London Missionary Society, on undergoing the usual examination, stated that he had one difficulty; he had an aged mother entirely dependent upon an elder brother and himself for maintenance; and in case of that brother's death he should wish to be at liberty to return to this country, if his mother were still living, to contribute to her support. Scarcely had he made this ingenuous statement, when a harsh voice exclaimed: 'If you love your mother more than the Lord Jesus Christ, you will not do for us.' Abashed and confounded, the young man was silent. Some murmurs escaped the committee; and he was directed to retire while his proposal was taken into consideration. On his being again sent for, the venerable chairman (Dr. Waugh), in tones of unaffected kindness, and with a patriarchal benignity of mien, acquainted him that the committee did not feel themselves authorized to accept of his services on a condition involving uncertainty as to the term; but immediately added: 'We think none the worse of you, my good lad, for your dutiful regard for your aged parent. You are but acting in conformity to the example of Him whose Gospel you wished to proclaim among the heathen, who, as he hung upon the cross in dying agonies, beholding his mother and the beloved disciple standing by, said to the one, 'Woman, behold thy son!' and to John, 'Behold thy mother!' My good lad, we think none the worse of you.'
"He had a happy talent," says his biographer, "of interposing a jocular anecdote to terminate a debate that was kindling irritation, or to divert into a strain more agreeable to the company the conversation that was maintained by two disputants, to the disgust or annoyance of others. Thus, in a party some one was objecting to church-establishments, that there was nothing in them specially to attract those spiritual influences which were the object of all Christian institutions. Dr. Waugh was friendly to establishments; but not wishing to engage in the controversy, in the circumstances in which he was then placed, he put an end to it by the following jocular anecdote, which set all in good humour. 'Weel, it may be so,' he said. 'I remember when I returned home at the vacation of Earlston school, I frequently went out to the muir to have some talk with my father's shepherd, a douce, talkative, and wise man in his way; and he told me, a wondering boy, a great many things I never had read in my school-books. For instance, about the Tower of Babel, that

'Seven mile sank, and seven mile fell
And seven mile still stands, and evermair sail.'

"And about the craws, (there were aye plenty of craws about Gordon Muir, and I often wondered what they got to live on), that they aye lay the first stick of their nests on Candlemas-day; and that some of them that big their nests in rocks and cliffs have siccan skill of the wind, that if it is to blaw mainly frae the east in the following spring, they are sure to build their nests on what will be the beildy side; ane mony a ane that notices it can tell frae that the airth the wind will blaw. After expressing my admiring belief of this, I thought as I had begun Latin, and was therefore a clever chield, that I wadna let the herd run away wi' a' the learning. It was at the time when the alteration of the style had not ceased to cause great grief and displeasure to many of the good old people in Scotland; and I knew the herd was a zealous opponent of the change, so I sily asked him, 'Do the craws count Candlemas by the new or auld style?' He replied, with great indignation, 'D'ye think the craws care for your acts of parliament?'

We are glad to see the Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly collected into two volumes; but of the many volumes of original poetry lately published, so few rise above mediocrity, or display any originality of thought or diction, that their want of success is no libel on the taste of the age; though a Mr. William Phillips, brother, we believe, to the Irish barrister, who has produced what he calls a poem, entitled "Mount Sinai," thinks otherwise.
THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

FULL DRESS.

A dress of pale canary-coloured gauze, over a gros de Naples slip to correspond. Corsage en cœur, formed by folds which descend from the shoulder to the ceinture, and are arranged in the centre of the breast, under a satin rouleau. Béret sleeve, ornamented with three points, corded with satin on the shoulder, and terminated by a narrow ruche of blond net. The sleeve is very short, and the corsage cut extremely low round the bust. The trimming of the skirt consists of four or five narrow satin rouleaus, put pretty close together, and disposed in waves; they are ornamented at each point with butterfly nœuds, which are trimmed with narrow blond lace. The hair is dressed full on the temples, and the hind hair disposed in four bows, two of which are brought forward, and two placed very far back. A chaperon of white feathers is put in between the bows. Necklace and earrings. Large pearls. White satin slippers en sandales.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A pelisse composed of gros des Indes, the colour is a peculiar shade of Chinese-pink. The corsage, made up to the throat, but without a collar, is tight to the shape; the upper part of the long sleeve is of the double béret form, the lower tight to the arm. The front of the dress is ornamented from the ceinture to the waist en tablier, with richly-wrought silk buttons and tassels. Hat of bright grey gros de Naples, trimmed with a mixture of white gauze riband, and the material of the hat, which is disposed in full nœuds in front of the crown. The inside of the brim is ornamented with white gauze riband only. Collarette of the pelerine form, composed of ten rows of richly-embroidered cambic. Citron-coloured gros des Indes half-boots. White kid gloves. Earrings and ceinture buckle massive gold.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The return of spring, always hailed with pleasure, is this year doubly so, on account of the long and severe winter that has preceded it. Our fair promenaders have exchanged their warm mantles and well-wadded pelisses for the light attire of spring. Muslin, however, is not yet very generally adopted for the promenade; silk dresses, made up to the throat, but without a collar, being more in favour. These gowns have no trimming at the bottom of the skirt in general; but if there is any, it consists of a cluster of folds; there are sometimes five or six laid very close together, on a single rouleau.

These dresses are either worn with a pelerine of the same
material, or else a lace one, to which a light scarf is generally added. The few white dresses that have appeared are worn with China crape shawls.

Leghorn bonnets are decided favourites for the promenade. The cottage bonnet, so long in favour, is still adopted by several elegant women. These bonnets are mostly lined with white or coloured silk, and trimmed with figured ribands. Large bonnets and hats, of the French shape, are, however, more in request; they are not lined, but are trimmed either with nœuds of gros de Naples, or of riband.

Silk pelisses are very fashionable in carriage dress. We have seen some elegant ones made in the redingote style. The sleeves are in general à l'Amadis; but some, instead of being made to sit close to the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, have the fulness confined by bands. White dresses are more generally seen in carriages than in the promenade; they are richly embroidered round the border, and some, in addition to the embroidery above the hem, are finished with a single deep flounce, embroidered to correspond.

Gauze and crape fancy scarfs are very much in favour in carriage dress. We have remarked, also, with some muslin dresses, a few long-pointed pelerines, richly trimmed with broad white lace.

Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with gauze ribands and flowers, are in favour in carriage dress. The brims of these bonnets are something of a hat shape, very wide, but not so deep as they have been worn. They are all adorned with knots of riband placed inside of the brim. Bonnets and hats of gros de Naples, &c. are still more in request than those of Leghorn; the crowns are of a very moderate height; the brims of bonnets are deeper, and somewhat closer than they were in the winter. Hats, on the contrary, are rather wider, and certainly shallower. Both hats and bonnets are very much trimmed, indeed too much so; the nœuds are made excessively large, and put too close to each other. Feather fringe, though so long in favour, has still been made use of for trimming several of the most novel spring bonnets.

Some beautiful muslins, of rich flowered patterns, have come much into favour in dinner dress. These gowns are cut in a very decorous manner round the bosom, so as to show the neck to advantage, but entirely to cover the bosom and shoulders; they are generally finished with a ruche of blond net, or a falling tucker à l'enfant. Long and very full sleeve; but the fulness is
confined to the arm by four bands, each pointed in the centre; they are placed at regular distances above the deep-pointed cuff, from the wrist to the elbow. The skirt is finished round the border with a lozenge trimming, placed immediately above the hem. The lozenges are edged round with three cords of gros de Naples, of the predominant colours of the dress; they fall over the border, and there is some space left between each.

Worked muslin, and silks of different descriptions, are also in favour in dinner dress. Gowns for social parties are generally made in a plain style, and almost always with long sleeves. In full dress the sleeves are always short, and the corsage very much ornamented, but the skirts are usually very little trimmed.

Fashionable colours are lilac, canary-yellow, Chinese pink, azure blue, and different shades of green.

Modes de Paris.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of very bright rose-coloured gros des Indes. The corsage is cut excessively low before and behind: it is ornamented with folds which fall over, and has a nœud, fastened by a gold brooch, in the centre of the back and bust. Sleeve à l'antique, terminated by a gauntlet cuff. The skirt is set on all round in very full plaits, and the ceinture is drawn nearly to a point in front by three massive gold sliders; the ends of the ceinture descend nearly to the bottom of the dress; they are fastened in two places by gold sliders, and are terminated by gold bands and fringe. Dress hat, of a large size, trimmed with a panache of cocks' feathers: it is put rather far back, so as partially to display the gold bandeau worn underneath it. Bracelets and earrings massive gold. White satin slippers en sandales.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A redingote, composed of lavender-coloured gros de Berlin. The corsage is made with a large square collar, and lappels: it is very open at the bosom, so as to display a richly embroidered habit skirt, which fastens in front with gold buttons. The redingote is trimmed up the fronts, and round the collar, with broad black blond lace, set on with very little fulness. The sleeve is of the Amadis form: it is terminated by a black velvet cuff, which fastens with silver buttons, and is trimmed at the upper edge with black blond lace. Gros de Naples hat, corresponding in colour with the dress; the brim is of a moderate size, and not so wide as they have lately been worn. Bunches of
violets, and nœuds of riband, striped in various shades of green, form the trimming of the hat. A twisted roll of riband crosses the inside of the brim, and terminates in a full bow on the left side. Black velvet cravate à la coquette, with a richly wrought silver brooch in the centre. The buckle of the ceinture is also of silver, as are likewise the ear-rings. Black satin slippers, en sandales.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN APRIL, 1830.

The rich mantles, and the warm douillette, have now given place to a high dress, or a spring pelisse; the first is composed of silk, or of some of the numerous light materials manufactured of silk and cotton, which have been, during some years, in favour with the Parisian belles, such as Cotpalis, palmiyriennes, &c. These dresses have the corsage tight to the shape, the waist quite the natural length, and the sleeves uniformly wide at the upper part, and tight at the lower part of the arm. A pelerine, pointed behind, and at each side of the front, is worn with these dresses in general; but some ladies are seen with muslin caneous, trimmed, round the armholes and the throat, with ruches of tuile; this fashion will, probably, become more general in a few weeks, but as yet it is very partially adopted.

Silk and fancy straw bonnets are now equally in favour for the promenade. A good many of the former are made of changeable silk; green shot with white is most in request. Hats and bonnets seem in equal favour for the promenade; the crowns of the latter are lower than last month, the brims remain nearly the same size. The newest style of trimming for promenade bonnets consists of two very full nœuds, either of silk or riband, one placed near the top of the crown, on the right side, and the other at the bottom, on the left. A band of silk or riband, disposed in folds, goes from one of these nœuds to the other. We see, also, a good many promenade bonnets trimmed with a piece of the same material, disposed in the form of a fan in the front of the crown; the upper part of this ornament is cut round in scollops, and turns partially over, and a large nœud is placed at its base. The trimming of hats usually consists of short full bows, with pointed ends.

Carriage bonnets are of gros de Naples, or gros des Indes. Those of the capote shape are much in favour; they are trimmed with a ruche, composed either of the material of the bonnet, or of white or coloured gauze, round the edge of the brim, and another ruche, placed en demi couronne, at the upper part of the crown. If the bonnet is not of the capote form, it is generally
lined and trimmed with a different colour. The nœuds are of gauze riband, and are intermixed with flowers.

The new carriage hats are smaller than those worn last month. Several of those which have appeared at Longchamps are made of a new material—a kind of metallic gauze, of a most beautiful texture, and of different colours; these hats are trimmed with an intermixture of striped or spotted gauze riband, and bouquets of flowers. Sometimes the bouquet is composed of different flowers; at others of roses only; the latter are in great favour.

Muslin is as yet very little worn, except in morning dress, for which it is very generally adopted. Morning dresses are very plainly made, and quite in the robe de chemise style, except that they have no collars, and that the lower part of the sleeve sits close to the arm; it is terminated by a worked muslin ruffle, and a frill to correspond with the ruffle finishes the corsage at the throat. Some few of these dresses are trimmed down one side of the front, which wraps across with a frill, but the greater number fasten imperceptibly.

Pamphyriennes en colonnes, and printed gros de Naples, are much in favour in dinner dress. The corsage is always cut low, and the most fashionable style of trimming it is à revers—that is, one or two folds laid across the bosom, and forming epaulettes on the shoulders: these folds are frequently edged with full quillings of tulle. Long sleeves are fashionable in dinner dress, but there are a still greater number of short ones. The long sleeves are all made tight to the lower part of the arm, but are variously ornamented. Some have a fold in the middle of the arm from the wrist to the elbow, on which knots of riband are placed at regular distances; others have four or five folds laid pretty close to each other in the middle of the arm from the elbow to the wrist. The upper part of the sleeve still preserves its excessive and ungraceful fulness.

There is no alteration in the form of short sleeves, but those of the béret kind are longer than usual, and those of the Marino Fatiero form are now looped more in the centre of the arm than in front.

Fashionable colours are bright rose colour, lavender, vapeur, lilac, and different shades of green.
THE
LADIES' MUSEUM.
JUNE, 1830.

DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.
VOL. VI.—EMINENT BRITISH LAWYERS.

In this age of large works in little volumes, chiefly devoted to productions of mere amusement, the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," which presents information of the highest order in a popular and attractive form, possesses peculiar claims to support. Dr. Lardner engages to treat science in an intelligible style, entirely free from mathematical symbols, and disencumbered, as far as possible, of technical phrases, without being superficial or unsound; and that he will not keep the word of promise to the ear alone, we may fairly presume from the volume on mechanics, which, for six shillings, and complete within itself, presents the elements of that science in a form admirably adapted to those "who seek that portion of information respecting such matters which is generally expected from well-educated persons."

The ready pen of Sir Walter Scott has already enabled the proprietors to publish the second volume of the "History of Scotland;" but in a work which is to comprise every department of literature, science, and art, in about one hundred volumes, twenty-two of which are to comprehend the whole range of history, mythology, chronology, &c. two volumes are certainly more than a due proportion for Scotland. "The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery" is ably treated in the volume now published, of which two more are to follow; and the first volume of "Domestic Economy" contains much useful information.

The sixth volume, which is just published, comprises "Lives of Eminent British Lawyers," by Henry Roscoe, Esq.; and in selecting a specimen of the style in which this department of the work is performed, we shall confine our extracts to the first memoir, that of

Sir Edward Coke.

This great lawyer was born at Mileham, in Norfolk, in the year 1550, and while a student of the Inner Temple, is said to have exhibited proofs of the high legal talents by which he was afterwards so greatly distinguished. At the end of six years he was called to the bar, the usual period being at that time eight. The first case in which he appeared in the King's Bench, was the
Lord Cromwell's case, in 1578, about which time he was appointed reader of Lyon's Inn, where the excellence of his lectures attracted much attention. By his marriage with Bridget, daughter and co-heiress of John Paston, Esq. of Norfolk, he acquired a very considerable fortune, and became connected with several of the noblest families in the kingdom. His practice increased rapidly; he was chosen recorder of Coventry and of Norwich; in 1592 he was appointed solicitor-general, and soon afterwards attorney-general. Having been returned to parliament for his native county, he was chosen speaker in the 35th of Queen Elizabeth.

"One of the most celebrated cases in which Coke appeared, while he held the office of attorney-general, was that of the Earls of Essex and Southampton; who, on the 19th of February, 1600, were tried before the lords for high treason. In the conduct of the charge against the accused, the attorney-general displayed some of that acerbity of temper and coarseness of feeling which have stained a character, in other respects deserving of the highest esteem. . . . But it was during the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, which took place three years subsequently to that of Essex, that the full violence of Coke's temper displayed itself. It is difficult to assign any adequate cause for the indecent eagerness with which he pressed the case against the prisoner, and for the harsh and cruel language with which he assailed him. In the course of the attorney-general's address, Raleigh interrupted him. 'To whom speak you this? you tell me news I never heard of.' To which Coke replied; 'Oh, sir, do I? I will prove you the notoriest traitor that ever came to the bar. After you have taken away the king, you would alter religion, as you, Sir Walter Raleigh, have followed them of the bye in imitation, for I will charge you with the words.' 'Your words cannot condemn me,' said Raleigh: 'my innocence is my defence. Prove one of those things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand cruel tortments.' 'Nay,' answered Coke, 'I will prove all. Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money. Aremon was no sooner in England (I charge thee, Raleigh,) but thou incitest Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money, to bestow on discontented persons to raise rebellion in the kingdom.' 'Let me answer for myself,' said Raleigh. 'Thou shalt not,' was the fierce and brutal reply of Coke. "
"In 1606, Sir Edward Coke, as attorney-general, conducted the prosecution against the parties implicated in the gunpowder conspiracy. His speech on this occasion exhibited a considerable portion of the same acrimony which had distinguished him on the trials of Essex and Raleigh." He was shortly after promoted to the chief justiceship of the Common Pleas, and "from the period of his ascending the bench, the violence of temper which he had so frequently exhibited at the bar appears to have been much softened. He was succeeded in the office of attorney-general by Sir Henry Hobart, while Sir Francis Bacon was made solicitor-general, an office to which he had long aspired, and which, as he imagined, he had been debarred from filling by the efforts of Sir Edward Coke. From some cause, which it is now difficult to trace, probably from dissimilarity of character and pursuits, these celebrated men had contracted a mutual dislike for each other. Bacon envied the reputation and advancement of Coke, and Coke despised and slighted the professional acquirements of his younger rival."

"The unconstitutional and dangerous measures of which the high commission court was made the instrument, have been described by many historians. Cases in which it would have been impossible to procure a conviction in a court of common law were referred to the ecclesiastical commissioners, who did not hesitate to lend themselves to the violent and arbitrary designs of the court. The parties who were aggrieved by these unconstitutional proceedings not unfrequently appealed for protection to the courts of common law; and soon after Coke's accession to the bench, many prohibitions were moved for and granted, to stay the proceedings both of the court of high commission and of the presidents of the council of York and Wales. At length, the number of these prohibitions attracted the attention of the court: and the judges were called upon to justify their proceedings. This justification was prepared and communicated to the council by Sir Edward Coke, and contains a full and bold defence of the conduct pursued by himself and his brothers in granting prohibitions to the courts of the lords president. The churchmen and courtiers, however, were far from being satisfied with these reasons; and Bancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, preferred a formal complaint to the king against the conduct of the judges of the common law. In consequence of this complaint, both the archbishop and the judges were, in the month of November, 1608, summoned before his majesty; when Bancroft insisted that the king had power in his own person
to determine of what matters the ecclesiastical court had cognizance; and that, if he was so pleased, he might take any cause from the determination of the judges and decide it himself. And the archbishop said, 'that this was clear in divinity, that such authority belongs to the king by the word of God in the Scripture.' This singular doctrine received an immediate and unqualified denial from Coke, with the assent of all his brethren present; 'And it was,' says he, 'greatly marvelled that the archbishop durst inform the king that such absolute power and authority belonged to the king by the word of God.' The conclusion of this conference is admirably told by the chief justice himself. 'Then the king said, that he thought the law was founded upon reason, and that he and others had reason as well as the judges. To which it was answered by me, that true it was that God had endowed his majesty with excellent science and great endowments of nature; but his majesty was not learned in the laws of his realm of England. And causes which concern the life or inheritance, or goods or fortunes, of his subjects, are not to be decided by natural reason, but by the artificial reason and judgment of law; which law is an act which requires long study and experience, before that a man can attain to a cognizance of it; and that the law was the golden met-wand and measure to try the causes of the subjects, and which protected his majesty in safety and peace. With which the king was greatly offended, and said, that then he should be under the law, which was treason to affirm, as he said.'

"About four years after this attempt to depress the courts of common law, Abbott, who had succeeded Bancroft in the see of Canterbury, renewed the complaints against the judges, and, as before, both parties were summoned before the king. A vehement controversy ensued between the archbishop and Coke, and he and the other judges of the Common Pleas offered reasons in support of the course they had adopted. They were again questioned on a subsequent day; but, remaining constant in their opinion, the other judges were sent for, and, under the direction of Ellesmere, the lord chancellor, declared themselves of a contrary opinion. Upon this, all the judges were again directed to attend the council; but the justices of the Common Pleas were commanded to retire, because, as they were informed by the lord treasurer, they had contested with the king. Ultimately, the judges of the King's Bench and the barons of the Exchequer differing in their opinions, it was resolved in council, that the court of high commission should be reformed. This was the
most successful blow that had yet been aimed at the exorbitant powers of these dangerous tribunals."

"It might have been supposed that the independent and uncompromising conduct of Sir Edward Coke would have precluded all chance of his promotion; and still less did it seem probable, that he should owe that promotion to the suggestion of his rival, Sir Francis Bacon. That ambitious and crafty man, who still eagerly desired to obtain the office of attorney-general, seeing that his own promotion depended on that of Sir Edward Coke, prepared a memoir under the title, 'Reasons why it should be exceeding much for his majesty's service to remove the Lord Coke from the place he now holdeth, to be chief justice of England, and the attorney to succeed him, and the solicitor the attorney.' Amongst the reasons offered for the change, Bacon states, 'the remove of my Lord Coke to a place of less profit, though it be with his will, yet will be thought abroad a kind of discipline to him for opposing himself in the king's causes, the example whereof will contain others in more awe.' He also says, that the projected change 'will strengthen the king's causes greatly amongst the judges; for both my Lord Coke will think himself near a privy-counsellor's place, and thereupon turn obsequious; and the attorney-general, a new man and a grave person in a judge's place, will come in well with the other, and hold him hard to it, not without emulation between them, who shall please the king best.' According to these suggestions, Coke was, on the 25th of October, 1613, raised to the chief justiceship of the King's Bench; and a few days afterwards was sworn in as a member of the privy council. Hobart was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Bacon succeeded to the vacant office of attorney-general."

"The discovery of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the year 1615, and the tracing of that dark and intricate plot to its authors, not only occupied much of the time and attention of Sir Edward Coke, but likewise placed him in a situation of great difficulty. It is impossible, within reasonable limits, to give any idea of this 'grand oye de poisoning.' In the inquiry which took place previously to the trials, Sir Edward Coke examined upwards of two hundred witnesses; and, in the course of these arduous proceedings, conducted himself with a zeal and industry which even forced an encomium from Bacon. 'This I will say of him, and I would say as much to ages, if I should write a story, that never man's person and his place were better met in a business than my Lord Coke and my lord chief justice in the cause of
Overbury.' Much of the mystery in which these infamous proceedings were enveloped has never been unravelled. From various passages of the trial, it is obvious that the chief justice was impressed with an idea that certain persons, whose names could not be breathed, were in some manner implicated in the transaction. With unwearied diligence, however, he searched out and brought to punishment the actual perpetrators of the crime, though the king's favourite was included amongst them.'

In the following year Sir Edward Coke was summoned before the council for conduct unpleasing to the king, who decreed that he should be sequestered from the council-table during pleasure, that he should forbear to ride his summer circuit as judge of assize, and that during the vacation he should take into consideration and review his book of reports, and having corrected what in his discretion he found meet, "his majesty's pleasure was that he should bring the same privately to himself, that he might consider thereof as in his princely judgment should be found expedient." This reprimand was followed in the same year by his removal from office, when the lord chancellor warned the new chief justice not to follow the steps of his predecessor.

"At length an opportunity occurred to Coke of restoring himself to the royal favour without being guilty of any compliances disgraceful to his political character. Sir John Villiers, the brother of the favourite, the Earl of Buckingham, had formerly made proposals for an alliance between himself and the youngest daughter of Sir Edward Coke. The offer had, however, been slighted; but now, by the advice of Sir Ralph Winwood, the secretary of state, who had been offended by some want of courtesy on the part of Bacon, and who therefore attached himself to the interests of his rival, Sir Edward Coke, a renewal of the negotiation for the marriage was proposed. A large portion was offered with the lady, and Buckingham approved of the alliance. At the moment when Coke was on the point of accomplishing his wishes, and securing the good offices of the favourite, a formidable obstacle presented itself.

"On the death of his first wife, Coke had married the Lady Hatton, widow of Sir William Hatton, and sister to Thomas Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter. The temper of this lady was such as to afford her husband very little pleasure in their domestic intercourse; and she now opposed with violence the match which he had so greatly at heart. In order to prevent it, she carried away her daughter secretly, and lodged her in the house of Sir Edmund Withipole, near Oatlands. Coke made im-
mediate application to the Earl of Buckingham for a warrant from the privy council to procure the restoration of his daughter, and, discovering the place of her confinement, he proceeded to Sir Edmund Withipole's house, accompanied by his sons, and carried her from thence by force. For this prompt exertion of the paternal authority, Lady Hatton preferred a complaint against her husband in the star-chamber.

"In the meanwhile Bacon, who had been created lord keeper, was not idle. He saw the necessity of crushing at once the hopes which Coke had formed of a restoration to power, and he applied himself with diligence to frustrate them. In the first instance he addressed himself to Buckingham, stating the reasons against the alliance: 'First, he shall marry into a disgraced house, which, in reason of state, is never held good; next, he shall marry into a troubled house of man and wife, which in religion and Christian discretion is disliked,' &c. He then addressed the king, urging, in the same manner, many reasons against the match, and attributing the peaceable and submissive state of the country to 'the disauctorising' of Coke, and hinting, that if he again came into power, strengthened by such an alliance, it would cause a relapse of affairs into their former state. Resolving to lose no advantage in the controversy, Bacon promoted the filing of an information against Coke in the star-chamber for his conduct in recovering his daughter; but every effort was vain against the wishes of the favourite. By the intervention of Lady Compton, the mother of Buckingham, a truce was declared between Sir Edward and his wife. The lord keeper was severely censured by the king, the proceedings in the star-chamber were directed to be suspended, and Coke, restored to favour, was reinstated in his place at the council-table. With that mean subserviency, which degraded a mind of the highest and noblest order, Bacon, perceiving that he could not prevent the marriage, became equally zealous in promoting it. It was accordingly solemnized with much pomp at Hampton Court; but Lady Hatton, at the instance of her husband, was placed for some time under restraint. The domestic disputes between these parties were never entirely reconciled. Many letters remain to prove the bad terms on which they lived; but the history of their domestic quarrels is neither edifying nor amusing. On her release, the Lady Hatton gave a magnificent entertainment in honour of the marriage of her daughter; but her husband was forbidden the feast. 'The expectancy of Sir Edward's rising is much abated,' says a letter-writer of the day, 'by reason of his lady's liberty; who was brought in great honour to Exeter House by my Lord of Buckingham from Sir
William Craven's, whither she had been remanded, presented by his lordship to the king, received gracious usage, reconciled to her daughter by his majesty, and her house in Holborn enlightened by his presence at dinner, where there was a royal feast, and to make it more absolutely her own, express commandment given by her ladyship, that neither Sir Edward Coke, nor any of his servants, should be admitted.' On one occasion, upon a rumour of Sir Edward's death at his house at Stoke Pogis, Lady Hatton, accompanied by her brother, set off immediately to take possession of the place; but on their way were stopped by one of the physicians, with the disagreeable intelligence of Sir Edward's amendment."

At the age of seventy he was elected for Liskeard, and on almost every debate of importance appeared as a speaker on the side of freedom and liberality. He was one of the few persons of that age, who had the capacity to perceive the injurious nature of those restrictions with which almost every branch of trade was then fettered. "Freedom of trade," he said, "is the life of trade, and all monopolies and restrictions of trade do overthrow trade." The first project of a corn law ever proposed in parliament being brought in about this time, under the title of "a bill against the importation of corn," Sir Edward Coke strongly opposed it.

The misunderstanding between James and the Commons continuing to increase, the king, on the 6th of January, 1621, dissolved the parliament, and several leading members, among whom was Sir Edward Coke, were committed to the tower. He was also cited before the star-chamber, and dismissed from the council. In 1623 he was sent on a commission to inquire into the church establishment of Ireland, but there is little doubt that this was, in fact, intended as an honourable banishment.

On the accession of Charles I. the hopes which many had indulged were soon destroyed by the obvious bias of the court to those measures which, in the last reign, had been productive of so much confusion. The subject of grievances was resumed by the commons, while the crown incessantly demanded supplies. In the debates on this subject Coke took a conspicuous part, until, in 1628, weighed down with the burden of years, he retired to his seat at Stoke Pogis, where he resided till his death, in 1634.

The personal appearance of Sir Edward Coke, says Mr. Roscoe, is said to have been prepossessing; in his habits of life he was temperate, laborious, and exact; neat in his dress, and studious of the cleanliness of his person. It was his custom to "measure out his time at regular hours," retiring to rest at nine o'clock, and rising at three in the morning.
FRENCH PHYSICIANS
AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY ARE.

I have them before me at this moment, those Galens of the old school, with their serene and thoughtful countenances shaded by those immense wigs which gave to their features a magisterial gravity: their gold-headed canes, and their suits of solemn black, forming altogether an ensemble very capable of striking terror into the most stout-hearted even of their patients. And then that long vocabulary of technical phrases, by the assistance of which a clever practitioner could so easily manage to pother a patient into a belief that a slight cold or fever was some dreadful malady, with an unpronounceable name. I protest I cannot help quaking even now, when I recollect how near, how very near, I myself once was of being sent post to the next world in this very way.

Slow, indeed, was the march of intellect among the medical tribe, and perhaps it might have been still stationary, had not a physician arose whom Nature had cast in her most joyous mould. He was the first to discover that the hope administered by the cheerful tones and smiling visage of the doctor, was always the first, and often the best medicine that could be administered to the patient. He dared to discard the cumbrous wig, and the sombre garb of his profession, and to present himself to his patients not as a preface to the undertaker, but with the kind look of a friend, or the easy air of a man of the world.

Success has justified his boldness, but from what did that success arise? was it from his boldness, from his skill, or from both? Both had contributed to it no doubt, but there was a third cause; that was the wonderful cure he performed upon the young and beautiful Comtesse de S——, who, as she has often since declared, owed her life to his great skill and perfect disinterestedness.

It so chanced that the comtesse was ill, and her husband, in a panic, sent for the family physician, who felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and, after a solemn shake of his head, gravely assured her that there was nothing the matter with her. The lady, as might be expected, instantly discovered that he was an ignorant brute, who did not know how to treat a delicate case like hers, and determined to have recourse to our doctor, who was at that time the physician to her husband's mother; the first patient of rank, and, by the bye, the only one that he then had. He was informed over night that the comtesse wished to see him early the next day; accordingly he entered her bed-chamber at eleven o'clock. The fair patient rubbed her pretty eyes, and in a
languid, half reproachful tone, exclaimed, "Indeed doctor you are very late."

"I was afraid, madam, of awakening you too soon."

"Good Heavens, doctor! I have not closed my eyes all night. I am really very ill."

These words gave the doctor his cue. He proceeded to feel her pulse, and then assuming an important air, he pronounced after ten seconds' solemn silence, that there was a slight, a very slight degree of fever. In effect there was no such thing, but our doctor was too much a man of the world to fall into the error of his predecessor. He knew very well, that to tell a pretty woman she is in health, when she says she is not, is the way to make her really ill; accordingly he repeated in a soft and persuasive tone,

"Yes, there is really a little fever."

"I knew it, I was sure of it."

"Have you experienced a sudden chill, a violent emotion, or some contradiction perhaps?"

"That is it, doctor—a contradiction—my husband, in a word—"

"What, madam," and the doctor's features wore an air of tender pity, "can it be possible that the comte—"

"His conduct is abominable! can you conceive, doctor, that he has refused me a country-house. Me! who, as you see, have such occasion for country air."

"But you have estates in Normandy and Burgundy."

"They are too far from Paris, doctor; it is an exile; but I have found at Meudon a delightful property: a park of twenty acres, and such a charming house. I have asked him for it, and he has objected because of the price, ten thousand louis: as if that ought to be thought of, when it is plain that I want country air."

"In truth, madam, you may expect to find very pure air for that money."

"No joking, I beseech you, doctor! mine is a very serious case, and if you do not induce my husband to give me what I ask, I declare to you, that I know I shall have a dangerous illness."

"You know very well, madam, that I would do anything on earth to prevent that, but how can I persuade the comte?"

"Oh, doctor, it will be the easiest thing in the world! Mamma has inspired him with so much confidence in you. Dear doctor I entreat you—"

Even doctors are men, and when we say that this request was pronounced in the sweetest voice, and accompanied by a most bewitching look, our readers will not wonder that our doctor
promised to do his utmost, and that he went immediately to the comte to put his promise in execution.

"Well, doctor," cried the husband, "how is my wife."

The doctor replied by a shake of the head and a shrug of the shoulders.

"You alarm me! Is she then really indisposed?"

The danger at this moment is not imminent, but it will become so if she does not leave Paris immediately. You should not lose a moment in taking her to one of your estates.

"Impossible!"

"Well, Monsieur le Comte, you must act as you think proper, but remember if she stays here, I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"But I can neither let her go alone, nor accompany her; you know we are in the midst of the session, my friend, and during these three years my constituents have expected a speech from me. As yet I have only made my profession of faith in the journal of the department, that is not enough; I think it is a good time to say a few words about rebuilding our town hall, and I wish to profit by it.

"I see how difficult your position is placed between your constituents and your wife."

"I shall not suffer my wife to go without me: that's settled."

"Then you may be certain she will have a dangerous illness."

"You are a terrible man! What shall I do?"

"What a pity your estates are so distant from Paris; if you had one within three or four leagues of it, you could go to the Chamber of Deputies in the morning, and in the evening come home to your wife, but as it is —"

"Oh, that reminds me that my wife has spoken to me of a country house at Meudon, but it is so dear."

"Indeed, I have not heard of that."

"However, if country air is actually necessary — It is a large sum, ten thousand louis; I shall be embarrassed to raise it — but then it will settle all my difficulties. I will write to my notary directly to purchase it."

"I believe it will be the wisest thing you can do."

"I am eternally obliged to you, my dear doctor, for giving me that idea."

"Don't think about it I beg, M. le Comte; it is no obligation at all."

To describe to you, dear reader, the gratitude of the comtesse (how highly she and her fair friends praised the consummate skill, and, above all, the uncommon disinterestedness of the doctor),
the number of patients, and particularly of fair patients, that
that truly remarkable cure procured him, would carry me too
far; suffice it then to say, that the air of Meudon produced, even
by anticipation, a most extraordinary effect, for the poor comtesse
no sooner learned the result of the doctor's conference with her
husband, than she rose from her sick bed more blooming and
beautiful than ever, and from that time our doctor has been the
doctor par excellence of all the fashionable beauties of Paris.

And, after all, we must confess that his prescription was excel-
 lent. A doctor of the old school, if he had prescribed at all, would
have ordered bark, ether, opiates, and fifty other &c.'s; our doctor,
the most skilful of the age, merely prescribes a country house of
the price of ten thousand louis, and the cure is at once completed.
But, the reader may say, all the husbands of sick wives cannot
afford such remedies: to this we reply, that there is an aristocracy
even in maladies, and that there are certain indispositions that
it is well known never attack ladies, whose husbands have not at
least five thousand a year.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.
The light of her maidenly-mournful eyes
On my bower hath never set;
For it dwells in the stars, and it gleams from the skies,
On a lonely bosom yet!—E. Fitzgerald.

Oft—when the purple hues
Of sunset kiss the rose,
And the gentle curfew sings
Its requiem of repose;
Or, when the stars are gleaming
Thro' the old pines of the hill,—
I fancy that thy spirit
Is around—above me still.

Oft—when the wavelets murmur
On the sunny sparkling strand,
Like a lute touch'd by some fairy,
In a dream-enchanted land;
Or, when the streamlet glideth
With a moan beneath the hill,—
I deem thy voice enchant's me
With ethereal music still.

Oft—when the night descendeth
From the azure space of heaven,
And the gems that cluster o'er it,
From some diadem seem riven;
As their lovely eyes look downward
On the stream beneath the hill,
I think that, from thy solitude,
Thou gazest on me still. —Reginald Augustine.
THE BETROTHED.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man!—Shakespeare.

Henry was sitting in council when the horsemen returned with Aubrey de Vere. The shouting of the soldiery announced the event, and his majesty instantly ordered the attendance of Dalville, De Vere, and Maurice.

"My dear Aubrey!" said the king, as De Vere entered the royal presence, "right glad am I to bid thee welcome. Thou hast fallen into dishonourable hands, my friend," continued the king: "but thou art happily escaped. Did that fellow act up to his engagements, Dalville?"

"In good truth did he, my liege," replied Sir Augustus, "or your highness would not have seen him here. My liege," continued he, "I have to answer for my conduct with regard to this stranger: when we were surrounded by his troop of bowmen, all ready to sacrifice themselves at their leader's command, a troop that far exceeded ours in number, and more fully equipped for an affray, this their leader forbade violence, and honourably restored my friend, De Vere, returning with us without a murmur: his nobleness overpowered me, and, forgetful of my orders, I released him from his painful bands, enabling him to sit his horse as a soldier and a man."

"And, by my say! it would have angered me hadst thou not done so, Dalville," said the king; and, addressing himself to Maurice, continued—"As to thee, whatever hitherto thou hast been—minstrel, robber, or spy, inasmuch as regards this affair thou hast acted as a man of honour. Thou speakest perfect English; art thou a subject of our realm? speak boldly, sir."

"I will, your highness, if thou art not content when I name the circumstance of the three merchants at Blackheath."

"Ha!" replied the king, starting, and turning pale, "art thou Ralph Barclay?"

"Sir, thou hast it; I am that unfortunate individual, who, seduced from innocence by a villain, equally thy foe and mine, betrayed thee to dishonour, and me to infamy and ruin."

"Tis even so," replied the king; then, directing his discourse to the members of his council, "My lords, you see in this man one of my former licentious and profligate companions. In the wanton and aggravated breach of the laws that preceded my conviction before my now revered friend, and then impartial judge, Sir William Gascoigne, Barclay was concerned: he escaped not
the punishment which fell more lightly on the heir of the crown. Exiled, outlawed, he, it seems, resorted to his last resource—the profession of a bandit. Ralph, I can forgive thy being concerned in the plot against my life—thou hadst thy provocation. Give me proof of similar conduct to the present, exert thyself in what remains to be done, and thou shalt not miss thy reward."

Barclay fell on his knees, and, in accents scarcely audible from emotion, exclaimed, "My life cannot repay this condescension. Already am I more than rewarded by thy forgiveness!"

"Now, Aubrey," said the king, "art thou in a condition to repair to England?"

"If such be your highness's pleasure," replied De Vere, "most certainly."

"'Tis well," said Henry. "In two hours be ready to depart: thy duty—to protect thy mistress, and to arrest two traitors."

"My mistress!" ejaculated Aubrey. "Oh, sir! tell me, has aught befallen her? does danger menace her?"

"Thy special friend, Aubrey," replied Henry, "thy special friend, and our beloved and right trusty subject, Edward Fitzalleyn, has plotted to murder his sovereign, and to injure his friend. He is a traitor, Aubrey; and he is thy rival; if thou be a loyal subject, and a true lover, a servant of thy king and of thy mistress, thou need'st know no more—prepare thyself for instant departure. Barclay, now no longer Maurice, shall accompany thee. Thou shalt have my royal warrant to arrest them; and, if occasion offer, Aubrey, I forbid thee not from ample vengeance on the false Fitzalleyn."

"False-hearted villain!" ejaculated Aubrey; "and vengeance I will have! I thank your highness, I need not half the time you offer me. If the warrant be ready, I will, ere three hours, be on the water."

"And d'ye hear, Aubrey! bring thy mistress with thee to Calais, if her father will consent. Thou wilt not, I expect, be able to return to England for some time, when once thou gettest back to this scene of war. God be wi' ye! God be wi' ye, Aubrey," added the king, pressing his hand. Aubrey bowed his thanks, and, bidding farewell to his friends, retired with Barclay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bride! thou art wedded to calamity!—Romeo and Juliet.

The third evening after the interview between Fitzalleyn and Father Barnabas closed in gloomily and heavily. Gertrude Spencer marked the pale crescent moon rising coldly in the
murky clouds, and flinging its faint ray upon the troubled bosom of the river, while an unusual and unconquerable tremor crept through her frame.

"This night," mused she, "this night am I to unite my fate with my betrothed—would to Heaven I were not impelled to the hasty step by stern necessity! or would that my father were here to sanction the deed!"

She prepared herself for her walk to the abbey, and, kneeling before the crucifix, invoked the assistance of Heaven. At that instant Father Barnabas entered: he bore in his hand a small silver lamp, which he extinguished on entering the room.

"My child," said he, "it pleases me that thou hast applied for aid where alone it is to be obtained—dost thou not feel thy scruples vanish, and thy confidence acquire strength from reflection and prayer?"

"Oh, father! I have been sorely distressed. Yet what can I fear? it is, perhaps, to preserve my Aubrey's life that I comply with his request; and, directed by thy judgment, how can I do wrong?"

"True, my daughter," replied the monk, "thou hast not erred in committing thyself to the directions of the holy church."

At the moment, the distant abbey clock pealed the hour of eleven. Gertrude turned pale, and could with difficulty support herself. Father Barnabas felt something like compunction as he marked the agitation of his victim; but, suppressing his rising emotion, he said, "We are late, my child; summon thy fortitude, and prepare to meet thy Aubrey." He kindled his lamp, and, taking her trembling hand, led her from the house.

The night was dark and wild; the moon, that at intervals threw a dim radiance around, and at times hid her pale face behind the murky clouds, served rather to increase than to lighten the cheerless scene. As Gertrude slowly advanced, supported by the monk, the latter endeavoured to revive her drooping spirits.

"Put thy trust in God, my child," said he; "it is a severe, yet a short, trial of thy fortitude; yet fear not, all will soon be well. When thou hearest of Aubrey's being exempted from some perilous service, and early restored to thy love, thou wilt not repent of this puny effort of courage."

The abbey chapel was distant from Netley Manor scarcely a mile, and the party soon reached it. The monk had prepared his lamp in such a manner, that by the time they reached the chapel it was nearly expiring. He had brought with him the key of the
place, and soon bore his almost fainting companion within. The moon now broke from behind a cloud, and cast a feeble lustre on the gloomy interior of the venerable pile.

"Aubrey is not come!" said the monk. "Gertrude, thou tremblest; have confidence in thy purity, and fear not."

The trembling maiden ejaculated a prayer. At this moment the trampling of a horse was heard.

"He is come!" cried the monk, "he is come to claim his betrothed!"

The fictitious Aubrey entered the chapel, and knelt at the feet of Gertrude.

"Hist, sir!" cried the monk, "and to the performance of the ceremony."

"Oh, Aubrey! I must not! My father is not here to give his consent!"

"Here is a letter I bring from thy father," said Fitzalleyn, in a voice counterfeiting Aubrey's.

"Jesu be praised!" cried the unsuspecting girl, "my scruples are satisfied."

She seized the letter, which the reader will readily conceive to be any thing rather than what it was represented to be. In a few minutes the awful ceremony was performed.

"'Tis done!" cried Fitzalleyn, "thou art mine—indissolubly mine!"

The lamp which the monk had brought with him at this moment cast a fitful gleam around and expired. That transient gleam was enough to confirm Gertrude's horror: she looked upon the features of—alas! her husband, and, with a thrilling shriek, sank insensible on the floor. At the moment, Aubrey de Vere and his companion, Maurice, whom we again call by his assumed name, rushed into the chapel.

"Stand back!" cried Fitzalleyn, "she's mine!"

They were his last words; the next moment Aubrey's weapon quivered in his heart, and he sank, in a deserved doom, by the hand of the man he had injured. The monk was instantly seized, and conveyed to a cell in the abbey.

CHAPTER XIX.

Your patience, signors; I will now relate my story.—Shakespeare.

Let us now return to Aubrey de Vere and his companion, whom we left preparing for an immediate departure for England. It was within two hours of sunset when they embarked, and, favoured by a brisk gale, the shores of Albion rose to their sight.
shortly after noon on the following day. At this period the wind ceased, and from the calm that followed, it was not till the abbey clock pealed the hour of ten, that our travellers came to anchor below Netley.

It was on the evening of Gertrude Spencer's fatal union with Fitzalleyn, that Aubrey and Barclay arrived. We must not omit to state, however, that, on the voyage, Barclay had more fully explained to Aubrey the circumstances connected with his apprehension, and his confession of the villany of De Vere's false friend.

Aubrey's rage rose almost to frenzy when he discovered his own captivity to have been compassed by the intrigues of Fitzalleyn, and learned the vile plot formed between this traitor and the monk. Immediately upon their landing they proceeded to the abbey, and demanded an interview with the superior of the establishment.

"Master Aubrey," said Barclay, when the porter retired from the gate, "wilt thou entrust to me the management of this affair?"

Aubrey signified his acquiescence.

"Give me then," replied his companion, "the royal warrants —without them we shall, I ween, make little progress."

Aubrey delivered into his hands the warrants, and at the instant the porter returned, and, admitting them, they were conducted into the abbot's chamber. The abbot received them courteously, and inquired the nature of their business. Barclay, in a few words, gave the required explanation.

"Holy mother!" cried the abbot, "can thy testimony be supported?"

Barclay produced the warrant, which the abbot hastily ran over, and added, "Nay, then, there is foundation; nor would his highness have without inquiry proceeded thus far."

Aubrey here made an observation.

"By our lady!" cried the venerable abbot, "Master Aubrey de Vere, as I live! I cannot mistake thy voice, though thy features escaped my dim and aged eyes. Who waits there?" continued the abbot. "Go," said he, as an attendant entered, "and summon the Father Barnabas to our presence. Aubrey, thou lookest but indifferently," continued the worthy superior.

Aubrey replied that his health had suffered from confinement, and briefly related the circumstances attending it.

"In verity," replied the abbot, "I marvel not thy injuries have affected thy health and spirits; but be of good cheer, my son,
there is an overruling Providence that but afflicts us for our ultimate benefit. *Quem Deus amat, virgâ amoris castigat.*

The attendant returned, and represented that Father Barnabas was not to be found.

"Retire," said the abbot. "Now, gentlemen," continued he, "my suspicions are confirmed; something improper is in agitation, or he would not risk exclusion by absenting himself from his convent. What is to be done?" demanded he.

Aubrey’s agitation for a moment deprived him of consideration. "Has the monk access to the abbey chapel?" demanded Barclay, whose knowledge of Barnabas enabled him to penetrate the dark affair.

The abbot replied in the affirmative.

"Then thither let us haste," exclaimed Barclay. "I know the hypocrite well, and can agree with you, father abbot, that nothing but some infamously important affair would make the villain risk disgrace."

"We can with ease discover the truth, if it be so," returned the abbot; adding, "follow me."

He learned from the warden, that Father Barnabas had that evening taken with him the key of the chapel.

"It is enough!" cried Aubrey, "let us thither!"

As they approached the chapel they heard a succession of whispers. Aubrey rushed forward, and, as he was about to enter the chapel, Gertrude’s shriek smote his ear. In less time than is occupied by this relation, Aubrey’s sword had wreaked full vengeance on his faithless friend. Ralph Barclay instantly secured the person of the monk, and De Vere supporting the still inanimate form of Gertrude, the whole party repaired to the abbey.

With difficulty could Aubrey prevail upon the trembling Gertrude, after his attention had restored her to animation, to believe that her deceiver was no more: when assured of the truth, her frantic joy exceeded all bounds.

"And didst thou kill him, Aubrey, my own Aubrey?" she wildly exclaimed. "Oh, I shall ever adore thee for thy timely intervention!"

In a few hours the party retired from the abbey, and Father Barnabas was conveyed to the jail at Southampton. On the following morning Gertrude’s father returned, and was made acquainted with the extraordinary occurrences that had transpired.

"My poor deluded girl!" exclaimed the old man, fondly em-
bracing his weeping daughter; "and that false monk—so to deceive his weak, confiding charge!"

Barclay informed him of the charge of treason he had to prefer against the monk.

"Nay, then," said Sir Greinvile "if it be so, Hampton is no fit place for his prison."

He, however, subsequently permitted him to be still confined in that place.

"Certes, Aubrey," replied Sir Greinvile, when De Vere informed him of the royal pleasure relative to his visit to Calais, "if it be his highness's will, a voyage can do us no harm."

Every preparation was speedily made, and on the 20th of October, the baronet and his daughter, accompanied by Aubrey and Ralph Barclay, embarked for Calais.

CHAPTER XX.

Thus wind we now our history's ravel'd skein.—Anonymous.

The town of Calais, at the period of our story, had been in the possession of the English since the reign of Edward III. a period of nearly one hundred years, and was at this time so well fortified, and so effectively garrisoned, as to be considered impregnable.

Our travellers cast anchor in the harbour, on the 23d day of October, after a tempestuous voyage of three days. In a few hours Sir Greinvile and his daughter were domesticated with Sir Roger Selden, an old and intimate friend, and Aubrey was prepared for his departure to join the army. Gertrude saw him depart with less emotion than might have been anticipated. Accompanied by Barclay the youth set forward.

A few hours' brisk ride brought the travellers to the army, which Aubrey found dreadfully wasted and enfeebled by a contagious disease, yet still boldly prosecuting the heroic designs of their monarch. It was on the vigil of the ever memorable battle of Agincourt that Aubrey and his companion arrived at the camp.

"By my fay!" exclaimed De Vere, "we are arrived in time. Observe you yon French banners floating in the wind?"

"In sooth do I, Master Aubrey," returned his fellow-traveller; "they are enow, methinks, to make shrouds for the whole of our army."

The travellers were soon admitted into the king's presence.

"Welcome, my dear Aubrey!" he exclaimed, extending his hand to De Vere. "How is thy father? for I suppose thou hast united thyself with Gertrude."
Aubrey related the circumstances resulting from his journey, concluding by informing his majesty he had left them in Calais.

"And ere again thou see them," replied the king, "thou wilt be required to battle it boldly. Our road is obstructed, our rear confined by the river Tertois, and our flanks blockaded by a foe of tenfold our numbers. Thus, Aubrey, we have no resource but in determined courage. Be it so. God will protect the righteous cause, as Cressy and Poictiers may show."

Aubrey signified his anxiety for the trial of his loyalty.

"To-morrow," said the king, "we engage. Aubrey, thou art fatigued, retire to repose. Ralph Barclay, I did not observe thee—thou art welcome; to-morrow let thy hand win thee renown. Now go—adieu!"

As Henry spoke, he threw himself on a couch, and Aubrey and his companion retired.

On the following morning, at the early hour of seven, Henry drew out his little army. His example was followed by the Constable D'Albert, the commander-in-chief of the French. At ten the engagement began, and continued till three hours after noon.

The event is known. Heroic courage compensated for fewness of numbers. A greater number of the French fell on the field of battle than the English monarch had led to the engagement. Fourteen thousand prisoners, a number far exceeding their captors, were the trophies of victory.

Henry's reckless courage had well nigh proved fatal to him: he had been overpowered, and refusing quarter, was about to be sacrificed to the fury of his assailants. At that moment David Gam, the Welsh captain, with whom the reader is already acquainted, followed by Ralph Barclay, and two countrymen of David's, gallantly effected the rescue of their master. At the conclusion of the engagement, these men were created knights banneret by their grateful monarch, as they lay expiring on the fatal field; each of them having devoted himself to rescue his sovereign.

Edward, Duke of York, and the brave Earl of Suffolk, were among the English who perished on that glorious day. Aubrey de Vere, having performed prodigies of valour, was at length led wounded to the rear, yet without having sustained any serious injury.

The Constable D'Albert, and the veteran Duke of Alençon, were among the killed of the French army. The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon were taken prisoners.
About four hundred English were left dead on the field. Immediately after the victory, Henry, surrounded by his officers, returned solemn thanks to Heaven. In a short time the victorious army arrived at Calais. Aubrey had speedily recovered from his slight wounds, and hastened to lay his laurels at the feet of his delighted mistress.

The English army returned to their native country covered with glory, ere many weeks had elapsed; and on the day he attained his twenty-fourth year, the heir of Milbrook, then Sir Aubrey de Vere, led to the altar, in the presence of his monarch and of a gay throng of nobles, the lovely Gertrude Spencer.

CHARLES M.

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SONNET.

While yet in childhood's calm and sinless hour,
Ere doubt and discord's haunts were in my breast,
When thought I my existence was a dower
Of pond'rous worth, and deemed that I was blest,
E'en in those earliest days of infant rest,
My soul was bound by song, as 'twere a spell;
And when my young heart was with care opprest,
The charms of Poesy would all repel;
And now in youth, oh, Song! I love thee well,
And fain would be of thee a votary.
Though many cares are round thee, some may tell,
And blighted hopes, yet must I bend the knee,
And offer adorations at thy shrine,
Where all is purity, aye, holiness divine.

MARIA S.

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THE WARRIOR TO HIS DYING STEED.

My gallant Grey! now rest thee here,
Thy faithful service o'er—
The fate thou'rt met so fearlessly
Thy master will deplore.
No more through battle's din and smoke
Wilt thou thy rider bear—
The proud defiance of thy neigh
No more shall thrill the air.
Through perils thou, of "flood and field,"
Hast borne me many a day;
In sooth I've lost a faithful friend
In thee, my gallant Grey!
To glory's goal thou'st carried me,
Thy praise I'll grateful tell—
Thy race is run, thy task is o'er,
My gallant Grey, farewell!

CHARLES M.
THE CHIVALROUS BANNERET.

HERMAN REIDESEL, of Brakenburgh, was one of the small number of those famous bannerets, who were the glory of chivalry in the fifteenth century. He resided at the court of Lewis, Landgrave of Hesse. The nobility regarded him as their model, and the ladies were ambitious to call him their chevalier. All admired his deportment, which was at once majestic and engaging, his singular accomplishments in whatever could distinguish the fine gentleman, and his bravery and heroism, which had been displayed on many occasions.

In the same court all were lavish in the praises of a paragon of beauty, the daughter and sole heiress of Roehrigh, hereditary Marshal of Hesse. Margaret, who had now entered into those years when nature begins to be susceptible of love, might have aspired to a splendid alliance with sovereigns. The landgrave treated her with parental tenderness, and even her rivals confessed her superiority.

Margaret had not been able to behold the young banneret with an air of indifference, nor was he insensible of the most violent passion for her. When the affections of virtuous bosoms are reciprocal, the declaration, on one side, and confession on the other, are seldom long delayed. Margaret, however, bound her lover by a vow of secrecy, which, perhaps, she did not intend to be of long duration. Reidesel, according to the gallantry of his age, wore the colours of his beautiful mistress: he even made verses in her honour, couched in the language of those gallant Paladins who were attached to their dames with the most inviolable loyalty and devotion.

Reidesel, however, although one of the most illustrious martyrs to chivalry, had not been able to forbear from indirectly infringing his vow: he wore, constantly, appended to his bosom, a pearl of the finest quality; and every one knows that Margarita is Latin for pearl.

The two lovers had no doubt that a speedy marriage would crown a passion, which in each was so ardent and so pure. It was the universal wish, at court, to see them united. The landgrave himself was anxious for their happiness; and every circumstance conspired to cherish the seductive appearances of hope.

One day the marshal requested the banneret to disengage himself awhile from the courtiers, and to accompany him to the park. He suddenly stopped in a shady walk, and thus addressed Reidesel:—"Chevalier," said he, "I am aware of your partiality for
my daughter: your pretensions are not unknown to me. I do not accuse you of presumption: I know your ancestry; and that your rank entitles you to aspire to the hand of Margaret. But, Reidesel, I am her father. My consent is indispensable; and I have but one declaration to make—you shall never obtain that consent. You will excuse me from giving you the reasons for this refusal. It is sufficient to declare that the husband of Margaret shall be the husband of my choice; and, I am sorry to repeat it, I am unalterably determined—my choice shall not fall upon you."

The banneret was thunderstruck. He would have expostulated, but the marshal thus interrupted him: "I have not yet done. I speak to a chevalier. From your loyalty, as such, I exact a still greater sacrifice of you: it is to subdue a passion which I cannot countenance—to reveal this conversation to no one, not even to Margaret—and to fly her presence."

"Ah, my lord! is this possible?" exclaimed Reidesel.

"To a brave chevalier nothing is impossible," replied the marshal. "Yes, you must avoid even my daughter's looks; and in no respect whatever appeal to the authority of the prince."

The marshal now took the road to the palace, leaving the banneret a prey to the most tormenting emotions. He abandoned himself to his hopeless situation, and sank senseless on the ground.

On recovering, he exclaimed, "Did I understand him rightly? Am I not the sport of some terrifying dream? Margaret, the amiable Margaret! will she never then be mine? Inhuman, barbarous father! what a sacrifice hast thou required! Ah, can it be possible? can honour, rigid honour, require me to sacrifice my love? And when I am dying for Margaret, shall I not even enjoy the only reward—the only consolation in death? Ah, no! she will not even know that the hand that strikes me, is—the hand of her father!"

Reidesel tore himself from this tumult of overwhelming reflections. Slowly and pensively he moved towards his abode. He would have written to the marshal's daughter; but the pen dropped from his hand. "No!" he exclaimed, "I shall die for my beloved Margaret: I can—I will keep the fatal secret. Cruel father, thou art not mistaken. I will yet be, to the last moment of my life, a worthy chevalier. Alas, my amiable mistress! what wilt thou think of thy lover? Perhaps thou mayest question the very tenderness that destroys me. Distracting thought! Alas! a love like mine to be exposed to suspicions!"
Margaret, however, did not doubt the constancy of her lover, although she could not divine what were the motives of his absence. Ceasing to see him as usual, she wept in the bosom of her governess, in whose ears she poured all her sorrows.

The landgrave, surprised at the absence of the banneret, sent to seek him. He came, wearing a pale and dejected countenance.

"What ails you, my dear Reidesel?" demanded the prince.

"My lord," replied the unfortunate chevalier, "I have not long to live. Pardon me, therefore, that I conceal from you the woe that will soon destroy me. Do not oblige me to break a silence—"

"Gracious Heavens!" interrupted the landgrave, "I was just going to engage the marshal to give you his daughter."

"Ah, cruel fate!" exclaimed Reidesel. "Oh, my prince! my master! you overwhelm me with your goodness; and never will subject be more devoted to you. But on the cause of my wretchedness I must for ever be silent as the grave to which I am hastening."

In vain did the prince renew his efforts to learn the cause of his favourite's affliction. Reidesel was inflexible. The landgrave, in the midst of his court, next addressed himself to the marshal, in presence of his daughter. "I cannot imagine," said he, "what affliction preys upon Reidesel; but I think he has not long to live!"

The beauteous Margaret could not conceal her emotion. Her grief was audible, and attracted the attention of the whole court. Her father, enraged, overwhelmed her with reproaches; but the only reply made by the unfortunate lady was, "The finger of death is pointed at my beloved, and it is useless to conceal the agonies of my soul. Oh, Reidesel! Reidesel! I shall not survive thee!"

A report was soon spread that the young banneret had quitted the court, and even the principality of Hesse. He had been seen to go through one of the gates of the city, mounted on his courser, and accompanied only by his esquire, but no one knew the road he had taken.

This was a new attack on the sensibility of his mistress, who could not even conjecture the cause of this sudden departure. "Ah, Juliet!" would she incessantly exclaim to the faithful companion of her sorrows, "he flies me! he is dying! I cannot believe him to be faithless. Reidesel is ever the same. What then can he have to impute to me? Ah, my friend! what have I done but to love him too well?"
In vain did the landgrave repeat his inquiries respecting Reidesel of all who approached him. No one could give him the least information concerning the unfortunate chevalier.

"What!" exclaimed the prince, "can no one instruct me in the fate of Reidesel? Cannot you, marshal, explain this mysterious event? In my court! under my own eyes! This unfortunate young man, so attached to me! and who, early, began so noble a career! I intended to engage you to give him your daughter."

"Ah, my lord!" replied the marshal, "I feel this misfortune, perhaps more severely than your highness! It is equally a misfortune to the state, to my sovereign, and to me."

He could not proceed. His sufferings were extreme; for he saw his only daughter declining fast, and he could not conceal from himself that he alone was the cause of precipitating her into the grave.

At this time all Germany resounded with the exploits of an unknown knight in black armour; his plume of feathers, his scarf, his whole appearance being of the same mourning hue; and his shield presented this singular device—A little genius, with his finger to his mouth, weeping over a tomb: the motto being "Nor shall even my death disclose it." In a variety of combats this strange knight was victorious.

The father of the unfortunate Margaret one day attended the landgrave on a hunting party. He sought for the solitude of the forests, in order to abandon himself to the full indulgence of his grief for the sad destiny of his daughter, whom death was about to tear for ever from his arms.

He was suddenly surrounded by robbers, who attempted to plunder him. The ruffians, meeting with opposition, drew their daggers, determined to assassinate him. He struggled, and called aloud for assistance. They had nearly obtained their prize, when a knight, with his visor closed, rushed upon the robbers, dispersed them, and stretched two of the party upon the ground. The remainder, terrified, instantly fled, and the marshal was saved. In a transport of gratitude the latter threw himself on the neck of his deliverer. "You have preserved," said he, "the days of an unfortunate old man, who still lives for his unhappy daughter. How can I reward you for this seasonable deliverance? whoever you are, demand what recompense you desire: it shall be granted. Whatever is in my power shall be yours."

The knight, seizing one of the marshal’s hands, and bedewing it with tears, exclaimed, in transport, "Since you are desirous to pay a service which humanity and honour were obliged to render June, 1830. 29
you, I would demand—what, I allow, is infinitely above my deserts—the hand of Margaret."

"My daughter's hand!" returned the old man. "Alas! there is but one chevalier whom she will ever consent to receive on the footing of a lover."

"And do you doubt that I am that chevalier?" said the stranger, taking off his helmet. "Do you not recollect me?"

"Reidesel!" exclaimed the marshal, "Reidesel!"

"The same," replied the knight. "I am that same Reidesel, who for three years past have been dying with hopeless love; who have obeyed you; who have been content to deplore my unhappy passion in secret; who have returned to enjoy at least the consolation of expiring amidst the scenes where Margaret dwells. I heard your cries. I saw the father of all I love on the point of losing his life. I would have sacrificed my own life to save yours. Your daughter—"

"Is yours!" exclaimed the marshal, shedding tears of gratitude. "I embrace my defender, my son!"

The astonishment of the whole court may be imagined at seeing the marshal return, accompanied by Reidesel. He had the magnanimity to acknowledge, amidst a profusion of tears, the humanity of his behaviour to the young banneret, which had been dictated by motives of interest. He related the generosity of Reidesel, and that greatness of mind with which he had observed a religious silence, until the happy moment when he had so seasonably delivered him by his heroism.

The landgrave embraced his lost favourite, who was soon conducted by the marshal to his daughter. Every circumstance was disclosed to her; and she found not only that she had never ceased to be the object of his adoration, but that she was soon to be united to the lord of her heart.

The nuptials of Reidesel and Margaret were celebrated with all the magnificence of that age; and these two faithful lovers long enjoyed the highest felicity of the married state.*

The landgrave, in order to consecrate, in some measure, an union which he himself had so ardently desired, invested the young banneret, in the year 1457, with the hereditary office of Marshal of Hesse.

* From this union, formed, as it were, by love and gratitude, proceeds the present house of Reidesel; one of the descendants of which was a lieutenant-general of the Hessian army, while it acted in conjunction with the British forces, in the civil war in North America. The Baroness Reidesel was the companion of Lady Harriet Auckland, whilst she followed the British army in Canada, for the purpose of attending upon her wounded husband.
I assure you its all perfectly true; nay, 'tis writ in a book, and can't be doubted!—The Village Club.

When the Romans withdrew themselves from Britain to quell the troubles which had arisen at home, after having enjoyed possession of this country for five hundred years, the Britons, in their freedom, became as ungovernable as a fiery courser released from his reins and harness to the dangerous liberty of his own wild indiscretion, or, as the chronicler quaintly phrases it, "They were as a few loose sticks without the bond of a governour."

This admirable confusion did not long escape the vigilant observation of their ancient enemies, the Picts and Scots, who lost no time in invading the country, and the imminent danger which now threatened them on all sides, recalled the Britons to a due sense of their weakness. They immediately elected Vortigern (Earl of Cornwall, and the lineal descendant of a Briton,) to be their king and leader; and, whether chance or judgment dictated their choice, nothing could possibly have been more wisely done, for as he possessed, by nature, all the strength and valour of a true warrior, so did his cabinet councillor, the renowned Merlin, apparently exhibit all the wisdom and experience of the land in his own person; and his name was great even among the great, while the superstitious million regarded him as a sage magician. The union of so much wisdom and valour consequently presented the most flattering prospects. Vortigern, however, finding that his new subjects boasted more true valour than actual and effective strength, repaired, without loss of time, to demand succour of the Romans, who shortly answering him that their own immediate necessities required all their resources, he turned himself towards the Saxons, a warlike people of Germany, who readily closed with his offers; being soldiers of fortune to whom the prospect of pay or plunder offered a sufficient allurement to win their arms to any service.

The result of Vortigern's prompt and politic conduct proved exceedingly fortunate; nine thousand of the Saxons, under the command of the two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, came over immediately to England, and the Britons, uniting themselves with their new allies, gave their enemies battle, and speedily compelled them to make a hasty and disgraceful retreat, with the destruction of a great part of their army.

Generous as they were brave, the Britons, who had, on their
first landing, assigned the Isle of Thanet for the dwelling of the Saxons, their wives and children, now, in the fervour of their gratitude, added the noble gift of the county of Kent.

Not long afterwards, Hengist so ingratiated himself in the royal favour, that the soldier of war soon became a welcome companion to the sovereign of Britain. And one day when a feast was holden at the king's palace, and every soul at the board was in the plentitude of mirth and good humour, Hengist, seizing the happy moment, arose, cup in hand, and, bowing gracefully to Vortigern, saluted him with the Saxon valediction—"Waes hael, cyming!"* then draining the wine-cup, continued, in the British tongue, "Mighty ruler of a warlike nation, whose glance is the scourge and terror of his enemies, and the protection of his people, thy liege subject prays thee to vouchsafe him the allowance of a small request—"

"The brave Saxon," interrupted Vortigern, "shall not have the denial of aught that is in Vortigern's power to grant—therefore speak, noble chief, as freely as I will hear and yield—what is thy quest?"

"Nothing more," replied Hengist, smiling, "than the grant of so much land as a bull's hide may compass!"

Upon hearing this curious demand the king laughed heartily, and his jocund laugh was, of course, echoed merrily by the whole company.

"By my father's soul! brave Saxon," exclaimed Vortigern, "thou shalt have thy singular desire right willingly, when and where thou pleasest; so let these, our staunch friends, witness the pleasure wherewith I grant it;" and seating himself, a noble Briton (whose brawny shoulders and stalwart form bespoke herculean strength, whilst his broad open countenance exhibited the most indisputable marks of the natural good humour which lurked beneath his rude exterior) next addressed himself to Hengist.

"Now I pray thee, for the love of thy dame, most noble brother in arms," cried he, with all the pleasantry of a jocose disposition, mellowed by wine, "say me sooth—what wilt thou with this precious piece of land? By my beard! there be not wherewithal to graze a goat or a donkey on. Or hast thou an ambition to become lord paramount of a colony of ants? For what other purpose will such a morsel of our mother earth as a bull's hide will compass serve thee, except, forsooth, to hide thine own carcase in when the terror of thy foes shall die?"

* Health to thee, king!
Hengist joined in the general mirth which this sally created, and shortly replied:—"The morrow's dawn shall answer thee: till then grant me thy patience; and thou shalt laugh thy measure at a Saxon's measure, who will take good heed the measure be not false."

And the Saxon spake truly; for, to the amazement of the Britons, Hengist, in lieu of merely casting the bull's hide upon the ground, as many had anticipated, cut it into divers thongs, and, tying them together, encompassed a considerable portion of ground, whereon he shortly afterwards erected a noble edifice, which was universally known by the allusive appellation of "Thong Castle."

Strange and new as was this proceeding to the Britons, the measurement of land by hides became, thereafter, a common usage all over Britain.

Having completed his castle, the politic Hengist seized the earliest occasion of soliciting the king to honour it with his presence; and the costly entertainment upon that memorable occasion was no less honourable to the Saxon's loyalty than worthy of the king's admiration: it was indeed princely.

But even as every river and rapid stream are swallowed up in the wide vast ocean, so did every feeling of wonder and delight seem all at once concentrated in one engrossing object, when Hengist, for the first time, presented his flaxen-haired daughter, the fair Rowena, to Vortigern. Her blue eyes had no sooner beamed upon him than he stood gazing out his ardent soul in silent ecstasy.

Rowena blushed. Hengist's ambitious heart leaped with joy at the flattering reception of his child, auguring the proudest results from so favourable an omen, while all breathlessly marked the king's emotion, who, perforce collecting his scattered senses, presented his hand to the fair Saxon.

"Most beauteous lady!" cried he, with a rapturous tenderness, "accept this hand, and, if thou wilt, keep it; for, by mine honour, my heart is captive to thine eyes already. Say, bright-haired maid, canst thou and wilt thou love me?"

"Art thou not our king?" said Rowena, in tones more dulcet than the lute's, and blushing, like the new-born morning, while she spake; "and when all thy subjects love thee so loyally, it would indeed be strange ingratitude for Hengist's daughter not to love thee too, were it only for her sire's sake, on whom thou hast so bountifully lavished so many glorious favours."

"Heaven!" cried the enamoured monarch, "if gratitude
speak in such honied phrase, what may we expect should true
love melt the heart to fond expression! O! Hengist, thou hast
a jewel here that thou may'st well be proud of."

"And yet most proud of my liege's favour, which gives that
jewel all its worth," replied Hengist.

The Saxon's wishes, as may be anticipated from so promising
a beginning, were fairly accomplished in the desired end.

In those days of yore there needed little ceremony where the
king's inclination was concerned, and indeed his subjects felt too
grateful for the timely interference of their allies in their behalf,
in the pressing hour of need, to entertain the slightest repugnance
to the alliance of their king with Hengist's daughter; and the
magnificent celebration of Vortigern's nuptials with the beautiful
Rowena soon afterwards took place, amid the universal rejoicing
of the people. Never was king blessed with so much domestic
happiness, or royal union attended with such real and mutual love.

Rowena, however, was soon destined to taste of that bitterness
which Fate more or less mingles in the draught of all human
felicity—not in the diminution of her royal consort's affection,
for that was too sincere to feel the enfeebling effects of time or
satiety, but from a cause which, unhappily, she (apprehending
the direst consequences) dared not to divulge to Vortigern's ear.

In his earliest youth the king had been betrothed by his father,
and wedded, in accordance with his ambitious will, to the daugh-
ter of a neighbouring potentate, as unfitted in person as in mind
and manners, to win the heart of her husband. Misery was con-
sequently their portion during the two years they lived together,
at the end of which period death kindly cut the unnatural bonds
asunder, and restored Vortigern to his former happy freedom.
A son, the fruit of this ill-starred marriage, however, still
remained; and in Vortimer, the child, appeared all the worst
indications of the mother's violent temper, which grew with his
growth, and now, at the age of eighteen, he appeared as the
daring leader of the vicious, and the fear and detestation of the
good.

Unfortunately, Rowena's beauty attracted his attention, and
forgetting, or insensible to, the respect he owed his sovereign,
and his father's wife, he daringly made her the most dishonour-
able overtures. But although she feared the most dire eruption
in unmasking this unnatural monster to his injured father, her
virtuous indignation broke forth in such appalling force upon the
head of her offender, that he was sting to the quick by the truth
and justice of her severe reproaches. This, however, had no
other effect on his depraved heart than turning his burning desire to the bitterest hatred; and he recoiled from the lash of Rowena's sharp reproof only to seek a speedy vengeance.

Fate, too, appeared to have taken part with Vortimer, for Hengist, growing great in the king's favour, sent over to his native country for new forces, to increase his consequence and state, which had latterly become suspiciously preponderating in the eyes of the Britons.

The nobles ventured to point out the danger of his increasing power, and remonstrate with the king, but Vortigern, through the blindness of his affection for Rowena, was deaf to their policy; and the wily Vortimer, taking advantage of their discontent, joined with them in their murmurs and cabals, and rising suddenly, in conjunction with the rebels, successfully deposed the king. Several struggling battles were fought, but Vortimer finally gained the day, obliging the dethroned king, and the fair Rowena, to seek their safety in a rapid flight, while Hengist hastily quitted the kingdom to recruit his scattered forces.

Vortimer, as he had anticipated, was unanimously placed in the vacant seat of his father, and invested with all the pomp and power of royalty. But those who had been the chief instigators of the rebellion—the mere tools of his ambition—were the first, as he dreaded them the most, to feel the effects of his tyrannical sway, and many paid the penalty of their treacherous defection by falling victims to the savage disposition of their new ruler.

Vortigern, who had never quitted the kingdom, but only remained concealed in the happy enjoyment of the endearing society of his amiable wife, notwithstanding his precaution, had the misfortune to fall in with Vortimer, who, instantly recognizing, seized, bound, and conveyed him to Thong Castle, where he cast him into a dismal dungeon, condemning him to remain in solitary confinement the remainder of his days.

Well knowing the purity of Rowena's affection, Vortimer, in the wickedness of his heart, cherished the hope that she would seek her royal partner, even in his dreaded presence, and so easily become his victim, while he took especial care to publish it abroad, that whoever should discover Hengist's daughter, and bring her alive to Thong Castle, should receive a munificent reward.

Six months, however, waned, and no sign or intelligence of the fair Saxon reached the sanguinary usurper, when one evening, as he was just retiring, half intoxicated, to his couch, he was aroused by the chief warder, who informed him that a body of ten men,
bearing a prisoner, demanded entrance, and instant speech of the
king, upon an occasion which, they averred, concerned him nar-
rowly. At the same time he put into the king’s hands a silver
hilted sagene, (a short sword, or dagger, worn by the Saxons,) which
they had bidden him deliver to his highness as a token.

“Admit them instantly!” cried the delighted Vortimer, gazing
steadfastly on the weapon. “They bear Rowena—fly!—fly!
This is her sagene, I mark it well—fly, Sebert, and conduct them
hither on the instant!”

The warder hastily retired, and, in a few minutes, ushered in
the beauteous Rowena, bound with cords, in the custody of ten
serfs, or vassals, habited in coarse white frocks or cassocks.

“Friends, welcome! and thrice welcome to thee, sweet
Rowena!” exclaimed the exhilarated Vortimer. “By the beard
of Thor! sweet lady, thou hast come just in time to chant our
lullaby! Come,” continued he, advancing to cut the cords
which confined her hands, “thus do I free one presently who hath
bound me lastingly.”

But at the same instant the severed cords fell from her hands,
she boldly snatched her sagene from his grasp, and, with an un-
flinching aim, plunged it in his breast.

The guilty Vortimer fell at her feet, weltering in his blood.
Sebert rushed forward, with a wild cry, to alarm the castle, but
his progress was impeded by Rowena’s pretended captors, who,
throwing off their cassocks, discovered themselves to be armed
and stalwart Saxon knights, able and ready to defend their royal
mistress to the outrance! Whereupon the politic warder, seeing
that Vortimer was mortally wounded, offered no vain and useless
resistance, but instantly delivering up the keys of the castle, Vort-
tigern was speedily released from bondage, and clasped in the
warm embrace of his affectionate Rowena.

The sentinels were surprised, the gates thrown open, and fifty
more of Vortigern’s staunch friends rushing in, the place was
taken by surprise; the glad tidings whereof floating abroad, in a
few days the flower of the nobility, who had begun to experience
the ill effects of Vortimer’s misgovernment and tyranny, paid
homage to the restored king and his lovely queen at Thong
Castle.

A. CROWQUILL.
THE UNFORTUNATE HEIR.

Ah! Fortune, thou art more inconstant than ungrateful! Thou art blind to every opportunity of conferring good, and clear-sighted in the distribution of evil! How often art thou found when thou art not sought; how often pursued without being overtaken!

Never had any one a more sincere and unaffected love for this ungrateful being than the luckless Augustus. He had ever an ardent passion for inheritances; for he thought that of all possible ways to affluence, that of heirship was the most convenient as well as innocent. Whenever he met a person in new mourning, he was instantly alive to certain pleasing ideas. "There goes an heir, perhaps," he would say. The word heir he thought the sweetest and most harmonious in the language.

Augustus had an uncle and aunt, who were extremely rich, and who had each invited him to be with them. To which should he give the preference? To the uncle or to the aunt? This was a point that could not be determined without mature deliberation. As Augustus was determined to have no reason for self-reproach, he made every previous inquiry, and took all the prudent steps that the great importance of the case required. Before he would determine the point, he made a calculation of their respective estates; he procured an extract from their baptismal registry, that he might ascertain their ages with precision; and with respect to the health of each, he had recourse to the best opinion he could obtain. He decided for the aunt, because, with a fortune not inferior to his uncle's, she was at least a dozen years older. Thus we see, that Augustus did not act like a thoughtless, inconsiderate youth, but regulated his conduct by reason and argument.

To this aunt then he repaired, and immediately put in practice all the principles of the art of pleasing: he studied her temper with indefatigable attention. It was not easy to succeed in this; but arduous exertions very often ensure success. In the minute attentions he was never once deficient, and his efforts were constant and unwearied. Camilla, as we shall call this ancient widow, was extremely fond of reading; but as she could neither see without spectacles, nor wished to be thought to have occasion for them, she made her nephew read continually to her, on the pretence that he read admirably well. Poor Augustus was condemned to the irksome task; in the day time to amuse his aunt, and, at night, to compose her to sleep. This exercise lasted almost the whole night, for Camilla could never close her eyes
without the assistance of an orator or a poet; and, as she could not sleep but at the sound of the reader's voice, she awaked the moment he left off.

He had never one opportunity to take a dinner in town; and yet this was not to be neglected; for he had other relations, and very near relations too. In a word, Augustus led a life of perpetual fatigue and perpetual sacrifice. His aunt, indeed, was so susceptible and grateful, that the only subject of her conversation was—"her charming nephew." He was charming indeed: with the title of heir he had all the graces that could adorn one. He was a perfect Chesterfield in his manners; minute in his attentions, happy in his complaisance. He praised the good old times, and satirized the present. Age had inexpressible charms for him; but in the company of young people he was perfectly pestered. On this subject his reflections were numerous and sagacious: "In the four ages of man," he would say, "there were two to be reformed: that one ought to pass at once from youth to old age; that the interval between these two points of human life was absolutely lost time, it being constantly occupied in absurd schemes and ridiculous pursuits." Innumerable reflections, equally profound, enchanted the good aunt to such a degree, as to be even rather detrimental to the interest of Augustus; for the satisfaction which she found in his conversation had evidently an influence upon her health, and seemed, in a manner, to renew the haleon days of youth. He regretted, internally, the success of his exertions. "It is very hard," thought he, "that an honest man cannot deserve an inheritance, but by attentions that postpone the happy moment of receiving it."

While he was involved in these reflections, he received a letter, informing him that his uncle was extremely ill, and given over by his physicians. Augustus, always considerate, and reasoning upon his minutest actions, made new reflections; the result of which was, that it was necessary to quit the aunt, in order to repair to his uncle: for a young dying person is naturally nearer death than an older one in good health. This, we see, is to reason; to consider a subject in every light. Even the conscience of Augustus was interested in the question; for persons indisposed have certainly more need of assistance than those in health. He therefore politely took leave of his aunt, who wept, but wept in vain, for Augustus was now with his uncle.

To this uncle, whose name was Leslie, the nephew had address enough to make apologies for not waiting upon him sooner; and
these apologies were accepted. He soon displayed such zeal in his service, that the neglect of the past was forgotten in the assiduity of the present. In a word, he entirely gained the confidence and friendship of the dying man. "My dear nephew," said the latter, one day, in a moment of grateful expansion, "if you had been always with me, I should not have been in my present condition." Augustus could scarce forbear answering, "If you had not been in your present condition, you would not have seen me at all."

In the mean time, Leslie, whom all the faculty had given over, sent for a quack-doctor, who, whether by skill or chance, perfectly cured him. This doctor had endeavoured to find, and was still seeking for, the philosopher's stone. Leslie, restored to health, inquired of him one day, how it had been possible to cure him, when he had been given over by the most eminent physicians. He answered, that the cure had been effected by some secrets which he had learned in the study of alchemy. A close attachment between them was the consequence of this explanation; and the alchemist, who was an honest fellow, disclosed some of his secrets.

One day, the uncle entered his nephew's chamber with a very formidable countenance of health. "My dear Augustus," said he, in a transport of tenderness and joy, "I am come to communicate something to you in confidence; which, I am sure, will give you the greatest pleasure. You know the doctor that has cured me?" "Yes, my dear uncle," said Augustus, "and I know how unspeakably he has oblied me by this service." "Oh!" resumed the uncle, "you do not know all the obligations you are under to him." Augustus, who knew the pretensions of the alchemist, thought, at first, that he had revealed the secret of making ingots; and instantly, with a most affectionate air, he inquired of his uncle if his friend had not taught him to make gold. "Something better than that," answered the uncle. "Better than that!" exclaimed Augustus, "I do not understand you." Leslie, then, thinking to overwhelm his nephew with joy, whispered him, that the alchemist had given him a phial of liquor, that would enable him to live for ages. We may easily imagine the impression made by this unexpected communication. The secret, indeed, deserved no more credit than so many others which deserve none at all. But such a communication was the more calculated to alarm, as the unexpected cure gave it some slight probability, and excited a certain degree of confidence in the knowledge of the alchemist. Augustus was so terrified at this
information, that he hastily left the room, wishing his uncle a happy immortality.

Till he could take proper measures to be reconciled with his aunt, he took lodgings in a house, in which Flavia, an elderly lady, had also apartments. This lady was equally burdened with years and riches, and still more with infirmities. In the emotions of vexation which Augustus now experienced, she would not have excited his attention, if he had not perceived that she was wealthy, and had no relations. This was a very interesting circumstance. "Poor woman!" said he, "to be so rich, and not to have one nephew near her!" As a neighbour, he made her a visit of civility; it was kindly received; he repeated it soon; his visits were more frequent, and, at last, with such success, that, without having come to the slightest explanation, he was considered as the heir to her whole fortune, and almost received congratulations on the occasion.

For some time past, a very amiable young man had paid his respects to Flavia, which not a little alarmed her heir. One day, being alone with the latter, she thus affectionately addressed him: "My dear Augustus, I have experienced your sentiments for me. I am convinced of your attachment and disinterested friendship: and I think that I ought to communicate my intentions to you!" Augustus, at this declaration, already thought he saw the notary ready to write his name, in fair and legible characters, on a good and lawful will, when she added, "I am going to be married: you know the young gentleman who comes here so often: I shall make him my husband, and settle my whole estate upon him."

At this instance of confidence, which was of equal value with that which his uncle had given, Augustus was struck dumb and motionless. "Congratulate me, then," continued she, "since my happiness is so dear to you, and you know what an amiable young man he is." With a voice scarce articulate, Augustus made her a compliment without common sense. He soon took his leave, and the next day quitted the house. To vex him the more, he was informed, at this time, that his aunt could no longer bear the name of her once "charming nephew." And yet we must allow that, hitherto, Augustus is irreproachable; and that if he has not yet had the satisfaction of inheriting, he has neglected nothing to obtain it.

He was so chagrined at his ill success, that he declared he would for ever renounce the pursuit of inheritances. "I am not lucky," said he; "the plague might depopulate two-thirds of the kingdom before I should be an heir." He cursed the alchymist,
who communicated the secret of longevity; the malice of old
aunts, that were inexorable to their nephews; and the rage for
marriage, that had prevented an honest gentleman from enjoying
the inheritance he had so well deserved. Unfortunate Au-
gustus! These reflections, so far from affording him the least
consolation, were the source of the most gloomy melancholy.
At last, from the circumstance of not seeing his name written in
the will of another person, he soon found himself in a situation
that would render it requisite to dictate his own. His health was
rapidly declining, when a new incident once more revived the
delightful hopes of heirship. He read an advertisement in the
public papers, in which an elderly gentleman, just arrived with a
great fortune from the East Indies, inquired whether he had any
relations living. The name in question being the same with that
of the mother of Augustus, inspired the latter with the most flat-
tering hopes. He immediately claimed relationship with the
advertiser. Whether he was really a relation, I know not; but
he persuaded the old gentleman to believe it; and the latter en-
treated him to reside at his house, to perform the last duties at
his death. Nothing could be more agreeable to Augustus than
this invitation. His tenderness and assiduity soon won the friend-
ship of the old man, whose name was Clinton. He was an in-
offensive, good sort of a character, and soon saw with no other
eyes than those of Augustus; nor had he an idea but what was
his. In a word, he evinced for his relation all the affection of a
father. After having often repeated in conversation how much
he valued him, he came at last to the grand test of it—his will.
And now Augustus is absolutely an heir; and, as if to render the
enjoyment sweeter, one would imagine that Clinton, in bequeath-
ing his fortune to him, had been anxious to accelerate the suc-
cession; for hardly had he signed the testament when he was
taken ill. Fortune, at last, was no longer ungrateful; justice
was now done to the singular merits of Augustus, who, on his
part, neglected nothing that could render him still more and more
deserving of his good fortune.

Clinton had, for some time, been involved in an expensive law-
suit, which, by degrees, assumed a more serious aspect than had
been at first imagined. The issue of it was, at last, disastrous.
Clinton, I should say Augustus, lost the cause; for the former
had the address to die a quarter of an hour before the news
arrived of the decision. Augustus was acknowledged to be the
legal heir; but, as if it were decreed that Fortune should inces-
santly persecute him, the loss of the cause involved with it the

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whole fortune of the deceased. In fine, our unfortunate hero, having more to pay as heir than he could reap from the succession, was obliged to relinquish it legally. An unfortunate heir indeed! After having spent his whole life in the pursuit of inheritances, he had been able to obtain only one, and that he was compelled to renounce. He had no other consolation than the testimony of his conscience, which witnessed for him that he had neglected nothing to gain his virtuous ends.

I. R.

THE PARTING SHIP.

Go forth, thou stately vessel! thou dost bear
The loved and chosen of full many a heart,
Thy course is followed by some fervent prayer—
Go forth! go forth! majestic as thou art.
Thou rest the charge of many a brow of Pearl,
The diamond eyes of beauty—and the brave—
The fondly-worshipped of some faithful girl,
Who trusts her heart’s best treasure to the wave.
Deceive her not—the precious hope return
In peace and safety to his native shore;
Oh! bring back comfort to those hearts that mourn,
So eyes which weep in pain shall weep no more.
When storms are raging round the wintry hearth,
When voice joins voice in mellow song and glee,
Some heart shallicken’neath the spell of mirth,
As thought shall anxiously return to thee.
To thee—and those thou bearest on thy deck,
With deep suspense and agonizing tears;
Whilst Fancy thinks upon the dreadful wreck—
The fell tornado—all the sailor fears.
Go forth! protected by that mighty hand,
Who o’er the waves tumultuous holds the sway;
He can thy course with his own arm command—
All we can do, must be to hope and pray.

D. L. J.

SONG.

Fresh and pure the fountain springs
In its new-born flood, ere the weary wings
Of the wild bird have laved, that carols above,
Yet fresher and purer the young heart’s love.
Softly the dews of night descend,
And wondrous the liv’n’ing charm they lend,
Each fainting, fading flower to cheer,
Yet purer passion’s earliest tear.
Balmy and sweet the gale that blows,
From the bank where blossoms spring’s earliest rose,
Or peeps the violet’s young blue eye,
Yet sweeter, far sweeter, love’s first fond sigh!

Charles M.
SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.—NO. V.

DISTRUST.

Nothing tends more to unfaithfulness than distrust. To doubt a friend is to lose him. Believe a man honest and you make him so.

Artaxerxes, King of Persia, according to Xenophon’s relation, erred against this rule. He listened to the report that his brother Cyrus was meditating to rebel against him; and sent for Cyrus, resolving to put him to death. But he was pardoned by the intercession of their mother, Parysates. Cyrus, impressed with the danger he had run, and the ignominy he had endured, bent his whole thoughts to secure himself, by levying an army against his brother.

Philotas being suspected as accessory to a conspiracy formed against Alexander the Great, was roughly questioned upon that suspicion; but at last was dismissed by Alexander, declaring he was satisfied of his innocence. Upon this, Quintus Curtius observes, “That Alexander would have acted more prudently, to dissemble his suspicions altogether, than to leave Philotas at liberty to doubt of his master’s friendship, and of his own safety.”

Upon a like occasion, our William III. acted a different part, with general approbation. After the revolution, letters were intercepted from Earl Godolphin to the dethroned king. This was a crime against the state, but not a crime to be ashamed of. The earl, at the same time, was a man of approved virtue. These circumstances prompted the following course. The king, in a private conference, produced the earl’s letters to him; commended his zeal for his former master, however blind it might be; expressed a desire to have him for his friend, and with the same breath burnt the letters, that the earl might not be under any constraint. This act of generosity gained the earl’s heart, and his faithful services ever after. The circumstances here related assured him of the king’s sincerity: at the same time, the burning of the letters, which were the only evidence against him, placed him in absolute security, and left no other motive to action than gratitude.

MAGNA CHARTA.

Magna Charta, or the Great Charter, may be said to derive its origin from Edward the Confessor, who granted several privileges to the church and state, by charter; these liberties and privileges were also granted and confirmed by Henry I. by a celebrated great charter, now lost; but which was confirmed, or re-enacted, by King John, on the 15th of June, 1215. The ground where
the latter, accompanied by the pope’s legate, and other prelates and followers, met the barons, was between Staines and Windsor, at a place called Runnymede, but better known in modern times as Egham race-course, and which is still held in reverence, as the spot where the standard of freedom was first erected in England.

There, it is said, the barons appeared with a vast number of knights and warriors, and both sides encamped apart, like open enemies. The barons, in carrying their arms, would admit but of few abatements; and the king’s commissioners, as history relates, being for the most part in their interests, few debates ensued. The charter required of him was there signed by the king and his barons, which continues in force to this day, and is the famous bulwark of English liberty, which now goes by the name of Magna Charta.

It is related, that this very document was lost for near two centuries, and was discovered at last by the celebrated Sir Robert Cotton, who, on calling upon his tailor one day, discovered him in the act of cutting up an old parchment deed, with a great number of seals attached thereto. His curiosity was awakened, and he examined it minutely, when he discovered that it was the Great Charter, or Magna Charta of England! He took possession of it, and had it not been for this timely rescue, the palladium of England’s liberties would have been appropriated to the unholy office of measuring his majesty’s lieges for coats and breeches. It is now deposited in the Cottonian Library, in the British Museum.

It is a curious circumstance also, that out of twenty-six barons who signed Magna Charta, only three could write their names; the remainder merely signing, or having signed their marks.

**PETER THE GREAT.**

When the strelitz (a numerous body of soldiers, who were once in Russia what the janissaries were in Turkey,) revolted in the infancy of Peter I. the young czar was conveyed by his mother, and a small number of faithful attendants, to the abbey of Troits, where he was thought to be in safety. But his retreat was discovered by the rebels, and a furious party soon appeared in search of the prince, with a determination to murder him. Not finding him in the house, some of these savages rushed into the church, and there perceived the czar in the arms of his mother, and in the most sacred place, the altar itself. One of them ran instantly to the spot, with one hand seized the infant by the shoulder, and with the other lifted the sabre, to strike off his head. The imperial infant beheld him with terror. On a sudden another rebel called out to the first—'Stop, comrade; not upon
the altar; stay till we get out of the church; he cannot escape us!" At the same instant, some other strelitz perceiving a large detachment of cavalry enter the churchyard, and hasten to the assistance of the czar, they called to their comrades within to escape immediately. They instantly fled with the greatest precipitation, and thus the young czar escaped from a death that seemed inevitable. This imminent danger made such a deep impression upon his mind, that more than twenty years afterwards, this prince reviewing a body of sailors newly enlisted, and examining them very minutely, on a sudden uttered a cry of terror, and started back some steps, ordering his guards to seize one of those sailors. The person they apprehended instantly fell upon his knees, exclaiming, "Pardon, pardon; I am guilty; I deserve death!" Not one present could imagine what he meant. Those who knew this man had ever found his conduct irreproachable. What was the astonishment of all, when they heard the czar demand of him, whether he had not been one of the strelitz, and that very man, who, at the abbey of Troëts, was going to murder him. The sailor confessed the fact, and to some farther questions from the czar, he answered, that having been enlisted very young into the corps of strelitz, he had been involved in the revolt; that, struck with remorse, he had afterwards abandoned it, before one of his accomplices had been arrested; that, for many years, he had led a miserable wandering life, in the deserts; that, at length, he had offered himself to the admiralty at Archangel, as a peasant just come from Siberia; and that ever since his conduct had been unexceptionable. This plain narration excited the pity and clemency of Peter, who pardoned the man, but ordered him never more to appear in his presence.

CRUSADER'S SONG IN THE CAMP.

Awake—awake—the morn
Tints with purple flush the sky;
And the trumpet's music-peat is borne
Where lion-standards fly.

Away—away—they pour,
And their plumes are bright to see;
Away—away—until the shore
Resounds with victory!

Sleep, softly sleep,—the night
Is lovely and serene,
And like a gem appears the lamp
Of night's enchantress-queen.

Sleep, sleep,—the moonlight streams
On each sycamore and pine,
But oh, remember in thy dreams,
Thy Saviour's holy shrine!

R. Augustin.

2 u 3
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The most remarkable literary novelty of the month is the appearance of Sir Walter Scott as the author of an exquisite specimen of autobiography. The eleventh volume of his poetical works, which has just appeared, contains not only two original Essays on Ballad Poetry, but new introductions to the Lay, Marmion, Lady of the Lake, Rokeby, and Lord of the Isles, in the course of which the history of his poetical career is told in that easy, graceful style peculiarly his own. Of his early attempts he thus speaks: "I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the high school. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed; and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my schoolboy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of verses on a thunder-storm, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my brooms ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right, that there was not an original word or thought in the whole six lines. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of daw-plucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though 'with a swelling heart.' In short, excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eyebrow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as love and dove, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame."

The sale of the Lay of the Last Minstrel so far exceeded the expectation of both author and publishers, that the latter offered him 1000l. for Marmion. "The transaction," he says, "being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his
satire, entitled English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandize—I had never haggled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers.”

The Lady of the Lake followed Marmion, and both were very favourably received; but Rokeby was an acknowledged failure, the cause of which is thus explained by Sir Walter. “The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophised the author in the language of Parnell’s Edwin:—

‘And here reverse the charm, he cries,
And let it fairly now suffice,
The gambol has been shown.’

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Actaeon fell under his own dogs. The present author, like Bobadil, had taught his trick of fence to a hundred gentlemen (and ladies) who could fence very nearly, or quite, as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour. What has been said of the metre only, must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the poem and of the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at least lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a burlesque instead of a serious copy. In either way, the effect of it is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author’s reputation are at least as fatal as those which befall a composer, when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer. Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author’s style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations,
composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by showing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the school, as it was called, was now fast decaying. Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when Rokeby appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little velitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the first canto of Childe Harold. I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the Hours of Idleness, nor the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition:

'The happily the days of Thalaba went by!'

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had
only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief employment. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known or concealed, do something of more importance." The result was, those exquisite novels which have equally delighted old and young, and which followed each other with such rapidity, that, till the avowal of the author, few could believe them to be the effusion of one mind.

Next to the great "lion of the north," two tried favourites of the fairer sex claim priority of notice. Miss Anna Maria Porter has produced an historic romance, of the time of James II., entitled, "The Barony," the story of which is so continuous that it does not afford any very good extracts, and we will not spoil it for perusal by attempting to analyze the plot. Miss Mitford has added a fourth to her charming series of "Our Village," which fully sustains the fame of its predecessors. There is an attraction about her sketches of character which is quite enchanting. We select the General and his Lady, not because it pleases us more than some others, but because its length better suits our space.

"All persons of a certain standing in life, remember—for certainly nothing was ever more unforgettable—the great scarlet fever of England, when volunteering was the order of the day; when you could scarcely meet with a man who was not, under some denomination or other, a soldier; when a civil topic could hardly find a listener; when little boys played at reviewing, and young ladies learned the sword exercise. It was a fine ebullition of national feeling—of loyalty and of public spirit, and cannot be looked back to without respect: but, at the moment, the strange contrasts—the perpetual discrepancies—and the comical self-importance which it produced and exhibited, were infinitely diverting. I was a very little girl at the time; but even now I cannot recollect without laughing, the appearance of a cornet of yeomanry cavalry, who might have played Falstaff without stuffing, and was obliged to complete his military decorations by wearing (and how he contrived to keep up the slippery girdle one can hardly imagine) three silken sashes sewed into one! To this day, too, I remember the chuckling delight with which a worthy linen draper of my acquaintance heard himself addressed as captain, whilst measuring a yard of ribbon; pretending to make light of the appellation, but
evidently as proud of his title as a newly-dubbed knight, or a peer of the last edition; and I never shall forget the astonishment with which I beheld a field-officer, in his double epaulettes, advance obsequiously to the carriage-door, to receive an order for five shillings worth of stationery! The prevailing spirit fell in exactly with the national character,—loyal, patriotic, sturdy and independent; very proud, and a little vain; fond of excitement, and not indifferent to personal distinction; the whole population borne along by one laudable and powerful impulse, and yet each man preserving, in the midst of that great leveller, military discipline, his individual peculiarities and blameless self-importance. It was a most amusing era!

"In large country towns, especially where they mustered two or three different corps, and the powerful stimulant of emulation was superadded to the original martial fury, the goings on of these Captain Pattypans furnished a standing comedy, particularly when aided by the solemn etiquette and strong military spirit of their wives, who took precedence according to the rank of their husbands, from the colonel's lady down to the corporal's, and were as complete martialists, as proud of the services of their respective regiments, and as much impressed with the importance of field-days and reviews, as if they had actually mounted the cockade, and handled the firelock in their own proper persons. Foote's inimitable farce was more than realized; and the ridicules of that period have only escaped being perpetuated in a new 'Mayor of Garrat,' by the circumstance of the whole world, dramatists and all, being involved in them. 'The lunacy was so ordinary, that the whippers were in arms too.'

"That day is past. Even the yeomanry cavalry, the last lingering remnant of the volunteer system, whom I have been accustomed to see annually parade through the town of B., with my pleasant friend Captain M. at their head,—that respectable body, of which the band always appeared to me so much more numerous than the corps,—even that respectable body is dissolved; whilst the latest rag of the infantry service—the long-preserved uniform and cocked hat of my old acquaintance, Dr. R. whilst physician to the B. association, figured last summer as a scarecrow, stuffed with straw, and perched on a gate, an old gun tucked under its arm, to frighten the sparrows from his cherry-orchard! Except the real soldiers, and every now and then some dozen of fox-hunters at a hunt-ball (whose usual dress-uniform, by the way, scarlet over black, makes them look just like a flight of ladybirds, excepting these gallant sportsmen, and the real bona
fide officers, one cannot now see a red coat for love or money. The glory of the volunteers is departed!

"In the meantime I owe to them one of the pleasantest recollections of my early life.

"It was towards the beginning of the last war, when the novelty and freshness of the volunteering spirit had somewhat subsided, and the government was beginning to organize a more regular defensive force, under the name of local militia, that our old friend Colonel Sanford was appointed, with the rank of brigadier general, to the command of the district in which we resided. Ever since I could recollect, I had known Colonel Sanford—indeed a little brother of mine, who died at the age of six months, had had the honour to be his godson; and from my earliest remembrance, the good colonel—I see upon me to forget his brigadiership!—the good general had been set down by myself, as well as by the rest of the world, for a confirmed old bachelor. His visits to our house had, indeed, been only occasional, since he had been almost constantly on active service, in different quarters of the globe; so that we had merely caught a sight of him as he passed from the East Indies to the West, or in his still more rapid transit, from Gibraltar to Canada. For full a dozen years, however, (and further the recollection of a young lady of sixteen could hardly be expected to extend,) he had seemed to be a gentleman very considerably on the wrong side of fifty,—‘or by’r Lady inclining to threescore,’—and that will constitute an old bachelor, in the eyes of any young lady in Christendom.

"His appearance was not calculated to diminish that impression. In his person, General Sanford was tall, thin, and erect; as stiff and perpendicular as a ramrod! with a bald head, most exactly powdered; a military queue; a grave, formal countenance; and a complexion, partly tanned and partly frozen, by frequent exposure to the vicissitudes of different climates, into one universal and uniform tint of reddish brown, or brownish red.

"His disposition was in good keeping with this solemn exterior—grave and saturnine. He entered little into ladies’ conversation, with whom, indeed, he seldom came much in contact; and for whose intellect he was apt to profess a slight shade of contempt—an unhappy trick, to which your solemn wiseacre is sometimes addicted. All men, I fear, entertain the opinion; but the clever ones discreetly keep it to themselves. With other gentlemen he did hold grave converse, on politics, the weather, the state of the roads, the news of the day, and other gentlemanly topics; and when much at ease in his company, he would favour
them with a few prosing stories, civil and military. One, in particular, was of formidable length. I have seen a friend of his wince as he began, 'When I was in Antigua.'—For the rest, the good general was an admirable person; a gentleman, by birth, education, and character; a man of the highest honour, the firmest principles, and the purest benevolence. He was an excellent officer, also, of the old school; one who had seen much service; was a rigid disciplinarian, and somewhat of a Martinet. Just the man to bring the new levies into order, although not unlikely to look with considerable scorn on the holiday soldiers, who had never seen anything more nearly resembling a battle, than a sham fight at a review.

"He paid us a visit, of course, when he came to be installed into his new office, and to take a house at B. his destined headquarters; and after the first hearty congratulations on his promotion, his old friend, a joker by profession, began rallying him, as usual, on the necessity of taking a wife; on which, instead of returning his customary grave negative, the general stammered, looked foolish, and, incredible as it may seem that a blush could be seen through such a complexion, actually blushed; and when left alone with his host, after dinner, in lieu of the much-dreaded words, 'When I was in Antigua!' seriously requested his advice on the subject of matrimony: which that sage counsellor, certain that a marriage was settled, and not quite sure that it had not already taken place, immediately gave, in the most satisfactory manner; and before the conversation was finished, was invited to attend the wedding on the succeeding Thursday.

"The next time that we saw the general, he was accompanied by a lovely little girl, whom he introduced as his wife, but who might readily have passed for his grand-daughter. I wanted a month of sixteen; and I was then, and am now, perfectly convinced, that Mrs. Sanford was my junior. The fair bride had been a ward of the bridegroom's—the orphan, and, I believe, destitute daughter of a brother officer. He had placed her, many years back, at a respectable country boarding-school, where she remained, until his new appointment, and, as he was pleased to say, his friends' suggestions induced him to resolve upon matrimony, and look about for a wife, as a necessary appendage to his official situation."

Female talent shines this month. "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Ralegh, with some Account of the Period in which he Lived," from the pen of Mrs. Thomson, author of Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII. is a very interesting work on so in-
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LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

INTERESTING A SUBJECT THAT WE SHALL PROBABLY REVERT TO IT IN OUR NEXT.

IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE WE HAVE ALSO AT LENGTH THE THIRD

AND FOURTH VOLUMES OF MR. D'ISRAELI'S "COMMENTARIES ON THE LIFE

AND REIGN OF CHARLES I." ON MANY OF THE EVENTS OF THAT MOST

INTERESTING PERIOD, THE AUTHOR HAS THROWN ADDITIONAL, AND ON SOME

A NEW LIGHT; AND IN ALL CASES HAS ENDEAVOURED FAIRLY TO STATE THE

ARGUMENTS ON BOTH SIDES. THE CONCLUSIONS HE DRAWS GENERALLY TEND TO GIVE A HIGHER IDEA OF CHARLES'S INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY THAN

HAS BEEN COMMONLY ENTERTAINED. THAT HE HAD A REAL TASTE FOR THE

FINE ARTS, AS WELL AS LITERATURE, HIS PATRONAGE OF RUBENS, VANDYKE,

AND OTHERS, CLEARLY PROVES; AND MR. D'ISRAELI ASSERTS THAT HE HAD,

DURING HIS LONG CONFINEMENT AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE, HIS CONSTANT

HOURS FOR WRITING, AND READ MUCH. YET THERE EXIST NO AUTOGRAPHICA

EXCEPT SOME LETTERS, WHICH SEEMS TO INDICATE SOME PURPOSED

DESTRUCTION.

"THERE WAS," MR. D'ISRAELI SAYS, "SOME CERVANTIC HUMOUR IN

CHARLES'S GRAVITY. WHEN PRESSSED BY A PARLIAMENTARY COMMISSIONER TO CONCLUDE THE TREATY, THE KING INGENIOUSLY REPLIED, "MR.

BUCKLEY, IF YOU CALL THIS A TREATY, CONSIDER IF IT BE NOT LIKE THE

FRAY IN THE COMEDY, WHERE THE MAN COMES OUT, AND SAYS, "THERE

HAS BEEN A FRAY, AND NO FRAY;" AND BEING ASKED HOW THAT COULD BE,

"WHY," SAYS HE, "THERE HATH BEEN THREE BLOWS GIVEN, AND I HAD

THEM ALL!" LOOK, THEREFORE, IF THIS BE NOT A PARALLEL CASE." THE

CONVERSATION OF CHARLES, ON MANY OCCASIONS, SHOWS THAT HE WAS A

FAR SUPERIOR MAN THAN HIS ENEMIES HAVE CHOSEN TO ACKNOWLEDGE.

THE FAMOUS OCEANA HARRINGTON, WHEN COMMISSIONED BY PARLIAMENT, ATTENDING ON THE KING, HIS INGENUOUSNESS AND HIS LITERATURE

ATTRACTIONS THE KING'S NOTICE. HARRINGTON WAS A REPUBLICAN IN PRINCIPLES, AND THE KING AND HE OFTEN DISPUTED ON THE PRINCIPLES OF

A GOOD GOVERNMENT. ONE DAY CHARLES RECITED TO HIM SOME WELL-

KNOWN LINES OF CLAUDIAN, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE HAPPINESS OF THE

GOVERNMENT UNDER A JUST KING. HARRINGTON WAS STRUCK BY THE

 KING'S ABILITIES, AND FROM THAT HOUR NEVER CEASED ADMIRING THE

MAN WHOM HE HAD SO WELL KNOWN. CHARLES DISPLAYED THE SAME

ABILITY AT THE TREATY OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE HE CONDUCTED THE

NEGOTIATION ALONE, HIS LORDS AND GENTLEMEN STANDING BEHIND HIS

CHAIR IN SILENCE. THAT OCCASION CALLED FORTH ALL HIS CAPACITY; AND

IT WAS SAID, THAT THE EARL OF SALISBURY, ON THE PARLIAMENT'S SIDE,

OBSERVED, THAT 'THE KING WAS WONDERFULLY IMPROVED:' TO WHICH SIR

PHILIP WARWICK REPLIED, 'NO, MY LORD! THE KING WAS ALWAYS THE

SAME, BUT YOUR LORDSHIP HAS TOO LATE DISCOVERED IT.' WE CANNOT

DOUBT THAT CHARLES THE FIRST POSSESSED A RATE OF TALENT AND INTEL-

LECTUAL POWERS, TO WHICH HIS HISTORIANS HAVE RARELY ALLUDED."

JUNE, 1830.
Of a lighter class of biography we have the third volume of "The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D." from which, as we noticed its precursors at some length, we shall content ourselves with extracting a specimen of the doctor's poetry. It was written on the occasion of Miss Catherine Freeman having rejected him and married another, about the time that he was finally accepted by Miss Maria, with whom he long lived most happily.

**THE HERON.**

"A pampered Heron, of lofty mien in state,
Did strut along upon a river's brink;
Charmed with her own majestic air and gait,
She'd scarce vouchsafe to bow her neck for drink!
The glorious planet that revives the earth
Shone with full lustre on the crystal streams,
Which made the wanton fishes, in their mirth,
Roll to the shore, to bask in his bright beams.

Our Heron might now have taken Pike or Carp,
They seemed to court her by their near access;
But then, forsooth, her stomach not being sharp,
She passed them by, and slighted their address;
'Tis not,' said she, 'as yet my hour to eat;
My stomach's nice—I must have better meat.'

So they went off, and Tench themselves present;
'This sorry fish to affront me sure was sent,'
Cried she, and tossed her beak in high disdain—
'I ne'er can like a Tench,—and tossed her beak again!

They passed away, as Pike and Carp had done,
Poor humble Gudgeons then in shoals came on.
And now our Heron began to think of eat,
A handsome Carp she could vouchsafe to eat,
Or taste a Tench, provided it were neat.

She looked about, and only Gudgeons found.
'I hate that nasty fish,' said she, and frowned,—
'Shall I, who Tench, and Pike, and Carp refused,
Be thus by every little fish abased!—
A Heron eat Gudgeons!—No, it shan't be said
That I to such poor diet have been bred:
One of my birth eat Gudgeons!—No, thank fate,
My stomach's not so sharply set!'—

Then from them straight she turned in scornful rage;
But quickly after felt her stomach's edge;
Swift to the shore she went, in hopes of one;
But when she came the Gudgeons too were gone.
With hunger pressed she sought about for food,
But could not find one tenant of the flood.
At length a Snail, upon the bank she spied;
'Welcome, delicious bait!' rejoiced, she cried,
And gorged that nauseous thing, for all her pride!"

We cannot inform our fair readers who the Snail was, but we
PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS. DINNER DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR JUNE, 1830

Published by James Haines & Co, London.
think they will be of opinion that the reverend divine was not much disposed to underrate himself.

We have not, this month, had the usual quantity of trash, under the denomination of fashionable novels, inflicted upon us, "Paul Clifford," from the pen of Mr. Bulwer, the author of Pelham, running rather to the other extreme. Those who were delighted with his first and best production, will feel some disappointment, we apprehend, on finding a highwayman for the hero, and the disgusting language of St. Giles's put into the mouth of the King and Duke of Wellington; whom he nicknames Gentleman George and Fighting Attie. The author is a man of talent certainly, but the cause of genuine literature is injured by the perpetual craving of those whose reading appetite cannot be excited by any book which bears not the date of the current year upon its title.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A dress composed of azure blue gros de Naples; the corsage is open in front, and ornamented with lappels, which turn back from the ceinture to the shoulder, and round the back in the pelerine style. Long sleeve of a more moderate width than usual, terminated by a deep cuff, which forms a single point in the centre of the arm. The skirt is trimmed with one large rouleau, arranged in a very novel and tasteful manner. This style of trimming is called à la Madame. The chemisette, which is from the form of the dress very much displayed, is of cambric, very richly embroidered, and finished by a falling collar also embroidered, and a full frill round the throat. Bonnet composed of rose de Parnasse gros des Indes, and trimmed with a mixture of rose coloured and lilac ribands. The crown is of a round shape, lower behind than in front; the brim is rather close, but extremely deep; it is ornamented on the inside with a lilac rouleau; the strings, which hang loose, are of rose-colour. Gold bracelets; straw-coloured kid gloves, and grey reps half-boots, tipped at the toe with black.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of fawn-coloured gros des Indes, corsage uni, and cut square round the bust; it is finished by a double fall of blond lace, and a rich but light white silk trimming, which serves as a heading to the blond. The lace is set on à la pelerine; the under fall being, except in the centre in front of the bust, much deeper than the upper one. Béret sleeve very short and full, over which is a long one of plain blond net, terminated by a cuff à l'antique.
The trimming of the skirt consists of two rouleaus put close together at the upper edge of the hem, and wreathed with lanquettes, which are placed two together at some distance from each other. The coiffure is a dress hat composed of blue crape. It is ornamented on the inside of the brim with a row of irregular points of white satin corded with blue, and a long white flat ostrich feather, which turns back over the brim on the left side. A full nœud of blue and white gauze riband is attached to the bottom of the crown nearly behind, and a single feather is placed on one side at some distance from the nœud. The hat is put rather far back, so as to display a bandeau of blue gauze riband, which terminates in a nœud at the base of the feather inside of the brim. Gold bracelets, neck-chain, and ear-rings; and a single row of pearls round the throat, with a diamond brooch in the centre.

**General Monthly Statement of Fashion.**

We see with much pleasure that our fair countrywomen show themselves patriots in the best and truest sense of the word, by the encouragement which they now universally give to our own manufactures. The summer fashions afford us abundant proof of this; silks, muslins, scarfs, shawls, every thing, in fact, that is new and elegant, are all English. May fashion here be stationary! and may it be long our grateful and delightful task to record that, in this particular, no change has taken place!

Silk and muslin are now in nearly equal request in promenade dress; coloured muslins and batistes are more generally adopted for the promenade than white. Flounces begin to be in favour, but as yet they are only partially adopted, by far the greater number of dresses having no other trimming than two or three narrow folds laid close to each other at the edge of the hem. Muslin dresses have, in general, the corsage made en chemisette; those composed of silk are made to set close to the shape, but with folds let in, either in the stomacher style, or à la Sévigné across the bosom. Sleeves have not varied in their form since last month.

Lace or embroidered muslin pelerine tippets are almost the only coverings (if they may be called so) worn in promenade dress, except by ladies of a certain age, who are seen in light summer shawls.

Leghorn bonnets are still very generally adopted for the promenade, but silk ones have also come much into favour. We see some hats, but bonnets are still more general, and certainly more appropriate. Bonnets are still more trimmed than last month.

Jacquot muslin, very richly embroidered, is much in favour in carriage dress; these gowns have the corsage made up to the
throat, but without a collar; there is generally a little fulness in the body towards the waist, and some have the front of the bust richly worked; the fulness of the long sleeve is confined to the arm by bands of work let in. A very rich embroidery either surmounts the hem or is worked upon it; if the latter is the case, the embroidery is nearly the depth of the hem, which reaches to the knee. A large pelerine, either round or worked, to correspond with the dress, is an indispensable appendage to it. Silk dresses, particularly those made in the pelisse style, are still in favour in carriage dress, though not quite so much so as those we have just described.

Gros de Naples, gros des Indes, and fancy straw, are all in request for carriage hats and bonnets. Printed, plaied, and figured silks are more in favour than plain, except plain white, which is in very great estimation. Flowers are universally adopted, but they are always mingled with nœuds of gauze ribands. Bonnets are still as much trimmed as last month, but in better taste, the trimming being arranged in a much lighter style.

Among the new materials for dinner dress are oriental muslins and Nereides, both fully equal to those made in France. Printed gros de Naples and muslin are also in request. We have seen a good many dresses of plain gros de Naples embroidered in coloured silks round the border, and with the corsage also ornamented with embroidery.

Dinner gowns are cut something lower this month than last round the bosom, except for social parties. Several elegant women have lately adopted a fichu canezou of white lace in dinner dress; the fulness both behind and in front is brought to a point under the ceinture; the upper part, which falls over en schall, is embroidered, and it is trimmed with a full fall of lace. If worn over a muslin dress the lace is thread, but if the dress is silk it is blond; these canezous look particularly well on slight figures, and as they partially shade the neck and bosom, they are at once delicate and graceful.

Caps are in great favour; in half dress they have caul of moderate height; the borders, narrower than they have lately been worn, still turn back, but not so much so as they did. One of the prettiest half-dress caps that we have seen, had the front arranged something in the turban style; the border, which was of blond lace, being fastened back in puffs by very small roses; the caul of the cap was profusely ornamented with nœuds of riband on each side; a bouquet of roses, issuing from one of the nœuds, ornamented the centre.
The hair, in grand costume, is dressed very high behind in two or three soft bows, which are intermixed with platted bands, either turned around them, or forming separate bows; knots of rich riband, mingled with flowers, form the ornaments of some coiffures; others are decorated with flowers only. There are also still a great many head-dresses composed of gauze, arranged something in the turban style, but so as to let bows of hair appear between the folds; this coiffure is always ornamented with flowers, which are placed irregularly among the bows of hair or the folds of gauze.

Fashionable colours are rose-colour, straw-colour, blue, and different shades of lawn colour and citron.

Modes de Paris.

Carriage Dress.

A redingote of vest de Chine gros de Tours; the corsage, made with a deep collar and large lappels, is excessively open in front, and is ornamented with a flat silk trimming, disposed in the style of an embroidery. The sleeves are made excessively wide, but their fulness is confined just above the elbow, and again half way to the wrist, by bands of fancy silk trimming; the cuff sits close to the arm, and is also ornamented in the same style. The dress is decorated in a very tasteful manner, down the front, with flat silk trimming. Chemisette of embroidered muslin, trimmed round the throat with a double ruche of tulle. The hat is of rice-straw, of a very large size; it is ornamented on the inside of the brim with gauze riband, to correspond in colour with the dress. Three long white curled ostrich feathers, tipped with green, are disposed in front of the crown, so as to droop to the left side: the strings hang loose. White gloves, and boots of gros des Indes, to correspond with the dress.

Opera Dress.

A dress of gros d'été; the colour is a pale lavender. The corsage turns over in the shawl style, and falls quite in the pelerine form round the bust; it is embroidered in a wreath of foliage, in floize silk, to correspond with the dress; this embroidery is continued down one side of the front of the dress, which wraps across. The corsage is finished en fichu, with a very rich white embroidery, which sits close to the shawl part of the dress. Sleeve en gigot, terminated by a cuff à l'antique. The hat is composed of white figured gauze, most profusely trimmed with nœuds of deep rose coloured riband, and white ostrich feathers. Gros de Naples slippers the colour of the dress. White kid gloves.
STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN MAY, 1830.

Promenade dress is at present extremely gay and tasteful; for the first time during several years pelisses are worn over gowns, those dresses having hitherto been worn as substitutes for gowns. The most novel are of light coloured gros de Naples, or gros des Indes; lemon-colour, green, lilac, and blue are all in favour. These pelisses have the corsage made plain, with a very large collar, which falls en pelerine over the back and shoulders; the most elegant have a manche orientale over the long tight sleeve; the former is very large, and hangs excessively low. Some of these dresses have no trimming; others are embroidered all round in silk, of a colour strongly contrasted with that of the dress; and a good many are finished with narrow satin rouleaus to correspond with the dress, arranged in a Grecian border. In one particular they are all alike; they are open in front, and fly back in such a manner as to show the gown, which is generally of muslin very richly embroidered.

White dresses are likewise worn in the promenades with only a light scarf, or a canezou, either of lace or worked muslin. Coloured muslins also enjoy a certain degree of favour, but nothing is considered so elegant as the pelisses which we have just described.

Leighorn, rice-straw, and various descriptions of silk, are all in favour for hats and bonnets; the latter are less worn than the former; they remain the same shape as last month, but are now more generally trimmed with flowers.

Hats have increased in size; the brims are very deep and extremely wide; the crowns are of moderate height in front, and very low behind. Leighorn hats are trimmed with flowers mingled with nœuds of riband. Wild flowers, particularly daisies, are much in favour, as are also bouquets of violets; but nothing is considered more elegant than branches of lilac, placed in the same style as feathers, that is to say, to droop from the right side to the left.

Some hats of rice-straw are ornamented with a bouquet of pinks, placed on one side, near the top of the crown, and terminated by a large bow of riband. A band of riband passes from the bouquet to the other side of the crown, at the bottom, where it terminates in a nœud to correspond with that at the top.

Feathers are still very generally used to ornament rice-straw hats. Some have panaches of cocks' feathers; others short plumes of marabouts; the newest style of trimming is a branch of artificial willow, composed of the barbs of feathers, and coloured after nature.
A variety of new materials are in favour in home dress; among these are Chinese, Turkish, Moorish, and Gothic muslins, all of which are of singular, and we had almost said very ugly, patterns. Some have excessively large and glaring stripes; others, and these last are the prettiest, are flowered.

Half-dress is generally made in the redingote style, and in a very plain manner, as we have already described in speaking of promenade dress. Some ladies, however, prefer gowns, but they are also made in the plainest manner. A corsage, the fulness of which is arranged in deep longitudinal folds, a large falling collar, and long sleeves, made quite tight from the wrist to the bend of the arm. The skirt is usually without trimming.

Gaze de Paris, and gaze de Chambéry, are the favourite materials for ball and evening dress. One of the prettiest dancing dresses that we have lately seen was composed of the former. The pattern consisted of large flowers at considerable distances from each other. The corsage, cut excessively low, was finished round the back part of the bust with a double ruche of blond net. The front was ornamented with a drapery composed of seven flat folds, which partly entered into each other; the centre of the corsage was marked by three narrow satin roncleus, put close to each other. We should observe that this dress was worn over a white satin slip, the sleeves of which, made en bêret, were partially covered with real blond lace, of great breadth and beauty. The trimming of the skirt consisted of three narrow roncleus, corresponding with those on the corsage, but placed at some distance from each other, just above the knee. The ceinture was composed of satin striped gauze riband, the two ends of which descended, one from the right, and the other from the left, to the knees, where they terminated in bouquets of flowers.

Head-dresses of hair, ornamented with flowers only, are now very generally adopted in evening dress; but in grand costume, feathers and diamonds, pearls, or coloured gems, are as much worn as they were in winter. A new kind of ornament, of the chaperon form, composed of down feathers and sprigs of silver foliage, placed alternately, has a very elegant appearance, particularly in dark hair. Another very tasteful coiffure consists of a wreath of foliage in pearl, brought round the crown of the head, and a few field flowers, scattered irregularly among the curls on the forehead. Many unmarried ladies are seen without any ornament whatever in their hair. This is particularly the case with very young ladies.

The colours most in request are lemon-colour, lilac, green, blue, and lavender.
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THE

LADIES' MUSEUM

FOR THE YEAR

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JULY, 1830.

THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEGH.

BY MRS. A. T. THOMSON.

It is highly gratifying to us to have so frequently to record the successful exertion of female talent; and, in compliance with the intention we last month intimated, we now revert to Mrs. Thomson's able work, then scarcely issued from the press. Alike distinguished by his valour, whether on sea or land, equally eminent as a statesman and a scholar, the active services, long imprisonment, and violent death, of Sir Walter Ralegh, render the eventful history now before us a romance of real life, and in selecting a subject of such interest for the exercise of her pen, our fair author has been most happy.

The records of Ralegh's juvenile days are but scanty, and these we must hastily pass by. He was born in Devonshire, in 1552, of a family "in the full experience of those privations which attend poverty encumbered with rank." It was, however, his fortunate lot "not only to possess an enterprising and resolute spirit, but to be connected with those who had the will and the power to encourage his rising genius. His relations on both sides were eminent; and his mother was, at a later period, authorized to make a boast, rare in those days, of being the parent of five knights." Divided between the court and the camp, he decided on the latter, and enlisted into a troop of gentlemen volunteers, under the command of his maternal uncle, who, with permission of Queen Elizabeth, went to France to assist the Protestant princes engaged in the civil wars of that country, where they remained six years.

In 1575 he returned to England, but soon resumed his military career in the Netherlands. Maritime discovery next engaged his attention, the extending our colonial possessions having become, in the reign of Elizabeth, an object of general solicitude; but from his first essay he returned unsuccessful. He was next employed in Ireland, where a rebellion was the consequence of Elizabeth's attempts to introduce the reformed religion, by force, into that country; and in the deeds of blood which at that period stained the English character, Ralegh appears to have been no unwill-

JULY, 1830.
ing actor, more than one charge of cruelty being established against him.

In 1582, on the subjugation of the principal rebels, he returned to England, being then in his 30th year. His person, says Mrs. Thomson, "was admirably proportioned, and dignified, his height being nearly six feet. Thus he united every attribute of grace with strength, and doubtless with expression: for it is impossible that such a mind as his should not have imparted a power of fascination, of which even an ordinary countenance is susceptible when illuminated with genius, and consequently with sensibility. These natural advantages were important circumstances in the eyes of Elizabeth, who frequently selected her objects of regard from trivial motives, but retained them in her favour only as she found their talents justify her choice. To the attractions of a noble figure, Raleigh studied to combine those of a graceful and splendid attire. Many of his garments were adorned with jewels, according to the richest fashions of the day, and his armour was so costly and curious, that it was preserved, for its rarity, in the Tower. In one of his portraits he is represented in this armour, which was of silver, richly ornamented, and his sword and belt studded with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. In another, he chose to be depicted in a white satin pinked vest, surrounded with a brown doublet, flowered, and embroidered with pearls; and on his head, a little black feather, with a large ruby and pearl drop to confine the loop in place of a button. These, it may be said, were no extraordinary proofs of costly expenditure in dress, in days when it was the boast of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to be "yaked and manacled" in ropes of pearl, and to carry on his cloak and suit alone, diamonds to the value of 80,000l.: but the duke was rather a courtier than a statesman, and was little else; whilst Raleigh, as a man of science, of letters, and of martial reputation, might have been supposed worthy of deriving reputation from higher sources, without the necessity of descending to the trivial competitions of dress. It is not to be supposed that any of the fair sex could be insensible to this trait of character in the accomplished Raleigh; and abundant proofs have shown, that the wise and wary Elizabeth prized these adventitious attributes as highly as the weakest and vainest of her attendants. She received, therefore, with complacency and surprise, the adroit flattery of Raleigh, who, meeting the queen near a marshy spot, threw off the magnificent mantle which he wore, and cast it on the ground. This anecdote, which is generally related of their first meeting, if not true, is at least characteristic. He soon received encourage-
ment even from the pen of the queen. He is related to have written upon a window, which she could not fail to pass, this line: ‘Fain would I climb, but yet I fear to fall,’ which received from the hand of Elizabeth this reply, ‘If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.’ To her masculine shrewdness, the queen united some sentiments of romance which would have accorded with a gentler nature. She commended poetry, especially when addressed to herself, although she allowed the illustrious Spenser to languish in poverty. Raleigh, like many men of genius, in youth expended the exuberance of a powerful mind in verses which add but little honour to his great name, except as they show the versatility of his talents, and the enthusiasm of his sentiments.

"In 1583, Raleigh was employed by Queen Elizabeth to attend Simier, the agent of the Duke of Anjou, in his addresses to Elizabeth, on his return to France; and afterwards to attend the duke to Antwerp. The queen accompanied her foreign suitor as far as Canterbury, and commanded certain of her nobility to continue their attendance upon the duke, until they reached the Netherlands. It has been asserted, in the famous work entitled 'Leicester's Commonwealth,' that the earl, to revenge himself on Simier for the discovery of his marriage to Queen Elizabeth, employed pirates to sink the Frenchman and his companions at sea, but that they were prevented by some English vessels. If this assertion were true, Raleigh must have shared in the perils thus prepared for Simier."

Dissatisfied, probably, with the routine of a courtier’s life, and aware that his real credit was best to be promoted by exertion, Raleigh again became desirous of embarking in maritime discovery, and among other acquisitions that of Virginia resulted, so named in honour of the queen. "He was now," says our author, "in the zenith of his prosperity. His first expedition to Virginia was rewarded by knighthood, a distinction which Elizabeth prized so highly, that when importuned to raise one of her courtiers from a knight to a baron, she declared that she ‘thought him above it already.’ Rich prizes and important captures were carried home in triumph by his privateers; and had Raleigh’s chief desire been wealth, it might have been abundantly gratified. To crown his felicity, he had the gratification of seeing his honours bloom around him in his native soil, whence he had passed into the busy world to create his own fortunes. He was chosen in 1584 to represent the county of Devon in parliament; and subsequently appointed Seneschal of the Duchies of Cornwall and Devon, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries. The queen,
also, granted him the privilege of licensing the vending of wines throughout the kingdom, a very lucrative office, which it was not thought incompatible with the highest rank to exercise. And as riches and honours are apt to take wings and fly away, the queen gave him a less perishable present in a portion of the lands forfeited in Cork and Waterford, during the rebellion recently suppressed in Munster. This estate, extending over twelve thousand acres, was planted by Raleigh; but not being fitted for his own residence, was sold to Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork. Thus Raleigh, like most of Elizabeth's favourites, was rewarded without the slightest encroachment either upon the exchequer or the queen's privy purse. It is highly to his credit that he subsequently freely bestowed upon his country what he had diligently gained in her service.

"Raleigh had, during this period of his life, intervals of repose, in which he proved that no patronage was necessary to raise him to fame. Among the most prominent qualities of his mind was application; by this he was enabled to improve the limited portion of time which he could allot to general studies, so as to become one of the most elegant and powerful writers, one of the most philosophical and diligent historians of his country. To reading, Raleigh assigned four hours only; to sleep, five; allowing the remainder of his day to business; reserving, however, two hours for relaxation and discourse, being aware how salutary, if not essential to the mind, is that recreation which refreshes without enervating the intellectual system. In this systematic arrangement, he found time to cultivate the fine arts. In music he was a proficient; and to painting he showed his partiality by a liberal patronage. In oratory Raleigh also excelled; so that neither the originality of his ideas, nor the depth of his knowledge, were concealed by a tame or imperfect mode of conveying them to others. To extend to all, the advantages which he himself enjoyed, was a favourite scheme of this great man; and with a view to promote the circulation of knowledge, he set up an office of address, to which the industrious and curious might apply for information of every species."

In the memorable destruction of the Spanish Armada, Raleigh materially assisted, and afterwards aided Portugal against Spain, Elizabeth lending both ships and money. On his return he visited Ireland, partly to view his possessions in Munster, but chiefly for the purpose of seeing Spenser, the author of the 'Faery Queen,' whom he brought to London, in the hope of obtaining for him those substantial advantages which might enable him to pursue
his literary career, unshackled by the anxieties of penury. In this he failed, and the latter years of Spenser’s life were spent in misery and dependence, but upon his remains, as so often happen to men of genius, an interment in Westminster Abbey, and other funeral honours, were lavished.

For several years we now find Raleigh devoting himself to the civil interests of his country, and shining in the council and the senate with a calmer and more benignant lustre than that which attended his warlike exploits. As a politician, his leading principles of action seem to have been, religious toleration, determined opposition to amity with Spain, and hatred of her encroachments. “For the display of these opinions,” says Mrs. Thomson, “he incurred odium, persecution, and death.” In a speech in parliament on a bill for banishing the Brownists, a considerable though persecuted body of sectarians of that day, he expressed such liberal and enlightened sentiments, that the cry of Atheist, that established watch-word of calumny, was raised against him. In his conceit, he said, the Brownists were worthy to be rooted out of a commonwealth, but he feared that men not guilty would suffer under a law which should make a jury judges of a man’s intentions—of what he means. But, he added, that law which is against a fact is but just. He was afraid there were twenty thousand Brownists in England, and asked at whose charge they should be transported, and, when they were gone, who should maintain their wives and children. His suggestions were listened to by the house, and a committee was appointed to revise the bill; but, out of doors, they were bitterly inveighed against, and drew down the denunciations of churchmen, both Protestant and Catholic.

Promoted by Elizabeth to be one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, Raleigh was constrained to come into very frequent communication with the ladies of the bed-chamber, and an intimacy was discovered between him and the beautiful daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, which would, had it happened in these days, have blasted for ever the reputation of the lady. Her father had died suddenly in 1570, not without suspicions of his having been poisoned by the Earl of Leicester. “His sound and energetic mind,” says Mrs. Thomson, “seems, in some respects, to have descended to his daughter, notwithstanding the error of her early years; and had that indiscretion never occurred, few feminine characters could have appeared more formed, in every sense, to have accorded with the uncommon attributes of Raleigh, than that of Elizabeth Throgmorton. By report of her contemporaries, she is said, in the first place, to have possessed personal attrac-
tions in an eminent degree; and, in her picture, which in the time of Oldys, the diligent biographer of Raleigh, remained in the possession of a descendant of Raleigh, she is represented as a fair, handsome woman, attired in the fashion of the day, and with the splendour which Raleigh was wont so eminently to display. This circumstance, though comparatively unimportant, was perhaps of consequence in the eyes of Raleigh, who particularly instructed his son not to marry an uncomely woman. She was in birth his equal, and, in age, eighteen years his junior. But whilst these adventitious circumstances were in favour of their mutual happiness, the qualities of which her subsequent history does best vouch, and which the events of a calamitous life drew forth, were singularly adapted to the part which was in life allotted to her. She was capable of a devotion to her husband beyond the power of absence, persecution, and the ruin of all her temporal prosperity, on his account, to diminish. She had activity and resolution which well became the wife of a hero. She had disinterestedness worthy of the name of Raleigh. In her exertions for those who were dear to her, she evinced the judgment and steadfastness of a man; in her constancy and disregard of personal comforts and considerations, the single-heartedness and tenderness of a woman's nature. Her deviation from the delicacy of the feminine character was not, in her own times, viewed with the unrelenting, yet wholesome, severity with which the world visits it in the present day. By her family Raleigh seems to have been forgiven, since we afterwards find her brother, Sir Arthur Throgmorton, associated with him in his maritime enterprizes. By Queen Elizabeth, it is to be feared, the sin was visited, more as a scandal to her court, and an offence to her own paramount charms, than as a dereliction from morality. Soon after the exposure of their fault, Raleigh was united to her in marriage, an union pre-eminently marked by vicissitudes, but cheered by their uninterrupted affection. On every important occurrence of his life, we find Raleigh addressing her as the confidential repository of his joys and afflictions; sometimes in the language of affectionate consolation in their common bereavements, always in that of regard, implicit trust, and respect. For some time, however, during the early days of their married life, their mutual attachment seemed to bring only separation and sorrow. The erring young lady was dismissed from the court, to the contagion of which she probably owed her disgrace; and Raleigh was imprisoned for some months, as it appears from a letter addressed by Sir Robert Cecil to Sir Arthur Gorges, in the Tower.”
In 1596, the queen, understanding that a Spanish fleet was collecting from the wrecks of the Armada, for the invasion of Ireland, equipped a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail, in three squadrons, one of which Raleigh commanded. The Spanish fleet was completely defeated, and, "in pursuance of the sad necessity of war, in this instance, as far as related to the Spaniards, alone aggressive as yet on the part of Elizabeth, Cadiz was cruelly devastated, the Island of St. Leon despoiled, and the forts razed, the triumphant English bearing away the pillaged property of those who had once been opulent and secure. The wealth derived from this expedition to most of the land commanders was considerable; but Raleigh, either from being chiefly deputed to naval services, or from some other cause, remained unenriched."

Soon after his return from Cadiz, Raleigh obtained the consent of the queen to embark for that "mighty, rich, and beautiful empire of Guiana, and that great and golden city which the Spaniards call El Dorado, and the naturals Manoa," a scheme which, to his sanguine mind, promised both wealth and fame, but which subsequently involved his latter days in perplexity and danger. The account he gave of the country on his return was charged not only with great exaggeration, but much absolute falsehood.

In Queen Elizabeth's last expedition against Spain, Raleigh was placed under Essex, then in high favour, but inferior in every quality for such a command, and much personal dissension, and consequent want of success, was the result. The people were unanimous in their censures of Raleigh, whose usual unpopularity was increased by the circumstance of his variance with Essex, although his exploits were generally more commended; whilst Essex, the idol of the lower classes, was much blamed by intelligent persons for violence and rashness. Raleigh possessed not a disposition so generous as that of his unfortunate rival, and if he did not accelerate the ruin of the imprudent Essex, he tried not to arrest the progress of his destruction.

On the celebration of the queen's birth-day in 1597, Raleigh appeared in the tilt-yard at Westminster with a degree of splendour which roused the jealousy of Essex. "Raleigh possessed a suit of armour so costly, as to excite the envy of all those who wearied themselves in a vain show, or were the slaves of that ' vexation of spirit' which has wittily been described as the successor of vanity. In this gorgeous encasement Raleigh so much delighted, that his portrait was painted while wearing it; and he is supposed to have figured in it on this occasion, for, in the portrait, his arm was decorated with a riband, which tradition asserts
he received from the queen as a reward in this very tilt-yard, and which he carried to her majesty one morning, to show that he had ridden a hundred and twenty miles the night before, in order to return to her presence. The shoes of this accomplished courtier were valued at six thousand pieces of gold; his sword and belt were adorned with jewels; and about his person he wore jewels to the value of three-score thousand pounds."

In the following year, the attention of Elizabeth's court was called to the serious disturbances in Ireland, and although Raleigh was the most effective man of the court in difficulty and danger, unhappily for Essex, his own presumption, and the intrigues of those who desired his absence, caused the choice to fall on him. The dismal result is well known.

In 1600 Raleigh had sufficient influence with the queen to obtain an appointment then considered of some importance, that of Governor of Jersey, in opposition to the solicitations of Sir William Russell; from which he was able to snatch a few intervals of retirement to his seat at Sherborne, in Devonshire.

On the death of Elizabeth and the accession of James I. Raleigh soon discovered the perilous situation in which he was then placed. An heiress, named Basset, to whom he was guardian, was betrothed to his son, but James tore her from the family among whom she had been fostered, and obliged her to marry Henry Howard. Sir Robert Basset, a relative, was obliged to fly the country, to save his life, probably for some opposition to this transaction, and his estate was much reduced, thirty manors being sold by the king's orders. Raleigh was next removed from his situation as captain of the guard, and found that his services at court were regarded as unwelcome and intrusive.

The rash and wild scheme for surprising the king and his court, and placing the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne, was, with other plots, attributed to Raleigh, and he was committed to the Tower, where his fortitude so far forsook him, that he attempted suicide, "protesting his innocence with carelessness of life." The plague raging in London, he was tried at Winchester, whither he was conveyed amidst the violent and almost unaccountable expressions of popular aversion. The records of the trial furnish no very favourable specimen of the mode of administering justice at that period. He was found guilty, and sentenced to death, which, however, was respite, and he was conveyed to the Tower of London, as were some of those who had been tried with him, and similarly sentenced. Others suffered the full penalty of the law.

In 1615, after an imprisonment of twelve years, Raleigh was liberated, on paying 1,500l. to the new favourite, Villiers, after-
wards Duke of Buckingham, public honour being then at its lowest ebb, and bribery upheld in shameless effrontery. James's former bosom friend, Car. Earl of Somerset, after long reigning triumphant, was now, in his turn, a prisoner in the Tower.

Unhappily for Ralegh, schemes of fresh enterprise, partaking of that spirit of romance and temerity which a long seclusion from general society sometimes engenders, had occupied his mind during his long confinement; and the design of revisiting Guiana was revived, as he affirmed, "entirely for the approving of his faith to the king, and to have done him such a service as had seldom been performed for any king." Than this step, however, nothing could have been devised more displeasing to Spain, and Ralegh's long seclusion had perhaps concealed from his penetration to how great an extent Spanish influence at that time prevailed at a court, where, in earlier days, he had imbibed all his royal mistress's feeling of inextinguishable hostility to that country. After much difficulty and delay, he obtained permission to embark the wreck of his fortunes in the undertaking; and from it he returned unsuccessful, with the loss of his eldest son.

On his landing in Devonshire, Sir Lewis Stucley, a kinsman, undertook for a considerable reward to apprehend him; and a subsequent attempt to escape, in which this man falsely pretended to aid him, was treacherously frustrated, and furnished an additional charge against him, as a "distrust of the king's mercy." When he purchased his liberation, a relative of Buckingham's offered, for a further sum of 1,500l. to procure him a free pardon, but the great Lord Bacon assured him, that the king having in the mean time made him admiral of his fleet, with power of life and death over his officers and soldiers, he had already a sufficient pardon. Nevertheless, the charges which could now be brought against him, for conduct since his liberation, being found insufficient to ensure a capital conviction, a discussion took place in the privy council, on the 23d of October, 1618, when an order was issued to the judges, "to proceed against Ralegh according to law;" and on the ensuing day he received notice to prepare for death, being then ill of an aguish complaint. From the hot stage of this disease, the unhappy man was aroused on the 28th at eight o'clock in the morning, and conveyed into court. His former conviction being read, the lord chief justice assured him that his commission could not in any way help him, and did not imply a pardon. Finding mercy hopeless, "he begged merely not to be cut off so suddenly, for that he had something to do in discharge of his conscience, something to satisfy the world in, and he desired to be heard at the day of his death." He added, "that
he never was disloyal to his Majesty, which he should prove where he should not fear the face of any king on earth." The time for which he petitioned was not granted, and the execution took place on the following morning, the warrant being produced immediately after the passing of the sentence, though the king was then in Hertfordshire. His wishes were only so far consulted, that beheading was substituted for hanging. He ascended the scaffold with composure, and even cheerfulness, and was dressed with that precision which he had ever observed in his attire. It was grave, but costly.

"After silence had been proclaimed, Sir Walter addressed the bystanders, requesting them, if they perceived in him any weakness of voice, or faltering of manner, to attribute them to the languour of disease, with which he was attacked by intermission, and that this was the wonted hour of its approach. After a short pause he sat down, and turning towards a window, at which were placed the Earls of Arundel, Northampton, and Doncaster, he continued, 'I thank God that he hath brought me to die in the light, and not in darkness.' But fearing that his voice was inaudible, he said he would endeavour to exert it, upon which those noblemen immediately came to the scaffold, and, after exchanging salutations, were enabled effectively to hear Raleigh's last justification. In this he distinctly, and to the impartial listener satisfactorily, justified himself from the principal allegations which had attainted his loyalty as a subject, his honour as a private individual, and his conduct as a naval commander. It has been before observed, that he also exonerated himself from the charge of having followed the Earl of Essex to the scaffold, that he might satiate a base spirit of revenge with the sight of his sufferings. In vindicating his conduct as a subject, he denied with vehemence that he had ever engaged in any plot with the King of France, or had a commission from him, or even seen the hand writing of that monarch. This had been one of the calumnies which Stucley and Mannourie had devised. He solemnly declared that he had never uttered dishonourable or disloyal expressions touching the King; an accusation which had, he said, been fabricated by a 'base Frenchman, a runagate fellow, one that had no dwelling—a kind of chemical fellow, one that he knew to be pernicious.' This man he had, as he confessed, entrusted with the secret of his projected flight, which Mannourie had instantly revealed.

"He acknowledged that he had intended to escape, but justified that natural design by the plea of wishing to save his life. He confessed, what was less excusable, that he had dissembled and
feigned sickness, but referred, as a precedent, to the example of David, who had assumed the appearance of an idiot to escape from his enemies.

"He declared that he forgave his betrayers, Stucley and Man- nourie, but warned all men to beware of their perfidy. He denied, specifically, several particulars which they had adduced, especially in relation to the sum of 10,000l. which Stucley had declared Sir Walter to have offered him as a bribe for his escape. After commenting minutely on his conduct during his voyage, he concluded his exhortation in these words:—

"'And now I entreat you all to join with me in prayer to the Great God of Heaven, whom I have previously offended, being a man full of vanity, and have lived a sinful life in all sinful call- ings—for I have been a soldier, a captain, a sea captain, and a courtier, which are courses of wretchedness and vice—that God would forgive me, and cast away my sins from me, and that he would receive me into everlasting life. So I take my leave of all you, making my peace with God.'

"On proclamation being made that all persons should depart from the scaffold, Sir Walter, after taking off some of his attire, gave his hat, a wrought cap which he wore, and some money, to his attendants. On bidding a last farewell to the noblemen and other friends who stood around him, he entreated the Lord Arundel to petition the king, that no calumnious publications might defame him after his death: an entreaty which was utterly disregarded. The composure of his demeanour may be gathered from the simple and tranquil, yet decorous observations which fell in these solemn moments from his lips. With the magnan- nimity, without the untimely jocularity of Sir Thomas More, he referred to the awful change which both soul and body were shortly to undergo, by remarking, 'that he had a long journey to go, and must therefore speedily take his leave.' Having taken off his gown and doublet, he desired the executioner to show him the fatal instrument of destruction. The man hesitating to com- ply, Sir Walter said, 'I pr'ythee let me see it: dost thou think that I am afraid of it?' Having passed his finger on the edge of the axe, he returned it, saying to the sheriff, 'this is a sharp medicine, but it is a cure for all diseases.' Then, entreating the prayers of the beholders, that God might strengthen and assist him, he gave the customary forgiveness to the executioner, laying his hand on the shoulder of the man. These preliminaries being arranged, he was asked, as he laid his head on the block, in which direction he would place it; an inquiry which he calmly answered, by observing, 'that if the heart be right, it were no matter which
way the head was laid.' The executioner threw his cloak over him as he reclined his body on the block, his face being turned towards the east. In a few seconds Sir Walter gave the signal that he was prepared for the solemn office, by raising his hand. No start of weakness, no trembling movement, indicated either the emotions of mental agitation, or those of nervous sensation. By two strokes his head was severed from his body: it was then displayed to the populace on each side of the scaffold, and put into a red leather bag; and his velvet night-gown being thrown over it, it was carried away in a mourning coach belonging to the desolate Lady Ralegh, by whom it was long preserved in a case, and, after her death, kept with the same reverential care by her son Carew, in whose grave it was buried. His body was interred in the church of St. Margaret, in Westminster, near the altar of the sacred edifice."

His widow survived him nine-and-twenty years, but never contracted a second marriage; and only one son, Carew, survived him, who was, at his father's death, in his 13th year.

The works which Ralegh left behind are considerable, both in number and variety. His political writings, which amount to ten, prove that he was no less qualified to govern than to conquer. His philosophical works are remarkable for the fascination which he throws around his subject; but the noblest of all his productions is "The History of the World," which was composed in prison during his long confinement. Though he lived to publish only a portion of it, yet is that portion sufficient to perpetuate his name as long as our literature shall exist. Of his epistolary remains we can scarcely speak too highly. To poetry it is evident that he had recourse as a recreation only, and that he never, even in his youth, considered it as the probable basis of his fame. Neither infidelity nor impurity sully any of his pages, but they rather seek to promote the interests of morality, and to elevate its standard.

We have been led so far into this interesting volume that we have scarcely room to express our opinion of its importance, as throwing some additional light on a period of English history much darkened by the violent party feeling, both political and religious, to which the events of James's reign gave rise:—a reign wherein was sown the seed of those troubles which, engendered by the duplicity and pusillanimity of that monarch, fell so heavily on the head of his unfortunate son. Mrs. Thomson has rummaged among the dusty piles of the State Paper Office, and taken those pains to procure information, which place her above the class of mere compilers in this book-making age.
THE TALE OF A BROKEN HEART.

"Oh say, can friendship's balm impart
A solace for the broken heart?"

"My dear Eliza," said Sir William Beaumont to his daughter,
"I must prepare you for an augmentation of our family circle.
George Stanley, I apprehend, will not be an unwelcome intruder,
though I fear not a very lively one; for the poor fellow's spirits
seem most seriously depressed since his return from the continent.
I suspect it to be some affair de cœur, though I cannot find in my
heart to rally him upon it; his feelings, which he ineffectually
endeavours to conceal, are in too serious a degree of excitement
to be sported with. You, my child, will I trust be able to probe
the wound with a gentle hand, that some efficient mode of cure
may be adopted."

Eliza's cheek became slightly tinged, when she heard her father
pronounce the name of George Stanley. He had been the friend
of her earliest years, and though long absent from his native
home, his worth had never been effaced from her memory. She
assured her father that no endeavours should be wanting to render
his asylum agreeable, and retired to superintend the necessary
arrangements for his reception.

George Stanley was the son of an officer of distinction, who had
fought by the side of Sir William Beaumont, and shared his for-
tunes in many a campaign. To the protection of his friend,
Colonel Stanley had, in his last moments,

"When in his country's cause he pour'd his life,"

recommended his orphan. Thus recommended, young Stanley
had passed his earliest years under the roof of his affectionate
guardian, where he experienced in nothing but the name the loss
of a parent.

His arrival was shortly afterwards announced, and a few days
beheld him a familiar intimate. The friendly attentions of Sir
William, and the endearing assiduities of his amiable daughter,
seemed in some measure to detract from the sorrow that pervaded
the demeanour of the unfortunate Stanley. His happiness was,
however, merely assumed; he could not but feel grateful to his
friends, and make to their kindness the only return in his power—
his endeavours to seem comforted by them.

Eliza saw, with dreadful anxiety, the hopeless state of her
patient, and the fruitlessness of her assiduities, and grieved in
secret for the sorrows she could not alleviate.

One morning, entering the study unexpectedly, she discovered
George rising from his knees; his cheeks bedewed with the recent
July, 1830.
burst of his feelings. She would have instantly retired, but the unhappy youth desired her to remain.

"My dear Miss Beaumont," he addressed her, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion, "you have been an involuntary witness of my weakness. Yet no—I cannot call it so; is it, Eliza, weakness to throw ourselves upon the mercy of that Providence who can see and pity feelings which the world, could it perceive, would deride? Eliza, your delicacy has forbidden inquiry into the secret of my misery, which you would seek from the kindest motive. I had resolved to bury that secret within my own breast, yet methinks it would be a relief could I pour my sorrows into a bosom that, though it cannot share, can pity them. To your secrecy, then, will I commit my tale of woe.

"During my residence at Marseilles, I was introduced to Count Bartelmi, for whose daughter Rosline I could but form an attachment. Eliza, had you seen her, you would not wonder at my wretchedness. My affection was not unanswered. Rosline loved me—pardon my being explicit—I cannot dwell on this subject—though it is what my thoughts, my agonized thoughts, dwell night and day on.

"Her father had designed as her husband a countryman of his own. Upon him, however, Rosline looked with coldness, with aversion. Her father, on his death-bed, extorted from the unhappy girl a promise to unite her fate with that of the Marquis Ugolo.

"Scarcely were the funeral solemnities performed, when Rosline sent for me. She communicated the dreadful truth, and with it imparted to me also her own calmness of despair. I heard her without a sigh, without a tear—I left her without a last farewell. Soon after, she informed the marquis of her readiness to be led to the altar. The ceremony was performed, and Rosline requested permission to remain by herself till the following day: her request was complied with. Eliza, I heard of her marriage with firmness; aye, with calmness I heard the sequel. On the following morning, Ugolo repaired to claim his bride—he found her, Eliza,—he found her a corpse. The trial was severe, but she acquitted herself gloriously!"

An hysterical laugh followed this dreadful recital. Eliza caught his arm, and supported him to a couch. Stanley turned upon her a thankful eye, while a faint and expressive smile illumined his pallid features. That smile was the last ray of reason's expiring lamp; a maniac despondency succeeded; and soon after, his friends wept over the tomb, the last peaceful refuge, of the Broken Heart.
SPRING STANZAS.

I turn'd from what she brought—to those she could not bring.  

Thou bringest back thy blooming flowers—
And deckest Nature's fairest bowers
With scents as sweet—as radiant dyes—
As those which last year charm'd our eyes;
Summer birds, on careless wing,
Hail thy glad return, oh! Spring.

Bland Nature rises from her sleep,
And blossoms from their prison peep;
Gay birds that charm'd our taste before,
We see the present time restore;
Flow'rets fresh bursting from the tomb
Yield heaven their incense in perfume.

Lo! trees which naked met the storm
We now see robed in graceful form;
While she, the insect queen of spring,
Floats gaily on her spangled wing—
And the young zephyr's softest sighs
Fan her fair bosom as she flies.

But, alas! enchanting Spring—
Say, hopes departed canst thou bring:
Bring back to us the peace now lost,
Or calm the heart by passion tost;
And with thy flowers again restore
The love we valued so—once more!

Say, canst thou from their dreamless bed
Arouse to life the silent dead—
Ah! no, thy vernal powers are vain,
Though Nature dies, she lives again—
But she, alas! can never bring
Those hopes which used to deck the Spring.

The heart long sear'd by ruthless fate,
Spring never can reanimate;
For like a dead and scathed bough—
It feels nor storm, nor summer's glow;
But lost, it ne'er will blossom more,
Nor sun nor rain the leaves restore.

Early are blooming all the flowers,
Which once we wove in happier hours—
Pure is the lily's stemless show,
And fresh the violet's purple glow;
While in some well remember'd spot,
We see the sweet "forget-me-not."

The "heart's-ease" rears its gentle head,
Enchanting, from its lowly bed;
But tell us where, oh! where are those,
Whose presence made us love the rose?
Sweet buds ye cannot, cannot bring,
All which was wont to grace the Spring.

D. L. J.
THE MOGUL DYNASTY.

The power of the Moguls, both in its rise and fall, in its spread, fluctuations, and character, is so totally unlike any thing that has happened, or can happen, in the west, that we are led to consider its annals with little other motive than that which leads us to the fictions of the novelists; not for the pleasure arising from their utility, but from the utility of pleasure alone. The history of its dynasty is all a veracious romance.

The story of Romulus and Remus, which no one believes, is, in its interesting features, not more romantic than the rise of the power of Tamerlane, the shepherd king; who spent his youth in taking care of his father's flocks, and who, before he started to subdue the eastern world, showed his talent for ruling, as the natural judge, leader, and captain of his pastoral companions. The death of his son and successor, Miramacha, took place in a way truly characteristic of eastern manners. The emperor was made a prisoner by the Raja of Cascar, who, with a remarkable generosity, set him at liberty, solely on the condition that Cascar should be exempt from tribute. In a future war the raja had the misfortune to become himself the prisoner; but the Tartar, far from imitating the generosity of the Indian, caused him to be blinded, after the manner of the east. The base ingratitude of the tyrant rankled in the heart of the unhappy prisoner, and he meditated his revenge. It was reported to the emperor that the raja, though deprived of sight, still excelled in archery, to such a degree that he could hit a mark on hearing a voice proceed from it. Miramacha, who himself excelled in this kind of diversion, sent for his prisoner that he might witness the exhibition of his skill. The raja, when commanded to shoot, assuming an air of offended dignity, said, "In this place I shall not obey any one but my conqueror: no other person has a right to command me; as soon as I hear the king's voice I shall obey." Miramacha immediately gave him the word; and as instantaneously the arrow glanced from the bow of the blind raja into the heart of his ungrateful captor.

Abouchaid, his son, or grandson, it is dubious which, was driven from his throne by his rebellious people; and in the garb of a faqir he travelled from province to province, attended by two confidants alone, the companions of his wanderings. His subjects at length, tired of his successor, sought him amid the armies of faquirs, who swarm in India, and raised him again to the imperial throne. His treatment of the two faquirs, who had been his only friends, and to whom he had been indebted for
every thing, is inconsistent with our notions of morality. When, on his restoration, they presented themselves before him, he drove them from his presence. “By what means, my lord,” said they, “have we offended you? We attached ourselves to you in the season of adversity; we were the companions of your pilgrimages; we assisted you with our counsel, and we have partaken with you the severities of an austere and laborious ministry.” “It is for this very cause,” replied Abouchaid, with fury; “it is because your claims are greater than I can pay that I drive you hence. Begone! your presence serves only to accuse me of the crime of ingratitude!” The eventful reign of Abouchaid ended with his capture by the Turcuman prince, Usum Cassan, who beheaded him in the year 1469, and put out the eyes of three of his sons, who were taken prisoners with him in the same battle.

His successor, the peaceful Sheik-Omer, limited his warlike experience to witnessing cock-fights and battles between rival flocks of pigeons. As if, however, a fate hung over his house, Sheik-Omer found his death as surely in the battle of doves as in the more sanguinary field, in which his father lost his life. Sheik-Omer had dove-houses constructed in his haram, at the extremities of a terrace upon which he was accustomed to assemble these birds, who gathered about him at given signals. At times he would use a long cane, to which a piece of white satin was appended, as a sort of standard. All the pigeons of one of the dove-houses would collect around the flag, and accompany the monarch, who led them to the attack of the opposite dove-house. These birds, notwithstanding their apparent mildness, would defend fiercely their possessions against the irruption of the assailants. Sometimes the besieged quitted their retreat, and gave battle in the open air. One day that Sheik-Omer was enjoying these diversions, having his attention fixed on a flock of pigeons, which he was animating to the combat, he did not observe a place where the parapet of the terrace had given way. He fell a considerable height to the ground, and died two days after from the injuries he received.

His son and successor was the famous Emperor Baber, who not only lost the empire he had inherited from his great ancestor, Tamerlane, but gained another more extensive, more wealthy, and more powerful. The Usbee Tartar, Sheik-bâ-ni Khan, drove Baber from his capital of Samarcand, and compelled him, with a few attendants, to seek the frontier of India. Into this country he penetrated, in the habit of a joguy, or pilgrim, in order to
ascertain its resources, and estimate it strength; and formed his plan of conquest on the result of his own personal observation. Seeking aid in the country of Caubul, then governed by a khan of his own family, he returned to Hindostan, and wrested its wide domains from the hands of the Patan princes, who then reigned in Delhi. Baber may be considered the real founder of the Mogul race in Hindostan. He established a system of laws, and formed and remodelled the institutions of the country after his own plans. Baber died in the year 1530.

His favourite son and successor, Humainm, was, like his father, driven from his dominions by a Patan prince of the de-throned race, and was compelled to take refuge in Persia, where he was entertained with hospitality. In the mean time the usurper of his throne, amusing himself with the discharge of a cannon that had been lately sent him from Bengal, was killed by the bursting of the piece. Humainm, with the assistance of a Persian force, quickly subdued the opposition of the Patans, and regained the throne which his successors held for two centuries after him. In this expedition fraud, as well as force, after the invariable manner of the Moguls, had its share in ensuring the success of Humainm. He obtained possession of Lahor by stratagem; he sent forward, by a different road from that through which his army was marching, one hundred resolute young Persians. They were disguised as pilgrims carrying staffs; and in this manner presented themselves in the evening without the gates of the citadel. Being divided into several small bands, those who were the first to arrive entered the place without difficulty; but others, which arrived at a late hour, found the gates closed. These began to utter aloud their complaints, and to exclaim against so little charity being shown towards devout pilgrims, who were just returning to their homes from Mecca. They begged only a slight alms, and cover for a single night. Aziscam, the governor, heard their complaints, and was touched with compassion. He commanded that the gates should be opened to the poor travellers. The disguised pilgrims, and false hermits, availed themselves of his charity to get possession of Lahor. Introduced into the palace of the governor, they appeared with a mask of devotion on their countenances, calculated to deceive the most penetrating observer. They then drew their poniards from beneath their vests, and, attacking the governor and his garrison with desperate fury, succeeded in making themselves masters of the fortress, which they maintained till the arrival of the army of the king. The death of this king, like so many of his race, was
THE MOGUL DYNASTY.

premature and peculiar. He had caused the plan of the mausoleum, in which his ashes were to repose, to be marked out without the gates of Delhi, at the termination of a large bridge of twelve arches. The work was already far advanced, and the walls were raised to a level with the key-stone of the arch. The king, carrying in his hand a measuring-rod, was mounted on the wall, and was walking round the edifice, on its cornice, which was very wide, when the rod on which he rested broke in his hand. He fell with the pieces of the rod, and having rolled for a while on the entablature, to which the architect had given a slope for the purpose of carrying off the water, he fell to the ground, was dashed to pieces, and found his death on the very spot intended for the place of his burial. This fine monument of the piety of Humaiun was afterwards finished, and his body was interred in it. The sepulchre was still to be seen in the time of Aurengzebe, ornamented on the inside with the most beautiful marbles, and on the outside surmounted with a magnificent dome, the gilding of which, in a country where the sun shines with a lustre unknown in Europe, is almost too dazzling for the sight. An establishment of Moulus have the charge of keeping the edifice in repair; they scatter continually fresh flowers upon the grave, which is covered with a magnificent cloth of gold brocade.

The successor of Humaiun was the famous Akbar, whose name in the east is a proverb for wisdom and power. He was the founder of the splendid city of Agra, and extended his domains far beyond their ancient limits. Akbar was the first Mogul who interested himself in inquiries concerning the Christian faith. He wrote to the Jesuits of Goa, to desire them to send some of the fathers of their sect, who might expound the sacred volumes to him. Three Jesuits were sent to the court of Agra, where their imperial pupil maintained with them constant discussions on the falsehood of the Koran, and the truth of the Gospel. The fathers became impatient for the conversion of the illustrious inquirer, and ventured to make an imprudent demand, that he "would fix a season, when it might please his majesty to declare himself openly as a servant of Mahomet and of Jesus Christ." The emperor replied, "That so serious a change was in the hands of God: that, as for himself, he should never cease to implore his illumination and his aid." He did not, however, cease to treat the fathers with distinction and honour; but, instead of turning Christian, it seems to have occurred to him that he might as well become the founder of a religion himself. At least the missionaries have reported, that he used to present Lim-
self every morning on his balcony to be worshipped as a god by
the people, who knelt before him, and presented their petitions
to him; which it was spread abroad were miraculously heard, if
not miraculously granted. Akbar, like his father and his grand-
father, perished by an accident of singular infelicity.
One day, when he was hunting, in the environs of Agra, he
lost sight of his attendants, and being much fatigued, set himself
down at the foot of a tree, which afforded a welcome shade.
Whilst he was trying to compose himself to sleep, he saw ap-
proaching him one of those long caterpillars, of a flame colour,
which are to be found only in the Indies. He pierced it through
with an arrow, which he drew from his quiver. A little time
afterwards, an antelope made its appearance within bow-shot.
The emperor took aim at it with the same arrow with which he
had pierced the caterpillar. Notwithstanding the antelope re-
ceived the shaft in a part of its body which was not susceptible
of a mortal wound, the animal instantaneously expired. The
hunters of the prince, who opened the beast, found the flesh
black and corrupted, and all the dogs who eat of it died immedi-
ately. The emperor recognised, from this circumstance, the ex-
treme venom of the poison of the caterpillar. He commanded
one of the officers of his suite to get it conveyed to his palace.
It was on this occasion that the emperor created the office of
poisoner, an office till then unknown to the Mogul government.
By the instrumentality of this new officer, Akbar quietly disposed
of the nobles and the rajas whom he believed to be concerned in
the conspiracy of Mostafa. Poisoned pills were compounded
for him, which he obliged them to take in his presence. The
poison was slow in its operation, but no remedies could obviate
its mortal effects. Akbar carried always about him a gold box,
which was divided into three compartments. In one was his
betel; in another, the cordial pills which he used after a repast;
and in the third were the poisoned pills. One day it happened
that he took, inadvertently, one of the poisoned pills, and be-
came himself a victim to its fatal power. He immediately felt
himself struck with death. He, in vain, made trial of all the
remedies prescribed for him by the Portuguese physicians, and
died in 1605.
Jehan Guir, the successor of Akbar, was a very different
character from his father. His chief celebrity arises from the
joviality of his manners, and the humility with which he sub-
mitted to the dominion of the beautiful, but imperious, Nur-
Jeham, the Light of the World. Stories are told of his con-
viviality which remind us of the Arabian Nights. Among other instances of boon companionship, the following anecdote is recorded in history.

He entered, they say, one day, towards the evening, in disguise, into a tavern. Wine-houses, since the days of Akbar, had been tolerated in the capital. The emperor took a seat near an artisan, who was drinking with great gaiety, and, inspired with the wine, was disposed to indulge his vocal talents. Jehan Guir was delighted to find himself in such pleasant society. A familiarity was soon established between them, and the artisan was particularly charmed with the liberality of the new guest, who paid the entire score, and made him drink deep. In their conversation, they treated of the affairs of government; the emperor was blamed for his weakness, in submitting to be governed by a woman, and suffering one of his younger sons to assassinate the elder. They took leave of the tavern most excellent friends, promising to see each other often in the same place. The emperor simply inquired of the artisan his trade, where he lodged, and his name. “I am called,” he said, “Secander; I am a weaver, and my home is in a quarter of the city” which he indicated. “Comrade,” said the emperor, “I will come to-morrow and dine with you; we will renew our acquaintance, and we will swear a lasting friendship.” The two topers separated, highly satisfied with each other; and each, on his part, impatiently expected the ensuing morning. Some hours after sunrise, nearly about the same time the artisans are accustomed to dine, the emperor left his palace, attended by the most magnificent escort with which he had ever made his appearance in Lahor. He was surrounded by his whole guard, and preceded by twenty war elephants, with their splendid harness of crimson velvet, ornamented with large gold plates. Jehan Guir was himself seated on a throne, burnished with precious stones, borne by an elephant of state; and, in this equipage, he gave orders to be conducted to the weaver’s quarters. The cavalry and the elephants passed before the shop of Secander. But he, occupied in preparing the regale which he was about to give his friend, did not even give himself the trouble to take a peep at the royal cavalcade. Whilst all the people were at the doors of their houses, or dispersed in the streets, a soldier of the king’s suite inquired for the house of Secander. The weaver, who heard himself named, came into his shop, holding in his hand a pestle with which he had just been pounding some rice. “I am Secander,” he said, “and you will hardly find better cloth at any other shop in all Lahor.” “You
are, also, a jovial toper," said the soldier; "the emperor has, in consequence, come to dine with you, in performance of the engagement he contracted with you yesterday." Secander could not doubt but that it was the emperor himself with whom he had been drinking the preceding evening; and, as he recollected the seditious language which he had held to Jehan Guir, while they were carousing, the poor man gave himself up for lost. In the meanwhile the emperor approached, and, as soon as Secander recognized him: "Might it please Heaven," he cried, "that all those who put their trust in drunkards had this pestle thrown at their heads." The king, who heard the poor weaver's exclamation, laughed most heartily. He tasted the good man's wine; and bestowed upon him employments at court sufficiently considerable to enable him to dispense with following any longer his profession.

The latter days of Jehan Guir were embittered by the civil wars which his rebellious children excited in their contentions for the right of succession. Jehan Guir had himself rebelled against his father Akbar, and, as a judgment on his unnatural crime, he now saw the members of his family divided against each other, and his kingdom a prey to the miseries of war. Sultan Chorrom, afterwards called Shah Jehan, his third son, succeeded in seizing the empire; and the struggle between the rival parties was at length put an end to by one of the devices which we have remarked as so characteristic of the Moguls. He spread a report of his sudden death, and engaged his partizans to solicit that his body might be buried in the sepulchre of his father.

Sultan Bolaqui, the grandson of the late emperor, had seized the throne on the death of Jehan Guir. When he was informed that his uncle, the rival claimant, was no more, he gave his consent gladly, that all the honours of interment should be paid to a prince of his blood, from whom death, as he believed, had delivered him so opportunely. A convoy was, therefore, prepared, attended with all the magnificence due to a prince of the Mogul blood. The empty bier was conducted by more than a thousand men, chosen from among the principal officers of the deceased. Chorrom himself followed, in disguise, his own funeral. Squadrons of rajepoots, seemingly to do it honour, had been disposed at different stations upon the line of march, which, continuing to swell the funeral pomp, accompanied it to Agra. The young emperor was persuaded, that a just decorum required he should proceed to meet the convoy of his uncle, and conduct
to the place of interment the remains of a prince from whom he had now nothing to fear. The artifice succeeded. Bolaqui went forth from the gates of Agra, habited in deep mourning, accompanied by a weak escort, and in the equipage of a prince who is about to pay the last duties to a relative. He was astonished when he beheld so large an escort in the suite of a deceased person. He suspected the stratagem, and retracing his steps, he stole away from the cruelty of a rival, who would not have failed to take away his life if he had fallen into his power. The place of his retreat was a long time a secret, but it was at last known that he had taken refuge in Persia. In the meanwhile, the trumpets sounded, Sultan Chorrom was proclaimed emperor, and the mourning chariot was changed into a car of triumph. Chorrom entered the citadel of Agra, amidst the acclamations of the people and of the army, who transferred, instantaneously, all their affection to the new monarch. It was then that this prince took the name of Shah Jehan, which signifies "Sovereign of the Universe."

Shah Jehan reigned to a very advanced period of his life, and before he died was thrust from the throne, and held in a kind of respectful imprisonment, by one of his own sons, the celebrated Aurengzebe. Shah Jehan, in his earlier years, was celebrated for his love of justice, and in his latter ones for his avarice. He is said to have dug caves under his palace, in which he spent his days in the contemplation of heaps of gold and precious stones. At one time of his life, prodigality and promiscuous love were his dominant passions, and they ended, like those of many other spendthrifts, in concentrating themselves in the love of accumulation. Of the magnificent ornaments of a gallery, which he built for one of his favourites, many descriptions have been written.

The wall opposite the window was covered with jasper; and on this first coating a vine was seen to climb, entirely composed of precious stones, of shades analogous to this species of vegetation. The stem was formed of those reddish agate stones which expressed the colour of the wood. The leaves were emeralds, interlaced with so much art, that the points where they united could not be discerned. The grapes, which were pendent from the branches, and seemed to come out in relief, were composed partly of diamonds and partly of grenats. Materials could not be procured adequate to the completion of the whole design, and the work remained incomplete. The side of the gallery, in which were the windows, was ornamented with large mirrors,
whose frames were thickly sown, at intervals, with the largest pearls to be found in the east. Thus, the vine, framed with rich jewels, being multiplied in the mirrors, shed a surprising lustre, which dazzled by its splendour during the day, and at night had the effect of an illumination. Of Shah Jehan’s pretensions to the fame of a Solomon, the following anecdote is recorded:

A soldier having stolen away the female slave of a writer belonging to the class that copy and distribute the news of the court through the provinces, the complaint was carried before the emperor. The cause had become much involved, as the slave, tired of her first master, maintained that she belonged to the soldier; and the writer produced pretty clear evidence of the slave being his property. The emperor, who at first affected to be embarrassed and undecided how to act in so perplexed a case, attended for a time to other complaints; when, on a sudden, calling for ink, he caused the pen, in the most unaffected manner, to be given to the slave, that she might assist him to it. The slave gave it back replenished, with so much dexterity, and with so good a grace, that the emperor judged immediately that she must have been used to the duty, and said to the slave, angrily: “You cannot belong to the soldier; you must certainly have been in the service of the writer, and in his power you shall remain.” The wisdom of the monarch was the admiration of the whole empire.

Shah Jehan had appointed each of his four sons to extensive governments at a distance from the capital, three of whom, on occasion of a report of his death, betook themselves to Agra, each at the head of his army, to claim the crown. The contest terminated in favour of Aurengzebe, who combined the characters of the bigot and the hypocrite in a perfection unknown among less pernicious races; bold, austere, and calculating, he pretended to all the humble virtues of a devotee, while he pursued his worldly interests with the aid of great sagacity, intelligence, and penetration, and at the expense of every species of cruelty, treachery, and deceit. He had succeeded in joining his forces with those of his younger brother, by pretending to renounce all claims to the throne, in his favour, and to seek only for himself a life of religious seclusion. By this stratagem, and by a tissue of the most artful intrigues, he effectually imposed upon the rashness and impetuosity of his thoughtless brother, and availed himself of his troops to fight his own battles. When the victory was secure, and the aid of Morad-Bakche no longer wanted, Aurengzebe, instead of fulfilling his promises and acting up to his pro-
fessions, threw off the mask; but not till he had secured the person of his brother, whom he shortly afterwards led to an ignomnious death.

The fate of Dara, the elder brother, was equally melancholy. After a signal defeat, deserted by his friends, and unable to assemble another army, he took refuge with a Patan chief, who betrayed him, and was decapitated by order of Aurengzebe, to whom the head was instantly carried. When the blood was washed from the face, and he could no longer doubt that it was indeed the head of Dara, he shed tears, and said, "Ah, unhappy man, let this shocking sight no more offend my eyes, but take away the head, and bury it in Humaium's sepulchre."

Dara had twice saved the life of Jehan-Khan, the chief who delivered him up to his hypocritical brother, when condemned for rebellion to be thrown under the elephant's feet, and it is satisfactory to learn that his treachery was but slenderly rewarded by the emperor. On his return to his own territory he was waylaid and put to death, probably by some partizan of the unhappy prince. The only remaining member of Dara's family, his son, Solyman Sheko, was likewise delivered up to Aurengzebe, by whose order the pout* was administered to him, and thus did hypocrisy, tyranny, and blood, pave the way to a throne, the gorgeous magnificence of which is described in terms that stagger credibility. At these recitals what a crowd of melancholy reflections on the vanity of human splendour rush upon the mind. Of all those magnificent palaces, of all that innumerable train of ready slaves, of all that cavalcade of elephants, camels, and cavaliers; of all that dazzling train of sultanas, of eunuchs, of guards, and of their various and splendid accommodations; of all the hoards of precious stones, of gold, and perfumes; of all those lofty tents, those gorgeous pavilions, and those more enduring mosques, mausoleums, and baths—scarcely a wreck remains behind: the dynasty to gratify whose capricious tastes they were erected has disappeared from among the lists of the potentates of the earth; and that absolute power, wealth, and grandeur, which distinguished the Mogul above all other royal races, is now wielded by a company of British merchants, which, in the time of Aurengzebe, had never been heard of at the court of Agra.

* The pout is nothing but poppy expressed and infused into water. This is the potion generally given to deposed princes. A large cup is brought to them, and they are not permitted to eat until it be swallowed. This drink emaciates the wretched victims, who lose their strength and intellect by slow degrees, become torpid and senseless, and at length die.

July, 1830.
LOVE IN THE WILDS.

Late in the autumn of 1778, some gentlemen were making a
tour of the western part of the state of New York; a journey
executed at that time with difficulty, and in many places im-
practicable. The sites of those beautiful towns and villages,
which now line the road through which the travellers passed, were
then covered with impervious woods, which few men had beheld,
and fewer yet had thought of making the scene of their habita-
tions and their homes. Tedium was then the route which now
affords such pleasure; men hurried from a spot where social in-
tercourse scarcely existed, and where the solitary Indian hunter
still reigned the undisturbed lord.

Towards the close of a delightful autumnal day, as they were
entering in a boat upon the beautiful lake of Oneida, and had just
emerged from the embouchure of Wood Creek, the languid strokes
of a distant oar caught the ear of our travellers; it sounded nearer
and nearer, and they soon found it proceeded from a small canoe,
rowed by a solitary individual. As it approached alongside, they
asked him whither he was destined? He sullenly answered,
he was bound to Oneida Castle.

His appearance excited the attention of the party; his gar-
ments were faded, though not in tatters; his face such as Salva-
tor Rosa would have loved to pourtray; and his accent bespoke
him of French descent. He passed on, as if wishing to hold no
further converse; and our travellers had scarcely ceased wonder-
ing at the incident, before his canoe was far behind them: the
boat slowly proceeded on.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the shades of night
were thickening fast, when an island of considerable extent ap-
peared before them. Although the party had heard of its exist-
ence, and the name by which it was known by the boatmen of the
lake, yet no person was known to have ever before visited it, or
even landed on its shores. The boatmen called it “Hoger Bust,”
(in English, High Breast,”) a Dutch appellation, which its ap-
pearance and situation rendered apt and appropriate. The nearer
they approached, they were surprised at perceiving marks of cul-
tivation: convinced, therefore, that it must be inhabited, they
shouted loudly, but no one answered to their call. They then
landed, and, notwithstanding the night had set in, with lights
which they struck in the boat they traced their way through a
short wood, and suddenly entered, at the end of it, upon an
avenue of shrubbery, and twigs of trees interwoven in the form of
lattice-work, lining each side of the walk; at the termination of
which a rude hut was visible.
LOVE IN THE WILDS.

They knocked at the door, and it was opened by a female, who accosted them in French: they informed her of the cause of their visit, and then asked her if she was not disturbed by the noise and shouting they had made? She told them she was not, for she thought it was occasioned by the Indians, who were her friends. Our travellers beheld her with surprise; she was clothed in coarse and uncouth attire; had no shoes on her feet; and her long hair hung in wild luxuriance down her back: her air and mien, however, were those of a person educated and accomplished. She seemed scarcely twenty; her size was small, and her interesting appearance was heightened by an eye full of intelligence and expression. On informing her of their wish to remain on the island during the night, she politely, but with some degree of confusion and hesitation, requested them to make use of her house: this, however, they, with many thanks, declined, but pitched their tents near it; whilst the bargemen slept on the shore, near the boat.

Next morning, they paid their respects to this interesting recluse, and received from her the following particulars of her history:

The man whom they met on the lake was, she said, her husband; who had gone to the castle of Oneida to procure provisions. They had been sometime inhabitants of this solitude, though not always on the island they now occupied; they had resided for months in the castle of Oneida, among the Indians; she described them as mild and unoffending, that she had formed friendships among them, which had even to that day been of service to herself and her husband; and, as the Indians had not forgotten them, they occasionally left at their secluded settlement, on returning from their hunting excursions, a portion of their game. She had herself, she said, learned to fish and fowl; had often swam from one island to another; and employed her gun with great success, in the destruction of wild fowls.

Such was all the fair stranger was pleased to disclose of a life evidently of no ordinary cast; and the travellers not wishing to embarrass her by questions as to the cause of her seclusion, intimated their intention of leaving the island immediately. On hearing this she flew, with an eager avidity to oblige, to the garden, and with her own hands dug up vegetables from the ground and presented them to her guests. Before they departed, they selected some wines out of their stores, and other articles which they thought would be a luxury for her in this comparative wilderness, and left them where she was sure to find them; considering it an indelicacy to make her a direct offer of them. They left
the island with feelings of regret, and uttering a prayer for her welfare.

On their way back, they stopped at a settlement some miles down the lake, and having related their adventure to some of the settlers, were informed, that the lady had been once a nun in France, that she had been taken from a convent at Lisle, by the person they had met in the canoe, and carried to America; that the cause of his occupying the island was his extreme love and jealousy; that he rigorously restrained her from going anywhere from it, and had refused to allow her to visit even the wife of one of the settlers, who had made a request to that purpose.

How strange that such feelings should pervade a man among the wilds of the forest; that he should not think the being on whom he placed his earthly affection secure in a solitary isle, which holds but her and himself for its inhabitants!

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**SONG.**

"*YES, THE WORD FAREWELL, LOVE!*" AN ANSWER TO THE SONG "*WILT THOU SAY FAREWELL, LOVE?*

*Yrs, the word farewell, love!*
*Must tremble from my tongue—*
*That faultering tongue may tell, love!*
*How Henry's bosom's wrung.*
*Yet hearts that twine*
*Like thine and mine,*
*Nor time nor space can sever—*
*Where'er I rove,*
*From thee and love,*
*Dearest! I'm thine for ever!—*
*Thoughts that ne'er deceive, love!*
*Shall still be thine alone—*
*Each sigh thy bosom heaves, love!*
*Be echo'd by my own.*
*For hearts that twine,*
*Like thine and mine,*
*Nor time nor space can sever—*
*Where'er I rove,*
*From thee and love,*
*Dearest! I'm thine for ever.*
*Think not others' wile, love!*
*Can lure my heart from thee,*
*The light of beauty's smile, love!* 
*Will vainly beam on me.*
*Fond hearts that twine,*
*Like thine and mine,*
*Nor time nor space can sever—*
*Where'er I rove,*
*From thee and love,*
*Dearest! I'm thine for ever!*

*CHARLES M.*
BUSY TIMES, OR THE LITTLE LUTHERAN.

Perhaps not one year in the English annals excited so much curiosity as to public circumstances, (in those who were living at that period,) as the year 1553-4, and by no persons were the "stirring times" more anxiously enquired after, than by those of both sexes, who had renounced the world and dwelt in the stately Convent of Sion. Not a boat skimmed past the walls, nor a pedler traversed the grounds in the vicinity, without being, directly or indirectly, inquired of, respecting the news of the day, the changes and conduct of the great city.

The Bridgetine Nuns, so called from their institutrix, a princess of Sweden, differed from all other monastic institutions, insomuch as monks and nuns dwelt in one abode, which was, however, divided by a strong wall, and even when they assembled in the church they were completely separated; the nuns occupying the upper, the monks the lower part of the sacred edifice; the number of women so situated was confined to sixty, that of the men to twenty-five. This was intended to form the number of the seventy-two Disciples, the twelve Apostles, and St. Paul.

The general clothing was grey woollen, but each party was distinguished by wearing, on their veils in one instance, on their tunics in the other, five small pieces of red cloth, commemorative of the wounds of our Lord, and to these ornaments they all attached great importance. The convent was highly honourable, and extremely wealthy, at the time of its dissolution by Henry VIII. having revenues exceeding two thousand a-year; and so much affection did this monarch appear to regard it with, that it was long before it actually shared the fate of others, as to dismemberment, nor did he ever give it out of his own hands. His son Edward VI. that peerless boy whose premature death blighted the best hopes of his country, presented it to his uncle, the Protector Somerset, to whom the gift was in a great measure fatal, since the improvements he made in the building were urged against him in his attainder.* From him it passed by royal gift to the Duke of Northumberland, on whose execution it had been given by Queen Mary to the long scattered sisterhood, now under its princely walls.

The abbess had passed twelve years or more in a state of discomfort and repining, not likely to have amended her temper, or reconciled her to those principles, connected rather in name than

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* The duke cast up a mound near his house for pleasure, which was misconstrued into defending it like a castle.
"YES, THE

realit

re-a

re-assembly

re-solve

re-serve

re-focus

re-focus
fully inflicted, but this could not have been so, and it punishment so horrible, she could not conceive within the power of her beloved friend to commit and her inquiries drew from the agonized woman that she had been thus treated as a meet recompense and unlawful grief she had exhibited for the heavenly Jane Grey."

A most fondly that fair and excellent being, and the sad fact, (which had not transpired in the and her young companions had retired,) she inclined with sorrow as for some time to be in-

to any other circumstance.

to her suffering companion roused her to ex-

traversed the abbey, and on reaching the apart-
sent relieved by finding she was risen, and of the sisterhood. At any other period the her high authority of its superior, and her would alike have operated to prevent Maud existence of the holy mother; but at this mo-
neter to fear, and agitated alike by the sin and the warmest indignation. Rushing - "I protest against those who have beseech you, holy mother, as our sowe-

bon beseechest! God wot, things are come in the shell chirp on matters like these.

thy tongue on that which thou may'st it will be worse for thee, my little Pro-

ants among the Howards," said Maud, moment, added, "I would there were, my head on the block as my dear cousin other's friend Queen Anna Boleyn did deed as that by which sister Agathe her, and if ye have the hearts of wo-

ity of her feeling, the poor girl fell on convulsive agitation to the arm of the distorted by her grief, and her agitated b. Some of the nuns spoke of punish-

reality, with the tyranny which caused her exile. Gladly had she returned to an abode alike sacred and splendid, and eagerly had she re-assembled those of the sisterhood still living who owned her sway, or willingly accepted those who were candidates for the vacant situations. Amongst these were, undoubtedly, a few who, having lived about the late court, were imbued with far more liberal principles than those of the terrible Mary and her prompting satellites, but, cowed and alarmed, they rarely passed any opinion on those events which excited their curiosity, not less than the stronger party, seeing that passion was combined with the interest of fear and sympathy.

In this community there was a law that no lay brother should approach a nun, or speak to her on any pretext, nor even a priest, save in "cases of extremity." Was not Father John excusable if he deemed the cravings of the abbess such a case, when, on the 3d of November, she sent for him to learn the consequences of a day which had brought to trial, and, as she hoped, to condemnation, personages of such high note, that all who had preceded them in the way to the scaffold excited little comparative interest? Lady Jane Grey, Lord Guildford Dudley, and Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, were now the prisoners.

Still more excusable was the demand of the holy mother, when Father Nicholas (as was known by those whispers which creep through all houses, whether great or small,) had actually witnessed the execution of the law on its fairest and most faultless victims; no wonder, therefore, that he was summoned to attend in her parlour, and eagerly interrogated as to all that he had witnessed.

"Had the good Dean Fecknom, whom I have understood to have passed three days with her, no power to move the heretic usurper?" said the abbess. "None! so far as I could learn; Satan supported her throughout; nevertheless, truly she embraced him heartily, and thanked him with kind words for the pains he had taken with her."

The pious sisters drew their veils closer; and the abbess pitied him, who had been subject to the touch of the usurper, inquiring "if there was no symptom of compunction to the last?" "None, none!" said the father, groaning with that compassion his nature compelled him to feel, despite of his profession, "I was admitted within the fortress; my habit gave me close access. I beheld (what naught save her sins should have caused me to look upon) the creature disrobed of her manteau and her customary ornaments, on which a faint blush spread on that skin, which, sooth to say, was whiter than thy veil, holy abbess. That
done, she commended her soul to God, then spake words of encouragement to her executioner, and, having covered her eyes, laid her head—that fair head, thick with curling tresses, such as young maidens are wont to wear—on the block. In an instant it rolled, all bloody, below; the heart ceased to beat, the eye to gaze, and"

Father Nicholas stopped, incapable of proceeding, till roused to answer the inquiry of "did her husband suffer?"
"He had done so before my arrival; and, as I learnt, she had beheld his headless body on the way to the scaffold."

One of the sisterhood at this moment burst into an agony of tears; the abbess arose; the friar was dismissed; and an expostulation with the offending party began, by no means of the nature recommended by St. Paul, which ended by Sister Agathe's leaving the apartment under an interdict of no pleasant import.

The abbess had never before exerted so far the powers with which she was invested; and as terror was indeed the order of the day, since Gardiner and Bonner were now purifying the land by blood and fire, executions, rebellions, the fall of the high, the tortures of the low, the overwhelming ruin of the helpless and ignorant, and even the condign sufferings of the wise and good, day after day excited astonishment, and were passing before all eyes, no wonder consternation rested on all hearts. Even those who rejoiced as bigots in the destruction of the reformists, and felt one moment the triumph of base hearts and cruel dispositions, in the next trembled at the instability of their own state, and deemed the lives of the whole land in jeopardy, seeing how widely the angel of death extended his dominions.

In the late reunion of the Bridgetine nuns, few novices had been included, but one who was yet a mere child, had, from the loveliness of her person, and the sweetness of her disposition, softened the asperity of some, warmed the long dormant affections of others, and became the avowed favourite of all. This was the daughter of Lord Thomas Howard, a young brother of the Duke of Norfolk, and Lady Margaret Douglass, the niece of King Henry VIII. Born in the Tower, to which a clandestine marriage had condemned her parents, the little Maud had been early accustomed to witness the sorrows of her tender mother, and to listen to the stories which were for so many years connected with the perishing inhabitants of that fortress, since truly denominated "London's lasting shame." The latter years of her young life had been spent in the pleasures of a country residence, alike unclouded by the gloom of imprisonment or the trammels of rank,
and hence, whilst she retained the sensibility so early awakened, she enjoyed all the innocent freedom and sparkling delight which belong to unfettered infancy. Her mind was singularly strong, for it had been somewhat prematurely exercised, and her sensibility was acute beyond her years; but in the playfulness of her manners, and the exuberant vivacity of her nature, its higher endowments were overlooked. Maud slept as soundly, apparently, as that royal relative whose pure spirit had that day sought its native shores, yet she was awakened before the dawn by groans and sighs, far deeper, to her apprehension, than any she had ever heard before; which, after exciting her fear in the first instance, roused her compassion in the second. She arose from her bed, and, creeping forth into the gallery which formed then (as now) one of the sides of Sion House, went towards one of the bedrooms, (which had been converted by the Duke of Somerset from the cells of nuns to dormitories of the most convenient description,) from whence the sounds seemed to issue.

She was not mistaken; one of the sisters, whom she most loved, lay stretched on her couch in apparent agony.

"Dear mother Agathe, what is the matter? where lies your ailment? how come you so ill now, who were so well at vespers? let me take the lamp and seek some attendant."

"No, no, Maud; you must seek no one, you must return to your own bed, and betray not that I disturbed you by my pains."

This mandate Maud could not obey, she had looked in the face of the nun, and been shocked by its extraordinary expression of suffering—she earnestly besought her to say where her pain lay, and held to her evidently parched lip the jug of water which she vainly tried to reach herself.

In doing this the child beheld with equal surprise and horror, that strong cords were twisted round the arms of the nun, compressing the veins, and even cutting the flesh in such a manner as to produce pains so acute, it would have been no wonder if her present groans had become shrieks, indicating the extremity of torture.

"Alas! alas! how came these cruel ligatures? who hath dared to bind you thus?" cried the weeping, indignant girl, as with weak hands she vainly endeavoured to unloose the bonds.

"I suffer for my sins," replied the nun, yet by her motion indicating an inability to endure that which she tried to meet with resignation.

Young as she was, Maud had heard, and even seen, enough of the penances of the restored church, to be aware many sufferings
were voluntarily inflicted, but this could not have been so, and it amounted to a punishment so horrible, she could not conceive that any crime within the power of her beloved friend to commit could merit it, and her inquiries drew from the agonized woman the truth, "that she had been thus treated as a meet recompense for the inordinate and unlawful grief she had exhibited for the execution of Lady Jane Grey."

Maud had loved most fondly that fair and excellent being, and on thus learning the sad fact, (which had not transpired in the convent till herself and her young companions had retired,) she became so overwhelmed with sorrow as for some time to be incapable of attending to any other circumstance.

But the groans of her suffering companion roused her to exertion; she eagerly traversed the abbey, and on reaching the apartments of the abbess, felt relieved by finding she was risen, and attended by several of the sisterhood. At any other period the rules of the convent, the high authority of its superior, and her own modest nature, would alike have operated to prevent Maud from entering the presence of the holy mother; but at this moment she was a stranger to fear, and agitated alike by the sincerest commiseration, and the warmest indignation. Rushing forward, she exclaimed—"I protest against those who have bound Sister Agathe. I beseech you, holy mother, as our sovereign and—"

"Thou protestest! thou beseechest! God wot, things are come to a fine pitch when birds in the shell chirp on matters like these. Go to thy bed, and hold thy tongue on that which thou may'st have seen and heard, or it will be worse for thee, my little Protestant."

"There are no Protestants among the Howards," said Maud, proudly; but in another moment, added, "I would there were, for I had far rather lay my head on the block as my dear cousin Jane has done, and my mother's friend Queen Anna Boleyn did before her, than do so base a deed as that by which sister Agathe suffers: go to her, behold her, and if ye have the hearts of women—if—"

Overcome by the intensity of her feeling, the poor girl fell on her knees, and clung in convulsive agitation to the arm of the abbess, her countenance distorted by her grief, and her agitated frame shaking in every limb. Some of the nuns spoke of punishment for her contumacious visit, others adverted to her youth and ignorance, but one observed that the tortures of Agathe must have been extreme, to have impressed her advocate so severely. The abbess listened to this, and being by no means willing to
exceed the bounds of her maternal authority, gave instant orders that the unhappy nun should be released, whilst she prescribed bread and water as a penance to the child, whom, notwithstanding her fault, she sincerely loved, and for whose high birth she had all due reverence.

"I will eat no cates for a month, I will walk round the shrine of St. Bridget seven times a day barefoot, and say twelve Paternosters before breakfast, if it so please you, holy mother," cried Maud, with all the exulting joy by which childhood in its quick transitions is distinguished.

Her penitences were accepted, her peace made with the abbess, but from this time there was no peace for the mind of the poor girl. When assured that sister Agathe was released, and in a state of repose, her heart reverted to the death of Lady Jane Grey, and before time had elapsed sufficient for even the heart of childhood to recover from its wounds, she found that the constitution of the punished nun, who was far advanced in life, had been so irreparably injured, that she was sinking rapidly and most painfully into the grave.

Maud had, from the time we have mentioned, obtained a stigma on her name as a "little Protestant," which, whilst it was galling to herself, kept alive her words in the minds of others, and caused them to deny her many little favours, particularly that of waiting on the declining nun. As, however, Agathe naturally felt for her the purest regard, in the little intercourse they were permitted, the hearts of each were understood by the other; they had not only a bond of sympathy, but thence had arisen a similarity of sentiment on forbidden subjects, which words were not required to explain; and Maud found that one other person under the roof was like-minded with themselves. This was the servant appointed to nurse the dying nun, through whose medium the anxious girl sometimes obtained the power of seeing her for a few moments.

Meantime the community continued to receive the daily news, and experience the daily excitation which belonged to the times. The conversion, recantation, and various trials of the unhappy Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, were the subject of continual inquiry, and his last bitter penitence of glorious constancy of suffering,* a source of mortification that could not be concealed; and instead of the one hand which he so magnanimously held in the flames till it dropped off, the sisters would have given him a body all hands, that each might have had a separate destruction.

* He held his right hand resolutely in the flames until it dropped off, as a punishment for signing his recantation, repeatedly exclaiming, "Oh! that unworthy hand." See "Lives of the Martyrs."
At this period Maud had learned sufficient self-command to disguise the inward agony she felt, and as poor Agathe, whom she justly held not less a victim, died about that time, she could weep unreprieved the sorrows such a circumstance might be supposed to awake in one so young, and once so indulged by the amiable sister whom she had lost for ever.

The marriage of the queen caused great joy in the convent, especially when it appeared a likely means of establishing an inquisition, and thereby cutting off, root and branch, those who, in despite of the severity with which they had been treated, seemed to spring up only with the more avidity. It was well known that the Princess Elizabeth was subjected to suspicion, although it was not now deemed prudent to prosecute her, for so terrific had been the cruelties practised alike on the good and great, the humble and unlearned, that in every rank numbers of Catholics inutilely shrunk from the conduct of the court, and earnestly desired a complete change of system; whilst the Protestants, goaded to madness by injury, or roused to enthusiasm by the glorious spectacle of that "noble army of martyrs" who had preceded them, almost invited destruction. A cloud of portentous aspect seemed to hang on every house, and threaten every individual; "the voice of joy was not heard in the land," save as it issued in the demoniac exultations of Bonner, the grim smiles of his royal mistress, or the mutual congratulations of those monastic residents, who, in their own restoration, too naturally lost sight of the sufferings of others, in selfish joy and aggrandizement.

As life advanced with Maud, the sensibility of her heart deepened with the development of her mind. All the young joy of her childhood had passed by like a dream, and she felt as one under a fascinating influence, which called her to immolation. "They say I am a Protestant, I know not the doctrines such profess; but since the royal Edward was one, and dear Jane Grey, and holy Cranmer, I am willing to acknowledge their faith, and share their fate, for surely it must be better than the idolatry of my present worship, and the cruelty it inspires. To what has it led the abbess and the sisters, who were surely gentle by blood and pitiful from womanhood in days that are past?"

If ever these thoughts found words, it could be alone to Amy, the serving damsel of whom we spoke, who was herself a zealous Protestant, though an untaught one, and who remained only in the convent, where she was a hired menial, to fulfil the promise made to Sister Agathe on Maud's account, and also as a medium of safety to herself. As her wishes always tended to removal, she generally advised Maud to escape from the convent, pursue
the way to her father's house in Suffolk, and throw herself on parental pity for forgiveness, and laid many plans for their elopement together. In any other frame of mind than that into which she had sunk, Maud would doubtless have listened to these suggestions, but not having been informed of her father's death, and knowing him to be a rigid Catholic, she only felt as if this would be precipitating the fate which, however certain, something inherent in her nature compelled her to delay; and whilst she abhorred and dreaded all within the convent, she shrank from all without it, from conscious ignorance of the world, and a supposition that it was filled with enemies.

The loss of Calais, which filled the whole kingdom with murmurs and complaints, in due turn engaged the minds of the Bridgetines, who instituted various processions, fasts, and other high exercises, either in the hope of propitiating its return to the queen, (who bitterly deplored its loss,) or for the purpose of consoling the justly-irritated nation. This appeared to Amy the proper time for pushing her long-brooded project, but it was with great difficulty that she could induce the enfeebled Maud to make an attempt, which at last took place rather in the recklessness of her heart, than from those hopes of liberation so natural to early life. They escaped at the moment when the sun was descending, and the whole body of devotees at Sion engaged in celebrating high mass, which, with the ceremonies then accompanying it, would detain them till tapers were lit. Amy had procured a small boat, with which she intended to ferry over the water to the Kew side, after which she would allow it to drift down the stream, accompanied by some garments, which might convey the idea of their being drowned, and thereby render search unnecessary.

The high mound raised by the last unfortunate owner of Sion cast a deep shadow over the Thames, and favoured their departure, and for a few minutes the trembling Maud almost ventured to hope that she had indeed left those hated walls for ever. Alas! when they came towards the middle of the stream, the current of the ebbing tide was too much for the weak and unskilful efforts of Amy to wrestle with, and the fate she had intended to assume was indeed nearly their lot, as they speedily were borne downwards, and, every moment, seemed likely to be swamped. Amy screamed aloud, her shrieks mingling, and at times surmounting the vesper hymn, now swelling on the breeze from the proud walls of the embattled convent. Maud drew her veil closer round her slender form, and, casting her eyes towards the golden radiance of the slanting sunbeams, breathed a fervent
prayer to its Divine Maker, accepting the doom she believed his
wisdom had provided for her.

The screams of Amy were not unheard: two men walking
under the shadow of some oaks on the opposite side perceived
their danger, and, throwing off their cloaks, plunged into the
stream, and, after a few vigorous strokes, succeeded in arresting
its progress, when he who was evidently the master got into the
boat, and, by judicious management, quickly placed it in a more
placid part of the river, when he inquired, with much courtesy,
but in a foreign accent, where they desired to be landed?

"Under the convent!" cried both, with one voice.

"But surely you were trying to leave it?"

"We were so wicked as to do so," said Amy, "but a curse,
not a blessing, has followed our endeavours. We wished to
practise a deceit, and we have been nearly its victims."

At a time when no man dared trust his brother, the simple
truth from young hearts uttered in the moment of terror, or
penitence, could not fail to interest an ardent and generous mind.
The stranger was, however, well aware that they were too much
agitated to reason wisely, and that they had probably had good
reason to attempt flight from the convent, or, unsolicited and un-
protected, they would not have dared so far. He therefore told
them he was certain they were flying from oppression, and he
was willing to aid them, in a manner indicative of power, as well
as courtesy.

"My young mistress here, who is of noble blood, (and, may-
hap, I might say more than that,) has been unkindly treated,
doomed to long penances, and twitted daily with being a ‘little
Lutheran,’ and the like of that, and—"

"I am the Baron Steinrason of Hainalt, in Germany, and am
known for a ‘great Lutheran.’ I am leaving your country beca-
use it is no place for any such heretics to dwell in: he who
helped me to rescue you is my attached follower, and we will
adventure limb and life in your service, gentle lady."

These words were addressed to Maud, (as he assisted her to
rise) in a tone of most apprehensive kindness, yet with a bearing
so brave and honest, that the very genius of his country seemed
personified in his manly person and fine open countenance.
Amy's heart beat responsive to his wishes; she laid her hand on
that of poor Maud, who almost sunk under the universal trepida-
tion that seized her, but she answered with that decision which
was taught on the instant, by the intuitive propriety of maiden
modesty.

July, 1830.
"I thank you, sir, that you have saved my life, and that you
would preserve it; but I cannot, must not, even parley longer."
"I have told you my name, lady; I have placed myself in your
power—you might confide in me, and perhaps you are in danger,
great danger,—consider a moment."
"I am, I am; but, generous stranger, I cannot go with you;
and look! the tapers are lighting, another moment and we are
lost: enough to say, Maud Howard will neither forget your ser-
vice, nor in any case reveal the author of it."
As Maud spoke, she bowed gracefully, and in the earnestness
of her whispered thanks, removed the veil, and revealed to the
gaze of the stranger a face pale as that of the sculptured saint to
whom she was sacrificed; but on whose lineaments he could have
gazed, he thought, for ages. Amy, seeing that all her hopes were
gone, sought only to redeem the past, and in another instant their
slender forms had passed the aperture of that portion of the un-
finished building which had forwarded their egress.
Some minutes elapsed before the young stranger seized the
oars and prepared to return, still unconscious of the state of his
wet clothing, and the anxiety of his attendant; but as he was
aware of the extreme risk, both to himself and the fair vision he
left, should his situation be discovered, he glided gently under the
broad shadow until he found an opportunity of darting across the
stream, when the last rays of the sun sunk on the darkened land-
scape.
Most happily for Maud, the cares of her companion enabled
her to mingle with the train of the novices unnoticed, the lighting
of the tapers favouring her temporary absence. Her voice, which
was uncommonly fine, had been of late seldom heard, in con-
sequence of that apparent weakness which pervaded her, and was
therefore not missed on the present occasion, which was an ob-
servance of pompous lamentation, in itself imposing and beau-
tiful. Priests, tapers, temples, swam before the sight of poor
Maud, who reached her cell at a late hour, in a state of mind so
agitated and confused, that scarcely had she power to express
thankfulness for her escape, and promise that reliance on Heaven
for support which she purposed henceforth to exercise. She felt
that the hope she had hitherto feebly nourished was gone, that im-
prisonment was before her for life, even if she never took the
veil; she felt also, that if examined she should be found more
heretically disposed than ever, yet, with all these increased sources
of fear and anxiety, she was yet aware that life was dearer than it
had been for the last five years of her melancholy existence.

(To be concluded in our next.)
SOUVENIRS OF AN OLD FRENCH COQUETTE.

1786. I have made a delicious petit souper with the Marquis de P——, and the Comte de S——, at the maisonette of the Duke D'Orleans. Mademoiselle Raucourt melted us all into tears by her pathetic manner of declaiming a scene in "Britanicus;" but the droll imitation which Dugazen afterwards gave us of Molé and Brizard, made us ready to die of laughter. We played high, and I lost three hundred louis. I should have been dreadfully vexed at my ill-fortune, if it had not been the means of getting me a new admirer; Monsieur St. Far, the poet, a conquest worth making. He assured me that the equanimity with which I supported my loss said more in favour of the new philosophy, than all the arguments with which its most learned professors daily assail him, and that I had done more than they could all have effected towards accomplishing his conversion. He is really a delightful creature, so witty, so amiable, and such a good musician. I took a tête-à-tête stroll with him on the terrace, on purpose to hear him play the lute, which he does to admiration.

1789. I have been terribly ennuied to-day. I went, in the morning, to the opening of the States-General, where I found all the people in the gallery so stupidly engrossed with the speeches that nobody paid the least attention to me. I thought to have made up for it at the soirée of Madame de S——, but it was still worse, I found them all engaged in pulling the queen to pieces; but some of the men had the bad taste to say she never looked more beautiful. Beautiful! She looked like a fright, and so I said, but nobody minded me; for just then that striped, precise Madame de B——, who is generally so silent and insipid, took the defence of Marie Antoinette; never was anything so ridiculous, for every body knows that the queen does not like her; and I could not help hinting as much. "Heaven forbid!" cried she, with great warmth, "that I should be base enough to make that an argument for joining the calumniators of my sovereign." Can one conceive that this foolish tirade drew the attention of the whole company, and from that moment Madame de B—— had the honours of the soirée: every one admired what they called her generous devotion. Ridiculous! I see nothing to admire in the woman except her assurance in drawing people's attention to her insipid self, when there were others present so much more worthy of it.

1790. I have suffered myself to be drawn to the house of the old Marshal X——, who received to-day three or four members of the Constituent Assembly. He was very desirous that his
party should be graced by attractive women. Although I had a
terrible head-ache I did my best to please, and I believe I suc-
cceeded. These constituents are agreeable enough, at least they
became so after having drank freely of the old marshal’s cham-
pagne, which inspired them with a thousand lively sallies. One
of them assured me, that for love of my fine eyes he would vote
with their colour (black,) to all the laws that should be proposed
in the assembly in future. The compliment was not badly
turned.

1794. I have been at the fête of the Supreme Being, given on
the anniversary of the acknowledgment of the rights of man. I
went at the desire of the representative of the people of ———,
who had begged of me to appear at this national fête in the dress
of Ceres. When it was over he took me, with two other ladies,
one of whom represented the Earth, and the other the Moon, to
dine at Branceline’s. We met there with some members of the
National Convention, and there was a great deal of joking about
the manner in which I held my flambeau, in looking for my
daughter Proserpine. One of them assured me that I had set fire
to some grenadiers’ caps; another added that he would not com-
plain if I had contented myself with burning the grenadiers’ caps,
but he must protest against my cruelty in setting so many hearts
in a blaze. At this speech, the Moon, whose admirer he is,
changed colour; and the Earth, a staunch friend of her’s, darted a
very angry look at me. I believe I showed that I enjoyed their
mortification; and the malicious creatures took care to make me
pay for the pleasure it gave me, for in quitting the dining-room
the Earth affected to stumble, and, though she was saved from
falling by the Moon, she pretended to be ill, and so broke up the
party.

1806 I have just been to see the old guard défilé on the Bou-
levard St. Denis: it is really a wonderfully fine body of men. I
was with General C——. We spoke to I don’t know how many
colonels and commandants, all full of enthusiastic admiration of
the emperor. I don’t wonder at it; he is at once the greatest and
the most amiable of heroes. I shall never forget the flattering
manner in which he pinched my ear the last levee day; all the
women near me were ready to die with envy. I accompanied
General C——, after the guard had passed, to dine with one of
his friends who is newly come to Paris: I met there two of my
old acquaintance; one of them had belonged to the Constituent,
the other to the National Assembly. The former is now a comte,
and the latter a baron. I found also Monsieur St. Far, who
played so charmingly on the lute. He is now a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. I saw him again with pleasure, but he is terribly changed, and not less so in his mind than in his person: instead of saying witty and gallant things as formerly, he talks of nothing but battles, sieges, and storming of towns. However, he has not quite lost all gallantry neither; I reproached him a little for talking of war before ladies, and he replied, that I ought to be the last to blame him, since I loved war as well as he did; why else did I employ myself in subjugating all mankind?

1814. At last the tyrant is fallen! Heaven be praised! for if he had gone on much longer there would not have been a single man left to say a civil thing to one. I went to view the miserable remnant of his brigands pass the Boulevard, and I cannot describe the pleasure I felt in seeing them followed soon after by the brave foreigners, who have delivered us from his barbarous despotism. Now then I shall have the opportunity I have so long sighed for, of trying the power of my charms on those proud, cold English and Germans. How shall I set about it? Shall I dazzle them by my brilliant vivacity, or subdue them more gently by a sentimental tone? How vexatious! I have been two hours ruminating which will be best, and am forced at last to go without being able to decide.

Same night. I begin to doubt whether the restoration is likely to be a good thing after all, since it has brought among us a set of foreigners who are little better than barbarians. I am just returned from dining with the Marquise de V——, who had invited a great number of them. I was divinely dressed, and did my utmost to please; and, can it be believed? none of them paid a single compliment to my charms! One, an old officer, had the audacity to ask me, as he looked with admiration at Madame P——, who is thought to resemble me, whether she was not my daughter. The brute was an Irishman. I shall take good care never to throw away the slightest civility upon those of his nation.

1815. I had shut my door now nearly a year ago to my old acquaintances, the constituent and the conventionals, as well as to my military beau, St. Far, but the late events prove to me as clear as day, that it is necessary to see people of all parties: so I have renewed my acquaintance with them, and also with the Earth and the Moon, those ladies of the Federation, who broke up so abruptly the charming dinner party we had after the national fête. One of them has married a duke of a very ancient family, and the other a contractor worth a million; this melange of the old and
new *regime* fills my saloon pretty well, but the men begin to be sadly deficient in gallantry, and then their language is sometimes so free that it really shocks my delicacy. Colonel St. Far, above all, torments me with his continual allusions to our evening strolls on the terrace, when he was celebrated for his musical talents. I shall make a truce with him, and if he infringes it, my brigand (so I usually call him,) shall cut his camp jokes somewhere else.

1825. The world has now very few charms for me. I have renounced that vortex composed of malignant insects called fashionable society. How, indeed, can a woman of my delicate feelings bear to associate with men such as we find in France at present? beings who have neither common sense nor common politeness; and the women are, if possible, still worse. I shall confine myself, in future, to the society of Messieurs G—— and J——; they are men of excellent *ton*, who know how to treat the ladies with attention and politeness. They are quite an acquisition to me, for they are so charmed with my society, that they very seldom dine any where but at my house. The Dowager Marquise de V——, and Madame la Presidente R——, pass the evening with me sometimes; they are very old acquaintance, and therefore I do not like to break with them, but really their envy is abominable. The *presidente*, who is so purblind that she cannot see an inch beyond her nose, affects to ogle M. J——, who assures me that he finds her a terrible bore. As for the dowager, she is half mad with envy at the elegant compliments which M. Y—— paid me in the beautiful copy of verses that he wrote for my *feté*, and she is trying, I can see, to induce him to send her a copy of verses also on hers; but I will take care that she shall be disappointed. A fine subject she is, truly, for a birth-day poem! A wrinkled, toothless hag; but the folly of some women is inconceivable.

* * * * *

**STANZAS.**

One parting strain, and then farewell,
    Thou transient sunbeam of my heart!
'Twas mine to trust a dreamy spell,
    And your's to act a faithless part;
Yet, yet I mourn that eyes so bright—
    So full of feeling thus should stray,
    And after winning by their light,
    Then wholly turn that light away.
I thought when first I saw the smile
    Upon thy lip in radiance sit,
That sinless babes might harbour guile
    Before deceit could dwell in it;
STANZAS.

But soon I found that others shared
What seemed to live alone for me,
And then, though loving still, I dared
To crush that love, and fly from thee.

Farewell! when I recall the hours
I’ve spent with thee, too lovely one!
Remembrance points to faded flowers,
Deserted by a changeful sun;
But yet I pray that, though deceiving,
Thou may’st never be deceived;
And, while all other hearts bereaving,
Still may thine be ne’er bereaved.

Can I forget thee? No! the pang
Which thou hast left is yet alive,
And round my wounded heart shall hang
Till feeling ceases there to strive!
And, should’st thou ever think of me,
Be this thy thought—thy constant creed,
Though much my bosom bled for thee,
I never wished that thine should bleed!

Cork.

SONG.

MAIDEN! wake thee! art thou sleeping?
Wake! the morn begins t’appear:
See its early beams are peeping
On chieftain’s helm, and henchman’s spear.

Are thine eyes pressed down with sorrow—
Many a tear last night their ray
Obscured, to think that on the morrow,
Thy chosen warrior must away!

Is thy bosom tired with beating—
Sighs last night I heard it heave,
At thought that then was thy last meeting,
At thought that ’twas the battle’s eve.

Wake thee, slumber’s thrall removing,
Rouse thee at the bugle’s blast—
Bend upon thy loved, thy loving,
One fond look, perchance thy last.

See the scarf thou gavest him, gleaming
Through the morning air so dim—
While he seeks thy bright eye, beaming
From thy latticed bower on him.

Rouse thee now—so shalt thou, parted
From the youth thou lovest so,
Lonely, almost broken hearted,
Slumber then, to drown thy woe.

Maiden, wake thee! art thou sleeping?
Rouse! the dawn begins t’appear, &c.

* An attendant on a knight.
CAPTAIN NIEPELS.

In the year 1706, Mr. Bruce, an English gentleman in the service of the Czar Peter, of Russia, lodged at Maestricht, in the same house with the colonel of his regiment. Here, he was told a remarkable story of his landlady and her former husband, who was a native of this town.

His name was Niepels, and he was a captain of dragoons in the Dutch service; he courted a young girl at the Hague, who was the daughter of a merchant there, and after a solemn promise of marriage, first seduced, and then left her pregnant. Her father was so incensed, that he turned her out of the house; but an aunt taking compassion on her, kept her till she was confined, and afterwards supplied her with a little money, with which, unknown to any of her friends, she equipped herself in men's clothes, bought a horse, and went and offered herself as a volunteer in Captain Niepels' troop: her offer was accepted, and she continued some time in the troop.

The captain used sometimes to tell his volunteer that he was very much like an old mistress of his, but he never had the least suspicion that he was speaking to the very person. She remained until the end of the campaign, when Captain Niepels, being informed of his father's death, left the service, and went home to take possession of his estate. By this accident she seemed to lose sight of any opportunity to call the captain to an account, which was the sole motive of her adventure: however, she followed him, but laid aside the cavalier, and re-assumed the female dress.

Arriving at Maestricht, she prevailed upon his maid-servant (for a little money,) to allow her to sleep in a private room in his house, for one night, as she was a stranger, and did not choose to lodge in any public inn. Having thus broke the ground, and got admission, she had an opportunity to reconnoitre the house, particularly the captain's apartment, who was generally abroad the whole day, and came home late at night.

She kept very close, till she thought every body in the house was asleep, and then proceeding with a candle in one hand, and a poniard in the other, to his bedside, she awakened him, and asked him if he knew her. Upon his demanding what had brought her there, she told him that he now must resolve to perform his engagement to her, otherwise she was determined to put him to death.

The captain thought proper to refuse, and, at the same time, called to his servants; but, before any of them could arrive, she stabbed him in the breast; and, notwithstanding all the defence
he could make, she gave him several other wounds in different parts of the body. The servants at length came to his assistance, and finding their master streaming with blood, they sent for a magistrate and guards to secure her.

In the mean time the lady never offered to escape, or even move from the chamber, but continued upbraiding him with his treachery, although he entreated her to save herself, as he thought he was mortally wounded. At length the magistrate came with a guard to conduct her to prison, which the captain would not suffer; but, repenting of the wrongs he had done her, begged them to send for a priest, to whom, on his arrival, he confessed how much he had injured the young woman, and desired the priest, in the presence of the magistrate, to marry them without loss of time; which, accordingly, he did. Upon the surgeon's declaring that none of the wounds were mortal, the guard was withdrawn, and, by the careful attendance of his new spouse, the captain soon recovered of his wounds.

They lived afterwards in the greatest harmony for several years, till an ill-fated accident put an end to his life:—one evening they were walking together, and passing by an arsenal where a number of old and useless arms were laying, a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood, with whom they lived on terms of great intimacy, met them; and taking up an old rusty pistol, presented it at his head, saying, jocularly, "It is decreed, captain, that you should die by the hands of a woman;" which he actually did; for the pistol went off, and shot him dead upon the spot!

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**AWAY! I'LL SEEK.**

Away! I'll seek some desert shore
Where hope ne'er shed its glad'ning beam—
Where breakers dash, and wild birds scream
In concert with the tempest's roar.

Then when the whirlwind wildliest
Shall beat my lone, defenceless form,
E'en then I will defy the storm
To match the tempest of my breast.

Then should the ravening lion rend
My bleeding heart, I'll joy to engage
A faithful foe, whose honest rage
Would never lacerate a friend.

Or should the tiger with the blood
Of my warm heart his fever slake,
His fangs would never, never rack,
Like faithless man's ingratitude.

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Charles M.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Notwithstanding the universal complaint of the stagnation of business, which we know many trades have of late severely felt, the issue of new works appears to have suffered no diminution. Perhaps they were in progress before the lamented illness of his late majesty, to which this stagnation has been chiefly attributed, or perhaps, foreseeing the suspension of all gaiety in consequence of that melancholy event which has now taken place, and the leisure for reading which is thus afforded to those whose time would otherwise, at this advanced season, have been differently occupied, an increased supply has been prepared to meet an anticipated increase of demand. In any case, the number of new works is unusually large at this period of the year.

First, in point of importance among the productions of the month, is Mrs. Heber's "Life of Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta, with Selections from his Correspondence, unpublished Poems, &c." If success be the standard of merit, we must accord to the bishop a high rank in modern literature, so great is the desire to peruse these two costly quartos, where the price prevents the purchase. As this demand cannot be very generally met, we shall notice them at some little length.

"It has been," we are informed in the preface, "the editor's wish in this publication to portray her husband's character from the dawn to the close of his life; to trace its gradual development; to follow him through the course of an active, though private life; and, finally, to represent him in the high and responsible station to which he was called, when all the energies of his powerful mind, and all the influence which his talents and his virtues enabled him to exercise over his fellow-creatures, were employed in forwarding the great object for which he rejoiced to labour, and for which he was content to die." This is probably intended as an excuse for the introduction of many trivial anecdotes, given in illustration of his early life, which are hardly of sufficient importance to have been detailed to the public.

Reginald Heber was born in 1783, and appears to have been always possessed of the milk of human kindness. When at school "he was the boy to whom all the well-disposed looked with deference, and the tendency of whose example was to give a tone of rectitude to the school, and to command the approbation even of those who could estimate excellence in another, though themselves incapable of imitating it." We are told that "when his little sister had a squirrel given her, he persuaded her to set it at liberty, taking her to a tree that she might see the animal's joy at
being restored to freedom." In the common sports of school boys he seldom engaged, "yet he was by no means unpopular on this account. On the contrary, his invulnerable temper, his overflowing kindness of heart, his constant cheerfulness, and his inexhaustible power of entertaining his companions, secured to him the affection of all."

In 1800 he was entered of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and in his first year gained the university prize for Latin verse. In 1803 still greater honours awaited his exertions, and his English poem of *Palestine* bore off the prize from all competition.

"It was in the spring of 1803, that Reginald Heber wrote *Palestine*. In the course of its composition, Sir Walter Scott happened to breakfast with him one morning, together with his brother and one or two friends, previous to their joining a party of pleasure to Blenheim. *Palestine* became the subject of conversation, and the poem was produced and read. Sir Walter, to whom the editor is indebted for the anecdotes, said, 'You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple, that no tools were used in its erection. Reginald retired from the breakfast-table to a corner of the room, and before the party separated, produced the beautiful lines which now form a part of the poem, and which were at a subsequent period, and, alas! on a far different occasion, quoted by Sir Charles Edward Grey, as illustrative of the manner in which he trusted the Church of Asia would rise, and in which the friend he then mourned was so admirably qualified to foster its growth. On mounting the rostrum to recite his poem, Reginald Heber was struck by seeing two young ladies, of Jewish extraction, sitting in a conspicuous part of the theatre. The recollection of some lines which reflect severely on their nation, flashed across his mind, and he resolved to spare their feelings by softening the passage which he feared would give them pain, as he proceeded; but it was impossible to communicate this intention to his brother, who was sitting behind him as prompter, and who, on the attempt being made, immediately checked him, so that he was forced to recite the lines as they were originally written.

"The success which attended this prize poem has been unparalleled in its class; universally read at the time, by many committed to memory, it has retained its place among the higher poetical compositions of the age; and has since been still further immortalized by the genius of Dr. Crotch, musical professor in Oxford. The effect which its recitation in the theatre produced was affectingly commemorated by Sir Charles E. Grey, in the
speech already referred to, and is thus recorded by an eloquent contemporary, writing at the interval of twenty-four years.

"None who heard Reginald Heber recite his *Palestine* in that magnificent theatre, will ever forget his appearance—so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience, when his universally admired son ascended the rostrum; and we have heard that the sudden thunder of applause which then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart. Reginald Heber's recitation, like that of all poets whom we have heard recite, was altogether untrammeled by the critical laws of elocution, which were not set at defiance, but either by the poet unknown or forgotten; and there was a charm in his somewhat melancholy voice, that occasionally faltered, less from a feeling of the solemnity and even grandeur of the scene, of which he was himself the conspicuous object—though that feeling did suffuse his pale, ingenuous, and animated countenance—than from the deeply felt sanctity of his subject, comprehending the most awful mysteries of God's revelations to man. As his voice grew bolder and more sonorous in the hush, the audience felt that this was not the mere display of the skill and ingenuity of a clever youth, the accidental triumph of an accomplished versifier over his compatriots, in the dexterity of scholarship, which is all that can generally he truly said of such exhibitions,—but that here was a poet indeed, not only of high promise, but of high achievement,—one whose name was already written in the roll of the immortals. And that feeling, whatever might have been the share of the boundless enthusiasm, with which the poem was listened to, attributable to the influence of the *genius loci,* has been since sanctioned by the judgment of the world that has placed *Palestine* at the very head of the poetry on divine subjects of this age. It is now incorporated for ever with the poetry of England.'

"When Reginald Heber returned from the theatre, surrounded by his friends, with every hand stretched out to congratulate, and every voice raised to praise him, he withdrew from the circle; and his mother, too, impatient of his absence, went to look for him, found him in his room on his knees, giving thanks to God, not so much for his talents which had, on that day, raised him to honour, but that those talents had enabled him to bestow unmixed happiness on his parents. It is easy to conjecture what, with these feelings of piety and filial affection, must have been the tone
of the letter written on this occasion to Mr. Thornton, and yet it is impossible not to regret its accidental loss. Had he possessed a mind less fortified by Christian humility, the praises which were now showered on him might have produced dangerous effects; but the tone of his character never varied; at college and through life, though distinguished by great cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, he retained that sobriety of mind which had marked his childhood, and he attracted not only the admiration, but the love of his contemporaries; for, besides that great superiority seems to be almost out of the reach of envy, his talents were accompanied with so much modesty and kindness, that the laurels which he won could not be viewed with jealousy, even by those whose exertions in the same race had failed of success."

The following fine specimen of Mrs. Heber's style cannot be better introduced than in this place. It was at a commemoration at Oxford, in 1820, that, we are told—

"He had the gratification of hearing *Palestine* performed as an oratorio in the same theatre, where, seventeen years before, he had recited it to an equally, or perhaps a more crowded audience than was then assembled. To the eye the scene was the same, but its component parts were widely different. Of the relations who were present at the former period, some had paid the debt of nature; the greater number of his contemporaries were scattered abroad in the pursuit of their respective professions; new faces occupied the arena. Yet there were those present who had witnessed and shared in the early triumphs of his genius, who now partook in the deep feeling with which the editor listened to lines which she could never read without emotion, now dressed in a garb which gave them additional beauties. Those seventeen years had passed over her husband's head, save with two or three bitter exceptions, in tranquillity and happiness. The few that he was thenceforth destined to live, bore, in many respects, a different character; but though not of tranquillity, they were far from being to him years of sorrow. A life so passed can never be productive of real unhappiness, however chequered by the common lot of mankind."

The following sketch of him whilst at Oxford is furnished to his widow by one of his contemporaries. "At a time when, with the enthusiasm of the place, I had rather caught by heart than learned *Palestine*, and when it was a privilege to any one of any age to know Reginald Heber, I had the delight of forming his acquaintance. I cannot forget the feeling of admiration with which, in the autumn of 1803, I approached his presence, or the July, 1830."
surprise with which I contrasted my abstract image of him, with his own simple, social, every-day manner. He talked and laughed like those around him, and entered into the pleasures of the day with them, and with their relish; but when any higher subject was introduced, (and he was never slow in contriving to introduce literature at least, and to draw from his exhaustless memory riches of every kind,) his manner became his own. He never looked up at his hearers, (one of the few things, by the bye, which I could have wished altered in him in after life, for he retained the habit,) but, with his eyes downcast and fixed, poured forth in a measured intonation, which from him became fashionable, stores of every age—the old romances; Spenser; some of our early prose writers; of Scott's unpublished works; or verses of his own. I speak not of one day only, but of my general recollection of his habits as after that day witnessed often. One moonlight night (I do not recollect the year) we were walking together, talking of the old *jubliaux* and romances, with which his memory was full; and we continued our walk till long past midnight. He said that it was a very easy style, and he could imitate it without an effort; and as he went along, he recited (composing as he recited) the happiest imitation of the George Ellis specimens which I ever saw. He came to my rooms, and wrote it down the next day. He called it *The Boke of the Purple Faucon*. I now send the original manuscript to you.

"He wrote what none but quick and clever men can write, very good nonsense. Some of his *jeux d'esprit* appeared in the grave pages of a certain ancient magazine, in which he occasionally corresponded with himself, keeping himself down to the dulness of his model, to the infinite amusement of the few who were in the secret. One, I recollect, was a solemn inquiry from Clericus Leicestrensis, into the remedy for the devastations of an insect which peculiarly attacked spinach—the evil, the remedy, and the insect, being all equally imaginary. Another was a sonnet on the death of Lieutenant Philip V, who was killed at the storming of Fort Muzzaboo, on the St. Lawrence, (fort and war equally unknown,) the last line was—

And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaboo.

Mr. Gifford once assured me, that 'Mr. Higgins,' in the Anti-Jacobin, deceived one person, at least, who seriously complained of the democratical tendencies of 'The Rovers.' The *jeu d'esprit* from which the last line is quoted, also deceived one other; for it happened, by an odd coincidence, that there had been missing for some years, a certain Lieutenant Philip V, whose uncle
was so much pleased with discovering the scene of his death, and with this glowing eulogium from a witness of his valour, that he sent five pounds to Mr. Sylvanus Urban for the author of the sonnet."

When he finished his university career in 1805, that portion of the continent usually resorted to by young travellers was closed, by hostility, to English visitors, and Mr. Heber, in consequence, took an extensive tour through the north of Europe, on his return from which, in 1807, he took holy orders, and in 1809 he married his present biographer, Amelia, daughter of William Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph. For some years he resided at his vicarage in Shropshire, and as he had little of that "wisdom of the serpent" which sometimes makes the worship of Mammon interfere with the quiet discharge of the sacred duties, he lived on the best possible terms with his parishioners. His literary leisure was chiefly employed in furnishing articles for the Quarterly Review, and in that correspondence of which the present volumes afford such highly favourable specimens.

Among his poems, though generally of an exalted character, are some light and playful efforts; witness the following:

SYMPATHY.
A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

'Oh never was knight such a sorrow that bore!'  
'Oh never was maid so deserted before!'  
'From life and its woes let us instantly fly,  
And jump in together for company!'

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed—
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
'How tiresome it is!' said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;  
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;  
'One mournful embrace! sobb'd the youth, 'ere we die!'  
So kissing and crying kept company.

'O had I but loved such an angel as you!'  
'O had but my swain been a quarter as true!'  
'To miss such perfection how blinded was I!'  
Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
'The weather is cold for a watery bier;  
When summer returns we may easily die—  
Till then let us sorrow in company.'

In April 1823, he was appointed to the Bishopric of Calcutta
and in June sailed for India, accompanied by his family. His
conduct there was most exemplary, and his death deeply and
universally lamented.

"The following anecdote, strongly illustrative of eastern super-
stition and eastern tyranny, is related in the MS. of the bishop's
journal. Some circumstances induced the editor to omit its pub-
lication, the principal of which was, that, as the King of Oude
was then living, and was in the habit of making his aides-de-camp
translate English books into Hindoostanee for his information,
she apprehended that the engineer, whose history it relates, might
again fall under the power of the favourite. That fear having
been removed by the king's death, and the immediate dismissal
from power of Hukeem Mendee, the prime minister, she no
longer hesitates to relate it. 'Many whimsical stories are cur-
rent in Lucknow respecting the foibles and blindness of the poor
king, and the rascality of his favourite. His fondness for mecha-
nics has been already mentioned. In trying some experiments of
this nature, he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing
address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unim-
proved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight
in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a
rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own
birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He
therefore sent the engineer word, 'if he were wise, to leave Luck-
now.' The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles
down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring
after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera; or-
dered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children—and no
more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed
down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new
shop stood: he was struck with the different signs of neatness and
ingenuity which he observed in passing—made his men draw in
to shore—and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer,
who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After
a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board—returned in
high anger to Lucknow—and calling the minister, asked him
again if it were certain that such a man was dead. 'Undoubted-
ly!' was the reply. 'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed
your majesty's bounty to the widow and children.' 'Hurumzada!' said
the king, bursting into a fury—'look there, and never see
my face more!' The vizier turned round, and saw how matters
were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king
could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he
imposed silence on the latter; then, turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of 'God be merciful! Satan is strong! In the name of God, keep the devil from me!'-he said, I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object? 'Touch him!' said the king,—'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.' 'Isturfrullah!' said the favourite; 'and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?' The king still stormed; but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. 'It is certain, refuge of the world!' resumed the minister, 'that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it, to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty, dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened he may enter it again peaceably.' The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that 'if he did not put himself on the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning—if he ever trode the earth again, it should be as a vampire indeed.' This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses."

From this able compilation of a lady, we turn to a female production of another character, "The Undying One, and other Poems," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; and a delightful volume it is. The hero of the principal poem is a sort of wandering Jew, being doomed, for some untold crime, to the curse of ceaseless existence. The poem opens with his meeting, by moonlight, Linda, a young bride, whose brother had violently urged her into a forced marriage. He reveals to her the fearful scene of his doom, and dwells on the several objects to whom he had become attached, and the invariable misery of his alliances with them. She nevertheless flies with him from the vengeance of husband and brother, is pursued, becomes a corpse, and the Undying One is again left alone. Though the story is meagre and faulty, and the moral defective, the poetry has so many redeeming beauties, that it must be admired. We give a specimen selected from the minor poems:—

p 3
MY CHILDHOOD’S HOME.

"I have tasted each varied pleasure,
And drunk of the cup of delight;
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light;
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendour,
And stood in the courts of kings;
I have snatched at each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of Time’s wings.
But vainly I’ve sought for joy or peace,
In that life of light and shade;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—
The home where my childhood played.

When jewels are sparkling round me,
And dazzling with their rays,
I weep for the ties that bound me
In life’s first early days.
I sigh for one of the sunny hours,
Ere day was turned to night:
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of those jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on the scentless buds
Which never can bloom or fade;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields—
The home where my childhood played.

That highly-talented lady, Mrs. Hemans, has also published a volume of Poetry, entitled, "Songs of the Affection, with other Poems." Several of them have already received the stamp of public approbation in the Annuals and other periodical works; and those which we do not remember to have before seen are calculated to secure the place she has long held on the summit of modern Parnassus.

Another gentlewoman before we have done—"Memoirs of a Gentlewoman of the Old School," being really what its title imports. The author, Mrs. M‘Taggart, who has before essayed a little in the world of letters, is a most agreeable and intelligent old lady, who carries us back to times when few of us were born in the most entertaining way imaginable. Dancing sixty years since she describes as a very different affair from the more stately but less social assemblies of the present day, though their hours were not so "quite correct" as our grandma's would have us believe:

"Our assemblies were far different from those of the present day. I do not suppose intellect had any thing to do with the change, but my readers shall judge. In 1772, we assembled before seven. Minuets were first danced; the lady was asked what tune she chose; the more timid said the last; when I had over-
come my timidity, I used to call for Marshal Saxe’s, who, with Turenne, were my favourite heroes; and I never called for any other during my days of dancing minuets. We had not a master of the ceremonies: a gentleman resident in E——, who knew every pretension to rank from the highest to the lowest of the white-gloved misses, took us out, as it was called, for the minuet: but there his labours ended; it was catch who can, for places in the country dance; and I am afraid we were rather rude, for more than one voice was heard to call out, ‘Pray, ladies, do not crowd so to the top of the room, pray stand lower down.’

‘At ten we had tea, biscuits, with such like moderate refreshments, and on this we danced gaily till two o’clock,’ and sometimes farther on into the morning. ‘It may here be asked,’ she adds, ‘how our chaperons liked sitting up so late; we had none: happy times! when young ladies could, and did, take care of themselves, at least in public places, where it is my humble opinion, chaperons are unnecessary; when many are gathered together, we are chaperons to each other.’

Mrs. M‘Taggart married at a somewhat advanced age, and the placid, contented style in which she speaks of her long spinsterhood has an indescribable charm. The expensive habits of these times, compared with those of sixty years since, press so heavily on the thousands who are unhappily encumbered with more rank than wealth; and that family pride which is fed by unreasonably aggrandizing the elder son, often bears so hardly on the younger, and particularly the female, branches; that we want a few examples of contented spinsters, drawn from real life, to reconcile to their state the many virtuous and amiable females who are doomed to single blessedness, and to shame those who are unfeeling enough still to use the term old maid as one of reproach. Mrs. M‘Taggart thus displays a light heart and happy mind when speaking of the marriage of her sister, much younger than herself:

‘Her marriage I sincerely rejoiced at, without feeling the slightest sensation of envy: I believed I gained an additional friend in her husband, as proved to be the case, and the idea of celibacy had no terrors for me. I never for a moment entertained the thought that any husband was better than living single; the opprobrium of old maidship I defied, as I already possess what young ladies often marry for—liberty, in a house of my own, much more my own, blessed with such a father, than a woman ever enjoyed as a wife.’

We have dwelt so long on these different female productions,
that we have left ourselves without room to notice those of the stronger sex. The eternal flow of three-volume novels and works of that class, which have any thing but eternity about them, pours upon us in such an uninterrupted stream that it has been really out of our power to read them, but as we anticipate a month of greater leisure, we will notice such as are worth notice in our next.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

English General Mourning.

WALKING DRESS.

A black gros de Naples high gown; the corsage is tight behind, draped horizontally across the front of the bust, and finished round the top à revers. We should observe that the corsage, though high, does not come quite up to the throat. The lower part of the sleeve sits close to the arm, the upper part has the usual fulness. The skirt is trimmed round the border with a row of ornaments of the demi lozange form; they are composed of black crape, as is also the rouleau which attaches them to the dress. Canezou à mille plis, composed of black crape, with épaulettes of the same material, cut out on the shoulder in a row of foliage. White crape pelerine of a singularly novel and pretty form. Crape bonnet of the demi capote shape, trimmed with nœuds of crape, and a bouquet of flowers of the same material. Black kid shoes and gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

A black crape dress over a black gros de Naples slip; corsage uni, finished by a broad falling tucker composed of white crape. The sleeve of the slip is of the béret form, and extremely short and full; that of the dress is black crape, it is à l'imbecille, and very wide; it is confined at the wrist by a narrow cuff, finished at the upper edge with a pointed trimming. The ceinture is of black crape, it fastens in front, the ends descend very low on each side, and terminate in nœuds: the hem is surmounted by a rouleau. The hair is arranged in a large round bow on the summit of the head, the smaller braids are wound round the base of the bow, and disposed in coques on each side of it. These coques, as well as the large bow, are fastened with jet combs. A crape flower, with foliage, is inserted among the curls on the left side of the face, and a bouquet of crape flowers surmounts the full bow at the back of the head. Jet necklace, brooch, bracelets, and ear-rings.
WALKING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR JULY, 1830

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OBSERVATIONS.

It has pleased Him, in whose hands are life and death, to take from us a monarch, whose reign, though comparatively short, has been one of the most glorious in our annals—a monarch, whose generous and kindly nature made him personally dear to all around him; and whose charitable and munificent spirit will render his loss long lamented by those who perhaps only learn, through his death, the hand that unostentatiously relieved their wants. The favourable change that took place, about the middle of the month, in our beloved sovereign's health, made us, in common with many others, indulge the hope that he might still be spared to us; but the divine will has decreed otherwise; and we must bow to it in humble acquiescence.

There was no possibility of obtaining, before the publication of our magazine, any decided information respecting the duration of the mourning, nor how far any other materials than those usually worn, that is to say, crape and bombazine, might be adopted. All, therefore, that we can do for the present, is, to present our fair readers with two mourning dresses, for which we are indebted to the taste of a milliner of considerable eminence at the west end of the town. We beg to say, that neither pains nor expense shall be spared to procure for our next number whatever is new and distingué in mourning dress, both as regards our prints, and the general account which we give monthly of English fashions.

On this melancholy occasion the usual order for a general mourning was published on Monday, the 28th of June, in a supplement to the "London Gazette," of which the following is a copy:—

"Herald's-College, June 28, 1830.

"THE EARL MARSHAL'S ORDER FOR A GENERAL MOURNING FOR HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV.

"In pursuance of an Order of his Majesty in Council, the 28th of June, 1830, these are to give public notice, that it is expected that all persons, upon the present occasion of the death of his late Majesty, of blessed memory, do put themselves into decent mourning; the said mourning to begin upon Wednesday next, the 30th instant. Norfolk, Earl Marshal."

This is followed by orders for mourning for the army and navy, in which we think we discover some new features, affording an additional tribute on the part of his present Majesty to the memory of the deceased Monarch.

In Paris, though there will of course be a court mourning, in which the royal family cannot but feel undissembled regret at the loss of him to whom they are chiefly indebted for their pre-
sent rank, yet this would not have affected the general gaiety of that gay city, had there even been sufficient time, which there has not, for any report on the subject to have reached us; we therefore lay before our fair friends, as usual, the

**Modes de Paris.**

**EVENING DRESS.**

A dress composed of emerald green gros de Naples; the corsage, open before and behind, is made à revers; the lapels, large at the upper part, are finished with rouleaus of satin to correspond with the dress, and fall over the shoulder, so as to form a second epaulette. The chemisette, which, by the form of the corsage, is very much displayed, is of blond. Long full sleeve of gaze de Paris; it is fastened just above the elbow by a band and nœud of green satin, satin cuff, tight, and rather deep, surmounted by a nœud. A full fall of blond lace is set on round the upper part of the arm-hole; and a nœud of green satin, rather larger than those we have described, ornaments the shoulder; the front of the skirt is trimmed on each side with a satin rouleau, placed in a bias direction; and green satin nœuds, placed at regular distances, ornament the centre. Chapeau à la Caroline of rose-coloured satin; it is elegantly trimmed with nœuds of gauze riband to correspond; a drapery of blond lace and white ostrich feathers, placed in different directions.

**MORNING DRESS.**

A redingote of Jaconot muslin, corsage à schall, and sleeves à la Medeicis, terminated by an embroidered antique cuff; the shawl part of the corsage is beautifully embroidered, and a similar embroidery, in the tunic style, goes round the border of the dress at the knee, and up the fronts. The chemisette fastens in front with gold buttons, and is finished with a double ruche of Brussels net. Blond cap, the caul ornamented with blond lace draperies, and nœuds of rose-coloured gauze riband; flowers of various hues intermingled with twisted rouleaus and cords of riband, decorate the front; the brides hang loose.

**STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN JUNE.**

Promenade dress is this month of a very light description; silks are rarely seen, gowns being in general of plain gingham, or of white or coloured muslin. These materials are equally used for redingotes, which is, indeed, the most fashionable form for promenade dress.

Bonnets are rather more in favour than hats for walking dress; they are of two different shapes, those called capotes, and those called capotes à l’Anglaise; the latter differ very little from the
MORNING DRESS.  EVENING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR JULY 1830.

Published by James Robins & Co., London.
shape of the English cottage bonnet. These last were much in favour last summer, and are now revived, but are not yet very general: they have no other trimming than a riband, which crosses in front of the crown, and ties under the chin. The former are worn very large, and a good deal trimmed. The materials for both descriptions of bonnets are the same, rice straw ribands sewed together, crape, and taffetas of various kinds, particularly plaided.

The most novel crape capotes have the fulness of the brim arranged in flutings, and are trimmed with nœuds of gauze riband only. Those composed of plaided taffetas are of an excessively large pattern. The favourite colours are green of two shades, or green and white.

Hats remain the same sizes, those of the newest form have the crowns shaped like a melon; the material is laid on full, and the fulness arranged in compartments by twisted satin rouleaus. Curtain veils of blond lace are much in favour, and flowers are universally worn for the promenade. Those most in request are chestnut blossoms with their leaves, dog roses, heart’s-case, violets; and for the larger flowers, tulips, peonys, and different kinds of lilies.

India muslin, either plain or embroidered in colours, is much in favour, both in half and full dress. One of the most novel dresses of the former description is a redingote of very thin jaconot muslin; the corsage of the shawl form; the dress is open in front, and cut round the corsage and down the fronts in scallops, which are edged with Mechlin lace; the skirt has no trimming, but the hem is excessively broad.

Those redingotes are generally worn over satin under dresses, either white or coloured, but the former are most in favour. The under dress has a corsage uni, a very short full sleeve, and no other trimming at the bottom of the skirt than a narrow satin cord, which marks the edge of the hem.

Of the various descriptions of coloured muslins now worn, those of Moorish patterns are most in favour. Some of these dresses are trimmed as high as the knee with a flat tresse two inches in breadth; it is composed of four torsades, each of one of the predominant colours of the dress.

Silks have still a certain degree of favour in full dress, but they are generally worn with white sleeves, either blond or gaze de Paris; the latter is an imitation of the former, and so good a one as hardly to be distinguished from it. Long and short sleeves are almost equally in favour, but sleeves tight to the lower part of the arm are now by no means so generally adopted as last
month; those à l'imbecille have again become fashionable, and
are quite as much in favour as those à la Medicis.

Dress gowns have the corsage made something higher than last
month, but still square. Some are made exceedingly plain, with-
out any other finish than a piping round the upper part; others
are made with draperies, which cross low enough to display a
chemisette richly embroidered.

Bérets and dress hats, particularly the latter, continue much in
favour for the spectacle and for dinner dress. Gros de Naples
and crape are the materials most in favour for dress hats; they
are generally adorned with flowers, but feathers, particularly the
plumage of birds of Paradise, are still adopted by many elegant
women. Many white crape hats are ornamented with a large
rosette of satin gauze riband, à mille raisis, placed at the bottom
of the crown, with the plumage of a bird of Paradise issuing from
it. A similar rosette and feather was placed inside the brim on
the opposite side.

If the hat is trimmed with ostrich feathers, there must be five
arranged en bouquet, and placed much to the left side.

We may cite among the most elegant novelties, a white crape
hat lined with rose colour, trimmed with two bouquets à la Jar-
dinière, partially shaded by cornets of crape, in which they were
inserted; one of these cornets was placed on the right, the other
on the left side; both were edged with narrow blond lace.

Turbans are generally composed of two different materials; one
of them is usually white gauze, or India muslin; the other is
blue, rose colour, ponceau, or green silk or crape.

Several balls and entertainments have been given at court, and
by the members of the royal family, in honour of the arrival of
their Sicilian Majesties; the French and English nobility, and
persons of distinction, have been invited to these entertainments,
but though the ladies in general were most splendidly dressed,
nothing actually new in point of fashion has appeared; the
dresses were of gold and silver tissues, lamas, rich silks, and
crapes. Very few gowns were trimmed at the bottom, but the
corsages were superbly ornamented, and the display of diamonds,
both on them and in the head dresses, was perfectly dazzling.
Toques, turbans, and bérets, were more in request than head-
dresses of hair; the two first were in general ornamented with
feathers and diamonds, or other precious stones; the latter with
jewels only. Head-dresses of hair were decorated with flowers
intermingled with gems.

The colours most in favour are rose colour, blue, emerald green,
straw colour, and various shades of brown.
THE

LADIES’ MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1830.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.—NO. II.

THE EAGLE.

Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off.—Job, xxxix. 27—29.

The tawny eagle seats his callow brood
High on the cliff, and feasts his young with blood.
On Snowdon’s rocks, or Orkney’s wide domain,
Whose beetling cliffs o’erhang the western main,
The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms
Amid the gathering clouds and sullen storms;
Through the wide waste of air he darts his sight,
And holds his sounding pinions poised for flight;
With cruel eye premeditates the war,
And marks his destined victim from afar;
Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,
His pinions like the rush of waters sound;
The fairest of the fold he bears away,
And to his nest compels the struggling prey.—Barbauld.

The eagle has been considered to bear the same dominion over birds which has been almost universally attributed to the lion over quadrupeds. As the lion is not the largest of the four-footed tribe, so is not the eagle the largest of birds; but magnanimity, as Buffon observes, is equally conspicuous in both: they despise the small animals, and disregard their insults. It is only after a series of provocations, after being teased with the noisy or harsh notes of the raven or magpie, that the eagle determines to punish their temerity or their insolence with death. Both disdain the possession of that property which is not the fruit of their own industry; rejecting with contempt the prey which is not procured by their own exertions. Both are remarkable for their temperance. The eagle seldom devours the whole of his game, but, like the lion, leaves the fragments and offal to the other animals. Though famished for want of prey, he disdains to feed upon carrion.

Like the lion also he is solitary, the inhabitant of a desert, over which he reigns supreme, excluding all the other birds from his silent domain. It is more uncommon, perhaps, to see two pair of eagles in the same tract of mountain, than two families of lions in August, 1830.
the same part of the forest. They separate from each other at such wide intervals, as to afford ample range for subsistence; and esteem the value and extent of their dominion to consist in the abundance of the prey with which it is replenished.

The eyes of the eagle have the glare of those of the lion, and are nearly of the same colour; the claws are of the same shape; and the cry equally terrible. Destined, both of them, for war and plunder, they are equally fierce, equally bold and untractable. It is impossible to tame them, unless they be caught when in their infancy. It requires much patience and art to train a young eagle to the chase; and after he has attained to age and strength, his caprices and momentary impulses of passion are sufficient to create suspicions and fears in his master. Authors inform us that the eagle was ancienly used in the east for falconry; but this practice is now laid aside: he is too heavy to be carried on the hand without great fatigue; nor is he ever brought to be so gentle as to remove all suspicions of danger. His bill and claws are crooked and formidable: his figure corresponds with his instinct; his body is robust; his legs and wings strong; his flesh hard; his bones firm; his feathers stiff; his attitude bold and erect; his movements quick; his flight rapid. He rises higher in the air than any other of the winged race; and hence he was termed by the ancients the celestial bird, and was regarded in their mythology as the messenger of Jupiter. He can distinguish objects at an immense distance; but his power of smell is inferior to that of the vulture. By means of his exquisite sight he pursues his prey; and, when he has seized it, he checks his flight, and places it upon the ground, to examine its weight before he carries it off. Though his wings are vigorous, yet, his legs being stiff, it is with difficulty he can rise, especially if he be loaded. He is able, however, to bear away geese and cranes; and also carries off hares, young lambs, and kids. When he attacks fawns or calves, he instantly gluts himself with their blood and flesh, and afterwards transports their mangled carcases to his nest, or aerie.

Formed by nature for a life of rapine and hostility, these birds are solitary and unsociable. They are also fierce, but not implacable; and though not easily tamed, are certainly capable of great docility, and in some cases, evince an attachment to those by whom they are kindly treated. This, however, happens but rarely; as the keeper is too often savage and unrelenting; and sometimes brings on himself a severe revenge. A gentleman who resided in the south of Scotland had, some years ago, a tame
eagle, which the keeper one day injudiciously lashed with a horsewhip. About a week afterwards, the man chanced to stoop within reach of its chain, when the enraged animal, recollecting the late insult, flew in his face with so much violence, that he was terribly wounded, but was fortunately driven so far back by the blow as to be out of all further danger. The screams of the eagle alarmed the family, who found the poor man lying at some distance, equally stunned with the fright and the fall. The animal was still pacing and screaming in the most terrible rage; and just as the party withdrew he broke his chain, by the violence of his exertions, and escaped for ever.

The golden eagle builds its nest in elevated rocks, dilapidated castles and towers, and other solitary places. Its form resembles that of a floor: its basis consisting of sticks about five or six feet in length, which are supported at each end, and covered with several layers of rushes and heath. It is generally placed in a dry and inaccessible situation; and the same nest is said to serve during the life of the architect.

An eagle’s nest, found in the Peak of Derbyshire, has been thus described: “It was made of great sticks, resting one end on the edge of a rock, the other on a birch tree. Upon these was a layer of rushes, and over them a layer of heath, and on the heath rushes again; upon which lay one young, and an addle egg; and by them a lamb, a hare, and three heath pouts. The nest was about two yards square, and had no hollow in it.”

The females generally lay two or three eggs, which are hatched in thirty days. They feed their young with the slain carcases of such small animals as come in their way; and, though they are at all times formidable and ferocious, they are particularly so while nurturing their progeny.

It is said that an Irish peasant in the county of Kerry once got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of great scarcity, out of an eagle’s nest, by robbing the eaglets of their food, which was plentifully furnished by the parents. He protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings, and thus retarding the flight of the young; and tying them so as to increase their cries, which is always found to increase the dispatch of the parents in supplying their wants. It was a fortunate circumstance, however, that the old ones did not detect their plunderer, as their resentment might, in all probability, have proved fatal; for a countryman, not many years ago, resolved to rob an eagle’s nest, which he knew to be built in a small island in the beautiful lake of Killarney, and accordingly stripped himself for this purpose, and swam over when the old birds were
gone; but, in his return, while yet up to the chin in water, the parents coming home, and missing their offspring, quickly fell on the plunderer, and in spite of all his resistance, dispatched him with their formidable beaks and talons.

Several instances have been recorded of children being seized and carried off by these rapacious animals. Pontoppidan relates, that in the year 1737, in the parish of Norderhougs, in Norway, a boy somewhat more than two years old was running from the house to his parents, who were at work in the fields at no great distance, when an eagle pounced upon, and flew off with him in their sight. It was with grief and anguish that they beheld their child dragged away, but all their screams and efforts to prevent it were in vain. Anderson also asserts that, in Iceland, children of four or five years of age have been sometimes taken away by eagles; and Ray relates, that, in one of the Orkneys, a child of twelve months old was seized in the talons of an eagle, and carried above four miles to its nest. The mother, however, knowing the place, pursued the bird, found her child in the nest, and took it away unhurt. Perhaps it was some daring adventure of this kind that gave rise to the fable of Ganymede’s being snatched up to heaven by an eagle.

The following story is related by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity. While upon his travels in France he was invited by an officer of distinction to pass a few days at his country seat near Mende; while there the table was every day plentifully supplied with wild fowl, but he was not a little surprised to observe that not one was served up which had not undergone some mutilation; some wanting wings, and others legs or heads. This being so invariably the case, he was at length induced to inquire into the cause; when his host replied that it was solely to be attributed to the voracious appetite of his caterer, who could not be prevented from first tasting what he had prepared. This, instead of allaying, rather excited his curiosity, which the officer observing, he satisfied by explaining himself in this manner: “These mountainous parts of the kingdom are much frequented by eagles, who build their nests in the cavities of the neighbouring rocks; these are sought after by the shepherds, who, having discovered one, erect a little hut at the foot of the rock, to screen themselves from these dangerous birds, which are particularly furious when they have young ones to supply with provisions; in this employ the male is sedulously engaged for the space of three months, and the female continues it until the young bird is capable of quitting the nest: when that period arrives they force him to spring up in the air, where they support him with their wings.
and talons, whenever he is in danger of falling. While the young eagle continues in the nest, the parents ravage all the neighbouring country, and seize every kind of poultry, pheasants, partridges, hares, or kids, which come in their way, and all of which they bear to their young.

"The shepherds, being thus properly situated, watch the approach of the parent birds with their food, who merely stay to deposit their cargo, and the moment they have left the nest the shepherds mount the rocks and take away what the eagles have conveyed thither, leaving the entrails of some animal in its stead; but as this cannot be done so expeditiously as to prevent the young eagles from devouring part of their food, the shepherds are under the necessity of bringing our supply somewhat mutilated."

The golden eagle is remarkable for its longevity, and its power of sustaining abstinence from food for a surprising length of time. One that died at Vienna had been in confinement above a century; and one that was in the possession of a gentleman of Conway, in Caernarvonshire, was, from the neglect of his servants, kept for three weeks without any food. M. de Buffon was also assured, by a person of veracity, that one of them, being caught in a fox-trap, existed five weeks without any aliment. It showed no appearance of languor till the last eight days, and was at length killed, in order to put a period to its sufferings.

Camden mentions a law in the Orkney isles which entitles every person who kills an eagle to a hen out of every house in the parish where the feat was performed.

STANZAS.
Where are they now, the beautiful, who stood our couch beside,  
When sorrow o'er our spirits rolled its dark and chilly tide?  
Where are they now, who on our hearts poured out a holy balm,  
And bade the troubled streams of life glide gently on and calm?

Where are they now? where are they now?  Go ask beneath the sod;  
But though the body moulders there, the spirit's with its God;  
And though their music tones of love are hushed for aye on earth,  
In heaven above they're gushing forth in melody and mirth.

And shall we weep, and mourn, and sigh? Oh! it would be unkind  
To wish them back to this dark world they now have left behind:  
In brighter realms they're wandering, no cloud obscures their sun,  
And the palm of victory over sin and death they've nobly won.

Then we will follow in their steps, along the self-same road,  
That leads the soul to happiness, to holiness, and God;  
And when the heart shall cease to beat, and pulse vibrate no more,  
We shall join them, ne'er again to part, upon that blissful shore.

JAMES KNOX.
REMEMBRANCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.—NO. 1.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

The heart that loves truly never forgets,
    But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
    The same look which she turned when he rose.

Moore.

AURELIA was decidedly the belle of her village, when a detachment of our regiment was quartered there: she was far from being regularly handsome, for neither stature, brilliancy of expression, nor regularity of feature, constituted her such; she had, nevertheless, something very captivating about her. She was fair as the drifting snow, ere it has consorted with the earth beneath, mild as an April shower, gentle as the plaintive bird of night; she was also what to many is more attractive than all this—the fairest and first of her humble circle, and the object of interest and admiration of her neighbourhood. Like the snowdrop, she had no sunbright charms; but then she stood almost alone in the parterre—the emblem of early spring—and was a magnet amidst chilly desolation, or the solitary star of comfort and guidance in surrounding obscurity. Her father was easy in his circumstances, and hospitable, so that it became a desirable thing to a soldier in humble country quarters to be received in the family; whilst it was an affair of rivalry to render our attentions welcome to his pleasing daughter. Every cap and feather was set at this object; church and market, parade and village ball, were all made use of for this desirable end. She was sung at, danced at, and rhymed at; but the day was speedily won by our captain of grenadiers, whose splendid person, like a legion of invincibles, carried all before it.

Bold Henry, (so I shall from delicacy only call him,) like Cæsar, appeared, saw, and conquered, so that a match was very quickly made up, and the fair village queen and a few thousand pounds became the victor’s prize: he afterwards got field officer’s rank, and left us. Subsequently to that he sold out, and our first place of meeting was in a sister kingdom, where he seemed to live happily in retirement with his pretty little wife and three young children. I met him afterwards at Bath, dancing and doing the pretty to pass for a single man; next in London, in a handsome equipage, with a fine woman. I then saw him in France, the gayest of the gay, and shortly after domesticated with a buxom widow. In the early part of our hero’s life he had inherited considerable property, which, from expensive habits, he dissipated in a few years; the village belle’s marriage portion was scarcely
THE DESERTED WIFE.

a déjeuner à la fourchette to him; his military income ceased with his selling out; and, like an able general, he retired upon a strong position, and protected himself from the annoyance of the enemy by the dower of his comely companion. Was this well done? The sequel will prove.

Poor Aurelia adhered to him in fortune and misfortune, in good report and evil report, in his many aberrations, for he was as great a flutterer as a butterfly in ladies’ bowers; in a word, she was unalterable in all the chances and changes of life, concealing his follies, and receiving him still the same. His permanent desertion was a severe blow, for she had endured dire privations with him. Nevertheless, as the children grew up (and they were females) she invented a thousand pretexts for his absence, in answer to the many anxious inquiries of “Where is papa? Why don’t he come and see us? Why has he left you, mamma?” He was abroad, he was sick, he was shooting, he was busily employed in military duty; in fine, every reason but the real one for his non-residence at home. The time now came when a larger scale of education was required for his daughters, brought up hitherto by their mother; and, after a thousand fruitless attempts to bring about a return, even of a temporary kind, or an interview with his faithful partner, he agreed to meet one of his daughters, to make the final arrangements for their departure to the continent, and to bid adieu to her whose person had become almost forgotten by him. The meeting was to take place by night, to avoid publicity, and for fear of clamorous creditors.

This circumstance struck Aurelia as a favourable opportunity totry once more the eloquence of suffering woman. Her own light and small figure did not differ materially from that of her eldest daughter, who was slight, like a growing branch, and tall for her years. She accordingly veiled herself deeply, and, taking Maria’s cloak and bonnet, proceeded to the place of rendezvous. “Is it you, Maria?” inquired the unnatural parent in the darkness of night. “No, Henry,” replied Aurelia, “it is she who once was dear to you; who never shrank from poverty to administer comfort to you; nor ever, up to this blessed moment, loved you one jot the less for all your coldness, neglect, or aversion. Look on me, Henry! let that arm (clinging to him) once make me proud again; spurn not from you her who, like the ivy, withers, and falls in dejection to the ground, when severed from its natural support, for habit is second nature, and you were many years ago the beloved support of my adoption. Cast me not entirely off, Hal; be my friend, correspond with me, see your
children, and, if you will not give them your protection abroad, promise us a day when we may hope again to be united!"

To this feeling appeal the estranged husband only answered by rebukes for having thus taken him by surprise, and by the assurances that they could never live happily together again.

"If I have survived your love, Harry," exclaimed she, "refuse me not your pity. Speak to me, let us talk of our dear children, discuss their interest, plan their provision. I have friends who, if we only seemed to be together, would afford us assistance. I implore you——" With this she cast herself at his feet; but he, pretending that her attitude might draw the attention of passers-by, and create a scene which (to use his expression) she had artfully got up, tore himself from her, with the simple promise of a small sum of money to be sent for his children's journey, and a command that they should depart in twenty-four hours.

Some years after this, I fell in with the family, at full growth, promising, talented, and well-principled, living in the utmost harmony, and combining the resources of painting, music, and languages, from whence to draw an honourable and frugal existence. I had scarcely been ten minutes with Aurelia when she said, "My good friend, you say nothing to me about Henry, do not fear to mention his name, it still sounds sweeter in my ear than any other; I love him with unabated devotion; how is he? where is he? how does he look? is he still handsome? I am sure he will be ever so in my eyes: I forgive him: he has been the spoiled child of admiration; I always think that some day he will return; and if he does not, why——" here was a mournful pause—"why, in the language of the French song,

'Le cruel il me quitte,
Il me laisse sans appui,
Je l'aimai tant avant sa fuite,
Oui—je l'aime encore aujourd'hui.'"

She could proceed no farther, and I found my only means of not becoming womanish myself was to rise suddenly and to look vacantly through the window on the town, until we both had recovered our position before the struggle. Harry grew sickly and infirm; every mirror was an accusing evidence to him of the flight of mispent time; the eye of beauty no longer beamed on him, warm smiles no longer welcomed his approach; the tongue of flattery was mute, and he stood alone without a friend; other flatterers occupied his place in gay circles; and lastly, the widow's support ceased with her existence. A vindictive wife would have left him to poverty and scorn, for he sought neither
assistance nor reconciliation; ordinary wives would have afforded him a scanty subsistence embittered by reproach; what did Aurelia do? she took him back, and hugg'd him to her bosom.

I was sent for by her to a retired cottage, where I found him, surrounded by his family, pillowed on a sofa, and reclining his head on his partner's arm. He had broken a blood vessel, and was in a great state of debility; every comfort, however, seemed to be about him, and as Aurelia supported and encouraged him, the smile of assumed cheerfulness was at great variance with the trembling grief-drop quivering in her eye-lid. "He is vastly better," said she to me, "since yesterday, and oh! how happy he has made us since he has come to the cottage; bless him, he has given us all fresh life." He blushed, and here she wiped off the cold perspiration from his forehead, kissing it at the same time, and making use of the same handkerchief to dry her dewy cheek. "Brother soldier," said he to me, extending his arm, "it is all over with me, the day is lost; I wish I had come here sooner, you see—" he groaned, clasped Aurelia to his heart, and expired.

The group—yes, the group—it would be hard to describe it; a painter might throw down his brush, and I must cast away my pen; it can serve me no longer; the feeling mind must finish the picture, and fancy the rest; the rough outline may, however, serve as a lesson to wives who still may reconcile and save, whilst hope and life remain, and it will be an accusing monitor to those husbands who pass from absence to alienation, and from alienation to hostility; who, weaned by pernicious pleasures, wander until the precipice is before them, and return becomes impossible. That every wife may be an Aurelia, but never be tried like her, is the sincere wish of

SONNET.

I have beheld thee, when the smile
Of rapture shed its halo o'er thee;
Have gazed, entranced gazed, the while,
And thought it duty to adore thee!
And I have seen thee—from thine eye
When the warm tear almost was stealing,
The drop of tender sympathy,
Thy bosom's gentleness revealing!
Absorbed, admiring, have I gazed,
Till wild warm thoughts that nought could bridle,
A temple in my heart had raised,
And thou that heart's adored idol!
Yet ne'er I felt, till absence taught,
What woes that brief delight, that hour of rapture brought!

Charles M.
THE FIELD-MARSHAL’S FUNERAL.
CHAPTER I.

"Will there never be an end to this night travelling?" said Adeline, a delicate girl of eighteen, to her uncle, Morelli; a violent jolt of the carriage, in passing over a rugged mountain road, having just given them a most unpleasant jerk. "Really, I am not equal to these fatigues. Awaking me suddenly from a sound sleep, you obliged me, unprepared, to leave Paris as if the police had been at our heels. We post through France, with courier horses; hasten over the frontiers; and even yet, though beyond the Rhine, and now in our own native Germany, we find no rest. Is there no possibility of getting a few hours repose in some hospitable cottage on the road?"

These remonstrances were drowned by the tempest, which was furiously roaring in the mountains of the black forest, and by the torrents of rain that beat against the carriage; whilst Morelli, who took no notice of what she said, lowered the glass on his side, in spite of the weather, and leaned out, apparently attending to something else than the noise of the jarring elements.

"There is no harm; I must have been mistaken," said the cross old man, in an under tone, as he pulled up the glass again. Then turning to his niece, who sat shivering with cold and alarm, and whose moaning he feigned now to hear for the first time, "What are you grumbling at?" he asked, in a tone of cutting harshness. "Did you participate in the fate of your nearest relative, of him who has hitherto supplied to you the place of a father, you would cheerfully endure the trouble and hardship he himself is compelled to encounter at his advanced age. But no, your mother’s brother is like a stranger to you: your heart aches at the separation from a silly fellow, from whom you have vanished all at once, he knows not how or whither. Egregious fool!" continued he, muttering to himself; "how easily might Reinhold have carried off the prize, had he but possessed courage enough to shake off the trammels of conscience. But what is that to me? I have got what I desired, whilst he is obliged to walk off with empty hands, the fruits of a puerile and narrow-minded notion of worldly dealings."

"You are mistaken, uncle, in believing that it is the recollection of Reinhold which draws these complaints from me," re-joined Adeline, to whom her uncle’s soliloquy was perfectly unintelligible. "What I am enduring at this moment is real bodily suffering, which makes me feel the want of rest, however short. But can there be any thing more unfair in you, than to upbraid
me with indifference at impending dangers, with the nature of which I am unacquainted—which I cannot even surmise? What can you possibly apprehend, that drives you to such a total disregard of health and self-preservation? We lived quietly and retired; we gave offence to no one; surely politics—"

"Hush, not another word!" cried the old man, in a voice so loud and fierce as to cause the poor girl to shrink back with affright. Stern and cold as Morelli’s usual mode of treating his niece was, yet vehement and vociferous speaking was by no means habitual with him; he had, on the contrary, disciplined himself to speak deliberately, and in a subdued voice only. Even when he thought he had reason to heap reproaches on Adeline, it was never done but in smothered accents; she became, therefore, the more sensible that thoughts of a very peculiar and important nature at that moment occupied his mind.

"Do you think your uncle," continued he, more mildly, "so pusillanimous, that trifles, or the appearance of slight danger, would make him take to flight in the dead of night, and, even now that the Rhine and the French territory are a good way in the rear of us, push on, without breathing, through the pathless mountains of the black forest, not allowing himself the least respite? No, no, child, it is not a bagatelle that makes Morelli nervous. Know, then, that he carries about him a treasure for which scarcely any price can pay, for the fate of thousands is identified with it. Ha! ha! ha! How the plain, unassuming machinist has led the overwise diplomatist of the capital of the world by the nose! his long face will now reach as far as the Neva; aye, and farther still. But there is the thing. That very nose is now stretched forth after me, trying to sniff me, and if they catch me in any place where they yet have power, they will decidedly make my brain heavier by a few ounces of lead; unless, in the exuberance of their tender mercy, they should favour me with a seat, without a vote, on the galley for life. In either case, Addy, my dear, you must consider the best possible of uncles as your’s—no longer."

"Adeline felt a shudder come over her. Morelli had pronounced the last half of his speech with a sort of grinning savority, to her far more odious and distressing than his usual gruff and forbidding manner. She made no reply, but a deep sigh escaped her heaving breast.

"Then we are in the black forest," she mentally exclaimed; "I feel more comfortable since I know this. Here, in this forest, is Reinhold’s home. Here he spent his infancy. The August, 1830."
spot over which I am now passing, his steps have perhaps many a time trod. How often has he told me of those cloud-topped hills? With what vivid expressions did he paint to me those rock-girded valleys, the roaring cataracts, the gigantic Alps? Oh, that a lucky chance may lead us to his paternal roof! His mother, whom he loves and reveres with the fondest affection, is still living; and his brother, too, even when a boy a wild and daring huntsman. With what delight would I gaze on those beloved persons, even though I should not dare to mention him whom I hold dearer than life!"

Through another violent jerk which the vehicle received at that moment, the chain of Adeline's thoughts was abruptly broken. The carriage, all at once, rolled down such a rapid declivity, that both uncle and niece could with difficulty keep their seats. The driver's cursing and swearing vie'd with the voice of the tempest, and not till after great exertion did he succeed in stopping his affrighted cattle. That moment of alarm and the fear of impending danger having passed, the driver turned himself round to the carriage, and declared that it was impossible to proceed any farther. The right road, he said, he had lost some time since, and in the wild mountains, where, moreover, a night as black as pitch would not let him discover any path or pass, thousands of precipices were yawning, one of which would be more than sufficient to bring them all to a frightful end. In that darkness, and amidst the dreadful storm and rain, the best he could do would be to unharness the cattle, and patiently await, on the spot, the break of day.

"No, no, my lad, that won't do," replied Morelli, in that smothered and husky voice, in which Adeline recognized the harbinger of her uncle's rekindled passion. "You must drive on all night; that's the agreement; and if I choose to break my neck and limbs over those thousand precipices of your's, it is nothing to you, and you must break your's too for company's sake. So drive on, and let me not hear another word. I hired you to drive, and not to argue."

Surprised at his passenger's rashness, the driver stood aghast for some moments ere he could summon courage to reply. At length, with evident alarm, he said, "It is not altogether the precipices and pits that I am so much afraid of; for, at a push, I can see my way through the darkness, and my horses are very clever at snuffing danger. But, sir, something much worse threatens us, if we drive on any further. We are getting here, as I can very well perceive, nearer and nearer to the Mummel Lake.
There the mummeli, or water-ims, are abroad, particularly in
dark and tempestuous nights like this, and he would pay dearly
for it who should attempt to disturb them in their mysterious
frolics. Nor can the holy saints protect him; for the mummeli
kill the body, and deliver the soul over to the evil one. Be
warned, sir, and let us remain quiet where we are."

"Superstitious booby!" exclaimed the old man, who was
about to repeat his peremptory command for immediately pro-
ceeding on the journey, when, the roar of the storm subsiding for
some moments, confused voices were heard, and the near clatter
of arms rang in Morelli's ears. "The devil is at my heels!" he
fiercely cried, as he drew from his pocket a pistol, saying, "For-
ward, you rascal! and keep your horses in full trot, or I'll des-
patch a bullet though your heart."

"For God's sake!" shrieked Adeline, throwing herself into
her uncle's arms, "what can induce you to pursue this horrible
course?"

"Let me alone," replied Morelli, pushing her back again on
her seat, "loitering won't do here; nothing but quickness and
determination can save me."

Morelli's threats had overcome the driver's stubbornness.
Already he brandished his whip to bring the horses into a brisk
trot, when all at once a dim light broke through the thicket, and
the night-wanderers were hailed, in a gruff voice, with the chal-
lenge of "Qui vive?"

"I am lost," groaned Morelli, and hastily taking a pocket-book
of considerable bulk from his pocket, he flung it through the
carriage window into the adjacent bushes. "Adieu, thou fruit
of so much care and trouble," he said, with a bitter smile, and
grinding his teeth. "Luckily for me, no one can rob me of thy
contents; they remain safely stored in the recesses of my
memory."

"But, uncle, I cannot conceive—" said Adeline, stammering.

"Hush!" interrupted he. "Let them come now if they like.
The bird is flown; the nest is empty."

The intruders now came up with the carriage. Several of them
carried small lanterns, by whose dimly-burning light the tra-
vellers faintly perceived that they had fallen in with a troop of
French soldiers, wrapped in their cloaks, some of whom sur-
rrounded the carriage, while others secured the reins. The fear
of banditti, which had seized Adeline when she first heard the
noise of the approaching military, now vanished from her mind,
and she felt far more tranquillized, now that she thought herself
more in safety. On Morelli's countenance, too, composure and serenity had returned, and he looked with a pleasing smile on the soldiers nearest to him. But that did not deceive Adeline; she knew her uncle too well not to perceive, beneath the mask of equanimity, the racking agitation which was raging within him.

After some minutes of anxious expectation, a tall man, who had hitherto been singularly taciturn, came forth from among the troop. Advancing to the door of the carriage, with the help of a lantern, which he introduced into it, he stedfastly fixed his penetrating looks by turns on Adeline and her uncle. His gold-laced hat, and the plume of feathers fluttering in the wind, bespoke an officer of superior rank. His features were youthful and finely-proportioned, though not without traces of violent passions, and the frequent endurance of care and hardships. Adeline could not disown to herself, that the strange officer was really an interesting man, and a slight resemblance about the mouth agreeably reminded her of Reinhold; but the furrows on his cheeks, added to a certain air of ruffianism about his general appearance, caused her, at the same time, a very unpleasant feeling, which was still farther increased by something suspicious and ominous in the stranger's looks.

Having, for a while, fastened his keenly scrutinizing eyes alternately on Adeline and on the no less prying Morelli, as if expecting to be first addressed by the travellers, he at length broke the prevailing silence by saying, in a harsh, deep-toned voice, "It is rather an unusual thing to meet with travellers in these unfrequented forest roads, particularly so late at night. I have been stationed in these mountains for several months, and never fell in with a stranger yet. By what accident have you been cast away here in this tempestuous and rainy night?"

Adeline was surprised at hearing these words proceed from the lips of a French officer in fluent German, which, however, was not free from the alloy of an ill-sounding provincial dialect. With a pleasant smile, Morelli answered the soldier's question by saying, that business of a most urgent nature compelled him to accelerate his journey, on which account he was travelling by night; but that he feared he had, through the driver's stupidity, got off the high road, and strayed into the mountains. "If you will cause me to be put into the right road again by your men," he continued, "you will oblige me infinitely, and the guides shall be no losers by it."

While the old man was speaking in this manner, the officer contemplated his niece with looks so licentious, that she in-
wardly trembled at the expression they conveyed, which it was impossible to mistake.

The officer now turned again to Adeline’s uncle, and scowlingly knitting his brow, said, in a stern and severe tone, “Your passport, sir. I have strict orders rigidly to examine all suspicious travellers; and your nightly jaunt in this remote and mountainous country, is by no means calculated to exempt you from all suspicion.”

The old man’s features suffered a slight contraction, but, without in the least losing his countenance, he produced the paper asked for.

“Morelli, machinist!” the other read slowly from the unfolded sheet, and, laying his hand on his forehead, pondering, “If I am not mistaken,” said he, “I have, but yesterday, received instructions to stop a very suspicious character of that name, if he should come in my way, and immediately to report concerning him to the regular authorities.”

“That is very likely a mistake,” returned the old man, vehemently.

“Don’t be in a passion, sir,” replied the soldier, coolly. “It may be that I am mistaken, for I have a number of such orders by me. But it is impossible to ascertain the matter here. I am, therefore, under the necessity of having you conveyed, under safe escort, to my station, where the business shall be more closely investigated, as soon as I return, to-morrow, or the day after, from urgent duty.”

Morelli changed colour, and tremblingly took hold of Adeline’s hand, with a convulsive pressure.

“For God’s sake!” cried she, “what is the meaning of all this? what is to become of us?”

“Don’t be alarmed, my fair maid,” said the officer, endeavouring to tranquilize her. “I hope that all this will be cleared up in a satisfactory manner, and that I shall receive, from your charming lips, a ready forgiveness for this short interruption of your journey.” He then joined his men, with whom he conferred privately, when two of them, armed with muskets and swords, took their seats inside, opposite to Adeline and her uncle, and a third placed himself on the box by the side of the coachman. With cool civility, the officer took leave of the travellers, and the carriage proceeded to its unknown destination.

The convulsion of nature had, by this time, calmed; the rain had subsided, and scattered stars were sparkling on the rent concave of clouds. The roaring wind no longer howled through the
pine forest, and the bells of scared flocks jingled harmoniously from afar. But no brightening ray of tranquility and peace alighted on Adeline's anguished mind; while, within Morelli's, there raged a storm, far fiercer than that which, but a little while ago, made the earth tremble. The dread of a discovery of his mysterious pursuits—the ignominious end which stared him in the face—rushed upon him with overwhelming force.

CHAPTER II.

A serene morning succeeded the tempestuous night, and the sun was already shedding bounteous rays over the verdant plain, on the forest-bound verge of which the isolated farm of Dame Martha, an elderly widow, was situated, when Elsee, her orphan niece, came with slow steps from the house, and went up to the well-trough, to empty into it two pails of new milk, to preserve for the summer. The damsel's cheeks were glowing with health, and her dark eyes sparkled, like meteors, from beneath brows of jet; while the homeliness of her rustic attire gave her person a charm of which she herself was unconscious.

"Holy Anthony!" she exclaimed, as her eyes came in contact with the mountain-tops towering in gigantic shapes opposite the verdant slope, "how reverently the Catshead doffs his cloudy cap to the salutations of the infant morning sun! And see how its genial beams are chasing the misty phantoms of the Mummel lake into the dark abysses and the rocky dell! These are signs of fine weather after the stormy night, which affrighted me not a little."

Having, with a light and buoyant heart, poured the milk into the trough, and carefully locked the same, she went to the well, and washed her hands and face in the fresh mountain stream; then turned towards the house, and pensively fixed her eyes on a small corner window, which was but little conspicuous from beneath the shingle roof, shelving down a great way on all sides.

"Again that Ehrenfried has not been home all night," she said to herself; "I wonder what he is always so slyly about at nights—who those wild fellows are who come so often to him at twilight, with whom he locks himself up, then usually sallies forth, and sometimes does not return home for many days and nights! Ah! little does he know how all this afflicts my good aunt and myself, else, perhaps, he would give it over. Is aunt as much at a loss as myself as to her son's pursuits? I can hardly believe it. No

* A high mountain so called.
doubt she has her surmises, but keeps them to herself, and locks up her grief in her heart."

Presently a greater stir enlivened the extensive premises, and from the interior of the dwelling-house a female voice called out, "Elsee, where are you child? Don't you hear strange noises, like the trotting of horses, and the rolling of a carriage?"

Disturbed in her ruminations, the girl hastened, at her aunt's call, to the house, but on hearing what she said, she stopped short, and listened attentively.

"Why, aunt," she replied, after a short pause, "it sounds indeed like the trampling of horses, and the rolling of a carriage, down the steep ravine from Rosenstein. This is a very rare occurrence in our valley. Hark! they are very near already. There they are coming round the angle of the rock. Oh! Heaven protect us! Military, too; and a very smart carriage is making right up to our house!"

While pronouncing the last words, Elsee ran timidly in, and hastily fastened the strong oaken bolts; but Dame Martha gently reproved her. "Nay, Elsee," said she, "what are you about? Most likely these are travellers that have gone astray. No wanderer has ever yet been inhospitably repulsed from Martha's house."

"But the military—they are Frenchmen!" the maiden alarmingly replied.

"So much the better," said the old woman, "then they don't come with any hostile design. Their emperor is allied with our sovereign, and we have nothing to fear from them. Come, open the door again, and don't deny entrance to any one."

Elsee did as her aunt bade her, but no sooner had she withdrawn the bolts than she ran into the house, there to await what would ensue, trusting to the protection of her aunt, who remained on the threshold.

By this time the carriage had driven from the rocky pass down the verdant slope, and halted right before Martha's gate. A man, in military dress, alighted, and entered with rapid strides into the house. When he approached the widow, up to whom he advanced like an old acquaintance, she darted an angry glance at him, saying, "What does this mummerly mean, Thomas? There is no deceiving me; for even in this disguise I recognize one of the worst associates of my infatuated son, who entice him to secret, and no doubt unhallowed, deeds of darkness. Why did you not rather abide, as an honest miner, down below in the Güte Gottes*"

* A mine so called.—"God's bounty."
pit, than thus vagabondize here above, trespassing on the goodness of God, and engaging in nefarious doings?"

"You are in a janty mood," he replied, with a rude laugh: "however, the trade which I now follow pays better than that in the mine, and surreptitiously earned wealth is as pleasant as any other. In either case the main thing is—possession. But, joking apart, I am here with an important message from your son Ehrenfried. He sends his love to you, and I am to request you, in his name, to give housing to the two persons in the carriage outside, an old gentleman and his niece, until he himself returns home. It is as much as his happiness, nay, as his life, is worth, that neither the travellers nor their coachman get away before. Nor are they, on any account, to learn where, or with whom, they are abiding. Myself and two comrades will take good care that no one shall escape. But your tongue, and those of your folks, we cannot lock: those ye must keep in subordination yourselves."

"How now," said the widow, angrily, "am I to be an accessory to your suspicious undertakings? What is your design with the old man and the girl you have brought thither? to detain them by force? You must give me all the particulars of the transaction, or else my house remains shut to you and your companions."

"You may do as you please," replied Thomas, peevishly, "but if Ehrenfried becomes an appendage to the gallows, or gets beneath the chopper of the guillotine, you will have yourself to blame for it, not me."

"What's that you say?" asked the dame with great agitation; "is it come to that pass with him?"

"To that pass it certainly will come with him, if you deny the favour he craves," the ex-miner deliberately replied. "It makes no odds to me whether you do or not, for I know very well how to shift for myself; and let what else happen that may."

Elsee, who had heard every word from behind the door, now briskly came forward, and, clinging to her aunt, "How can you consider about it a single moment, dear aunt?" said she entreatingly. "You have heard that Ehrenfried's life is in danger; and, under such circumstances, not even the holy saints will be displeased with you for straining a point. Besides, what a wicked set of people must they be from whom our Ehrenfried has to fear such usage!"

"Very good, Mistress Elsee, very good indeed!" cried Thomas, with a licentious laugh; "let you alone for standing Ehrenfried's friend."

The maiden blushed deeply, and Martha replied, with a sigh,
"Well, be it so. A mother's heart offers but a weak resistance when love for her child assails it; so you may even conduct the strangers up stairs into Ehrenfried's room. But mark me, Thomas, as God and his holy saints shall stead me in my last moments, not a hair on their heads must be hurt whilst they are under my roof; and hospitably they shall be treated, too."

Harassed by the surmises and apprehensions amid which they had passed the latter part of their journey, Adeline and her uncle were by no means loth to alight; nor did their late inside fellow-passengers seem inclined to part with them, but followed close on their heels.

Adeline attentively surveyed the mansion which now presented itself, and the peculiar architecture excited her interest in no small degree. It was a building of considerable extent, though rather low in proportion to its size, and constructed chiefly of rough hewn trunks of trees, joined together in a very curious and ingenious manner.

Beneath a low projection of the shingle roof, and encompassing the whole building, there ran a wooden balcony, which, from its containing a variety of household and other implements, seemed to be the usual resort of the servants, while performing their daily work. Every thing was so remarkably clean, and both the house and outbuildings bore such a neat and snug appearance, that the lady's eyes dwelt on it with particular pleasure.

For Morelli, on the contrary, those objects had nothing in the least attractive. With sullen and scrutinizing looks he eyed Thomas, as he stood before him, who now, for the first time, began to break the silence which both himself and comrades had hitherto observed, by inviting the machinist and his niece to follow him into the interior of the mansion, where refreshments and beds were provided for them. Morelli seemed to take no notice of the black forester's suggestion, but after a short pause, employed in minutely reviewing his other two guards, he said to Thomas, with a sarcastic smile, "Ye, too, I take it, are some of the heroes of the grand army who fought in Russia, until the eagles were rubbed off your jacket buttons, and made to look, for all the world, like so many blank copper farthings. Then the wind has so brushed off the nap of your regimentals, that, on close inspection, one is apt to mistake them for painted canvass. Your sabres, too, the frost has nipped down to huntsmen's hangers; and on the precipitate retreat, I suppose, you found hunting rifles more convenient to carry than heavy muskets. Now, friends, are you not some of those heroes?"
At this facetious apostrophe, Thomas set up a loud laugh, and with brazen impudence replied—"Then you have found out, at last, that we are neither Frenchmen nor military, have you? Why, to be sure, we don't stand a scrutiny in broad daylight. The patched-up concern stares one in the face immediately, and the fox peeps slyly enough out of the wolf's skin. But at night, or even in twilight, let me tell you, sir, it answers very well; that you have experienced yourself. These same canvas regimentals, brass farthing buttons, the huntsman's hanger, and the short rifle, may yet accomplish a job which will make a chap like me comfortable for life. But don't let us be loitering here in idle chat. Come up to the apartment prepared for you; you'll find it cheerful and comfortable, and there your niece may bring up her arrears of last night's sleep."

"I will not budge from the spot until I know who ye are, and what it is you want with me," declared the machinist, in a determined tone. "I should not waste any words on you, had you not deprived me of my arms. I would treat you as robbers, as impudent vagabonds, who, without any authority whatever, disturb the safety of travellers, and subject them to your capricious humours. But there has been quite enough of it already, so set me free, and let me depart unmolested, this instant, or I will conjure up a storm over your heads with the first functionary hereabouts, that shall make you tremble."

"Now you are losing your temper, old gentleman, and are getting abusive; but I shall not lose mine," said Thomas, coolly, as he filled his tobacco-pipe. "Recollect that you are, for the moment, in our power, and that, on a signal of mine, twenty more stout lads will rush forth, any one of whom is sufficient to quell the ebullition of your anger. Therefore follow me without any more ado. I am only acting by the orders of another, whose will and pleasure it is that you shall remain here in friendly custody until his return."

"And who is that other person? Of what profession is the man to whom you pay such implicit obedience?" asked Morelli with smothered wrath, fully aware that neither threats nor persuasion were of any avail.

"His business you mean? O, it is a mighty profitable one, and his name is very creditable," replied Thomas with a ferocious laugh, in which he was joined by his companions. "He can best acquaint you with both himself, when he comes home, if he has a mind; and now forward, without any more demurring."

Adeline had been listening with increasing trepidation to her
uncle's parley. Her apprehensions of having fallen into the hands of a banditti, who had conducted them to a sequestered haunt, there to perpetrate, the more undisturbed, the work of iniquity, became stronger every moment; when, all of a sudden, one of the numerous little sliding windows about the house opened, at which appeared the pale but good-natured countenance of an elderly woman, who said in a sombre, but gentle, voice—"Discard all apprehensions, and enter fearlessly into this dwelling. I cannot, indeed, prevent your being kept here in temporary custody, but not a hair on your head shall be hurt, nor shall you meet with any unpleasantness under my roof. So help me the Lord and his saints!"

Adeline thought she heard the voice of an angel; she looked up with joyful emotion, and the expression of stern dignity displayed on the female's countenance had an extraordinary effect in tranquillizing her. "No," she said to herself, "here can be no guile. I perceive traces of sorrow on her pale features, but it is not guilt that has deformed them. I place confidence in this woman's words, however contradictory the conduct of her connections may be."

"The old one will gossip any how," muttered Thomas sulkily to himself, giving his companions a wink to secure the carriage and horses. "But I'll take good care she shall have no intercourse with them, and blab what it is not fit for them to know."

The apartment into which the black forester had conducted the captive travellers, and the door of which he carefully locked outside, after he had left them, presented to the lady a sight as cheerful as surprising. All along the polished wainscotted walls, fresh green boughs were affixed, and betwixt them hung large and very nicely-kept baskets, filled with black garden earth, from which fragrant roses, lilies, narcissus', and pinks, on tall stalks, nodded their variegated heads in friendly salutation to the entering strangers. And what a piping, caroling, and warbling there was in the green boughs, and amidst the odoriferous flowers! A blithsome host of domesticated birds were perched beneath a verdant dome, of whom some started up, frightened at the approach of unknown figures, while others fluttered about them, as if desirous of making a social acquaintance. Here the lark was intoning her dinking anthem; there the thrush sent forth her piercing call; there again the nightingale exhaled her plaintive strains; while from a pine branch the rallying accents of the cuckoo resounded.

"Cursed noise!" the machinist cried, in a croaking voice, as
he threw himself on a couch. "If the singular occurrences of the preceding night be not sufficient to turn the brain, this confounded clatter will be sure to do it. But say, Adeline, what is your opinion of all this?"

"Oh, I am quite happy," replied the niece, who had just opened one of the strongly-bedewed windows, to have a peep at the environs. "I am very happy, and full of a gladsome feeling of safety, ever since I heard the consoling words of that pale-looking dame, and entered this apartment, in which a spirit akin to nature prevails, and no signs of rapacity are discoverable."

"Foolish talk! romantic nonsense!" said Morelli, with a growl, while Adeline was looking with extreme delight through the wirework in the window, placed there to prevent the feathered songsters' return to their woody home. The most fascinating scenes of nature as magnificently as unexpectedly opened to her view. Here undulating hills gently sloped down the verdant plain, which lay spread like a vast green carpet close to Adeline's station. At their base, a trellis of vines wound themselves along, rising to a considerable height, and their summits were crowned with dark pines, while limpid brooks rushed sweetly murmuring down their sides. There steeper mountains towered behind the lesser hills, bold groups of rocks raised their hoary heads, and the stupendous amphitheatre closed with the all-o'ertopping mass of Alps, looking down dark and frowning, and the smoothly rounded pinacles of which lost themselves in a little cloud, delicately burnished by the morning sun. Here the flocks, quietly proceeding along the margin of the brook, towards the mountains, sent forth their harmonious tinkling. There the shepherd's jocund morning hymn resounded from vigorous throats to heaven. Every thing showed the traces of peace and plenty in God's glorious creation; and all thanked and praised Him, who had ordained it so for the best and the wisest of purposes. But a twinge of longing shot affectingly and gloomily through Adeline's soul. Sweet thoughts, strangely retrospective, revived in her mind. "How is this?" she said, surprised, to herself. "Have I then dreamt once already of these environs, of every thing I behold here? or have I, perhaps, sojourned on this spot in early infancy, and the images formerly consigned to the free range of my imagination, and floating on the dim lake of times long gone by, are now again forcibly bursting forth into presence and reality? But, no, no; now I recognize every object. Reinhold often told me of a landscape like this, and called it his home. So, just so, it appeared to my mind from his
description. So was it enlivened by murmuring brooks and grazing flocks. On a green in front of the parental house, he, with his wild brother, often played. The vineclad hillocks smiled pleasantly, while the dark hills and steep rocks frowned on their gambols. The voice of memory even whispers more. The room, too, which Reinhold inhabited, along with his brother, was adorned with green boughs and fragrant flowers. There, too, the variegated feathered tribe enlivened, with gay warbling, the quivering foliage and the glistening blossom. Frequently, while his wilder brother was out fowling, or rambling about the lake with his angling rod, would he sit in this verdant solitude, repining that he had no opportunity of acquiring knowledge beyond the little which the schoolmaster in the next village was able to impart. His father, whom he lost early, and who, the victim of disappointment, had withdrawn himself from a wide sphere of action to seek domestic happiness in the society of a sensible but homely-bred country girl, had fanned the sparks of emulation and thirst of knowledge in the youth’s breast; and when, after the former had been long reposing under the cool turf, Reinhold’s longing burst forth in impetuous tears, his affectionate mother would console him with the assurance that when she deemed him of sufficient age, he should be sent to the adjacent town, to gratify there his wish for improvement. Since the fulfilment of that promise he had not seen her; yet with what affection did he cling to her, even at a distance, and how well did she deserve this love! O, that I too had a mother!” exclaimed Adeline. “I am ill; I feel it; my pulse beats feverishly; but there is no feeling of affection for me in my uncle’s heart. What a bliss would the presence of a mother be to me! how would she soften and remove all my sorrows! A thought darts upon my mind. If Reinhold’s mother—if she were here—if the matronly—"

The chamber door, on which Adeline had been, during this soliloquy, intently gazing, at that moment opened, and Dame Martha entered, with a look of despondency. “It is you!” the strongly excited girl cried out, and threw herself at the astonished widow’s feet. “You are Reinhold’s mother. Ah, be my mother too!”

The dame looked surprised and almost alarmed at the prostrate girl, while Thomas, who was close at her heels, and who had exchanged his military dress for a rustic one, whispered, sneeringly, in her ear, “Don’t suffer yourself to be cozened by all this. It is nothing but a masquerade, depend on’t; both the old one and the wench are not a whit the less bent on your son’s destruction.”

“She is in a delirious fever,” cried Morelli, hastily starting.

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from the couch, on which, with Thomas's assistance, he placed the lady, who was in a deep swoon. He then begged the widow to let him have some reviving medicine, but to leave entirely to him the nursing of his niece, who wanted nothing but rest. Thomas concurred with the machinist, and, at his instance, Dame Martha left the apartment, though not without casting some glances of suspicion both on him and Morelli. The condition of the poor girl, whom she could not believe such an adept as Ehrenfried's confidant pretended, called forth her warmest sympathy. Moreover, Adeline had pronounced a name precious to her beyond any thing on earth, and which, passing a stranger's lips, could not but excite the liveliest sensation, and affect her in a most extraordinary manner.

After the widow had sent, by Thomas, the required medicine to the machinist's room, she communicated to her own niece the singular occurrence she had experienced with the stranger, and unfeignedly expressed the interest she felt in the afflicted girl.

"Don't be imposed upon," hastily interrupted Elsee, who suspected some design for the ruin of Ehrenfried, whom she loved with inexpressible ardour. "If this old gentleman, with the sly prying looks, and the young woman, who is in such strange takings, entertain an evil design on Ehrenfried," she continued, "you may depend upon it they have taken care first to collect accurate information about yourself and family. Trust not to them; this once I must side with Thomas, and think you will do best to follow his advice."

Dame Martha shook her head incredulously. Still she was not, on that account, less concerned for Ehrenfried, whose mysterious pursuits, she had no doubt, were connected with transactions both perilous and unlawful. With a deep sigh, she said, "The troubles which will break in upon him are the fruit of his own delinquency; but this poor girl surely fosters in her heart no evil against any one. The old one, indeed, I myself would not trust, but she shall not, on that account, by any means be neglected." So often, however, as the widow tried, in the course of the day, to get to the sufferer, was she repulsed, now by Thomas, who stood sentinel at the door, and then by Morelli, who himself would come out, under the pretence that Adeline was slumbering, and that for her indisposition, which arose merely from the too great fatigue of the journey, the most efficacious medicine was rest, which must on no account be disturbed. Dame Martha was obliged to put up with this answer, and, fearful of retarding the young lady's recovery, refrained from demanding access to the
room. Nevertheless, the name the stranger had pronounced continued still to vibrate on her ear, and she was unable to suppress the disquietude which had now become an inmate of her soul.

(To be continued.)

THE SABBATH BELL.
It is a bliss which none may tell
To listen to the Sabbath bell,
As o'er the earth it breathes along,
In pleasant chime, its morning song.
Beats there a heart which doth not feel
Some throb responding to the peal?
Some thought of moments past away—
Of scenes still touched by Memory's ray?
Sweet Sabbath bell! thy joyous strain
Bears back my soul to youth again,
When 'mid the loved—the lost—I found
No thrill but Pleasure's at the sound.
And many a Sabbath sun uprose
To light the happy steps of those
Who trod, with me, the woodland road
That leads unto thy blest abode.
But all are gone! I stand alone,
Pining away, and weary grown;
I hear the lay which once they loved—
Too dear to leave my soul unmoved!
Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell!
Still kind to me, thy matin's swell;
And when from earthly things I part,
Sigh o'er my grave, and lull my heart!

Cork.

I'LL LOVE THEE EVER!
Clear, my life, that clouded brow,
And let me see thee smile—
Why should our parting pain thee so?
It is but for awhile.
Say, can I slight so fond a heart,
Believe me, never!
Hear my vow before we part,—
I'll love thee ever!

Beauty's beaming eyes, sweet maid,
To smiles may kindle mine—
Yet deem not once thy love betrayed,
Each sigh shall still be thine.
For can I slight so fond a heart,
Believe me, never!
Hear my vow before we part,—
I'll love thee ever!

Cork.

Endymion.

Charles M.
THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE IN AFFLICTION.

From "Moments of Loneliness."

Oh, ever-welcome Solitude! with thee
The soul returns to its first purity,
Taught in thy shades above the world to rise,
And claim again its kindred with the skies!

If from constitutional melancholy only, or even that which is contracted by an early acquaintance with disappointment and misfortune, I were in love with solitude, I should endeavour to conquer that passion as a feeling the indulgence of which was inconsistent with the design of our being; but it is otherwise—reason in this case is on the side of inclination, and tells me, that, though uninterrupted seclusion is neither practicable, nor proper, to those who cannot resolve to immure themselves within the walls of a hermitage or a monastery, occasional and lengthened retirements are indispensable to the preservation of vigour of mind and principle, and delicacy of sentiment and feeling; and that neither can be acquired or retained without it. We do not expose tender and delicate herbs to the continual blaze of a fervid sun: they would be prematurely expanded, and therefore would prematurely wither; neither must the delicate unfoldings of the heart and intellect be continually brought before public observation: it will induce them too hastily to put forth their powers, and, eventually, much injure, if not wholly destroy, that strength and beauty which might have adorned and improved the world. Youth, therefore, should be nurtured in much seclusion, should be taught to examine the actions of which they may be informed, by the unerring rules of virtue and reason, far from the voice of popular clamour, which is made up of selfish interests and ignorant prejudices. They will thus lay a foundation of right principles in their hearts that will be unfailingly communicated to the succeeding age. There is scarcely any habit so degrading to the character of a man, as a rational being, as the indiscriminate adoption of opinions because they are held by others; it is this which produces that absurd and lamentable party spirit, which infallibly engenders servility, and all its train of dastardly feelings, and contemptible actions; and which is the bane of every social feeling and noble principle. Yet, who that continually mingles with the world, and is incessantly identified with some particular interest, can entirely avoid the contagion? it is only in solitude that he has power to detect his errors. And there, how frequently will the blush of self-accusation mount to the cheek of the ingenuous, at the idea that they have meanly given their assent to actions, which, in the retirement of their
hearts, they condemn; and which, had they sought it before, they would have spurned and avoided.

It is in deep solitude too that our most fervent aspirations after the Deity must be breathed; it is in the lonely contemplation of his works that we feel our spirits most elevated to the all-glorious Creator—any division of attention with a fellow-being destroys the deep and overpowering feeling of his Single Presence. We are alone with God; we have no thought, no ear, no eye, for any other object; we hear him, we see him, we feel him, in every breath, in every tint, in every beam; and while that one scene of nature is unshared by another human gaze, He converses through its medium only with us. Then it is that we hear him pronounce as it were aloud, "my son or my daughter give me thine heart; behold how worthy am I, thy creating Father, of the offering! if these be the beauties of the earth, which is intended for so short a sojourn of those who love me, canst thou imagine those of that region which is to be thy eternal dwelling-place?" The soft decline of evening seems most congenial to the influence of solitary feelings and contemplations; then have we leisure for the retrospect of the day, for the recollection of mercies that demand praise, and of deliverances that ask gratitude; for the repose of the mind after its incessant toils, and the indulgence of the heart in soft and tender emotions. It may be added, for the discipline of the spirit to the endurance of the fresh toils and disappointments, which the experience of the past may have taught us to expect.

In cases of deep affliction, what situation is so desirable as Solitude? How torturing to the distressed mind, is the necessity of continual exposure to the public eye; and the consequent suppression of feelings which nature tells us must be indulged, that the heart may be relieved, and the mind restored to its former tone and elasticity! I shall here beg leave to introduce a little tale to evidence the salutary effects of retirement in an instance of extreme grief, as an example to those who, when oppressed with its weight, vainly, and I may say impiously, endeavour to lose the memory of their Maker's chastisements in the frivolous and frequently guilty society of the gay and the dissipated.

I was once acquainted with a young and beautiful girl, who to all the advantages of a lovely person, added the superior charms of a richly-cultivated understanding. She was early united to a gentleman in all respects worthy of her, and for two years their beautiful retreat was emparised by a domestic union, the most uninterrupted and endearing that could be experienced on earth.
Delighting only in the society of his adored wife, he was never absent from her, except when the requirements of his sacred duties as a clergyman obliged him to visit his more distant parishioners; the distance of their humble habitations from his own, never excusing him from an office which he justly considered one of the most important that is entrusted to a Christian minister. Returning one winter's evening from a village some few miles on the other side of the river near which the parsonage stood, a sudden gust of wind overset the boat; assistance came too late to save him, and the following morning, he who had been the light of his dwelling-place, the father of the fatherless, the ready friend of the distressed, and the unwearied guide of the wandering into the paths of everlasting life, was stretched upon the sable bier; those eyes for ever closed which beamed with benevolence on all around him, powerless those hands, which were ever open to relieve, and pulseless that heart which had beat with the most unconfined regard to the human race. I will not endeavour to paint the first agony of his bereaved wife, nor the depth of anguish exhibited on her countenance. Her mother, after the last melancholy duties were performed, insisted on her accompanying her to London; declaring that the grief to which she knew she would yield herself, would destroy her. Arrived in the metropolis, the mistaken parent hurried her daughter from one scene of amusement to another, in the fruitless hope of dissipating her melancholy. I was favoured with her correspondence during this period, and shall here extract part of a letter which will sufficiently show the inefficacy of such comforters of sorrow. "Oh, my Eliza! it is in vain, in vain, all in vain—I am wretched in the midst of the most brilliant society; the dying shriek of my Edward mixes with the liveliest music, and but for the dread of observation, the hysterical sob of agony would be too. I sink daily to the grave—I die of grief, with the forced smile of calmness and composure on my cheek—I must return and yield myself a victim to the destroyer—I must come and repose my aching head and wrung heart by my Edward, and you must educate my child."

My soul was poignantly pained, but I instantly wrote to encourage her resolution of returning to her home. She arrived one dreary evening, when the moaning trees seemed to be breathing a renewed requiem over their departed master, and to mix their sympathies with the deep griefs of the desolate widow. I gazed with the intensest interest on her still beautiful but marble-like features—the finger of death seemed to have already passed over them, and faded on the cheek and lip those beautiful tints that
had once promised to the enraptured gaze of admiring affection a long and uninterrupted bloom. Her form was wasted to a shadow, and she seemed the victim of internal conflicts, of suppressed, but never subdued feelings. For more than an hour she wept unceasingly on my bosom, and called upon the name of her Edward;—in that room they had tasted so frequently the sweets of each others' society:—she should know them no more. I attempted not to allay these effusions of grief; I knew they were the natural, the due tributes of her heart to the being who was most worthy of it; to deny them were absolute cruelty to the deep, unadulterated emotions of that love which should ever exist between those who bind themselves by the "unrecallable vow." Her tears were the sacred relief accorded to her grief-oppressed soul; it would have been equally vain and unfeeling to have reasoned with her on their inutility to restore the lost; I allowed them to flow in silence, as I would have desired the same indulgence for myself, under the same circumstances. She became at length somewhat more composed, and faintly said, "My Eliza, you know my heart better than my mother—it is more tranquil now than since my bitter loss, deeply as these scenes of my past felicity recall it;—you must allow me to indulge my griefs—you know what cause I have to mourn." Her tears gushed afresh, but there was less of agony in their flow, and I observed with a gleam of hope the returning calm of her voice and manner. That night, however, she slept but little, and wept frequently; in the intervals of composure I endeavoured to call her mind to the contemplation of the bright futurity, and the expectation she might cherish of being reunited to the object of her affection in a happier region. She heard me in silence, but with an eye of tearful supplication turned towards heaven, as if she prayed that this hope might be her only consolation; she could indeed have no other wish, no other anticipation, but to meet him there.

I endeavoured in the morning to awaken her maternal feelings, by presenting to her, her child. This object, as I expected, at first excited fresh ebullitions of feeling; the fatherless infant of her adored husband could not but give birth to the deepest and tenderest sensibilities. But of all the kindred affections those of a mother, are, I conceive, the most arousing; they forbid the selfish indulgence of a grief that prevents the discharge of parental duties. I saw that the appealing helplessness of her child had reconciled her to the endurance of existence: she looked at me, and then at the little cherub; "you must not talk of dying, my dear Ellen," said I, "while you have that tie to
life;"—she spoke not, but lifted her beautiful dark eyes to heaven, with an expression in them which I can never forget—it was a faltering petition for resignation to the Divine will—a struggle between a wish to depart, and the tender yearnings of a mother over her child. Could she have performed her duties to her as a disembodied spirit, she had, I thought, preferred it; but this could not be—and—yes—she would be content to live, to bear the cruel separation for the sake of watching over the pledge he had left; she would strive to perform the offices of both parents, to make this precious relic of his affection worthy of its beloved father.

Many a month passed on in which I had frequent opportunities of seeing her; tears continually started into her eyes at our meeting, and on no topic would she speak, but her heart-rooted loss. She was as the consecrated marble of the tomb—Sacred to the memory of the loved and departed; no other name could find a place in her breast, no other's virtues meet a memorial there. But amidst this deep and constant impression of her soul, this intensity of devotion to the remembrance of her husband, I could perceive that the withering effects of sorrow had passed away; she freely indulged her feelings, and her recollections; but she indulged them in conjunction with the everlasting hope which the Gospel offers—she drank the cup of bitterness, but found at the bottom, even as she conceived amongst its dregs, the honeyed balm of heavenly comfort.

The education of her infant daughter also became a source of amelioration to her griefs; and the contemplation of her expanding intellect, though mixed with the tenderest regrets that there was “none beside” to watch its growing beauty, still afforded inexpressible pleasure. Could she have known aught of these in the society of the brilliant crowds of Fashion? if that can be called society, where a really social feeling is scarcely found to exist. Would her tortured soul have forgotten its griefs, because she concealed them? or could she have found comfort from those who did not understand her sorrows, or if they did, were ignorant of the means of cure? My lovely friend after the lapse of ten years is still a widow, waiting patiently, as she writes me, her reunion with the only partner of her soul; but soothed in the house of her pilgrimage by the gentle and affectionate attentions of the daughter for whose sake she has lived. Frequently does she recur with pensive gratitude to her return to Solitude and the softening, nay hallowing effects it has had on her griefs: frequently does she observe, that, though seclusion be the nurse of sorrow, it is also its most delicate consoler; and the most
effectual teacher of those divine truths which can alone enable us
to support it.  

S. E. HATFIELD.

FRAGMENT.

"False hands fresh flowers are culling
To deck the youthful bride;
The bridegroom's heart is swelling
With triumph and with pride;
Yet, ere those flowers shall fade, or even
Ere night their charms shall fold,
The bride shall be to madness driven,
The bridegroom's heart be cold!
For he who weds the fairest fair
Must many a rival's hatred dare!"

The sybil's omen-minstrelsy
Smote Albert's passing ear—
A laugh of scorn was his reply,
For Albert knew not fear—
He spurred his steed impatient by,
His hour of bliss was near.

Before the altar stand
The happy, noble pair,
Hand closely locked in hand,
Lips breathing mutual prayer.

Breathe it humbly, bridegroom, thou
Murmurest thy latest vow!
Fated bride, the whispered prayer,
That faintly breaks the listening air,
Is the last, that, soft and slow,
E'er from Reason's fount shall flow!

Young Albert's brow is burning
With rapture and with pride,
As from the altar turning,
He hailed his Laura, bride!
She veils her cheek's deep blushes,
In native virtue coy,
While from her eyes fast rushes
The flood of troubled joy.
Sudden, as lightning's flash,
The assassin's dagger gleams,
Fast, from the deadly gash,
The bridegroom's life-blood streams!

From Laura's lips one deep wild cry
Upon the name of Albert calls,
As on his bleeding breast she falls,
And clasps his form in agony.

Chill horror thrills each gazer's frame,
To witness brighter scenes that came—
Aghast they see the maniac maid,
Wild laughing, hug the unconscious dead.

Fulfilled the sybil's song of woe—
The bridegroom's heart is cold and low—
The flowers that decked the bride, are now
Twined around her wildered brow!  

CHARLES M.
BUSY TIMES, OR THE LITTLE LUTHERAN.

(Concluded from page 38.)

Poor Maud, conscious of having committed a twofold error in endeavouring to leave the convent clandestinely, and of having held, in some degree, conversation with a man, more especially a confessed heretic, could not fail to suspect that she was surrounded with evil eyes and designing hearts, and for several days she suffered the painful sensations thus inspired, the more acutely from the increased gloominess of countenance adopted in the convent. It was known there that the King of Spain had quitted the kingdom for Flanders, and left his consort a prey to melancholy, not less than vexation and ill-humour; and as she was their restorer, and especial patroness, every member of the convent held her sorrows sacred, and, so far as their retirement allowed, took part in her renewed cruelties. They spoke only of flames and tortures, racks and gibbets; dilated on the sufferings endured by many, and intended for more; and dwelt, with peculiar complacency, on the circumstance of Peter Martyr's wife being taken out of her grave and buried in a dunghill because she had once been a nun; and in the circumstance of the sheriff being committed to the Fleet, for releasing poor Bainbridge from the flames, because his tortures had induced him to declare that he recanted. They nursed in their hearts an unnatural hardness and ferocity, as an act of duty to the royal example, not remembering that much even of the queen's barbarity arose from the narrowness of her mind, and that domestic misery which she endured as a woman, too fondly attached to a handsome husband, who despised her person and treated her with negligence and scorn.

All the inquiries made by the monks in their perambulations had not sufficed to inform the abbess and sisters of the state of the queen's health, and the shock given to them by her death was therefore excessive. Maud herself would have sympathized in their sorrow, much as she had suffered from many a long penance, and many an unfeeling taunt, if they had not united with their lamentations for the departed queen bitter invectives against her successor; whom they could not forbear to wish had shared the fate of others less guilty than herself, who had expiated their sins at the block, or the stake.

There were now motives if possible stronger than before for inquiring "the news of the day," and many a secret walk in the evening did the cowled brethren take, to learn the passing events, and the probable consequences of the succession to the Catholic church. No circumstance occurred for several weeks to excite alarm, and Christmas passed in a state of comparative safety,
marked only by more gentle manners towards those real, or supposed, delinquents on whom the severity of monastic discipline had kept pace within doors, with what went forward in the world without.

In this state of comparative peace, poor Maud had leisure to remember her own unsuspected, and therefore unpunished, fault, and to consider what ought to be the decision of her future life, if the choice were offered her of quitting the convent, a hope hitherto held utterly unfeasible. She had lately been informed "that her father was dead, her mother, with several young brothers, held in a state little better than imprisonment, and subsisting on a slender pension, therefore little likely to be willing to receive her," but she well knew that mother's love, and therefore had no fear on that account; but the family of her father were objects of fear to her. "Would the new queen interfere in behalf of her relation? or would she pursue the policy of her father, and continue the proscription under which she had suffered so much?"

Maud had many slight recollections of the Princess Elizabeth, but none of them were of a consolatory kind—she remembered her as one clever, investigating, acute, and learned; but so far above the weaknesses of a child, that no instance of playful kindness or tenderness towards herself rested on her memory; whereas the Lady Jane, her other cousin, though grave by nature, and subdued by the habitual, and even cruel, restraints of her parents, had been ever alive to the wants and wishes of her infant years. But Elizabeth had herself suffered much since then; her sorrows might have softened that which was harsh, and improved what that was gentle in her nature—"it was certain she was a damsel of a merry nature," and cheerfulness, in the estimation of poor Maud, was one of the cardinal virtues.

The inquiries of the abbess into public affairs soon sunk into whispers only, as if she thought it were wise to live unseen and unnoticed; and that if she appeared to have forgotten the world, it would soon forget her. The rich domain of Sion was, however, little likely to sink into oblivion; and since eight noblemen, professedly Protestant, were now in the queen's council, no doubt could arise that the suspicions formerly entertained were just, and that she was at heart no less than a vile Lutheran.

Elizabeth was for some time much too busy to attend to such minor concerns as the dismemberment of a convent, but all her actions tended to prove, that liberty of conscience was intended as her first boon to her subjects. Her relinquishment of the hand
of Philip, her support of the Low Countries, and the tenor of all her actions, was of a nature to alarm the abbess; and as she was now advanced in years, her anxiety evidently made great inroads in her health, and it was apparent to all around her that she would not long survive.

At this period her former affection for Maud appeared to return, and her manners were so softened and improved that the novice began to believe that all her late severity had been foreign to her nature, and merely prompted by the peculiar character of the late reign. She now informed her, that the father whom she had represented as dead, and the mother she held to be in obscurity, were in great favour at court, the former being created Viscount Howard of Bindon, and high in the favour of his sovereign.

"And is it possible my parents are in London, and visit me not?" cried Maud, in alarm.

"They have long lamented thee as dead."

"Wherefore were they misinformed, lady abbess? I have been weakly, but never like to die."

"More like than thou knowest of. Of this we will now say no more. Suffice it that they have now two brave boys, and cease to mourn for thee, and in this convent thy future fortunes will be cared for."

For the first moment she had dared to think of him, the remembrance of the Baron Steinrason rose to the mind of Maud. "Alas!" thought she, "it was indeed most happy that I did not seek the house of parents to whom I am now lost and forgotten, and who have undoubtedly been deceived in days past for some bad purpose. The idea of private murder, being intended in lieu of public punishment for her supposed delinquency, struck forcibly on her mind, and not only justified her in the elopement she had sought to effect, but induced her to desire more anxiously than ever to attempt it again.

The abbess read her wishes, and being truly desirous of that she deemed necessary for her soul's welfare, began to speak of her past fears for her, and earnestly required from her some unequivocal assurance of her resolution to live and die in that she deemed the only true faith; but such was the shock Maud had just received as to the principles of its professors, so rapidly did past horrible and revolting scenes pass through her mind, that for the first time she openly professed herself to be indeed the creature they had so long denounced her—a determined heretic, at least a Protestant.
This act of rebellion could not be endured, and Maud was hurried from the presence of the abbess to a prison in the cella-
age, where she was left to her own sad thoughts, and a silence broken only by the repeated plashings of the Thames, which washed this portion of the walls. Melancholy as were these recurring sounds, perhaps they were those most calculated to relieve her, since they naturally led her thoughts back to that one circumstance which broke on the painful monotony of her existence, and inspired the idea so dear to us all—that of living in the memory of another. She had not seen Amy for some weeks prior to that of her own imprisonment, nor yet heard either of her flight by stealth or her dismissal, so that she feared at times her humble friend, like herself, might be suffering in similar captivity. When food was brought to her (which was not till a sufficient period had elapsed to render her subject to the pains of hunger) she endeavoured to learn somewhat of Amy's fate, but found, with a kind of horror difficult to conceive in such a case, that her gaoler was determinately dumb.

Nothing less than the energy natural to youth could have sustained Maud in a state which might be called a "living grave," since she had not one shadow on which hope could rest, save the belief that if Amy lived, and was at liberty, she would not forsake her: that she was of noble and even royal blood, she believed to be against her under existing circumstances, since the sisterhood might wreak on her that vengeance they had desired for the Princess Elizabeth. It was beyond all hope that her parents should seek her, seeing they had long believed her dead; and since she had been deceived by false stories as to her father's death, how could she be sure of his new honours, or his vicinity to her?

Time passed she knew not how, seeing that the periodical returns of the aged sister who supplied her with food, and oil for her lamp, constituted her only means of measuring it; and her visits were often delayed so long, that Maud would have been certain she was intended to die in her cell, and thus a bitter stigma become appended to her name, if she had not indulged some lingering hope that several of the nuns loved her, and would not permit one who had so often amused them in health, and attended them in sickness, to perish so horribly. Notwithstanding all she had heard and witnessed of the manner in which bigotry can harden hearts naturally kind, and blind understandings not devoid of perception, still she thought the sisters could not, to a woman, be so utterly dead to humanity.

Whilst these thoughts were passing in her mind, and she was August, 1830.
industriously seeking some food for hope, since without it even her faith in the mercy of God would fail, she became sensible of such an extraordinary commotion in the only element that varied the silence which surrounded her, that new and extraordinary fears assailed her. The rush of many vessels, the splash of many oars, produced sounds which, in her cell, resembled the rushing of a cataract, and for a few minutes she thought the foundations of the massive building were giving way: in a short time it passed away, but she had an impression that it would return, and probably be fatal.

Under this belief, when the nun returned, she told her with so much earnestness of the threatening sounds which had alarmed her, that, either in pity to her sufferings, or from that love of self indulgence natural to one who really wished for a listener, sister Judith thus soothingly replied:—"Never trouble yourself, Lady Maud, about the foundations of this cell; you may live here to a good old age, and your bones become as small as dust, ere one of these cellars crumbles over you. The sounds you heard were all owing to the queen going up the water, in her barge of state, to the palace at Richmond, attended by all the nobles of the court, and the lord mayor into the bargain; and, sooth to say, a glorious sight it was; for since you can tell nobody but the walls, I may venture to whisper that sister Ursula and I (sinful creatures that we were) peeped at it through a loophole on the west. The queen sate on a chair of state, under a canopy of crimson velvet, and to my mind looked nobly; but I have been told she cut nothing of a figure to what her glorious sister (the Virgin and all Saints rest her soul!) used to do at Smithfield, when the bishops with their crosiers, and arrayed in full pontificals, supported her, and a flaming fire consumed heretics before her. No, no, talk of real grandeur," as Father Peter once said to me, "and that is a show."

"One I will never behold," ejaculated Maud.

"Why no! when one knows their turn may be next, 'tis enough to make the marrow in one's own body run warm to think of such sights for sure; notwithstanding 'tis a magnificent spectacle I ween, to stand in a fair place with houses covered to the very chimneys with faces on faces; whilst on a long gallery appear the great in robes of velvet and gold, the holy in vestments of fair linen, and the vast multitude in their holiday suits, some weeping, some shrieking, some giving laud; while forth come the condemned in vile raiments painted with flames—their pale faces drawn, as it were, by convulsive expectation, their eyes turned upwards, and
their chained hands clasped in supplication; whilst the flames, kindled round their feet, begin first slowly to ascend, as if loth to do their work, but soon growing more fierce, glow and roar round their tortured victims; whilst their flesh dries up, their sinews wither and crack, their——"

"Hush, hush!" cried Maud, "unless you mean to murder me with words."

"Not I, by my holidame; I only meant to divert you in your misery, since for sure a dark prison, and no one to speak a word to, is bad enough in all conscience for any sinner on your side twenty, to my mind. Howsoever, sorrow may come any where, for even in her majesty's barge I saw a fine lady with long fair hair, and a purple wimple trimmed with snow white minever, weep piteously as she pointed to those turrets, though she fell behind the party."

"Ah! my mother, my dear, dear mother!" exclaimed Maud, in agony.

At this moment the garrulous old nun was quitting her, and was sensible not only to the sound of her poor prisoner's voice, but of a loud sound of lamentation in the convent. Terrified and surprised, conscious also that she had subjected herself to rebuke, and willing to shelter herself under superstitious excitement, on re-ascending to the inhabitants, and learning that the abbess had just expired, she answered readily—

"I know it, I know it, for the Lady Maud saw her spirit depart, and cried out, 'My mother, my mother!' Doubtless she appeared to her in pity. Ah! she always loved her at the bottom I know."

Several of the weakest of the secluded sisters eagerly adopted this miracle, and others, knowing how highly the parents of Maud stood with the new queen, whom they strongly suspected of having no predilection for them, readily entered into an idea that her enlargement might be made the means of advantage to themselves. In consequence, Maud was not only instantly liberated, but, by one of those changes to which all despotic governments are subject, no act of indulgence seemed too great to confer upon her. She was half worshipped as a saint, attended upon as a lady of the highest rank, appointed to follow the superior to the grave as chief mourner, and treated in every respect as if, young as she was, it was the intention of the community to instal her as abbess as soon as she should have taken the veil.

For some days Maud was half bewildered by the sudden change in her affairs, and sought only for that solitude in which she might arrange her fluctuating thoughts. How was her embar-
rassment increased, when she was suddenly informed that she was summoned to the presence of the queen, and that a barge then waited to conduct her to Richmond.

No doubt could arise in Maud’s mind that her faithful Amy had by some unknown means wrought this deliverance, and that it should prove permanent was now the only wish, the trembling hope, of her anxious heart. Young as she had been when torn from the parental roof, she had yet a strong impression of her father’s bigoted attachment to the old religion, and that it was his desire she should become a nun; whence she was led to doubt whether her recapitulation of past sorrows would move him in her favour, but on her mother and on the young queen she had more reliance. The fault she had been guilty of—the consciousness that, on that very water, she had beheld one she had no right to see, and who had uttered words she had no right to hear, and thus, alas! to remember, alone distressed her in this moment of renovated hope.

But Maud had, in her emaciated form and bloodless cheek, an effectual pleader for liberty even with her stern father, whilst her piteous appearance agonized the heart of that fond mother who had so lately lamented her as dead. By these abused parents she was tenderly received at Richmond in the palace, and nourished some days with great kindness before she was introduced to the queen, who received her with a gentleness due to her weakly state, and soon settled the material question of her future destiny. "To us it appears that the saints of Sion are little better than the butchers of Smithfield; we will, therefore, my good lord, that ye give this maiden to our care, that we may restore some colour to her cheeks, and some flesh to her bones."

The Lord Howard could only bow assent to the royal will, and Maud thenceforward exchanged her late dolorous prison for the gay court of her youthful sovereign, who, at this period, intermingled with the cares and anxieties which belonged to a situation of unprecedented difficulty, those innocent pleasures and splendid festivities natural to her sex and her situation. She had known what it was to be a prisoner and a suspected person, and would often recur to the time when her own head had been nearer the block than a crown; and in consequence of these recollections she had more than usual sympathy with the poor girl, whom she often caressed as "her own little Lutheran."

The queen, it is well known, was very partial to dancing, and one night was particularly struck with the performance of a foreign nobleman, whom she pointed out to Maud in the midst of a large
party then performing the sprightly gaillarde, the favourite dance of the day. To her majesty's astonishment Maud, on following the direction of the royal eye, became, for a moment, of a deadly paleness, which was succeeded by a violent blush, which suffused her person even to the fingers.

"How's this, girl?" cried the queen, "thou would'st not be taken in love with a man for a nimble foot surely? and I wot thou never beheld this one before—he is a German, and only presented to us this very evening."

"It is my duty to tell your majesty I have once before beheld him, and the sight of him bringeth my past folly so strongly to my mind, that truly I would be glad for the present to retire."

But it was not the queen's pleasure to part with the culprit on such easy terms, and at the conclusion of the dance, when the performers assembled round the royal person, it was evident she had not less amusement in beholding the confusion of the baron, on his recognition of her whom he had scarcely hoped to see again, but respecting whom he was still loitering in England. When each party had been properly introduced to each other, it did not appear that the first impression both had received was likely to prove evanescent, for there was already a binding tie not less in principles than attractions.

"We are by no means the friends of matrimony in our own person, my good Lord Howard," said the queen, when next her doughty lord admiral came to court, "but we nevertheless heartily advise that ye consent to the marriage of our fair Maud with her German suitor, seeing he is the worthy scion of a right noble stock; and to spare ye inconvenience, we will ourselves furnish the paraphernalia as becomes a cousin of our own."

Lord Howard knew that the baron's quarterings exceeded his own, and though he liked not his Protestant opinions, he yet considered that his daughter being in the same predicament, they would be a suitable match, and he therefore gratefully accorded with her majesty's wishes. Far different were the awakened feelings of the tender mother, for she considered her beloved child as having attained the greatest earthly bliss in securing the affections of a generous lover and virtuous man. She had seen so many distractions rend her own country, and experienced so large a share of misfortunes herself, that she was ready to conceive any other must be at this time preferable, and was therefore willing to part even with her newly-recovered treasure in order to ensure its safety.

Happy as England eventually proved under the wise reign of
Elizabeth, yet the time came when this truly excellent mother, in her long widowhood, shared the home of her beloved Maud in the beautiful precincts of the Rhine, where, surrounded by numerous descendants in the full enjoyment of peace and liberty, she forgot the sorrows of early life, and the "stirring times" of Catholic persecution.

B. H.

SONNET.
ON HEARING THE BELLS OF C——, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

How vibrates through my heart your well-known chime,
    Bells of my native village! minding me
Of boyhood's happy season, and the time
    When I reclined beneath the old oak tree,
    And my warm heart danced to your minstrelsy—
And when in overflowing glee, my tongue
    Framed a glad echo to your jocund song!
How doth your gladd'ning peal sound like the voice
    Of an old friend, more from long absence dear,
Whose accents bid the bounding heart rejoice,
    Telling a tale it aye hath longed to hear,
And waking hope, yet hope chastised by fear;
    For there, methinks, is sadness in your tone,
That tells of griefs to come, that tells of pleasures gone!

Charles M.

A REMEMBRANCE.
LIGHTLY O'ER the evening tide,
    From the hazy shore remote,
With thee—a heedless, half-taught guide,
    Skimmed our little white-sailed boat.
The breeze grew faint, but thou, my friend!
    And I were full of boyish glee,
And deemed it only sport to spend
    A lonely summer night at sea.
Our tiny boat scarce stirred, while o'er
    The boundless waters darkness fell;
We only sung and laughed the more,
    And many a tale we had to tell.
Ah! we were then two happy boys,
    Roving, careless, wild, and free;
Like chainless Arabs in our joys,
    Upon that lonely summer sea!
The day-star woke with vestal beam
    Trembling o'er the snowy foam,
When from the east a soft gale came
    To waft the mimic sailors home.
Alas! our youthful prime is gone——
    We are not what we used to be!
But still 'tis sweet to think upon
    That lonely summer night at sea.

Cork.

Endymion.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. VI.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

"Hast thou heard aught of Lord Raimonde's approach, Seaford?" said the lovely mistress of Woodstock Park to a confidential domestic.

"Nothing, lady," replied the old man; "didst thou then expect him to-day?"

"To-day, his letter tells me, I shall see him," rejoined his mistress, "yet it grows late; I think I must content myself alone. Go, get me lights, good Seaford, and bring my harp into the green chamber. I feel depressed in spirits, and would fain solace me with a song."

The lady repaired to her chamber, whither she was followed by the faithful Seaford, with tapers and her harp. Rosamond Clifford, thus left alone, reclined pensively on a couch. The evening was cloudy, and the frequent hollow gusts of wind that shook the lattice menaced the approach of a storm. Often did the ill-fated beauty hasten to the window, and gaze intently on the scene before her. Often did she listen with intense anxiety, as she thought she heard the trampling of horses’ feet, at intervals when the howling wind ceased in momentary silence. As often were her hopes disappointed. "He will not come!" she exclaimed, in a passionate burst of disappointment. "Perchance I shall not see him more! Oh! love, love, thou tyrant! into what errors and what wretchedness hast thou plunged me! Before I yielded to thy luring and insidious smiles, how happy and how innocent my life! What am I now—lost and betrayed, yet still loving, still adoring my betrayer! shunned, despised by all the good, and envied only by an inveterate rival, whose hate and vengeance constantly pursue me. God of mercy!" she continued, raising toward heaven her beautiful eyes, streaming with the bitter tears of remorse, "forgive my indiscretion, and impute my fault to woman’s weakness! Yet, oh! how can I ask, how can I hope forgiveness, remaining thus a willing victim; still indulging in guilty pleasures, still exposed to the illicit embraces of—alas! my sovereign! there, there was the fatal spring of all my woes! Royalty, the splendour of supreme power, like the fatal fires that shine to lure to his destruction the unwary traveller in the desert, wrought my ruin; and vanity, whose idle breath but fanned the flame of love, reduced me to my now abhorred condition—a mistress! a minion! Father of Heaven, assist thy poor suppliant to throw from her distracted bosom all the weight of woe and sin that now sinks it deep, deep, aye, deep
as hell! Aid me to struggle with unlawful passion—teach me to stifle a forbidden affection; for, in the face of heaven, I swear that my poor heart glows not with unholy and impure desires! Enable me, oh, God! to silence my unwilling heart, and see this place of sin! Yes, I will see Raimonde once more—the dear, disguised Henry—I will tell him, heaven commands me for ever to remove from him. 'Mid a convent's gloom will I pass my few remaining days, in penance and contrition; and tears of remorse shall wash away my stains of guilt.' She took her harp, and, to a plaintive air, sung the following:

**SONG.**

"Yes, I will hush this bosom's sighs
That wildly tell its fears;
Yes, I will dry these streaming eyes,
Enough they know of tears!
My brain may turn, my heart may break,
Yet nought my firm resolve shall shake!
Far from the world away I'll fly,
In anguish and alone,
And for a brief felicity,
Shall years of grief atone;
No more to breathe a friendly name,
With no companion but my shame!"

As the last notes of the fair musician's song died softly away, her lover entered the apartment.

None could have recognized, in the counterfeit Lord Raimonde, the puissant second Henry, monarch of fair England's realm. A plain dark green riding-dress covered his manly form, and gave him the appearance of a forest-ranger.

He ran towards her, and, pressing her to his bosom, printed a fond kiss on her pale cheek. "Wert thou beguiling the tedious hours of my absence with a song, my charmer?" he exclaimed; and regarding her with a look of unutterable fondness, added, "but thou hast been weeping, dearest! tell me, has aught given thee pain?"

"My sovereign," exclaimed the weeping beauty, "thou hast been to me a good and gracious master, while I to thee—"

"All that fond woman's charms can make thee," interrupted the king. "But why this coldness, and why these tearful eyes? prithee, Rosamond, dismiss these silly thoughts, and let love, smiling love, bless the few short hours I have to spend with thee."

"Never, my lord!" exclaimed Rosamond, "my heart, my conscience, my God, tell me I must leave thee. I will obey their dictates. Henry, lord of my heart, look not thus frowningly upon me—kill me! here I offer thee my poor broken heart: thy
dagger will not make it bleed more sorely than it doth now—kill me; but be not angry with your victim!"

She could no more, but sank into his arms insensible. Long did she lie

"In sleep most like to death,"

and long the deeply alarmed monarch feared her life and woes were both at end. Bitterly did he curse the day when, under the mask of honourable love, and as a private suitor, he won upon her heart's unsuspecting innocence.

His efforts at length restored her to animation. He bore her to a couch, and strove, by entreaties and tenderness, to subdue her determination. He told her that, though linked by interest to the queen, his heart was his Rosamond's.

"I was betrothed to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint!"

He told her—and truly did the fond monarch vow—that were his haughty Eleanor no more, his crown, his kingdom, should at her feet kneel for acceptance. Vain were his vows, his protestations, his entreaties. Virtue re-assumed her reign in the bosom of the fair penitent, and the wealth of worlds could not seduce her from her fixed determination.

"Remain but in this place," cried Henry, pacing the apartment in agitation; "consent thou but to tarry here till three days from this; then I shall return; and if, my Rosamond, thy purpose then be fixed, I will no more oppose thy firm resolve. If, three days from hence, thou still maintain thy cruel determination, hard as 'twill be to part—deep as my heart will feel the pang, I will consent to lose thee."

Rosamond acquiesced; and the king, after not much farther converse, left her.

The howling storm that roared incessantly without, the sheets of rain that deluged the earth, the vivid lightning, whose unceasing flashes displayed the horrors of the scene, and the pealing thunder that shook, and even convulsed, the ground, could not deter the perturbed monarch from instantly quitting Woodstock. With a single attendant he departed, and Rosamond retired to her sleepless couch.

* * * * *

Two days had effected an entire change in the personal appearance of Rosamond Clifford. Habited in a coarse black robe, the ample folds of which effectually concealed her lovely form, with a plain ivory crucifix suspended from her neck, the once voluptuous favourite of royalty now spent her days and nights at the altar, or in her closet. Her cheek, though pale "as monumental
alabaster,” betrayed no signs of perturbation. Within her bosom all passions, save that of deep and penitent devotion, were extinguished. Truly did she seem aided in this trying hour by that divine spirit which she had so piously and fervently invoked.

The third day closed calmly and serenely in. Rosamond Clifford marked the westering sun’s progressive declension towards the horizon, with a pleasurable feeling of self-approving satisfaction. “Adieu, bright and glorious orb,” she ejaculated; “now for the last time I bid farewell to thee, and to the world thy beams illumine. To-morrow’s dawn beholds me an inmate of the cloistered convent. The lady abbess has kindly consented to receive a penitent magdalene. Christ has said to me, ‘Nor do I condemn thee!’ My love for Henry is, methinks, passed like a fatal, yet, I must acknowledge, a delightful dream. The king will soon be here—I will evince that penitence with Rosamond is no light thing, to be conceived and be forgotten. I know his noble nature; he will not oppose, but applaud and further my desires.”

She ceased, and, receding from the window of her bower, prostrated herself before the crucifix, and knelt awhile in silent but fervent prayer. Suddenly the door opened. Rosamond arose, and turned to greet, as she supposed, the king.

Gracious heavens! it is her infuriated rival—it is the queen—the revengeful Eleanor! In her right hand gleams a dagger, while her left extends a bowl of deadly poison. A smile of bitter scorn lit up the pale and haughty features of Eleanor, as she thus addressed the trembling Rosamond.

“Woman, dost thou know me? Yes, that blush of shame and deep confusion tell thou dost! I come not to bandy words with thee. Choose, minion, whether I shall bury in thy bosom this gleaming steel, or wilt thou seek death in this poisoned bowl. Believe me, ’tis composed of subtle drugs, that without pain will straight absorb thy being.”

Rosamond arose, and calmly received the poison from the hands of Eleanor.

“Thus, then, princess, Rosamond Clifford gives thee satisfaction for her many injuries.” She drank the contents of the bowl, and resumed, “Eleanor, thou hast been deeply wronged, and it may astonish thee to know that Rosamond most reluctantly has paid the forfeit of her folly.”

The queen, deeply stung by the calm and winning smile of her victim, rushed, with a shriek, from the apartment. Instantly after, Henry entered, breathless. “I saw my queen!” he ex.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

claimed, in a voice of madness, "I saw my queen rush from
hence. Rosamond, art thou harmed? speak, speak, my love!
tell me, my life, has that fell woman injured thee in aught?"

The ill-fated Rosamond turned on her lover a dying glance of
love unutterable. "Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, "I still am
thine—the same fond woman still!" She sank lifeless into the
arms of the frantic monarch.

Glancing his eye wildly around, he saw the bowl which Rosa-
mund had drained; the horrid truth, in all its overwhelming
terrors, flashed upon his soul—hastily snatching the bowl, he swal-
lowed the portion of poison that remained. "It is not enough!"
he cried, "it will not kill!" and straining the lifeless victim of
jealousy to his breast, sank with a deep and thrilling shriek upon
the floor.

OBERON TO TITANIA.

FAIRY love, fairy love,
Wander with me,
Through the wild forest,
And over the lea:
Come where the roses
Are blooming in pride,
Down in the valley,
The streamlet beside.
Whose gentle murmurings,
As it glides by,
Breathes out an answer
To Zephyr's sigh.
Come, I have spread out
A couch of repose,
Of the sweetest of flowers
The summer bestows:
Violets, whose azure
Shall tell thee of truth,
Lilies, the emblems
Of innocent youth:
Through the wild forest,
And over the lea,
Fairy love, fairy love,
Wander with me!
I have framed a light skiff
Of a hazel-nut shell,
And my gossamer canvass
Is flung to the gale;
And while the soft breezes
Of evening, awake
The slumbers of echo,
We'll skim o'er the lake.
Come, I am longing
For night and for thee,
Fairy love, fairy love,
Wander with me!

JAMES KNOX.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

A CONTEMPORARY has given it as his opinion that Socrates, had he lived in the present age, would have condescended to write novels, novelists having usurped the additional ground formerly occupied by periodical papers, and the mass of readers of the present day requiring incident and character as helps to their attention. But are we sure that the mass of readers do require these helps? He argues that an unprejudiced and wise man will adapt his course, as far as may be safely and creditably done, to the customs of the day; but how are these customs created? Leigh Hunt is almost the only man who has lately made any attempt as a periodical essayist; and is it to be concluded, because the Reflector and Indicator and Companion severally died in their infancy, that Sir Walter Scott would have been less successful than Addison, had his great talents taken the same road? The Spectator, though so many of the manners and customs of that day no longer exist, is still read and admired. Is the present age less prolific of food for the essayist? Certainly not.

But has not the present age its essayists? The Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, to say nothing of magazines out of number, furnish rather a series of essays on such topics as modern literature offers to notice, than criticisms on the works themselves; and their united sale presents a total so far exceeding that of all similar publications in the days of Addison, as to prove that the present age is by no means characterized by a peculiar thirst for novels, the sale of which, with the single exception of those by Sir Walter Scott, is almost exclusively confined to circulating libraries and reading societies. The fact is, Sir Walter found that the wit of Fielding and Smollett was no longer a passport for their grossness, vulgarity, and want of moral; and that their overthrow was principally effected by the historical novels of the Misses Porter. Seeing that the more refined, but comparatively tame, style of the Scottish Chiefs had so far succeeded, he felt that he could do something still better, as the result has proved; and the mob of imitators, of various degrees of talent and no talent, who have followed in his train, have so loaded the shelves of the circulating libraries with costly volumes, containing less reading for half-a-guinea than was formerly given for five shillings, as to ruin one half of them, and seriously diminish the profits of the remainder; while the puffs, direct and indirect, which are necessary to cause a run on the libraries, are so expensive as to absorb, in many cases, the whole profit of publication. These remarks are drawn from us by the formidable pile of "talentless trash," with few exceptions, which has been some time lying before us, and which
renders our critical task, dismiss it as lightly as we may, no sinecure.

The first which comes to our hands is "Southeastman," by Mr. Galt, an historical novel of the time of Mary Queen of Scots, who is, in fact, the heroine, though the laird of Southeastman is the ostensible hero. For the queen, however, he fails in exciting that interest which he no doubt intended, whilst the hero is a nonentity; and the minor heroine, Adelaide, one of the queen's gentlewomen, is only remarkable for the unnatural ease with which the most violent grief for "her first love blighted" is made to subside on her marrying Southeastman. Whilst there is a walk in which Mr. Galt has few equals, as all who have read Lawrie Todd and Annals of the Parish will admit, what can persuade him that he can successfully pursue that road which is so pre-eminently occupied? That he thinks he can is certain, for amid "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," there are none, those who merely write that they may eat excepted, who are not eager to choose that path to "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," which offers them the best chance of distancing their fellow-travellers.

One argument in favour of historical novels is that they lead the mind to the higher study of history; and, therefore, whilst the author may roam amid the wilds of his imagination in search of his subordinate characters, we hold that he should in the leading points adhere, as closely as the progress of his narrative will admit, to the main facts. Every circumstance connected with Mary, and Chatelard, and Rizzio, has been so fully discussed, and is so generally known, that Mr. Galt's deviations from historical facts are as unjustifiable as they appear to us unnecessary.

The author of Tales of a Voyager, in choosing so remote a period as the twelfth century for his new romance, "Ranulph de Rohais," has lain himself under less restraint; but though he has spared no pains in illustrating the manners and habits of that rude and turbulent age, they do not excite any very powerful interest. Of a later date are the events on which two tales by Mr. Banim, published together under the title of "The Denounced," are founded. This plan of finding three titles for two tales is a modern improvement in the art of book-making: when a novel will not, even with the aid of double leading, that is, placing the lines some quarter of an inch asunder, make the prescribed quantity of three volumes, a shorter tale is now added, and a title belonging to neither is prefixed. The first tale is called The Last Baron of Crana, and the other The Conformists; and both very

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successfully paint, in colours the most vivid, the disadvantages and oppressions of those penal laws in Ireland which, though now repealed, have left behind them those feelings and effects—that sour and contumacious spirit—which it will be the work of ages to remove. The following sketch of the difficulties experienced by the most respectable Catholics in educating their children will be considered, at some future day, a gross exaggeration. One of the penal statutes enacted that no Catholic could teach school publicly, or in a private house, or as usher to a Protestant; and, as was not unusual, Daniel D'Arcy, the son of a Catholic squire, had approached the age of manhood in a state of ignorance disgraceful in a Christian country. Ashamed of his deficiency, he sought a poor teacher, Phelim O'Dea, who had been forced by the laws to relinquish his calling, and was working as a common labourer.

"Daniel felt inspired with little reverence by the appearance, manner, or physiognomy of this gifted person. His attire was as wretched as that of any primitive peasant around him: his air was timid, and redeemed only by the mannerism of his former profession from common vulgarity; and, chiefly owing, no doubt, to the legal terror which had been stricken to his heart, his long, haggard face and powerless features had an abject expression.

"Daniel invited him to turn apart, however; and out of the poor man's respect for his family, and reliance upon its honour, more than by the help of a considerable fee, obtained Phelim's consent to become his writing-master. A solitary spot, halfway between Hugh D'Arcy's home and the schoolmaster's present temporary residence, was appointed for their daily meetings; and before their parting, this morning, Daniel received a first lesson: a little patch of sparkling sand, on the bank of the neighbouring stream, serving him for his copy-book, while his fore-finger did very well for a pen.

"He returned home, and all that day distinguished himself at his other tasks, Dora Donovan preparing him for saying them, and even Helen now good-naturedly seconding her; indeed it was sometimes necessary that she should. His hour for the evening appointment with old Phelim drew near; he repaired to the place of rendezvous, and found the old man hiding behind some furze-bushes, not free from alarm. A rough slate and a piece of soft stone now took place of the sand and their fingers; and the sky over their heads began to grow dusky, ere their lesson had ended. They were about to part when stealthy footsteps drew near, and the bushes around them rustled. The conscious statute breaker, imposing silence and secrecy on his pupil, by a hasty sign, escaped in an opposite direction. Presently, a com-
mon bailiff, from the adjacent town, and some soldiers, surrounded Daniel; and the former commanded him to tell what had become of old Phelim O'Dea. Dan stoutly denied all knowledge of such a person. The bailiff insisted that the schoolmaster had just been sitting at his side; and before this also could be denied, pointed to the slate; and then snatched it up, covered as it was with interdicted ‘pothooks and hangers,’ that incontestible proof of legal delinquency.

"The faithful pupil now changed his sturdy denials into as sturdy a silence. Enraged at the prospect of losing his reward as discoverer of a schoolmaster, the bailiff hurried off in pursuit of Phelim, leaving Daniel in charge with one of the soldiers. He returned to the little retreat without the wished-for prisoner, and threatened Daniel, on his own account, if he did not instantly tell where the fugitive might be found. Being answered only with the most contemptuous smiles, the mean assistant of the law proceeded to execute his threat. Calling Daniel his prisoner, he ordered the soldiers to take him into custody, and march him into the town.

"'Why, you are a fool, man,' said Dan; 'for though there is law against schoolmasters, there is none against scholars.'

"'We'll show you that,' replied the man: 'come, tramp, and no more words.'

"Daniel, strong in his supposed exemption from legal punishment, foolishly resisted their commands. The result was, that the disappointed 'discoverer,' indulging at once his personal and party feelings, and giving loose to his ruffianly nature, bound the boy's hands behind his back, with a ready cord, and pushed him out of the bushes, upon a path which led to the road into the town.'

On what principle the wisdom of our ancestors could consider it fair to throw such difficulties as these in the way of their education, and then to inveigh against the ignorance of the Catholics, we are at a loss to conceive. Let us apply the case to ourselves. Protestants are quite content to receive, and in fact have received, through the hands of Catholics, much of the most valuable information they possess; but if a penal law could be passed, enacting that Catholics should alone supply the knowledge they now do supply, and that Protestants should be compelled to receive it, or remain in ignorance, would the same knowledge, through the same channel, be equally welcome? In whatever clime, of whatever sect, the human mind is alike disposed to reject that, however useful, which is forced upon it under pains and penalties.

Of novels which may be classed as historical or descriptive, but
not demanding any lengthened notice, we have "The Templar," in three volumes, in which many of the incidents are dramatically conceived, but it is evidently the production of an inexperienced hand. "Sir Ethelbert, or the Dissolution of Monasteries," by the author of the once popular novel of Santo Sebastiano, possesses the same sort of mysterious interest. "The Mussulman," by R. R. Madden, Esq. author of Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, presents a horrible picture of the state of society as it exists in Turkey, with some remarkably striking sketches of character. "The Armenians, a Tale of Constantinople," by Charles Macfarlane, Esq. is also the production of a traveller, and its merits lie rather in its realities than its fiction. The story is very slight, serving as a vehicle for interesting details of curious customs, habits, and usages; and exquisite descriptions of the delightful scenery on the shores of the Bosphorus, perhaps the finest in the world. Each of these works, with many still before us, forms three volumes. If the genius of the respective authors was left to pursue its own course, as it ought to do, uncontrolled by the publisher, could this happen?

A novel, of the class termed fashionable, but only long enough to make the unfashionable quantity of two volumes, has been clubbed with some smaller tales, and published in three, under the title of "The English at Home," by the author of The English in Italy, &c. we believe Mr. Crowe. With no mean powers of imagination this writer unites habits of observation, discussing not only actions but motives. In the principal story, however, which is entitled Birth, the results of his observation are much misapplied, when he describes the want of high birth as an obstacle to success in life. How many proofs to the contrary can be found even within the walls of the House of Lords! "First Love," in three volumes, furnishes the usual assortment of elegant young ladies and interesting young gentlemen, whose Hymenial path is beset with steel traps, spring guns, and all sorts of impassables, which, nevertheless, they do pass. "Tales of our Counties, or Provincial Portraits," is an attempt, as impotently executed as it is maliciously conceived, to travel out of the circle of Almack's in search of food for private scandal. Its affected and bombastic style must fatigue the most inveterate anecdote hunter. "The Oxonians, a Glance at Society," by the author of The Routé, is a careless and hasty production, glancing at anything but Oxford, whatever might be inferred from its title. "Traits of Scottish Life, and Pictures of Scenes and Characters," in three volumes, are agreeably written, but present nothing very new or attractive on a road where every bush has
been beaten. "The Weird Woman of the Wraagh" will be confined to the libraries. "Levi and Sarah, or the Jewish Lovers," is written by a Polish patriot, Niemciewicz, in the form of letters supposed to pass between Jews who, more enlightened than their fraternity, are desirous of exposing among themselves the absurdity and evil consequences of certain practices and false doctrines, which have been engrafted on the pure religion of the Old Testament. Some of their absurd beliefs must excite a smile; such as the dimensions of the palace of the Deity, and even of his person. From one of the eyes of Jehovah to the other is reckoned thirty times 10,000 miles. The soles of the feet of the King of kings extend to 30,000 miles. "Do not, however, imagine that these miles are the same as ours. The miles of the Heavenly King are 10,000 times 10,000 ells in length, and each ell is four feet." In the book of Ossei we read that the attendants of Jehovah are 360,000 angels, and 10,000 seraphim; that 36,000 of the former wait daily in their turn. The Talmud says, "that when an angel brought to God the news of the destruction of Jerusalem, he was so much vexed at it, that, to dissipate his grief, he went to Raju, and continued a long time there, walking backward and forward. Before the overthrow of the temple it was his great pleasure to play with Leviathan; but now he never, or very rarely, so indulges. He does, however, relax in reading the Talmud, and in disputing with departed spirits about their faith." How slender is the line which divides the sublime from the ridiculous! Other fanatics have at times uttered blasphemies little less absurd than these, and mistaken them for true religion: we trust, however, that the progress of truth, sure though slow, and, above all, the soothing influence of that toleration which at length here, and pretty generally elsewhere, allows all persons to choose their own road to Heaven, will dispose them to pursue it more rationally.

This subject reminds us that we have on our table "Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his lordship's death," by the late James Kennedy, M. D. Medical Staff. It is some relief to turn from the "much dross and little gold" through which we have been wading, to the interesting inquiry whether so highly-gifted a man as Lord Byron could be—not a sceptic alone, not a deist even, but—a total disbeliever in the existence of a supreme being, for of no less than this has he been accused. The question whether the Catholic, the Lutheran, or the Calvinist is pursuing the straitest and surest road to Heaven has occupied the attention.
of the best and wisest of men, and on such points Lord Byron was a doubter. Cain is the production of a doubter, but not of a scoffer. That his religious impressions were not sufficiently strong to prevent his sometimes treating sacred subjects lightly, when writing satirical poetry, is much to be regretted; but Dr. Kennedy, who was not the man to palliate gross infidelity, assures us that, when conversing on serious subjects, “there was nothing in his manner which approached to levity, or indicated a wish to mock at religion.” Would a confirmed enemy to the Bible feel a pleasure in circulating it? Read the following extract from a letter written in Lord Byron’s own hand:—

“I have consigned your Bibles to Dr. Meyer; and I hope that the said doctor may justify your confidence; nevertheless, I shall keep an eye upon him. You may depend upon my giving the society as fair play as Mr. Wilberforce himself would; and any other commission for the good of Greece will meet with the same attention on my part.”

It was not because he was a convert to religious opinions that Lord Byron assisted Dr. Kennedy in distributing Bibles and tracts, nor, of all men living, could he be suspected of hypocrisy, but because, though not strongly impressed with religious sentiments, he yet had a general respect and reverence for religion.

We have still on our table many works of a miscellaneous character, and a huge pile of “Libraries” of all sorts of knowledge, including the first of a series from our old favourite Sharpe, who, by commencing with a selection of those essays from the Spectator, &c. which are the production of Addison, seems to be of our opinion, that the demand for novels is not so exclusive as Mr. Colburn and those under his influence would fain persuade us. Of “Lardner’s Cyclopædia” we also find two or three volumes, one of which, the first of Sir James Mackintosh’s History of England, appears to be rather a philosophical essay on English history—a work much more wanted, and better suited to his limits.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

COURT DRESS.

A dress of rose coloured crape, corsage uni, trimmed en mantille with white English blond lace. Béret sleeve, confined by an armlet of pearls, and surmounted by a blond lace drapery. The trimming of the skirt consists of a bouillon, placed close to the edge; it is of crape, wreathe with pearls. Blond lace draperies, headed by a rose-coloured satin rouleau, are disposed in waves
COURT DRESS.  WALKING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR AUGUST, 1830.

Published by James Robins & Co. London.
considerably above the knee. A bouquet, representing a plume of ostrich feathers, intermingled with ears of ripe corn, embroidered in white floize silk, rises from the point of each wave. A cordelière of pearls encircles the waist. The train is composed of bright grey gros de Tours: the trimming consists of a bouillon of gaze brillantée, to correspond with the dress, wreathed with pearls. The hair is dressed very much off the forehead, in soft full curls on each side of the face; the hind hair is arranged in a cluster of bows on the summit of the head. Strings of pearl are wound round the bows, and a pearl bandeau falls low upon the forehead. A most superb bouquet of ostrich feathers, placed immediately behind the bows, plays gracefully over them. Lappets of English blond lace. Necklace and earrings, pearls. Grecian brooch, and bracelets gold and pearls. Slippers of white gros de Naples.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress composed of bright lavender gros de Naples, corsage à revers, made very open on the bust; the lappels are ornamented with two very narrow rouleaux of black gros de Naples. Sleeve à l’imbecille. The skirt is trimmed just above the knee with a broad rouleau of the same material, round which a narrow black one is twisted. Cambric chemisette and manchettes, the latter embroidered. The hat is of rice straw, trimmed with an intermixture of black tulle flowers, and black and white striped gauze riband. Black kid shoes.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The remark has been repeatedly made, that the mourning for our late most beloved and regretted sovereign, though general, was by no means so deep as the occasion called for. We admit that if Fashion could be expected to stand still, this remark would be just; but in mourning, as in every thing else that relates to the toilet, changes are continually taking place. We appeal to those of our fair readers who recollect the fashions during the last seven years, whether they have not observed the most striking innovations even in the deepest mourning? Let not our British fair then be charged with a want of respect to the memory of their late beloved monarch, because in many instances their dresses present a mixture of lavender, grey, or white with black; this mixture is now recognized as mourning, and consequently, though less sombre than the mourning of former days, it must still be considered as the garb of woe.

We must not, however, be understood to say that the mixture of which we have just spoken is universally adopted; numbers of
ladies appear in black silk dresses (for bombazine is rarely worn) with black crape trimmings and bonnets. These dresses are generally worn with a pelerine of the same material as the dress, trimmed with black crape, or else composed of crape only; the latter is most fashionable.

Black batiste or plain black gingham are, we presume on account of their being a cooler dress than silk, adopted by many genteel women.

We observe that children, or young ladies under fifteen, are very frequently seen in white frocks with black silk handkerchiefs, and sashes and bonnets trimmed with black, or black and grey riband.

One of the prettiest out-door novelties that the mourning has afforded is a pelisse gown composed of black gros de Naples, and trimmed with black crape. The shawl part of the dress is round, and very deep behind; the lappels are shallower than usual, and the dress does not display the bust so much as last month. The corsage is cut round in languettes, which are covered with crape. A trimming of a similar description is arranged on each side of the front, from whence it turns back at the knee round the back part of the skirt; it descends from the waist to the knee in the shape of a broken cone. The form of the sleeve is very novel; it is excessively full from the shoulder to a little below the elbow; from thence the fulness is disposed in three separate clusters of plaits, with plain spaces between.

Walking bonnets are generally of the capote shape; they are either of black or white crape, trimmed with the same material, or else of grey crape, or figured black and grey silk; in the latter case they are trimmed with a mixture of black and grey gauze ribands.

In carriage dress, and at Kensington Gardens, we have seen a number of black crape hats, trimmed with flowers of the same material. Black and white crape canezous are also much in favour over black silk dresses. But if the dress is of the pelisse form, the chemisette is either of white cambric, or of white crape with broad hems.

Printed muslins of a great variety of patterns in black and grey are a good deal used in morning dress. A new style of deshabille, which has appeared within these few days, is of a form something between a pelisse gown and a wrapper. The corsage is made loose from the shoulder to the waist, where it is confined by a broad ceinture; it comes nearly, but not quite, to the throat, and is finished round the top by four points, which fall over in the
EVENING DRESS.  
CARRIAGE DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR AUGUST 1830.

Published by James Roberts & Co., London.
plerine style. Those before and behind are very deep; those on
the shoulders are smaller. The front point is fastened down by a
row of jet buttons. The sleeves are à l'imbecille.

Black gros de Naples dresses, the corsages made open before
and behind, with lappels which turn back in deep points on
the shoulders, are much in favour in dinner dress. The sleeves
are either black crape or gauze, and of the imbecille form, over
a short full silk sleeve. These dresses are worn over chemisettes
of white crape, which have frequently a light embroidery in black
or grey silk round the top.

Black crape and gauze are much worn in full dress. Some of
these gowns have a white crape tucker à l'enfant; others have a
corsage uni, and cut rather high. These last are frequently
finished with a bouquet of flowers or foliage embroidered in grey,
or black and grey silk, in front of the bust. The sleeves are in
general of the béret form.

The trimmings most in favour, in full dress, are crape ruches,
placed just above the hem; or else embroidery in grey, or a mix-
ture of black and grey, silk.

Head-dresses of hair are ornamented with jet combs and ban-
deaux, or crape flowers. Turbans and bérets are worn by those
ladies who do not appear en cheveux. Crape, gauze, and tulle
are the materials of those head-dresses. Some of the turbans are
composed of a mixture of black and grey; others, which are of
one colour only, are adorned with crape flowers, or have a jet
ornament brought low on the forehead.

The announcement of a drawing-room to be held in colours,
on the king's birth-day, has set the invention and taste of our
eminent dress-makers at work for trimmings, &c. The court
dress which we have the pleasure to present our fair readers with
in our print of English fashions, is considered one of the most
elegant of those now in preparation. We have also, in accor-
dance with the general belief of a speedy change to half-mourning,
procured a walking dress, which we flatter ourselves will be found
at once simple, elegant, and appropriate to the occasion and to
the season.

Modes de Paris.

Evening Dress.

A gown of gaze brillantée: the colour is bleu de Berry, over a
gros de Naples slip to correspond. Corsage uni, ornamented
with a double fall of blond lace disposed à l'enfant. Béret sleeve
of the usual form, surmounted by a triple fall of blond lace.
The trimming of the skirt consists of a double flounce of blond
lace, headed by a white satin rouleau, and surmounted by a
wreath of flowers in a highly raised embroidery of blue floss silk. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and dressed in very full curls on each side. The hind hair is partly disposed in a soft full bow, and partly in a plaited band, which is wound round the bow. A silver comb, the gallery of which is finely wrought, is inserted in the bow in front, and a bandeau à jour of the same material is brought low on the forehead. White ostrich feathers, intermingled with ears of silver corn, droop in different directions at the back of the head; and a blond lace scarf, the middle of which forms a coque behind the feathers, is arranged en barbes, which hang very low. Necklace and earrings are in silver, of the girandole form, and finely wrought. The fan is carved ivory.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A dress composed of yellow and white striped gros de Naples. Corsage à la Vierge. The lower part of the sleeve sits close to the arm, the stripes being placed en biais; the upper part is of the usual width. The canezou is composed of blond lace; it has a high collar, which is supported round the throat by a sautoir of dark green guaze riband, tied in a nœud in the centre of the bosom. The pelerine consists of a double fall of lace, as do also the épaulettes. The manchettes, which are trimmed at the upper edge, are likewise of blond. Hat of rice straw: the brim, which is excessively wide, is ornamented on the inside, next the face, with a band of dark green guaze riband, which forms a point on the left side, and terminates on the right in a nœud, in the centre of which is inserted a bouquet of corn flowers, and ears of unripe corn. The trimming of the crown corresponds. Gold bracelets and earrings. Bottines of black gros de Naples.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN JULY.

The French court mourning for the late sovereign of England has not extended beyond the court and the first circles; but the English, even those of inferior rank, have been unanimous in paying that last mark of respect to the memory of their venerated sovereign. The mourning is of the deepest kind, that is to say, black bombazine, trimmed with crape, for walking or home dress; and black crape over black silk for full dress.

In walking dress the mourning bonnets are either of black or white crape, and of the capote shape. A pelerine, trimmed with crape, is the only covering for the neck in out-door dress, unless the weather renders a shawl necessary. It is not known how long the English will continue in mourning, but as yet there is no talk of changing it.

French promenade dress is of a simple and very light description. Notwithstanding the badness of the weather, white dresses
are much worn. Cambric muslin, which, during some time, has not been so much in request as jaconet, is now very fashionable; the dresses most in favour for the morning walk are redingotes composed of it. They are made with high square collars and lappels, and are trimmed round the corsage and down each side of the front en tablier, with a narrow frill of the finest cambric, small plaited.

White and coloured muslins are in favour for the fashionable promenades. These gowns have the corsage made in general nearly, but not quite, to the throat: many are quite plain, others are drapé across the bosom. Sleeves are excessively wide, and many of equal width from the elbow to the wrist. Where that is not the case, the lower part of the sleeve is tight from the wrist to about half way to the elbow; and if the dress is emboidered, this part of the sleeve is worked to correspond with the trimmings.

Light scarfs, composed of either gauze, crape, or clear muslin, twisted round the throat in the boa style, are much worn with these dresses: the ends of the scarfs are either striped horizontally, or else painted or embroidered in very rich patterns. Many of those composed of clear muslin are worked in colours at the ends.

Leghorn, rice straw, and cotton straw, are all worn for walking bonnets and hats. Bonnets have a decided preference: they are large, and are finished at the edge either by a ruche or a fall of either black or white blond lace.

Feathers, though not generally worn at this time of year, have latterly been much used to trim both rice-straw and Leghorn bonnets. There are generally five, placed in opposite directions; two on one side of the crown, and three on the other. They are inserted in short full nœuds of riband.

Ribands and flowers are also in favour; in that case the bonnet is very much trimmed. A bouquet of flowers is placed in front of the crown near the top; at its base is a large knot of riband, and at some distance from it, and quite at the top of the crown, is another knot. A very broad riband is twisted round the bottom of the crown, and terminates on the left side, near the back, in a full bow: the strings, which generally hang loose, always pass through the brim.

Many hats and bonnets are trimmed with riband only, and these last have certainly a great deal of novelty. The trimming is sometimes cut to resemble feathers, at others arranged in rosettes, which have the form of a star. Many hats are trimmed with bows composed of four ends, which are cut in the shape of scallops, and edged with blond lace.
Mousseline de laine, tissu cachemire, and various kinds of silks and gauzes, are fashionable both in half dress and evening dress; gowns in the former are always made partially high. Many have the corsage croisée, and some of the most novel have it in opposite directions; that is to say, it crosses from the right to the left on the breast, and from the left to the right on the back; a narrow lace standing up round the bust, or a broad falling tucker, generally ornaments these dresses.

The sleeves are either à l'imbécille or of the double bouffant form: their size is still enormous; so much so, indeed, that they spoil the proportions of the figure. This absurd whim is not, however, a novelty, for in the sixteenth century sleeves of a similar description were very fashionable, and they provoked the indignation of the satirists of those days, who lashed the fair wearers of them with a degree of severity which in these more polished times would be deemed highly ungallant.

Gowns in full dress continue to be made à revers, and exceedingly low; but the bosom is always delicately shaded by the chemisette, which is either richly embroidered or else composed of blond lace. Some ladies adopt, even in full dress, a kind of pelerine, composed of two falls of blond lace, divided by a gauze riband, disposed en fichu. These pelerines, which form a point in the centre of the bust before and behind, are fastened in front by from four to six buttons: they are of a lozenge shape, and are composed of either gold or silver, finely wrought.

Flounces are coming much into favour, but are not yet universally adopted. Gowns, in walking dress, are very frequently seen with only two or three folds at the edge of the hem, or an embroidery above it. If the dress is flounced, there is one very deep flounce only. In half and full dress there are generally two flounces, which, if they are composed of blond lace, are very deep; but if of any other material, they are of moderate breadth, and sometimes very narrow.

Simplicity is the prevailing feature of head-dresses at present. The hair is dressed high behind, and full on the temples; but instead of being loaded, as it was some months back, with ornaments, it is tastefully adorned with flowers, or with tortoiseshell combs, rendered valuable by the beauty of their workmanship. Such is the style of head-dress adopted by the greater number of youthful belles. Those who appear in turbans or bérets, wear them very often without any other ornament than the graceful folds in which they are disposed.

The colours most in request are rose colour, lilac, blue, and a great number of shades of yellow and grey.
WILLIAM MAYO.

Painted by Semmel, Engraved by Thomson.

Published by T. Bubners & Co. London. Sep 1, 1850.
THE
LADIES’ MUSEUM.
SEPTEMBER, 1830.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.
LIVES OF BRITISH PHYSICIANS.

Mr. Murray seems of opinion, with the poet, that “the proper study of mankind is man,” for biography forms the leading feature of his “Family Library.” The fourteenth volume presents us with the lives of eighteen of the most eminent physicians who have flourished during the last three or four centuries, the celebrity obtained in the world being alone the guide of selection. When we consider how many divines have secured worldly wealth and lasting fame, how many successful practitioners in the law have attained the highest honours of the state, and how many volumes have been written concerning them, whilst the names of those who have made the most important discoveries in the healing art are comparatively unknown, we can have little doubt of this volume becoming as popular as any of the series. The first life is that of Linacre, an accomplished scholar and physician, founder of the Royal College of Physicians in London; the next is Caius, whose name has been made immortally ridiculous by Shakspeare, though he was really an able man, a court physician, and president of the college. The subject of the next chapter,

William Harvey, M. D.
in the language of the volume before us, and from which the following memoir is extracted, calls up recollections that justly place his name in the highest rank of natural philosophers. The same services which Newton afterwards rendered to optics and astronomy, by his theories of light and gravitation, Harvey conferred upon anatomy and medicine, by his true doctrine of the circulation of the blood.

A short statement of what is meant by the circulation of the blood, will enable us fully to appreciate the value and importance of this great discovery. And this may the more easily be done, as the apparatus by which it is carried on, is, at this time of day, probably the best understood of any part of the animal economy.

Of the utility of the circulation, every one will be immediately aware, when it is mentioned, that one of its chief purposes is to distribute to every part, every extremity, nook, and corner of the body, the nourishment which is received into it, by one
aperture:—What enters at the mouth, by means of this function, finds its way to the fingers’ end. To effect this difficult purpose, two things are necessary. 1st. A proper disposition of the blood-vessels, which has been not unaptly compared to the laying of the water-pipes in a populous city. 2d. The construction of the engine at the centre, viz. the heart, for driving the blood through them. In the case of the conveyance of water, one system of pipes is sufficient; but in the living body another system of vessels is required, to reconvey the blood back to its source. The body, therefore, contains two systems of blood-vessels, called arteries and veins. The next thing to be considered, is the engine which works this machinery: for this purpose there is provided in the central part of the body a hollow muscle, viz. the heart, by the contraction of whose fibres the four cavities of which it consists are squeezed together, so as to force out of them any fluid they may happen to contain. By the relaxation of the same fibres, these cavities are in their turn dilated, and of course prepared to admit any fluid which may be poured into them. Into these cavities are inserted the great trunks, both of the arteries which carry out the blood, and of the veins which bring it back. The arteries arise from cavities called ventricles; the veins pour their contents into cavities denominated auricles. By the successive contractions and dilatations of these several cavities of the heart, it has been calculated that all the blood in the body passes through the heart about once in four minutes. Consider what an affair this is, when we come to very large animals! The aorta (which is the name given to the chief artery) of a whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works at London Bridge, and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale’s heart.

To render this short account more precise, it must be observed, that with the apparatus mentioned above, two distinct circulations are carried on. For besides circulating generally through the body, the blood must come somewhere into contiguity with the air, in order to purify it, and change its colour from dark to bright red. Hence the heart is, as it were, a double organ, having a double office to perform: of its four cavities, two are employed to carry on the general circulation, while the remaining auricle and ventricle keep up the smaller circulation through the lungs, where the blood meets with the atmospheric air.

Stated in this summary way, nothing seems easier, more ob-
vious, or more readily understood, than the physiology of this
great and important function; but until the time of Harvey it was
involved in the greatest obscurity, and mixed up with all manner
of contradictory absurdities. And yet before his day many things
were made out; the valves of the veins, for instance, were known;
the pulmonary circulation was understood; and several other
essential points had been established; still the great inference
had never been drawn. So often are we on the very threshold of
a discovery, which by some fatality we miss; and when it is at
length made, have only to express our astonishment that we were
so marvellously purblind as to overlook it!

But the early life of Harvey, and the opportunities of his edu-
cation, led him step by step in the brilliant career of his investiga-
tion, till it was finally crowned with success.

William Harvey was descended from a respectable family in
the county of Kent, and was born at Folkstone on the 1st of April,
1578. He was born in the house described as built of fair stone,
which, after his death, became the post-house of the town, and
which Harvey left by will, together with some lands adjoining, to
Caius College, Cambridge. His younger brother, Eliab, would,
it is said, have given any money in exchange for it, because it was
the paternal mansion, and all his brethren had been born there;
but the doctor thought that his own memory would be better
preserved, by leaving it to the college where he had been edu-
cated; besides, his brother Eliab, who had become a very rich
merchant, possessed noble seats of his own, and was worth at least
3000l. per annum.

At ten years of age, he was sent to the grammar-school in
Canterbury; and having there laid a proper foundation of classi-
cal learning, was removed to Gonville and Caius College, in
Cambridge, and admitted as a pensioner in May, 1593. After
spending about five years at the University, in those academical
studies which are preparatory to a learned profession, he went
abroad for the acquisition of medical knowledge, and, travelling
through France and Germany, fixed himself, in his twenty-third
year, at Padua.

The university of this city was then in the height of its repute-
tation for the study of physic, for which it was principally indebted
to Fabricius ab Aquapendente, the professor of anatomy, whose
lectures Harvey attended with the utmost diligence.

Fabricius taught the existence of valves in all the veins of
the body; and from that moment his intelligent pupil endeav-
oured to discover the use of these valves.
This inquiry was the foundation of his after fame. He took his doctor’s degree at Padua, in 1602, when he was only twenty-four years of age. In the course of the same year he returned to England, and having again graduated at Cambridge, settled in the practice of his profession in London. In 1604 he was admitted a candidate of the College of Physicians, and was elected fellow about three years after. About this time the governors of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital made an order, that on the decease of Dr. Wilkinson, one of the physicians to that charity, Dr. Harvey should succeed him in that office, which event took place in the following year. But the most important appointment which he obtained, was that of reader of the anatomical and surgical lectures at the College of Physicians in 1615, when he was thirty-seven years old.

He now seriously prosecuted his researches on the circulation of the blood, and it was in the course of these lectures that he first publicly announced his new doctrines; but though he taught his opinions on this subject vivâ voce to his auditors, he continued assiduously to repeat his experiments, and verify his observations, for many years, before he ventured to commit them to the press.

It is not intended to enter into the minute arguments and physiological reasonings by which he maintained the truth of his doctrine, but it may be mentioned, that while Fabricius ab Aquapendente had taught him, at Padua, that the use of the valves of the veins was to moderate the flow of blood from their trunks into their branches, Harvey more rationally and more obviously insisted that the valves were intended to facilitate the return of the blood to the heart. Tie up a vein, or compress it, as is done in the simple operation of venesection, and you see the part of the vein at a greater distance from the heart swell and become distended; whereas the contrary happens if you pass a ligature round an artery. By this, and other similar reasonings, he demonstrated that the heart being excited to contract by the stimulus of the blood, that fluid is impelled through the arteries, and having served every purpose of secretion and nourishment, returns by the veins, to recommence its circulation. Great, however, as was the discovery of Harvey, his doctrine was not so complete and perfect in all its parts as it has since been rendered by the labours of later physiologists. In two points, his system must be acknowledged, even by his greatest admirers, to have been defective; for he does not seem to have been aware of the contractile power of the coats of the arteries, nor to have tho-
roughly understood the minute connexion of the veins with the arteries.

Harvey's work cost him twenty-six years to bring it to maturity; his discovery was ill received, most persons opposed it, others said it was old, very few agreed with him. He had, indeed, his admirers; witness, for example, certain verses which were addressed "To the Incomparable Dr. Harvey, on his Book of the Motion of the Heart and Blood," in which these lines occur:—

There didst thou trace the blood, and first behold
What dreams mistaken sages coined of old.
For till thy Pegasus the fountain brake,
The crimson blood was but a crimson lake,
Which first from thee did tyde and motion gaine,
And veins became its channel, not its chaine.
With Drake and Ca'ndish hence thy bays are curl'd,
Fam'd circulator of the lesser world.

But the epithet circulator, in its Latin invidious signification (quack), was applied to him by many in derision, and his researches and discoveries were treated by his adversaries with contempt and reproach. To an intimate friend he himself complained, that after his book of the circulation came out he fell considerably in his practice, and it was believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained: all his contemporary physicians were against his opinion, and envied him the fame he was likely to acquire by his discovery. That reputation he did, however, ultimately enjoy;—about twenty-five years after the publication of his system, it was received in all the universities of the world—and Hobbes has observed, that Harvey was the only man perhaps who ever lived to see his own doctrines established in his lifetime.

He had attained his fiftieth year before he published his treatise, which was committed to the press at Frankfort, in 1628. His choice of this city for the place of publication is supposed to have arisen from its celebrated fairs, by means of which, books printed there were rapidly circulated throughout all Germany and the greatest part of Europe.

Some time before this, the reputation of Harvey had recommended him to the notice of the court, and he had been appointed physician-extraordinary to King James I; in 1632, he was made physician to his successor, Charles I. By his unfortunate royal master he was always treated with regard and favour; and the attachment to arts and sciences, which formed a conspicuous part of the king's character, contributed not a little to promote and encourage the pursuits of our philosopher.
In 1633 Harvey accompanied Charles to Scotland, and, soon after his return, was employed, by the king’s command, in the dissection of that extraordinary instance of longevity, Thomas Parr. In the civil wars, Harvey, who was attached to the king as well by his office as by gratitude and affection, followed the fortunes of his master, and was present at the battle of Edge-hill, in 1642. He had the charge of the prince (afterwards Charles II.) and of the Duke of York, when a cannon ball grazed on the ground near him, which made him remove his station.

At the beginning of the rebellion, his lodgings at Whitehall were plundered, and papers containing curious observations on dissection disappeared, the loss of which he never ceased to lament. In 1645 he was made, by the king’s mandate, Warden of Merton College, Oxford, in the room of Dr. Brent, who, in compliance with the prevailing party, had left the university and taken the covenant. In the following year, events being unfavourable to Charles, Brent resumed his office, and Harvey returned to London, and lived with his brother Eliab. In 1649 he is said to have travelled into Italy, having withdrawn from the world about this time; but it appears that he retired to a house which he possessed at Combe, in Surrey, where he was found, in 1651, by his intimate friend, Dr. Ent, the result of whose visit was the publication of Harvey’s second work, called his “Exercitations on the Generation of Animals;” which had employed almost as large a portion of his time as his immortal treatise on the circulation of the blood.

“I found him,” says Ent, “in his retirement not far from town, with a sprightly and cheerful countenance, investigating, like Democritus, the nature of things. Asking if all were well with him—‘How can that be,’ he replied, ‘when the state is so agitated with storms, and I myself am yet in the open sea? And, indeed,’ added he, ‘were not my mind solaced by my studies and the recollection of the observations I have formerly made, there is nothing which should make me desirous of a longer continuance. But, thus employed, this obscure life, and vacation from public cares, which disquiet other minds, is the medicine of mine.’” Ent goes on to relate a philosophical conversation between them, that brought on the mention of these papers of his, which the public had so long expected. After some modest altercation, Harvey brought them all to him, with permission either to publish them immediately, or to suppress them till some future time.

“I went from him,” says Dr. Ent, “like another Jason, in
possession of the golden fleece, and when I came home, and perused the pieces singly, I was amazed that so vast a treasure should have been so long hidden; and that while others with great parade exhibit to the public their stale trash, this person should seem to make so little account of his admirable observations." Indeed, no one appears to have possessed, in a greater degree than Harvey, that genuine modesty which distinguishes the real philosopher from the superficial pretender to science. His great discovery was not publicly offered to the world, till after many years' probation among his colleagues at home; and the labours of all the latter part of his life would scarcely have appeared till after his death, had not the importunities of a friend extorted them from him.

In his seventy-first year he offered to build "a library and a repository for simples and rarities, such an one as shall be suitable and honourable to the college." The fellows, as may readily be supposed, willingly assented to so liberal a proposal, and voted the erection of the statue of Harvey, of white marble, in the robes of a doctor, to be placed in their hall, with a Latin inscription, alluding to the two great works by which he had rendered himself immortal, and hailing him as the perpetual benefactor of their body!

The building was now begun, and finished in the following year, when Harvey invited his colleagues to a splendid entertainment; and the doors of the museum being thrown open, the munificent old man, in the most benevolent manner, and wishing all prosperity to the republic of medicine, presented at once the mansion and all its valuable contents to the college. He then laid down the office of professor of anatomy and surgery, which he had hitherto held; and was succeeded in that appointment by that eminent anatomist, Glisson.

The building, or Museum of Harvey, as it was called, is described as a noble edifice, of Roman architecture, (of rustic work, with Corinthian pilasters,) and consisted of an elegantly-furnished convocation room, or parlour, below, and a library, filled with choice books and surgical instruments, above; it was erected in the garden of the College of Physicians, (at that time situated in Amen Corner,) which was of an irregular form, extending as far as the Old Bailey to the west, and towards the south reaching the church of St. Martin, Ludgate; and the museum must have stood near the spot upon which Stationers' Hall has since been built. On the outside, on the frieze of the edifice, was the following inscription, in letters three inches long:
The regulations of a public library in London, established nearly two centuries ago, however simple in themselves, may not be entirely without interest. Besides medical books, the museum of Harvey contained treatises on geometry, geography, astronomy, music, optics, natural history, and travels. It was to be opened on Fridays, from two till five o’clock, in summer, but only till four in the winter season; also, during all meetings of the college, and whenever else the custos or librarian being at leisure, should choose to be present; but no books were allowed to be taken out.

In 1654, on the resignation of the presidency by Dr. Prujean, the college appointed Harvey, in his absence, to succeed him, and proroguing the meeting to the next day, deputed two of the elects, Dr. Alston and Dr. Hamey, to acquaint him with this resolution. Harvey then came, and in a handsome speech, returned them thanks for the honour they had done him, but declined the office*, on account of his age and infirmities; at the same time recommending the re-election of their former president, which was unanimously complied with. He still, however, frequented the meetings of the college. His attachment to that body was shown yet more conspicuously in 1656; when, at the first anniversary feast, instituted by himself, he gave up his paternal estate of £6l. per annum, in perpetuity, to their use. The particular purposes of this donation were the institution of an annual feast, at which a Latin oration should be spoken in commemoration of the benefactors of the college, a gratuity for the orator, and a provision for the keeper of his library and museum. All this attention to perpetuate a spirit of concord and social friendship among his brethren, was in full accordance with Harvey’s benevolent and liberal sentiments.

For two years longer he supported, with difficulty, the burden of age and infirmities, and died on the 3d of June, 1657. When seized with his mortal illness, he knew it was all over with him, and sent for his nephews, among whom he began to distribute some little presents; to one he gave the minute watch† with

* He is, however, generally represented, both in his portraits and in his bust, as wearing the robes of officer of the President of the College.
† From a remark made by Harvey incidentally, relating one of his experiments, it would seem, that in his day, for all computations less than a minute there was no very definite measure of time. Speaking of the
which he had made his experiments; to another, a different
token, and so on; and made signs (for being seized with the dead
palsy, as his biographer expresses it, in his tongue, he could not
speak,) to Sambroke, his apothecary, in Blackfriars, to let him
blood in the tongue: but it did no good. He was not interred
till the 26th, when his funeral appears to have been on a scale of
unusual magnificence.

In his person he was very small in stature, round faced, of
an olive complexion, with small, round, black eyes, full of spirit,
and hair black as a raven, till within twenty years of his death,
when it became quite white. He is represented to have been,
like the rest of his brothers, very choleric in his temper, and in
his younger days to have worn a dagger, which he would be apt
to draw upon slight occasions. But when he grew up to man-
hood, and during his long life, he had the character of being can-
did, cheerful, upright—living on terms of great harmony with
his friends and brethren, showing no spirit of rivalry or hostility.
He was as little disposed by nature to detract from the merits of
others, as to make an ostentatious display of his own. The
many antagonists whom his renown and the novelty of his opi-
ions excited, were in general treated with modest and temperate
language, frequently very different from their own, and while he
refuted their arguments, he decorated them with all due praises.

He was a great martyr to the gout, and his method of treating
himself was as follows:—He would sit with his legs bare, even if
it were frosty weather, on the leads of Cockaine House, where he
lived for some time with his brother Eliab, or put them into a
pail of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and then he
would betake himself to his stove, and so it was done. He was
troubled with insomnolency, and would then get up and walk
about his chamber in his shirt, till he was pretty cool, or even
till he began to shiver, when he would return to bed and fall into
a sleep.

He and his brother, who was a Turkey merchant, drank coffee,
before coffee-houses came into fashion in London. His visits to
his patients he made on horseback with a foot cloth, his man
following on foot, in the same way in which the judges were
then accustomed to ride to Westminster Hall.

Every one will naturally wish to know what sort of practitioner

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effect of warmth upon an incubated egg, on the fourth day, he says,
"Upon laying my finger warm upon it for the space of only twenty pulses."
Exercitatio, 17.
so eminent a physiologist was, and in what esteem he was held as a physician by his contemporaries. It appears that he died worth 20,000l. a sum not very considerable, when we reflect that he must have been at least fifty years in practice, and was besides a court physician. One who, living with him on terms of intimacy, ought to have known the truth, has asserted that he was acquainted with several practitioners who would not give threepence for one of his bills; that his prescriptions were so complicated*, that it was difficult to make out what he aimed at—that he was no chemist, and that generally his Therapeutique was not admired.

It is probable that Harvey was too much occupied in the pursuit of knowledge, too intent upon making discoveries in the world of science, to have cultivated the habit of quickly discriminating ordinary diseases, or to have become very expert and ready in the employment of the resources and expediencies of the practical art of medicine. That his business declined after the publication of his doctrine of the circulation of the blood, he himself complained of, and ascribed to the opposition and jealousy of his rivals; but it is more likely that the habits of abstract speculation in which he now began to indulge caused him to neglect the usual arts of gaining the confidence of the public, which if a physician once possess, he needs not the countenance, and may boldly set at defiance the envy, of his professional brethren. The example of Harvey may be regarded, therefore, as a splendid illustration of the truth of the opinion of a late celebrated physician, as declared in his posthumous work—

* The prescriptions of Harvey must have been multifarious indeed, in their combination, to have deserved this sarcasm, for the fashion of those days was to give very complex remedies. Perhaps the moderns err in the other extreme, and affect too much simplicity, since it must be known to every physician of experience that a combination of similar remedies will produce a more certain, speedy, and considerable effect, than an equal dose of any one, even of the most powerful, of the drugs, that enter into the prescription; and this is in accordance with that universal maxim in cookery, never to employ one spice if more can be procured. The very curious prescriptions ordered for his majesty Charles II. on his death bed, are preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, but they are more remarkable for the multiplicity of the signatures attached to them, than for the variety of their composition; they are signed by no less than sixteen doctors; the name of Charles Scarborough (a young physician whom Harvey patronized during his stay at Oxford,) standing the first of this large consultation, which is, with great propriety, denominated Medicorum Chorus. According to court etiquette, the names of all the subscribing doctors are written at full length, and not, as in ordinary circumstances, indicated by their initials only."
"That the most successful treatment of patients depends upon the exertion of sagacity, or good common sense, guided by a competent professional knowledge." If anatomy alone were sufficient to make a great physician, who ever could have been put in competition with Harvey?

It is strange that those who take charge of the health of others should so generally be themselves unhealthy. Harvey was "a great martyr to the gout." Sydenham was "a great sufferer from a complication of disorders." Caius, who died in his sixty-third year, "attempted to sustain his decaying frame by reverting to the food of infancy"—sucking woman's milk. Radcliffe died at sixty-five, "a victim to the fury of the gout." Pringle hoped "to derive advantage from a journey to Scotland," in which he did not succeed. Fothergill died of a painful disorder, "which no art could remove." Warren died of erysipelas of the head. But we need not lengthen the list.

The volume is full of interest, but we cannot say much for the embellishments.

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**CANZONET.**

**OH, COME TO ME!**

*When stary eyes through tears above thee*  
Fondly beam, like eyes that love thee—  
When Evening whispers through the grove,  
Softly as even the sigh of love;  
Oh, come to me!

*When twilight sleeps upon the hill,*  
When all, save beating hearts, is still—  
When *thy own bosom owns the power*  
Of Passion's loneliest, holiest hour;  
Oh, come to me!  

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**THE FIRST DEATH OF THE HOUSEHOLD.**

They loved thee passing well; thou wert a beam  
Of pleasant beauty on this stormy sea,  
With just so much of mirth as might redeem  
Man from the musings of his misery.—*T. K. Harvey*

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*Is the wreath of vernal flowers unbound?*  
*Are the violets left to die?*  
*Oh, why is this? the birds have sung*  
*Their praises to the sky.*  
*And the turf by gentle feet is pressed,*  
*Where falls the sunny gleam;*  
*They seek the linnet's woodland nest*  
*In the trees that fringe the stream.*

*But, oh, from all that merry band*  
*One joyous child has fled;*
THE FIRST DEATH OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

And mournfully his parents stand
Around their idol’s bed.
And many a crystal tear hath gushed,
And many a vow been given;
But his eyes are closed, his lips are hushed,
And his spirit is in heaven!
They may scatter rose-leaves on the sward
Which shall clasp their dreamless boy;
And there perchance the summer-bird
Will hail the morn with joy.
But sweeter tones than e’er it sung,
Shall haunt them many a night;
When the stars around their dreams are hung
In shapes of silver light.
There are sad thoughts within the mind,
And sadder feelings now;
And mournfully the heart hath pined
For bliss it ne’er must know.
The first—the loveliest of the home
Has closed his azure eye;
Oh, ne’er did tempest darker come
O’er summer’s glowing sky.
His rosy mates will speak of him
When they chase the sybil bee;
And how his fairy boat would swim
In the stream beneath the tree.
And entwined unto their memories
Shall his treasured name remain;
Away—or far on distant seas,
What spell shall break the chain!
Then, let the first, the loveliest child,
To its solitude be given;
And deem that God hath reconciled
The offering unto heaven.

R. AUGUSTINE.

SCOTCH SONG.

Wi’ my dear cottage maid where’s the lass can compare,
In the charms or o’ person or mind?
She’s blithe as she’s pure, an’ she’s artless as fair,
An’ what’s mair, nae less lovely than kind.
I adore her, ’tis true, for her bonny eye’s blue,
Whose glances sincerity speak,
An’ I love the dear rose, that its blushing charm throws
O’er her health and content-breathing cheek.
Let your courtly dames boast o’ their rich jewel’d guise,
An’ their soft robes sae costly an’ rare—
My love’s richer gems are her ain sparklin’ eyes,
An’ her soft gear her ain silken hair.
Let them boast o’ their wealth, she is richer in health,
In contentment an’ innocent glee;
An’ her lips, sae sincere, hae acknowledged me dear—
Then my Jessie’s the lassie for me!

CHARLES M.
REMEMBRANCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.—NO. II.

ROSE D’AMOUR.

It is a great disadvantage to a cavalry regiment to be scattered up and down in country quarters, with here a troop and there another troop, nay, perhaps even divided into half troops, and the head-quarters far distant from these divisions and subdivisions of the corps. In the first instance, it inconveniences all those who have to repair from the out-quarters to the central point; it tends to relax the discipline, and thus injures the men and horses, and it puts both under separate and diversified commands, more or less indulgent or strict, particular or relaxed in duty; and, what is worst of all, it promotes idleness and ennui in the younger officers, to whom the small town or village cantonment is odious, and who, for want of something better to do, divide their time betwixt the sports of the field and looking out for amatory adventure; and as, unfortunately, the sporting season has its vacation, and there are many blank days even in the most active period, the latter occupies a huge proportion of a dandy sub’s, or young captain’s, hours: these are in constant search of the belles of the neighbourhood, who may be generally appropriately called the church-bells, since it is often there that they are sought, found, and got acquainted with. Well it would be if the scene ended where it began. As nobility is not always resident near these military out-quarters, the next, esquire’s daughters, together with those of the parson, the doctor, (as he is comprehensively called,) and the village lawyer, are the first objects in view. The esquire may be a sportsman, and get acquainted with the heroes of the fighting field in the less perilous one of the chase, and on his manor; but he may also be a cold, distant being, to whom a soldier is not particularly welcome; and, intrenched in self-importance and cold independence, no entry may present itself to his castle, hall, or other mansion. The professional men are easier of access, and with these the man of war may come in immediate collision; and if agreeable girls form his family, no time is lost in engaging him and the fair ones by every possible engaging device: nor was any one let slip by our officers immediately on their being quartered at ——, where one troop was stationed, whilst another half troop was under my command not far distant.

Our little mess consisted of the captain commanding the out-quarter (a proud distinction for a young military man) and his two subalterns, together with myself. The lieutenant and cornet were both men of fortune, the one very good-looking, and the other

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very plain; but what Nature had stinted the latter in was made up by the lavish favours of the capricious goddess. He was heir to an immense property, his comrade only having about 1000l. per annum. They were both sons of commoners; the man of moderate fortune of very old family, the rich youth descended from a financial stock. The captain was rather limited in his means, but of very handsome person, talented, a travelled man, and highly accomplished; he stood within one of a title, and had aristocratical interest to push him on in his profession. The triumvirate was almost inseparable, and paraded in all directions, casting their net for conquests, or rather for the passa tempo of flirtations, trusting to whatever might be the consequence—the issue we may not say.

Now the belles of the vicinity consisted of the surgeon's two ugly daughters, and the clergyman's three good-looking ones. The first, and least attractive, was a classic and a complete blue-stocking; the second, a fascinating little coquette; the third, an inanimate beauty. The lawyer had married off his girls, and there was only a cousin of the clergyman's, who formed the sixth in all village dances and other parties; it is of her that we shall have hereafter most particularly to speak.

The military had not long arrived when the female progeny of divinity and physic began to set their caps at the beaux: the latter had no chance, neither had the blue-stocking (she was too clever for them); but the plain subaltern had many golden charms for the coquette, whilst the sweet rustic maid directed all the powers of gentle attraction to captivate the handsome cornet. The captain looked on them all with elegant well-bred indifference, which, however, was soon destined to be changed into a devotion to one fair object, the beloved of all the country round, and who made her appearance at an evening party and dance at her cousin's, the clergyman's, who gave this let off, with great previous preparations, in return for being handsomely treated at the quartetto mess, and with a view of showing off his daughters to the best advantage.

Rosa Sydney was, of course, invited to this entertainment; her gentle disposition, her unenvious and unconscious beauty, the affection of her uncle, and, above all, the retiring modesty of her manners, ensured her a welcome every where, and made her less dreaded as a rival than she otherwise would have been. Her person was lovely, formed in Nature's softest and gentlest mould; her smile was all benignity; her varying complexion, in which the rose and lily seemed struggling for the mastery, was
truly captivating. There was, above all, a sweet gracefulness, and a love-inspiring look of gladness, to which pen and pencil can give no expression; nor was the mild blue eye and snow-white forehead less indicative of external beauty, than the motions of her kind heart and placid mind were probative of female intellectual perfection; the heart being the warm agent of a noble and generous soul, the widow and the orphan, the old and infirm, the sorrowful and suffering of every description, experienced her humble unwearied benevolence; her very voice seemed to lull care to rest, and to encourage faint hope by its dulcet and cheering tone.

Rosa was herself an orphan: her brave father was killed in action at an early period of her life—excessive grief had doomed her other parent to an early and quickly succeeding grave. This circumstance shed a pensive expression over Rosa’s features, but which were gilded by a smile of resignation, and embellished by an unalterable look of kindness and courtesy. Her father never having attained a higher rank than that of a lieutenant, and her mother having had a very small portion, her means would have been scanty indeed, had it not been for an old maiden aunt with whom she lived, and who had educated her in the very best style, on which, however, her natural modesty forbade her to presume in the smallest degree. In addition to an elegant education, her relative allowed her handsomely, and enabled her to dress with taste and a degree of expense, for she was the prop of the old lady’s life, the star of her hemisphere, the pride of her heart; nor did she bestow her fondness on one who was ungrateful. Rosa returned her affection with every demonstration of dutiful sincerity; in a word, she was the joy of every circle, an honour and an ornament to the country which gave her birth. The very moment that she made her entrée at the curate’s, every eye fell upon her, all hearts glowed with admiring preference, and there was a strong struggle of rivalry betwixt the accomplished captain and his comely subaltern, the former of whom bestowed on her the title of Rose d’Amour at first sight, which she retained ever after.

Rosa’s mind was above the ordinary cast of young recluses, who borrow their romantic ideas from the high colouring of amatory novels; mere personal attractions had no captivation for her, unless accompanied by intellect and amiability; and as the beau capitaine was a complete master of arts, he distanced the subaltern almost at first starting. Practised in the arts of seduction, he had acquired an artificial appearance of gentleness and
humility; his voice was soft and harmonious, his person graceful and pliable, his attentions delicate and assiduous; he could sigh, and seem to suffer, to a charmer, and his watchful eye was never off the object which excited his passions, and awakened his powers of fascination. At the evening party he appeared devoted, at first sight, to Rosa, and his subsequent attentions were unwearyed, respectful, and exclusive. He very soon requested permission to visit her, made honourable proposals through her aunt, and was daily her companion, and the inseparable attendant on her in her morning walks and rides. He presented her with a beautiful Spanish horse, and raised the envy of the village circle, both male and female, for having borne off the prize of beauty, and for having neglected all others for the goddess of his idolatry. The approaching marriage was the constant theme of conversation, but the period was put off from time to time, on one pretext or another, until at length the delay created wonder and suspicion.

One morning the constant couple returned not from their usual excursion on horseback, so that the greatest distress and anxiety prevailed in the neighbourhood. The worthy aunt was in a state bordering on frenzy, but her apprehensions and those of her acquaintances were calmed by the receipt of a letter, two days afterwards, stating that the fugitives were on their road to Gretna Green, to be married privately, and that the greatest secrecy must be observed, as it would ruin the captain's prospects if his union with an untitled lady not possessing a large fortune was discovered. The letter ended with "we will write from Scotland," and was signed by both; the signature of Rosa bearing the impression of a trepidating hand.

The captain, it must be observed, had obtained leave of absence for three months, a circumstance which was discovered from the researches of Rosa's aunt. She was therefore not only doubtful, but uneasy to know whether he would return to his late quarters, or prolong his leave, for it would be both difficult and dishonourable to conceal his marriage from his brother officers if Rosa returned with him to the regiment. Day followed day, and week succeeded week, yet no letter from Scotland. Before the expiration of his leave, he effected an exchange on half-pay; but still no tidings from the lost Rosa. It was artfully given out that the captain and his lady were gone abroad, which report was circulated by letters addressed to his brother officers. This news, however, turned out to be false; the poor aunt was convinced that all was not right, and at last an officious tongue informed her that Rosa was not married, but was living with her lover at
a cottage in the environs of the metropolis. This was a death-blow to the poor old lady; it broke her heart, and she died soon after.

It appears that the seducer of this lovely girl had repeatedly reiterated his promises of marriage, and always held out the ultimate prospect of its taking place; but contrived, by indescribable persuasions and divers artifices, to surprize her innocence, and to obtain the sacrifice of her virtue. As time passed on, Rosa pined and dropped in spirit; and in proportion to the retreat of hopes, the agitations of fear and the stings of remorse lacerated her bleeding bosom. Her lover endeavoured, by affectionate attentions and assiduities, by presents and a splendid existence, as far as luxury could go, to calm her agitation, but she was not born for triumphant vice, for splendid immorality; Nature had formed her pure as the mountain snow, unviolated by human touch; and to the delirium of boundless affection, and the heartless thirsting for her ruin, her fall alone was attributable; a fall the more precipitate and fatal, because Virtue, until then the most exalted, was thus prostrated before the guilty shrine of Passion. The glittering trappings of vanity sparkled not in her eye, the lustre of the proffered jewel wanted the stamp of honour to look bright in her sight; Pleasure was unmasked, and was a hideous phantom in her view; dainties and delicacies lost all zest with one who had no enjoyment in the life which she thus had sacrificed; the proud current of her indignant blood rebelled against her state; she was not made to be any man's mistress, and she would not have disgraced the greatest eminence to which rank and fortune could have conducted her.

The first time I saw her, she was like a beam of light irradiating all around it, looked up to with that kind of admiration which arises from a sort of fond emotion. She had a countenance which might have turned aside the assassin's steel—

       An eye that might have pleaded—
       And shall it plead in vain?

She was the opening rose, spreading sweets around it, and blooming in the luxuriance of promised beauty and fragrance, grateful to the sight, and leaving the sweet odour of remembrance on the beholder, after the first gentle, yet lasting, impression which the interest that she created fixed on the mind. She stood alone, unrivalled, fairest of the fair, free, firm, and immaculate.

The next time I saw her she was leaning on her seducer's arm, inhaling the sea-breeze in a certain coast town. The rose had faded on her cheek, the fire and fascination of her eye were
flown, her form had decayed, and her lip had forgotten to smile; the seal of self-accusation seemed to have closed those ruby portals which were wont to give utterance to the sounds of cheerfulness and kindness, and to display pearls transcending the richest that the creative hand of Nature ever fabricated; her glossy hair, which used to undulate and play about in ringlets on her alabaster forehead, was simply divided and plaited on this lovely tablet, like the unengraven marble, whose unassuming form speaks volumes, and seems to say, "Death dwells within, let oblivion follow." Yes, Rosa, dear Rosa, will be forgotten; she first forgot herself, but mental oblivion spared her not yet.

I fled at her approach, fearful of further alarming this stricken deer. Her respiration was thick and uneasy; a hectic flush came and went on her downy cheek; the least exercise wearied her, and she was repeatedly obliged to stop and pant for breath. Her lover viewed her with affliction, interest, and disquietude; a crimson blush often covered his manly cheek, and his eye met alternately her faded charms and the earth beneath them, now in sad proximity. He appeared as if he addressed many terms of endearment to her, in return for which she raised her dejected eyelid, and looked on him as if those declining orbs of light would say, "You have betrayed me, yet I love you; you have murdered me and mine, yet I forgive you. I go, yet my fond accusing spirit will linger with you." He now brushed the cold perspiration from her brow with a cambric handkerchief, and led her to a carriage, which conveyed them to a handsome ready-furnished house on the margin of the sea.

The sequel of her history runs thus:—She rapidly grew worse, the small remnant of motive power deserted her altogether; she was no longer enabled to breathe the free air on foot, nor in a carriage. From the confinement of her chamber, that of her consignment to her last bed soon followed; all chance of recovery was past, and the physicians made the mournful announcement to her destroyer. In this awful moment he sent for a clergyman, had the nuptial ceremony performed on that couch which was at once to be the hymeneal altar, and the seat of life's last repose. The introduction of the minister rallied her departed spirits; she struggled to raise up her head, and heard the conclusion of those rites which the church has instituted for wedlock. Quickly after she sunk back, and was wholly motionless.—Grabbing her moist palm, the husband of a moment exclaimed, "Rosa, my heart's treasure! Rosa, my wife!" The sound revived her. Looking wistfully, she again strove to raise her
head, but in vain; the tide of life was ebbing fast. "Speak," again cried the self-condemned seducer, "speak, my own Rosa, do you forgive me?" As the taper plays for a second, and darts a glimmer upwards, previous to its total extinction, the eye of Rosa opened again in a dying smile: closing her palm (still growing colder) on his, and bending her final glance of fondness on him, she pointed to the ring with the fore-finger of the other hand, and expired without a groan.

The husband, he who had too late performed a retributive act of justice by becoming such, cast himself across the body of departed beauty and worth, and was with difficulty dragged from it, in a state of mind which no language can describe. At length his tears fell in a deluge, but ah! they were of no avail. It might be said, in this instance, in the mild and feeling language of a departed woman, highly talented and romantic—

Thy tears shall fall upon my grave,
They still may bless—they cannot save.

She is gone! The world will forget her, but she never will be erased from the remembrances of

AN OLD SOLDIER.

THE WANDERER.

I have inhaled the balmy breath of flowers that blooming lie,
In full and ripened charms, beneath a cloudless eastern sky.
'Mid clustering vines, in orange groves, I've passed the noon-tide hours,
I've heard the wild birds sing their loves, sporting 'mid citron bowers.

Through many a proud and stately dome, on many a glittering spire,
My footsteps have been fain to roam, mine eyes awhile 't admire;
Yet while I gazed, 'twas with a sigh, for well I knew they were
The abode of blood-stained tyranny, of envy, and of care.

The traveller in the desert wild, when healthful springs appear,
The loving, loved, long parted child, to hail his parents dear,
With fullest rapture gleams, but not like that which beamed on me,
When I descried the mountain spot of my nativity!

The proud tall cliffs of Albys rose like heaven upon my sight,
A bulwark from invading foes, an emblem of her might;
Her vessels sported on the foam, like "ladies of the sea,"
How like the land they call their home! how beautiful and free!

Farewell, farewell, each softer clime, where only man is vile,—
Your "sunny skies that kindle crime," no more on me shall smile—
Hail to thee, England, hail! the wave no more from thee shall part,
Land of the beautiful and brave! home of the wanderer's heart!

CHARLES M.

* A singular opinion of the as singular Alferi.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. VII.

THE MISE OF LEWES.

During the troubles that resulted from the misconduct of King Henry III., whose weakness and incapacity for government were rendered more dangerous by his ill-judged liberality and partiality for foreigners, the executive authority had fallen into the hands of twenty-four barons, at the head of whom was Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester.

This ambitious and intriguing nobleman, who had married Henry's sister, and had been supported in his views of aggrandizement by the unsuspecting monarch, was the first to take advantage of Henry's misconduct. In the hope of wresting the sceptre from the weak and irresolute hand that held it, he had been the first to take up arms; and having, by the exertion of equal talents and intrigue, acquired an ascendancy among the barons, against whom he had been previously supported by the too partial master whose interests he now betrayed, he had procured himself to be placed at the head of the supreme junto to which the executive power was, by the treaty of Oxford, transferred.

The first acts of this new administration bore a specious appearance. Various salutary regulations were adopted, and some grievances redressed. It soon however appeared, that the great object of Leicester and his associates was not so much the happiness of the nation, as the extension of their own usurped authority. Unmindful of their engagements to the king and to the people, they withheld from the former the supply which they had promised him; while, instead of pursuing the popular course which they had begun, they oppressed the latter with grievous innovations, thus evincing their intention of subjecting for ever the sovereign and the nation to the arbitrary dictates of a narrow and tyrannic aristocracy.

The barons displaced all the chief officers of the crown, and advanced in their room themselves or their adherents. The government of all the royal castles was put into the hands of their creatures; even the offices of the king's household were disposed of at their pleasure. In a word, the entire power of the state was usurped by this self-constituted oligarchy, and converted to its arbitrary purposes.

By these innovations the minds of the people were wrought up to a pitch of fearful expectation. Resistance was, however, impossible, and even complaint was hazardous. During three years the supreme power was thus despotically enjoyed, to the aggran-
dizement of the barons, and the great dissatisfaction of the
people, whose murmurs at length induced the king to apply to
the pontiff for absolution from the oath he had taken to observe
the regulations of Oxford.

Though the provisions of the treaty had first been violated by
his enemies, Prince Edward, the king's eldest son, for a long
period, refused to avail himself of this license.

The scrupulous fidelity of this young and virtuous prince
obtained him the confidence of the people, and eventually proved
of more utility to his cause than any temporary advantage he
could have derived from the liberation of the pontiff from a
promise which had been imposed on him by restraint.

The king and his adherents were, however, less scrupulous.
Seconded by the wishes of the people, they soon acquired a power
which enabled them to compel the barons to submit their differ-
ences to the arbitration of the King of France. The equitable
sentence of this wise and virtuous prince was no sooner known in
England, than the ambitious Leicester prevailed on his partizans
to reject it, and to have recourse to arms, as the only means of
procuring to themselves advantageous conditions. The king and
the prince, thus compelled by the assaults of the barons to pre-
pare for their defence, summoned their adherents from all
quarters of the kingdom, and soon composed a force which
enabled them to meet their opponents in the field. Both armies
came to action near the town of Lewes, in Sussex: the battle
terminated in the capture of King Henry and his brother, the
King of the Romans.

Prince Edward and his cousin, Henry d'Allmaine, who had
been victorious against the Londoners, on the stipulation of
Leicester for an exchange of prisoners, surrendered themselves
into his hands in lieu of the two kings, and were sent, under a
strong guard, to Dover Castle.

This extraordinary agreement was known by the name with
which we have headed our sketch, and "The Mise of Lewes" for some time confirmed to the earl the most absolute power.

Leicester still detained the king a prisoner, using his name as
authority for the most illegal and oppressive acts. During two
years the active and energetic mind of young Edward languished
in confinement, when Leicester, finding his power seriously
diminished by the secession of the Earl of Gloucester and other
barons, resolved on a stroke of policy which, without detriment
to his power, might augment his popularity. He produced
Prince Edward before the barons in Westminster Hall, and
declared him free; still, however, surrounding him with his emissaries, and guarding him, as a prisoner at large, with the strictest care.

Having thus obtained the credit of a scrupulous performance of the treaty of Lewes, he bent his course into Wales, for the purpose of compelling Gloucester and the seceders to submit to his authority; carrying with him both Edward and his father.

The period of our tale commences with the arrival of Leicester's army at Hereford, on the eve of the fair of All-hallows.

"Rare doings to-morrow, Master Robin Hobbler, rare doings, I trow! Those flashing gallants who have just entered the town, seem likely to make a merry addition to our All-hallows fair. Thou hadst need broach thy best ale and sherris-sack, old boy; not to mention the prime burgundy. These soldiers, to judge by their outsides of silk and gold, look as if nought but right genuine and approved good liquors will go down with them; and, sooth to say, thy cellar knows no lack of either. I expect a double tankard of roast-and-ale to-night, for prophesying thee roaring trade to-morrow."

As the speaker ceased, he took possession of the tub-like armchair by the fire-side, which seemed to have been left vacant for him, and received from the hand of mine host of the Golden Lion, who had greeted him with a grin bordering half way between familiarity and respect, the tankard of spiced ale, which seemed to have been awaiting his arrival.

There needed not the bald head peeping from the grey cowl, nor the well-thumbed rosary around the waist, to indicate the rank and calling of this favoured guest of Boniface; for

The best of the cheer and the seat by the fire,
The undenied right of the bare footed friar,
sufficiently declared Father Matthew to be one of the order of wandering mendicants, whose vow of poverty releases them from the many restraints imposed on the more dignified religious orders. Father Matthew was certainly, as far as related to the mean and tattered condition of his coarse garb, a most orthodox member of his fraternity. In common, however, with many other brethren of his order, his rosy cheeks and "fair round belly" betrayed little sympathy with the rules of poverty and abstinence enjoined him.

As the friar seated himself in his huge chair, which, "with its massy frame and cumbrous cushions," would have shamed half-a-dozen degenerate fustecuits, he surveyed the company, greeting
with a nod of recognition, or a playful salutation, those who were known to him, and honouring with a benevolent smile the numerous strangers.

The guests were disposed in rows on each side of two ponderous oak benches, which extended the whole length of the only public room in the Golden Lion, and were regaling themselves with various potables suited to their palates or their purses, from gascogny and malmsey, through the gradations of sherris sack and mead, to double and single ale. There was one good thing, however—conversation, a participation of which was denied to none.

Many and various were the topics discussed, and Father Matthew, who seemed, by common consent, president of the assembly, was equally conversant with all. The skill and "clerkship" with which, at the request of our host, he expounded the origin of the Saint's day of which the fair was commemorative, (and be it remembered, for the twentieth time, though the memory of Boniface had as often proved treacherous,) did not incapacitate Father Matthew from joining in the topics of conversation more familiar to his auditors. The state of the season, the price of commodities, the merits of cattle, the prospects of the approaching fair, were all subjects

Familiar in his mouth
As household words.

Nay, even the merry tale and song, far from sustaining any check from his presence, derived fresh charms from his really superior musical powers, and his benevolent smile "that did beget occasion for his wit."

Among the company were two strangers, who, to the marvel of our good friar, imbibed the best produce of Gascogny, without becoming inspired with a fondness for the sound of their own voices. There was something in the countenance of the elder of the strangers, a stout personage, wrapped in the ample folds of a horseman's cloak, that spoke of bon-homme, an unerring attraction to the regards of Father Matthew. The stranger, however, was not disposed to be communicative—"his bearing gave his face the lie;" and the friar could learn little more from him than that he was a trader in horses, and had brought a considerable stock for sale at the approaching fair.

"The arrival of the Earl of Leicester will, I trow, enable thee to dispose of thy beasts to advantage," said Father Matthew.

"Probably so," quietly rejoined the stranger.

"At all events," continued the persevering friar, "King Henry
and his friends will be anxious to procure such horses as may outstrip their gaolers, should chance of escape be offered them."

"Nay, Father Matthew," interrupted our provident host, observing some soldiers at the door, "thou dost not think our friend there would hazard angering the noble Leicester, by having dealings with his enemies."

"Marry, would he not!" rejoined the friar; "he'll take the offer, I guess, of the fairest bidder."

What the horse-dealer thought of this colloquy, or whether he thought of it at all, we know not. By his attitude, he seemed to be giving little heed to the loquacious Father Matthew; for, leaning his head on the bench, he appeared to be courting slumber, which, from the brawling of the various revellers, would have seemed impossible, had not the eloquent noses of several drowsy wights, in concert with the as musical throats of the many talkers, offered proof to the contrary.

"By the rood!" continued Father Matthew, "young Edward is a gallant prince. I marvel he has so long graced his conqueror's train!"

"For the best of reasons, my good old priest," said one of the new-comers, who were, indeed, soldiers of Leicester's army, "because he would find it rather difficult to escape."

"Nay," added the friar, who perhaps thought it necessary to qualify his former expressions, "for my part, I do not see what cause he has to wish for enlargement. He is well treated, and enjoys the company of his father and friends. Were he at large, he would be a lonely exile."

"True," added the soldier, "he is treated as a prince. I have just seen him lodged in the best quarters in Hereford. Old Martin, your richest burgess, has offered him his residence; the earl has allowed him to accept it, and he is now housed as daintily, though not as proudly, as if he were in his father's palace."

The horse-dealer by this time roused from his real or apparent slumber, and, discussing the contents of his wine-flagon, retired with his companion. As these are the only personages with whom our history has any connexion, we shall be excused if we retire with them, leaving our host and Father Matthew to their chief delight—

Good liquor and good company.

* * * * *

On the morning after the events stated, the sun rose brightly and cheerfully, as if in unison with the smiles of numerous gay throngs of country-people that at a very early hour entered the
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

town of Hereford. There was one individual, however, whose features, as he gazed from the lattice of his dormitory on the scene beneath him, wore no smiles of sympathetic delight. It was the princely guest of the hospitable old burgess. Restless and feverish, young Edward arose from his sleepless couch, and paced his chamber, which, extending the entire depth of the house, allowed him the prospect, in front, of the already crowded street, and behind, of the garden and adjacent country.

"And is this term of thraldom to continue?" at length ejaculated he; "shall the perfidious Leicester hold for aye beneath his galling bonds my father, my country, and myself? Yes, myself; for though the arch hypocrite has gained to himself the credit of my enlargement, am I the less his captive—attended as I am, under the shallow pretext of being done honour, by his emissaries, what are they but my guards—what am I but their prisoner? Well knows the intriguener that the city walls oppose an impassable barrier to my escape, or he would not, I trow, have allowed me the indulgence of this hospitable roof."

His reveries were interrupted by two smart strokes on the window, which commanded a view of the garden; turning hastily, he observed a blunt arrow strike the glass. Throwing open the casement, and endeavouring in vain to discover the author of this interruption, he observed an arrow sticking beneath the window with a billet attached to it. On opening it, he read a couplet in the Italian language and character, of which the following is a translation:—

Would'st thou, knight, thy wish obtain—
List to-day the minstrel's strain.

Various were the conjectures of the prince as to the import of this enigmatical communication. The dialect and character, at that period little known in England, had evidently been employed by some one aware of his acquaintance with them, and desirous of rendering the couplet unintelligible, should it fall into other hands; the same necessary caution had apparently prevented the information being more explicit.

The prince had scarcely come to the conclusion that his unknown friend was entitled to some serious consideration, when he was saluted by his host, who entered his apartment, and respectfully invited him to partake of a sumptuous morning meal. Several gentlemen, deputed by the politic earl to inquire after the health of his distinguished relative, soon after arrived, and expressed their readiness to accompany him through the day, should he be desirous of witnessing the merry-making. The prince was

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too habituated to this customary restraint to express unwillingness, and the party shortly sallied forth on horseback.

We need not inform our readers of the various amusements and exhibitions of All-hallows fair. The mysteries of the ecclesiastics—the more amusing and less profane mummeries of the seculars—the extraordinary feats of jugglers and mountebanks—the songs of wandering minstrels, mingling with the shouts of laughter that hailed the discomfort of various ill-starred wights who exhibited their want of dexterity at the popular, though dangerous, game of quintin—presented a varied and tumultuous scene of animation. In these amusements, Prince Edward, we may presume, felt little interested, if we except the songs of the minstrels; none of which, however, seemed as yet likely to solve the mystery of his singular communication.

Having devoted several hours to witnessing the manifold exhibitions, the prince and his party were returning, when he was accosted by a person of foreign appearance who solicited attention to a display of his minstrel powers. He was a youth of about eighteen, and wore a blue velvet doublet embroidered with gold. His raven locks, which flowed from beneath his close velvet cap, hung in ringlets round his neck and over his brow, shadowing his dark expressive eyes. The prince threw him a small coin, which the minstrel received with a proud smile; and, running over a plaintive prelude on the small harp which he bore, began an Italian song, of which the following is a close translation:

Captive knight, thou would'st be free—
How shall the deed be done—
For guards around encompass thee,
With steeds fleet as thy own?
Yet would'st thou 'scape, the gallant steed
Beneath the goring spur must bleed.
Captive, bend around thine eyes—
A courser fleet of foot
Before thee stands—with such a prize
Thou'lt scorn thy foes' pursuit.
Rid thee of thy slothful grey,
A gallant roan must bear thee away!

As the minstrel concluded, he crossed his hands on his bosom, and with a low obeisance retired. The prince had scarce looked around him, when he was accosted by our taciturn friend the horse-dealer, who, however, evinced no lack of words while soliciting Edward's inspection of his menage.

The prince mechanically followed the dealer, who recommended to his notice a beautiful Flemish roan, offering it for five marks. Struck with its colour, as being the same mentioned in the min-
strel's song, Edward was about to become its purchaser, when the dealer, attentively examining the animal which he rode, proposed an exchange of horses.

"My friend," said the prince, "I will not take advantage of thy offer; my grey has but little mettle."

"The better, therefore, for my purpose," rejoined the man; adding, "I am commissioned by the Bishop of Bristol to procure greys for his chariot."

Edward needed little further argument to induce his acceptance of so advantageous an offer. The dealer saddled the roan, and, whilst assisting the prince to mount, slipped, unperceived, a paper into his hand. Various were the jests of the prince's attendants at the expense of the bishop and his agent, as they returned home; while Edward enjoyed the satisfaction of having escaped suspicion. On his arrival at old Martin's, he retired to his chamber, and producing the paper previously mentioned, read as follows:—"Your friends in arms are awaiting you—extend your ride to-morrow beyond the walls, in a western direction; seek an opportunity, and put your roan to his mettle—he will outstrip his pursuers—till a party of your friends appear to your rescue."

The prince was now enabled to penetrate the entire mystery. The minstrel and horse-dealer were, he concluded, in alliance, and to one or the other of these unknown friends he evidently owed the first notice of intended rescue, so ingeniously conveyed to him in his chamber. The reader will perhaps go further, and discover in the minstrel and his associate the companions at the Golden Lion, who obtained from the garrulity of the soldier such information of the prince's residence as enabled them to proceed in the manner described.

"Has your highness yet put your roan to his mettle?" inquired Sir Henry Seldon, (one of the attendants of Prince Edward, who had witnessed the exchange of the preceding day,) as he rode forward with the prince and the company of gentlemen appointed to guard him.

"Not yet," replied Edward; "but, if it please Heaven, we will, ere long, try his speed."

The party passed the walls, and, at the suggestion of the prince, bent their course westward.

At the distance of two miles from the town a plain presented itself. "Sir Henry," said the prince, addressing Seldon, "thou art riding a steed of known mettle; I'll wager thee a noble my roan shall outstrip thee."
Sir Henry accepted the challenge, first sending forward several of the company to fix the boundaries of the course. The issue of the race was as might be expected: Edward prudently kept in the noble animal he rode, and lost his stake; proving, however, by the ease with which he kept near his antagonist, that it had been no difficult matter to have outstripped him.

Encouraged by Sir Henry's success, another of the company challenged the prince, and won with equal ease. A third match, with a similar result, satisfied the party that Edward had been duped by the dealer.

The matches now became general among the attendants of the prince, who, on the plea of his horse being fatigued, dismounted, and remained an inactive spectator. In a short time the horses of the whole party were jaded. Edward in vain urged them to a continuance of the pastime; and, watching his opportunity, suddenly mounted his roan, and addressed his attendants—"Fail not, my friends, to make my remembrance to your master: represent to him that I had long enough enjoyed the pleasure of his and your society, and bade you adieu."

With these words the prince put spurs to his gallant steed, and, with the speed of light, dashed away from the astonished throng, who pursued him, fast as their jaded animals could bear them.

After an ineffectual chase of several miles, the appearance of a troop of horsemen from an opposite direction compelled them to retire, and the prince was surrounded, and hailed with acclamations, by his delighted friends; at the head of whom was Roger Mortimer, accompanied by Albert Durazzo, the favourite Italian page of his cousin Henry d'Allmaine.

A ride of less than two hours brought the party to the borders of Wales, where Edward was received by the Earl of Gloucester, by whom the plan of escape had been concerted.

"In sooth, he is a noble animal," replied the prince, in answer to Gloucester's inquiry of the manner in which the Flemish roan had accomplished his task; "but," continued he, "who were the authors of my liberation, for, certes, the callings of minstrel and horse-dealer were but assumed by some devoted friends?"

"Is it possible your highness did not recognize in one of them the leader of the party who appeared to your rescue?"

"Not Roger Mortimer!" ejaculated the prince. "Yet, by the mass! 'twas he himself; and the minstrel could be none other than my cousin Henry's page! Though they were so silent on the subject of their hazardous enterprise, I must have been marvellously insensible not to have discovered them. Yet, by my fay, I will not be ungrateful!"
To detail succeeding events would be but to cite the words of the historian. The royalists had been secretly prepared for Edward's release, and flew to arms. The Earl of Gloucester had previously collected considerable forces, and the vast accession of adherents that now flocked to his standard, rendered him far superior to any force his enemy could bring into the field.

It was now that the talents of young Edward began to display themselves in their true lustre. By the most vigorous movements he surrounded Leicester, and, by cutting down the bridges over the Severn, precluded him from all intercourse with his friends. After various unsuccessful efforts to extricate himself, the earl sent orders to his son, Simon de Montford, to proceed immediately from London with an army to his assistance. Prince Edward, obtaining intelligence of the approach of these forces, surprised them by forced marches, and, falling unexpectedly upon them, gained a complete victory.

During the absence of the prince, Leicester passed the Severn in boats, and established his quarters at Evesham, intending there to await the arrival of his son. Edward, however, soon reappeared, and compelled him to hazard an engagement.

Leicester formed his line of battle with his accustomed skill, and exhorted his men; assuring them that liberty and life depended on the issue of the conflict.

"Father!" cried Henry de Montford, riding up to the earl, "success will be ours. My brother's army approaches; their banners are perceptible from the adjacent hill."

"Embrace me, boy!" cried Leicester; "and now, my friends, for victory!"

His cheer was echoed by his gallant followers, whose fainting spirits derived vigour from the intelligence. Their hopes were, however, soon to undergo a dreadful reverse. Edward had ordered a body of his troops, bearing the banners taken from Leicester's vanquished friends, to enter the field from an opposite direction. The earl, thus deceived, mistook one division of the prince's army for his expected friends. Soon, however, he perceived his fatal error. "Hugh le Despenser!" cried he, in agony, "our foes have learned from us the art of war. Let us commend our souls to God; our bodies are the prince's! Yet mine shall be of little worth to him!"

The engagement was commenced with all the fury of despair. Various were the achievements of the heroic Prince Edward. Ever blending humanity with bravery, he, at one period, perceived in front of the enemy's line an aged warrior, in close
armour, feebly defending himself from the attack of a soldier. Ere he could reach the combatants, the soldier had struck down his antagonist's weapon, and inflicted a slight wound.

"Spare me! I am your king, I am Henry of Winchester!"

"Thou liest, old dotard!" cried the fellow; but, ere he could repeat the blow, he himself fell by the hand of the prince.

"Father!"—"Edward!"—burst from the lips of Henry and his son, and they were locked in each other's embrace. The prince removed the aged monarch, who had been purposely exposed by Leicester's party, to a place of security, and again headed the attack.

Leicester's army, after an obstinate resistance, was routed with prodigious slaughter. The earl himself, his son Henry, and near two hundred gentlemen of his party, fell on the fatal field.

The consequences of so decisive a victory may be readily conceived. Rebellion was subdued; the cities and castles every where opened their gates to the prince, who had the satisfaction of restoring his father to that throne from which the treachery of false friends, taking advantage of his amiable but too easy disposition, had ejected him.

Having succeeded in restoring peace and unanimity, Edward departed for the Holy Land, where, to use the words of history, "He signalized himself by acts of valour, revived the glory of the English name in those parts, and struck terror into the Saracens."

Being recalled by his father, who, however, died before his return, he arrived in England, after an absence of three years, (a portion of which he spent in France,) and took possession of the sceptre, which he long continued to sway with honour to himself and advantage to his country. 

Charles M.

1 SMILE, BUT CHECK THE RISING SIGH!

'Mid scenes of joy I strive in vain
To wean my soul from sorrow's mood;
The mazy dance, the liveliest strain,
To me is worse than solitude.
When Beauty bends the laughing eye,
I smile, but check the rising sigh!

The friends of youth I envy not,
That bask 'neath Fortune's rays benign,
Yet oh! to see their happier lot
Reminds what bliss might have been mine.
And when they bid me share their joy,
I smile, but check the rising sigh!

Charles M.
THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S FUNERAL.

CHAPTER III.

Towards the evening of the same day on which Dame Martha and Adeline were so mysteriously introduced to each other, a more than usual bustle was observable on the bridge over the Rhine, which unites Kehl with Strasburg. Equestrians, both in military and civil dress, were galloping to and fro; pedestrians of all classes, male and female, were ambulating on both sides of the broad floating causeway, beneath which the current of the majestic stream, battering against the fast-moored pontoons, pursued, in foaming billows, its rapid course.

The throng of people seemed to be attracted thither by one and the same object, and those who approached the foot of the bridge, on the German side, stopped short awhile, waiting and peeping intently into the little town of Kehl, and inquiring whether the long expected funeral cortège, which was to conduct to the family mausoleum the remaines of a French field-marshal, who had fallen in a recent battle, would not at length make its appearance; but the sun inclined more and more towards the horizon, twilight already began to spread its sable mantle over the tranquil landscape and the billowing stream, and yet no trace of the impatiently expected pageant could be descried. Now the good citizens of Strasburg, who had thought proper to give the departed field-marshal's remains thus far the meeting, seeing the dome of their colossal cathedral burnished by the beams of the departing evening sun, thought proper to make the best of their way home, lest they should find the gates of the garrison shut, and be obliged to make shift with a night's lodging under the town walls and the canopy of heaven. By this time the bridge became more quiet; but still there were walking up and down solitary pedestrians from Kehl, who, enjoying the fresh air of a mild summer's evening, had not yet given up all hopes of accompanying the illustrious dead a little way on his last state procession here on earth, which, unluckily enough for him, partook of the nature of a retreat. The guard of honour stationed on that end where the bridge is entered from the German shore, had, by order of their commander, who was tired of the long delay, piled their muskets, and stood round a grey-haired drummer, who had made the campaign of Egypt, and, seated on the black muffled drum, told them prodigies of the Pyramids, and the mysteries appertaining thereto. At the entrance of the bridge, and on both sides thereof, torches were now lit, whose red glare the waves of the river reflected in perpetual agitation.
"You may depend on it," the loquacious drummer continued, "near a thousand hogsheads of Napoleons d'or are, at this time, lying untouched in the catacombs of the Pyramids, where the ancient kings have buried them, and are at the disposal of any enterprising searcher;" when all at once his discourse was interrupted by a challenge from the sentinel, and by the noise of arms, which announced the approach of the field-marshal's remains, and of the troops escorting them. In an instant the guard was under arms, and the veteran's muffled drum now rolled as unceasingly as "the tales twice told" had before flown from his garrulous tongue.

The funeral procession, which soon came near enough to be illumined by the burning torches, did not move with the slow and measured pomp and dignity befitting the occasion, but, on the contrary, in such an uncereimomial and strangely hurried manner, that the spectators could not help taking notice of it. At the head of the cortège there came a military man on horseback, with his hat drawn down low on his eyebrows, who galloped up to the officer of the guard, and, handing over to him a written order, introduced himself, in few words, as the Adjutant Delolay, having the command of the troops escorting the marshal's remains to the family mausoleum, and appointed to pay him the last military honours. While this explanation was being given, and the drum had been silenced by a nod of the commanding officer, the lugubrious train came on the bridge, and moved unceasingly forward, without, as usual, halting a few moments, while the guard of honour was presenting arms.

"That's rather a queer way of doing the honours to a French field-marshal, although he be but a dead one," whispered the old drummer in the next man's ear: "the late hero would fret himself to death could he look on and see what pains they are taking to knock off the job as quickly as possible. Sacre nom de Dieu! I knew him well; un bon enfant! I have been drumming by the side of him at Jena, Eylau, and Austerlitz."

"I don't dispute it," replied the other; "he must have been a very tall and corpulent man, and it is no wonder a cannon ball should hit so fair a mark. Only look at the width of the hearse, and how the pall bulges out. Upon my soul! it looks as if there was room for half-a-dozen marshals."

Just then, the leader of the procession passed by in full gallop. The high plume of feathers on his hat waved proudly amid the glare of the torches; a taunting smile curled his mouth, and he could not, or did not choose to control an expression of triumph
and satisfaction. He had soon come up with the soldiers, who were briskly and silently marching on both sides of the hearse, with their arms reversed. The train had got about midway of the bridge, when the commander urged them to still greater speed, and, to the utter astonishment of the spectators, who had followed them from the shore, blows with the but-ends of the musket were now resorted to, to force the horses before the hearse into a brisk trot. The escort followed in an easy canter, never letting the illustrious corpse get a moment out of sight.

Directly the procession had passed, and its leader had galloped after it, the guard of honour at the other end of the bridge prepared for evacuating their post, and surrendering it to the douaniers, or custom-house officers, in waiting, whose regular station it was, and who had on this particular occasion given it up to the troops of the line, when the noise of fast approaching cavalry and the clangour of their arms was heard anew. The sentinel’s challenge was answered loudly and vehemently, and an officer, in a richly embroidered uniform, decorated with numerous orders, mounted on a high charger, and followed by two gens d’armes on horseback, approached with the rapidity of lightning.

“What is all that yonder? What compact and dark mass is that moving at the further end of the bridge?” he roared out, in a powerful and commanding voice, to the officer on duty.

The officer went up, somewhat embarrassed, to the equestrian, and reported it was the funeral procession of a marshal, fallen in one of the late battles, who was being conveyed to the family mausoleum, under the escort of Adjutant Delolay.

“Adjutant Devil!” cried the officer on horseback, in a fury, and tore his sabre out of the scabbard, “it is an abominable imposture. The funeral procession is following me; I am Adjutant Delolay.”

At those words he clapped his spurs deep into his horse’s flanks, and galloped, followed by his attendants, with a loose rein after the procession. Now the douaniers at once saw through the deception that had been going on; now they began to surmise that the fraud committed concerned themselves, and that some rich prize had escaped their clutches. “A smuggler’s trick!” was the general outcry; and, in the very instant, all the douaniers rushed forth, on the bridge, after the gens d’armes.

“Sacre nom!” cried the veteran from Egypt, “did I not say directly that the chaps did not know how to pay due honours to a marshal of the grand army? Now it turns out they are no soldiers, but a parcel of vagabonds; and, in the end, the marshal will be nothing but a bale of tobacco.”
A general laugh ensued; the officer commanded silence. He did not think it consistent with his military dignity to interfere in the douanier's concerns; still, under existing circumstances, he deemed it his duty to continue on his post, and await the result of the affair.

While all this was passing on the bank, the procession on the bridge was pursuing its route as briskly as possible; but it was still a good end from the opposite shore, when the trampling of the fast approaching horses, sounding hollow on the wooden bridge, as well as the savage yells of the douaniers, made no agreeable impression on the leader's ear.

"Confusion!" he muttered furiously to himself, "so near the haven, and be shipwrecked after all!"

He now banged away, with the flat of his sabre, on the horses which drew the hearse, but, in spite of the utmost exertion, they would not mend their pace. When he saw the officer, the gens d'armes, and the rear of douaniers, already pretty close up with him, he became aware that his well-planned enterprize had miscarried, and that escape and self-preservation was now the only thing to be thought of.

"It is all over," he called out to his men; "but the lurchers shall not be a whit the better for it, and they shall have in vain recovered the lost scent. Cut the horses' traces asunder, and smack the whole concern into the river, hearse and all. There," he added, with a taunting laugh, "the fish may feast on the pampered corpse of his excellency the field marshal."

The good folks, who, desirous of enjoying the sight of the funeral a little while longer, had been following it from the shore, were now seized with no slight terror, on hearing this curious mandate. It was, however, carried into execution without delay by the leader's subordinates. The horses, freed from their bonds, and impelled forward by hard blows, soon ran to the opposite shore. The next thing the men now did was to shove the hearse to the margin of the bridge, in order to pitch it into the river; but their pursuers were already close at hand, and the gens d'armes dispersed those busy about the hearse. The douaniers also came pouring in, with fierce threats; while on the other side of the bridge, whither the beset smugglers might yet have directed their retreat, a hollow and ill-boding noise resounded.

"What, there too!" exclaimed the leader of the train, grasing his teeth, and raising himself in the stirrups, to take a full view of the dangerous predicament in which himself and his followers were placed. "Must the valuable property, too, fall into the hands of the rogues, and nothing remain for me but to
give my comrades the signal to provide for their own safety? Cursed fatality! which has frustrated the most ingenious exped- tion that ever was planned!"

With a singularly shrill and penetrating whistle, which the douaniers immediately recognized as the smugglers' usual signal for a retreat, he informed his gang of the step to which he was compelled by the danger of the moment, when they, with uncon- mon agility, threw off the military hats and cloaks, which rendered them too conspicuous; and as they wore beneath them their usual civil dress, they quickly made their way through the wondering throng, to a more remote part of the bridge, where several boats had been plying unperceived, which immediately took in the fugitives. Their leader, too, wanted to follow them thither; but while he was preparing to leave the spot he had hitherto been occupying, his chief adversary, the officer in the rich uniform, dashed in his way.

"Are you the scoundrel who passes himself for Adjutant Delolay?" vociferated the officer with unrestrained fury. "Down from the horse this instant; down in the dirt with thee, vile impostor! Tremble, thou, caitiff; I myself am Delolay."

At these virulent invectives, a deep crimson spread over the countenance of the leader of the smugglers, a part he had now no longer to attend to. In his grasp, too, the sharp blade flashed menacingly. "Scoundrel yourself!" he retorted, with savage fierceness, on the adjutant. "Mercenary of a tyrant, wretched slave of illegitimacy! do you think I put my life at stake for a paltry handful of dollars? You never were more mistaken. To liberty and our rights I consecrate my services, and oppression I encounter either with force or stratagem."

The adjutant foamed at his mouth with anger; his tongue refused its office, and it was with difficulty that he could utter the words—"Despicable reptile, darest thou to revile my emperor?" at the same time raising his sword, he levelled a fierce thrust at his opponent's breast, which the other parried with admirable dexterity.

"Take this," cried the smuggler captain, impelled as much by the influence of alarm for his own safety as by the desire of vengeance for the affront he had endured; on which his own blade whistled in the air, and lighted heavily on the officer's head. Now he beheld the other's hat, cut in twain, fall on the ground, and the man himself, fainting and unable to sustain him- self any longer in the saddle, swing from one side to the other.

"Ehrenfried! brother! for God's sake, what are you about?" a well-known voice now addressed the smuggler.
With haggard looks he stared on a traveller, who was leaping out of a post-chaise that had been detained on the bridge in consequence of the affray. "Must malicious fate bring you here, too, just at this moment?" he bitterly replied. "Let me alone; I must not recognize you. Whoever knows me here, is an informer against me."

However, several of the douaniers, pressing to the spot, had already heard the traveller's exclamation. They saw the bold and wily chief of smugglers, well known to them, deserted by his crew, and reckoned upon an easy and cheap seizure. Already their bullets were whizzing round the devoted youth's head, when he became sensible that he had but a few moments left for his escape, and that perpetual infamy, or perhaps an ignominious death, might be the consequence of the least delay. With one violent pull he flung his horse about, then clapped the spurs into his sides, and forced him to leap, from the margin of the bridge, into the foaming flood.

"He is lost!" cried the traveller, pressing forward to the spot, from which the smuggler had departed in so bold a style. The custom-house officers sent a volley of curses after him, nor were they sparing of their bullets, but none of them hit their aim; and they had to witness, to their extreme mortification, their enemy safely reach one of the boats, in which his associates were waiting for him, and into which he vaulted with agility, leaving his stead a prey to the waves. The smugglers returned the douaniers' curses with three cheers, and, quitting their still critical station, the fast rowing boats soon vanished in the dusk of the night.

When the panting traveller saw that the leader of the smugglers had safely escaped his pursuers, he breathed more freely. He stooped down to Adjutant Delolay, who, stunned by the blow he had received, had fallen from his horse, and was lying senseless on the ground, his face covered with blood. Happily the blow had taken a slanting direction, and, falling heavily on the upper part of the head, had inflicted only a long slashing wound on one side of it.

The traveller soon ascertained the wounded man's case, and was just going to his chaise for a reviving medicine, which he carried with him, when he was collared by one of the gens d'armes, who without more ado declared him his prisoner, inasmuch as, by his expressions and demeanour, he had incurred the suspicion of being connected with the smugglers. In vain he appealed to his papers, which went to show that he was travelling in the capacity of secretary of legation to a power in alli-
ance with France. In vain he assured them that his business was of the utmost importance, and admitted of no delay; the gen-
d’armes said, that was nothing to him—he must deliver him up to his superiors, who were best able to judge of it. The traveller found himself, therefore, reduced to the unpleasant necessity of re-entering his post-chaise, into which the still senseless Delolay was also placed, and drove back to Strasburg, guarded by a posse of gens d’armes.

While he was reconciling himself to this retrograding move-
ment, which, though it was likely to be but short, would traverse his plans in many respects, the douaniers safely secured the immense booty they had found in the hearse. The rich seizure made them amends for the captain’s lucky escape; and as they were coming by the guardhouse at the foot of the bridge, the grey-haired drummer called out to them, laughing—"I say, my lads, most likely that’s the first field-marshal you have ever made a prisoner of; so mind you keep tight hold of him. Don’t you let him go at large, on his parole. The devil a bit does a hero of his kidney, who can be sold by the pound or by the yard, know of the usages and customs of war."

CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight when Adeline awoke from a sound and refresh-
ing sleep. She looked with astonishment round the apartment, faintly lighted by a dim-burning night-lamp, and not till after some time did she know it again, or recollect the incidents which had brought her there. Her uncle had sunk back into a large easy chair, and his hard breathing proved that he, too, had not been able to withstand the effects of exhaustion, and the fatigues of the journey. His sleep, however, was extremely restless—a distressing dream seemed to haunt him. At intervals, various subdued and unintelligible sounds quivered on his lips; while his features, harshly delineated already by nature, would often convulsively contract, when something so ghastly flitted over his pale and deeply furrowed brow, that Adeline could not help inwardly shuddering. She could not love the man whose demeanour to her had invariably been stern and repulsive, and who, according to his own confession, had forfeited his life to the law by nefarious practices. Yet she still felt a tie of gratitude to him who rescued her, an early orphan, from poverty and destitution. She looked at him with sympathy. "How mighty are the powers of sleep!" she thought. "With the illusive images of its dreams, it can sensibly affect this frozen heart, from which reality, rush it Sept. 1830.
ever so fearfully and threateningly upon him, is not able to wring the undisguised manifestation of a single feeling! He is my uncle, the nearest relative on earth whom death has spared me; yet he chooses to be a stranger to me. He drags me along with him, like a slave, through his restless roaming life, the mysterious object of which I cannot fathom; and his will must be a law to me, even though the wishes of my heart and my strongest inclinations are against it."

A deep sigh forced itself from her breast, and tears started in her eyes. Then she sunk into dark musing, in which she continued till disturbed by a noise beneath the window of her apartment. The voice of a man, designedly subdued, repeatedly called out "Thomas! Thomas!" No answer being given for a good while, he added, "Have you then lost your hearing entirely, confounded sleepy rascal? Will you keep dreaming until the blue-coats arrive, and roughly rouse you for a walk to the house of correction?"

Adeline listened anxiously: a noise outside the chamber door, as if a person was getting up from the ground, and was sneaking about there, still increased her uneasiness. Their critical situation now flashed with the rapidity of lightning on her mind. "May it not be so, after all? May we not have got amongst robbers," she asked herself, "amongst villains, who have resolved to murder us, to elude discovery and punishment?" She knew not what to do. To awake her uncle would answer no purpose. What defence could the feeble old man, deprived as he was of his arms, oppose to a superior number of assailants? She tried to get up from her couch: in this she succeeded beyond her expectation, and felt that undisturbed sleep had fully restored her strength. Moving softly to the window, and opening it with the utmost caution, she heard, not far from her, another window also open, from which the person who had brought them to the house in the morning called down in a muffled voice—"What's all this noise for, you son of a gun? Will you startle the game that I am obliged to preserve here for that madcap, Fred? Speak softly, and tell me how matters stand. Have they got every thing safe into the French nest? Do the signal-fires on the mountains make a favourable report?"

"None at all," answered the man below, "the whole must have miscarried; the devil a signal-fire is to be seen, look where you will. It remains as dark as pitch on the heights, nor has a single rocket risen out of the valleys, which would have been the case if Fred had made a successful dash. No doubt the whole
concern has been blown, and a fine pickle they are in now. Mind what I say:—ere night you'll have the blue-coats here, to burn out the whole rookery. For my own part, I'll save my bacon, while yet there is time, down some fifty fathoms into Gottle's Pit; there, no living soul will catch a glimpse of me; and, if you take my advice, you had better follow my example."

"And be laughed at for a fool if I did," replied the other. "I dare say you have had a drop too much, and therefore can't see what is going forward under your very nose. Surely, you would not have me believe the mere assertion of a fellow like you, who is tippling from morning till night. Fred's glorious scheme miscarried! No, no; I'll not so easily give up my share of the profit. I had rather remain unbelieving Thomas, until the brass helmets are peeping out of the skirt of the forest yonder; it will then be time enough to bolt into the wood, where I shall be every way as safe as you in your mine."

"Please yourself," said the voice below; "for my own part, I stick to my resolution, and prefer the Gute Gottes."

Here the dialogue ended. Adeline observed that the last interlocutor went about his business, and the other closed the window. It seemed that she and her uncle had nothing to fear for the moment, though, from what had fallen from her keeper, there was room to surmise that a short time would bring to light whatever design that madcap Fred, as they called him, was meditating against them. The keen night air blew a chill on the maiden's frame, and her mind was filled with gloomy apprehensions. While she was softly shutting the window, and creeping to her couch, she heard Thomas return to his post, and lay himself down on the floor, outside the chamber door.

Full of dismal surmises, Adeline kept listening to every noise, and speculating on the probable result of all those mysterious incidents, when the word "Cuckoo!" was distinctly heard in the passage outside, followed by a merry and cheering tune on the German-flute.

Adeline was so agitated by these unexpected sounds, which, in a moment of such extreme disquietude, appeared to her like a warning voice, that her legs refused their office; and, in order to keep herself from falling, she instinctively caught hold of one of the boughs with which the room was decorated, when in a minute the whole foliage was in an uproar: the feathered tribe flew about in all directions, and the confused cry of the distressed birds filled the room.

Morelli started up, and, staring at his niece with a frightfully
distorted countenance, "Are they come to lead me to the heap of sand," cried he, "that it may drain my blood, and receive old Morelli's body, to preserve it for the day of judgment? Fools! blockheads! they must first prove that I am guilty. Does not the pocket-book lay snugly concealed in the black forest, where it will never be found, unless the devil himself be concerned in the search?"

Through the strains of the flute, which still continued to pour sweet consolation and gentle peace into the heart, Adeline recovered her composure; but the old one was yet listening silently, and with agitated looks, to the sound, until he, too, entirely came to himself again; and his countenance having reassumed its wonted expression of austere seriousness and chilling apathy, he said to his niece, "Dear me! why you seem quite hearty and well again, or else you would hardly have taken a fancy to enact the sleep-walker, and wantonly frighten the birds, that your poor old uncle may be disturbed in what little night's rest he can get."

Witout making the slightest retort to the unmerited reproof which those words were intended to convey, the maiden informed her uncle of every thing that had occurred since her awaking. The old one listened, with seeming indifference, to her report, as he walked up and down the room. When she had finished, he again dropped unconcernedly into the elbow chair, and said, with a frigid smile, "Well, and what does all this amount to, and of what import can it be? The good people here are carrying on some mysterious and equivocal business, that is clear enough; but it is not likely they have any design on us. If they had had a mind to our property, I don't see why they should have put themselves to the trouble of conveying us hither, where so many eyes are watching their proceedings, when they might have done the job much more conveniently yonder in the mountainous forest, shrouded by midnight darkness. No, no; the fear of being robbed is idle and ridiculous: another object, which I cannot fathom, lies at the bottom of our detention. I don't mean to say it is an evil one, but the delay with which it is attended is very unseasonable. As to your monitors, the venerable cuckoo and the insipid squeaking of the flute, which, thank God! has at length ceased, you are in the black forest, where in all the peasants' cottages a wooden cuckoo clock proclaims every quarter, and flute music, such as it is, annoys you every hour. But enough of this now; try to sleep away the remainder of your fatigue. This suspense cannot last much longer, and then we'll
immediately set off again on the same expeditious and restless journey."

Morelli, seating himself in his elbow-chair, soon fell again into the unrefreshing slumbers from which his niece had disturbed him. But sleep had quite deserted the lady, who counted the hours, till the dawn of morning, by the uniformly repeating cuckoo-call and the strains of the flute. At last day approached. Friendly and serene, the morning sun greeted the waking maiden, when amongst the boughs and blossoms, too, a stir ensued, and the lark and linnet began a merry morning carol. Outside of the house, in a female voice, a lively German ditty resounded. Adeline knew the song; sweet reminiscence awakened in her soul, and supplied her imagination with the most delightful pictures—Reinhold had sung it frequently; Reinhold, whose love was to her the most precious thing on earth; Reinhold, in whom she first loved and esteemed one of a sex, of which her own uncle could not have given her a very favourable idea. She hastened to the window. A blooming damsel was drawing water at the well, in front of the house; it was Else; it was she who had begun the sweet morning hymn, and who was now singing it loudly, in clear and youthful tones, amid cheerful awakening nature. Adeline opened the window, and smiled benignly at the damsel, who, roused by the noise, turned round, and, casting a reproachful and suspicious look at her, abruptly left off singing, and ran into the house.

"What odd suspicions these people must entertain of me, that I appear to them an object of terror and abhorrence," said Adeline, heaving a deep sigh. She again relapsed into her musing, while her eyes were riveted on the mountains, of which a white vapour, descending into the valleys below, unfolded the summits, crowned with gigantic pines, as they shone in the mild refulgence of morning. Her uncle had not yet awakened from his feverish slumbers. She continued a long while at the window, unconscious of any particular object, when Dame Martha came out of the house, and, directing her melancholy looks toward her, said, "Why do you remain in the close room, while the delightful morning, embellished by the blessed saints with all its glory, is so sweetly inviting you to a walk?" After a pause, she mildly added, "Come down, and take some exercise along with me. A morning like this, spent in the open air on our mountains, refreshes body and soul."

Adeline, at a loss what to answer, replied, after some hesitation, "I dare not, lest my uncle should be displeased."
"That alters the case," replied the widow; "if it is duty that deters you, I will no longer persuade you. I thought you might be afraid of the guard at your door, whose severity will soon relax at my bidding."

Dame Martha then proceeded on her way to the mountains, but scarcely had Adeline declined her invitation, when she regretted having done so. Again the idea forcibly revived in her soul, that this gentle and sorrowful woman might be her Reinhold's mother; that fate had brought her into contact with her, in order that she might at length pour out her heart, oppressed with sorrow, into the bosom of a friend, and derive consolation and hope from soft sympathy. Who could tell whether the experienced dame would not, by her advice and assistance, promote the cause of love, and bring it to the longed-for end? What a precious moment was there thrown away! what an excellent opportunity she had neglected! This was succeeded by gloomy forebodings that it would never occur again, and that all was lost. She returned to the couch, and hid her face, bedewed with tears, in the pillow.

No feeling of compassion moved Morelli when he awoke, and beheld his niece in that condition. "Love! nonsense! Girlish whims!" he said to himself. His own mind was tormented by horrid feelings, which, however, no expression, no gesture, betrayed. The fear of death had struck her fury-claw into his heart; he had reason to tremble at it, as, for the sake of a great reward, he had been himself setting his life at stake.

It was not till late that Thomas made his appearance in the captives' chamber with some refreshments. Silent, and with a knitted brow, he approached the window, and directed his prying looks towards the mountain pass, through which they had been travelling the day before, when all at once he started back with horror, and the blood forsook his countenance. "Hell and the fiends!" he exclaimed, "then it was no story after all. The whole property gone to the dogs, and every thing discovered!"

Adeline stared at the man with alarm. Morelli, surprised, went up to him to the window, which he was at that moment vehemently sliding back.

"What, Fred, is it really you?" called out Thomas, to a man wrapped in a shabby great coat, who, with hurried steps, had by this time reached the house. The machinist immediately recognized in him the person who had stopped his carriage on the night before the last, and by whose order he had been conveyed to the farm. On that occasion he wore an officer's rich uniform, but
that did not prevent the old man from again knowing features which he had carefully treasured up in his memory. "Is everything lost then?" continued Thomas; "have you saved nothing at all? None of the beautiful jewellery—of the superb lace?"

"Out upon you, with your stupid talk!" answered the other, with a forced laugh, "we have saved a great deal—our own precious persons; and that was not a little in this vile rencontre, when more gunpowder was puffed away on the Rhine bridge in ten minutes, than in the ordinary way in a twelvemonth. Mr. Adjutant Delolay himself would have condescended to make a seizure of me, but I gave him such a tumble that I warrant it will be some time before he'll be able to think of getting up again. Come, look sharp, my lad," addressing himself to Morelli's coachman, who had by this time come up, and was staring at him with surprise, "put the horses to the carriage immediately, and be as quick as possible; we are going to proceed on the journey. And you, old gentleman, get yourself ready; you have as much cause to be afraid of the blue-coats as I have, and ere half an hour is over they may be here. You must arrange to let me have a seat in your carriage; it was for that purpose only that I had you detained here. Now you know all about it."

"For all the saints' sake, Ehrenfried, what is the matter with you?" cried the pale-visaged dame, who had returned from her walk on the mountains, and was approaching the speaker.

"Nothing, mother," he replied, biting his lips; "the air here won't agree with me, and I must go abroad, where I can breathe freely, and do as I like."

"Abroad again already!" said Elsee, who had come running to him when she heard his voice; "by St. Anthony, I will not put up with it!"

"Oh! we must put up with a great deal in this world, my love," replied Ehrenfried; "and where is the great odds? Sweethearts are to be found everywhere. You, too, will not be long getting another, and soon forget wild Fred, who, after all, could never do anything to please you." With these words he hastened into the house, followed by the afflicted mother and the weeping maiden.

Morelli retired from the window with a smile of satisfaction, while Thomas rushed out of the room, muttering imprecations.

"You have heard we are going to set off immediately," said the machinist to his niece; "bestir yourself; get your trumpery ready, lest we should be the cause of delay."

"But, uncle, can you think of travelling in company with this
ambiguous character? Will you trust yourself to this bold and
daring man?"

"He will do us no harm," replied Morelli, with a peculiar
smile. "I know him perfectly well; of him we have nothing
to fear."

"You know him!" cried Adeline, hastily starting from her
seat; "tell me, pray, what is his business? who is he?"

"Nothing near so particular, child, as you may perhaps im-
agine," replied the machinist; "he is what the world calls a free-
trader, or a smuggler—a man who is waging a petty war against
the emperor's decree—a daring fellow, who generously supplies
the great nation with bushels of that which his majesty doles out
to it by spoonfuls; he is, therefore, in every sense, a man of
honour, whom you ought to respect, child."

Adeline was struck dumb at her uncle's explanation. "God's
will be done!" thought she, and resigned herself to whatever
might befall her. She was to remove farther and farther from her
dear Reinhold, to emigrate to a foreign country, into a mysterious
futurity, the destination of which entirely depended on the will of
the old man, with whose fate her own seemed to be identified.

By this time the carriage had drawn up to the door, and Morelli
led his niece down the stairs. They found Ehrenfried already
waiting for them; he had changed his shabby attire for a genteel
travelling dress, and made an extremely polite bow to Adeline,
but to the machinist only a very slight one. Elsee stood aside,
weeping violently, but the widow was nowhere to be seen.
Morelli and his niece silently took their seats in the carriage.
Ehrenfried flung a light portmanteau to the coachman, and was about to
join the other two inside, when Thomas, placing himself, with a
scowling look, in his way, said, "So I am to take your word for
it that nothing at all has been got by the rig, and put up with
having been made to sit here idly, to watch over them there
chickens of yours, and all for nothing? No, Fred, boy, that
will never answer. You must at least come down handsomely,
by way of ransom, ere I allow you quietly to depart hence."

"As if I could not do so without your leave!" said Ehrenfried,
with a taunting laugh. "I have a good mind to chastise thee for
thy impertinence; but you are a poor devil, and an alms, there-
fore, is no object to me." With those words he contemptuously
flung a few pieces of money at Thomas, which the other greedily
picked up.

"Thank you kindly," replied the ex-miner, screwing up his
features in a most sneering manner, "money is money; call it an
alms, or an honourable reward, it is all one to me. But mind what you are about; there is something moving in the forest yonder, and, ere you can get away from here, they'll have you by the collar.” He then hastily made off, and darted, with the rapidity of lightning, into the adjacent wood.

As Ehrenfried was putting his foot on the carriage step, his practised eye discerned that the equestrian who came galloping, with the utmost velocity, down the eminence, was neither a soldier nor one of the gens d’armes. “Don’t be alarmed,” he said to Morelli, who was anxiously listening, “Thomas is a coward, and has mistaken a gnat for an elephant. The man on horseback, who is coming this way, I know well; he appears as a friend, and not as an enemy.”

Still Morelli would not venture to lean out of the carriage-window. Adeline sat absorbed in deep thought, and took no share in anything that passed around her; meanwhile, the man on horseback had reached the court-yard. He nimbly jumped off the horse, when the animal, succumbing to the immense exertion it seemed to have been put to, fell down dead on the spot. “Brother Ehrenfried, save yourself!” said the new-comer, panting, “your pursuers are at your heels; not a moment is to be lost. I will remain here to protect mother.”

At the sound of that voice, Adeline, awaking from her torpor, said to herself, “That must be he. Those words he only could have uttered, whose image dwells in my heart, and occupies my entire soul.” Then screaming out, “Reinhold! my Reinhold!” she was rushing out of the carriage, but Morelli forced her back, and would not suffer her to move. At this moment Ehrenfried took his seat, and at his command the coachman drove off in full trot. In vain Adeline lamented, in vain she implored her uncle for a moment’s delay; he coolly desired her to be quiet; while Ehrenfried, who was nodding farewell to those outside, did not perceive what was passing in the carriage.

All this was the occurrence of an instant. As the vehicle receded from view, Reinhold stood motionless as a statue. “Can it be possible!” he exclaimed; “could it be Adeline who called out my name? The sound of her distressed voice caught my ear. Can she be in that carriage which has so rapidly disappeared?”

Dame Martha now came out of the house, all in tears. “God bless thee, my dear Reinhold,” she cried out with deep emotion, “come to the heart of thy mother, who, while losing an undutiful child, recovers a dutiful one. Heaven itself sends you hither, in this hour of tribulation.”
Reinhold, however, did not return his mother’s embrace with the fervency she expected. He assailed her with questions respecting Ehrenfried’s travelling companions, and, from the particulars which she gave him, he was soon convinced that it was Morelli and his niece who had been kept under his mother’s roof as Ehrenfried’s prisoners. His eyes roamed wishfully along the skirts of the forest, in which the travellers had vanished. How forcibly his heart urged him to a quick pursuit! but a sacred duty held him back. After the affair on the Rhine bridge he was taken before the prefect of Strasburg, but by producing his papers, and pleading his diplomatic character, he soon regained his liberty. He, however, learned that a tremendous storm was gathering over the heads of his relatives. Ehrenfried was too well known to the custom-house officers, as one of the most expert and daring smugglers, to leave any doubt as to his identity; and his recent bold attempt had shown his enterprising character in its true colours. Application was therefore instantly made to the neighbouring government for the delivering up of his person, and for leave to search his abode for concealed contraband goods. Both were immediately granted, and at the same time a detachment of gens d’armes and douaniers dispatched to Dame Martha’s sequestered habitation. Reinhold was aware that, under these circumstances, not Ehrenfried only, but also his mother’s property, and at her age, and in her state of health, her very life, perhaps, would be in imminent danger. He succeeded in procuring a counter-order, so far limiting the anterior one, that only the leader of the smugglers was to be apprehended, but that the search on the premises should be dispensed with. By short cuts, through unfrequented mountain passes, he got the start of the detachment, and reached his mother’s habitation just in time to accelerate his proscribed brother’s departure, and to trace his beloved Adeline, who, along with her uncle, had abruptly vanished from Paris just when he himself was chained to the spot by professional duty. He could pretty well guess what made Morelli leave that capital in so mysterious a manner. The machinist himself had given him some insight into his ticklish pursuits, by tampering with him, to entice him to a breach of duty, holding out a prospective view of the possession of Adeline. But Reinhold met his proposals with a decided negative. Hence Morelli’s dislike to the youth, whom he forbade his house; and hence the severity with which he compelled Adeline to refrain from any intercourse with her lover. But, with all his sagacity, he was hoodwinked by the arts of the blind god. Adeline and Reinhold
contrived secret meetings, and interchanged fervent vows of eternal fidelity. When his beloved maid, however, was suddenly torn from his grasp, when her total separation afflicted him beyond endurance, no power on earth could detain him longer at Paris. The ambassador in whose employ he was granted him leave of absence for a journey to Germany, whither he had reason to conjecture Morelli was gone; and lest any delay should impede his progress, he provided himself with cabinet courier’s passports. We have seen in what manner the singular occurrence on the Rhine bridge occasioned an interruption to his journey, and how he found his beloved one again, once more to lose her.

Wavering a few moments as to what he should determine upon, Reinhold stood silently by the side of his mother, who held his hand clasped in hers, pressing it affectionately, when his eyes caught the faithful animal which had brought him there, the lifeless victim of his filial and fraternal zeal.

"Even if I were to make up my mind to go—even if I would leave with my mother the letter of protection of her property, so fortunately obtained—it would be impossible now!" he muttered with a sigh; and returning Dame Martha’s caresses with more resignation and tenderness than before, he entered an abode, where a thousand sweet recollections met him at every step.

(To be continued.)

TRANSLATION OF LE PORTRAIT,
AN ADMired FRENCH SONG.—TO THE ORIGINAL FRENCH AIR.

Semblance of her whom I must e’er adore—
Best pledge of love, which love alone could give—
Ah come! and teach my expiring hopes to live,
Ah come! and kind my forfeit bliss restore!

Painting, loved art! which might at our cares disarm,
From love unblest thy being was derived,
To calm its woes, of all it loved, deprived,
And o’er the pangs of absence fling a charm.

Yes, here they are—her features, her dear charms—
Her eyes’ bright smile, that truth has e’er express’d:
Now while I clasp the portrait to my breast,
I seem to fold my Julié in my arms.

Fold her—bust thou her charms then?—never, no!
Unconscious witness of my frequent sigh—
In bringing past delights to memory,
Cruel portrait, thou hast forced my tears to flow!

I’ve call’d thee “cruel!” how unjust in me!—
In wakened grief I called thee so; bereft
Of her dear self, the shadow now that’s left,
Picture of her I love! I owe to thee! C h a r l e s M.
SONG.

Why do you tell me that the light
Of joy to me is given,
And that ethereal forms unite
To make this earth a heaven?
For oh! it is no heaven to me,
Unless thy form is there,
Entwining round my destiny,
And banishing my care.
Though dark as night my horoscope,
One beaming smile of thine
Would cheer it with the rays of hope,
Ineffably divine!
Then give, oh! give, those smiles to me,
Nor leave me to despair;
And I will bless my destiny,
And banish ev’ry care.

JAMES KNOX.

HUNGARIAN FOREST-SONG.

How the lovely sunset smiles
O’er the azure sea of heaven!
And the clouds seem rainbow isles,
Where its gorgeous flush is given.
And the sound of festal song,
From the distant hills conveyed,
Tells of many a joyful throng
On the turf beneath the shade.
Then throw the bright axe by,
And the toil of day resign;
For the zephyr’s evening sigh
Breathes its tone amid the pine.
Welcome is sunset’s calm,
And the fresh dew unto flow’rs,
And the dreams that will embalm
Our sleep in midnight hours.
But more welcome unto us
Is the old remembered sod,
Where our fathers fought and died
In the cause of Home and God!
Plumes and spears were dashed aside,
And helmets cleft and riven,
As the trumpet’s voice replied
To the thunder-peal of heaven.
But our vales are peaceful now,
With their charms of bird and stream,
And pleasant in the glow
Of the sunset’s gentle beam.
Then throw the bright axe by,
And the toil of day resign;
For the zephyr’s evening sigh
Wakes sweet whispers from the pine.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The arts by which the literary appetite of the public has been excited for the last few years, during which the market has, notwithstanding many splendid exceptions, been deluged with a greater quantity of trash than issued from all the purveyors of literature of the previous half century, are becoming too notorious to succeed much longer. The price of modern novels, rendered enormous by the necessity of covering the expense of enormous puffing, has long driven the majority of readers to the circulating libraries, but even the libraries will refuse to purchase them, when puffs, reviews, and title pages, are alike deceitful. Who would imagine that "Clarence, a Tale of our own Times," was an American story, and the hero, Clarence, a clerk in a Yankee insurance office? What must be the disappointment of those searchers for scandal and slander, who, seeing such a title put forth, with the usual flourish of trumpets, from the fashionable purveyor of New Burlington Street, would expect nothing less than royalty for a repast? This "Tale of our own Times" is altogether foreign, an American story written by an American lady, a Miss Sedgwick, in a style which was considered good fifty years ago.

"Journal of the Heart," edited by Lady Charlotte Bury, is a strange title to be given to a collection of short tales, not written in any connected illustration of the subject, nor, apparently, by one hand. A tone of morality and piety pervades them, and they are interspersed with some pretty poetry.

"Foreign Exclusives in London" is another catching title, designed to draw on the popularity which its prototype for a short time enjoyed; it does not, however, possess any of the merit which The Exclusives was not altogether destitute of.

From the affectation and pretension of a would-be fashionable novel, we turn with pleasure to a novel of real life, "Pryse Lockhart Gordon's Personal Memoirs." There is not, perhaps, less of bookmaking about these lively, gossiping volumes, but his "reminiscences" have an air of reality, unspoiled by attempts at fine writing, and they generally relate to persons about whom the reader cannot help feeling some interest. Here are "spices for all palates"—the Virtuoso, the Bibliomaniac, the Antiquary, the Traveller, will all find something to their fancy. From such a medley, selection is difficult; but the following anecdote of the celebrated Professor Porson, which, from much that we know of that eccentric character, we believe to be "not more strange than true," we for that reason extract.

SEPT. 1830.
"I had invited him," says Mr. Gordon, "to meet a party of friends in Sloane Street, where I lived, but the professor had mistaken the day, and made his appearance in full costume the preceding one. We had already dined, and were at our cheese. When he discovered his error, he made his usual exclamation of a whooee! as long as my arm, and turning to me with great gravity, said, 'I advise you in future, sir, when you ask your friends to dinner, to ask your wife to write your cards. Sir, your penmanship is abominable—it would disgrace a cobbler. I swear that your day is written Thursday, not Friday,' at the same time pulling the invitation out of his pocket. A jury was summoned, and it was decided, nem. con. 'that for once the professor was in the wrong,' which he at length admitted. 'Your blunder,' I replied, 'my friend, will cost me a beef-steak and a bottle of your favourite Trinity ale, so that you will be the gainer.'

"He sat on, 'as was his custom in the afternoon,' till past midnight, emptying every flask and decanter that came in his way. As I knew there was no end to his bacchanalia when fairly seated with plenty of drink and a listener, I retired sans façon, leaving him to finish the remains of some half-dozen of bottles, for it was immaterial to the professor the quality of the stuff, provided he had quantity. On my descending the following morning to breakfast, I was surprised to find my friend lounging on a sofa, and perusing with great attention a curious volume of Italian tales, which I had picked up in my travels. I learned that having found the liquors so choice, and the Novelle Antiche so interesting, he had trimmed his lamp, and remained on the premises. 'I think,' said he, 'that with the aid of a razor and a light-coloured neckcloth and a brush, I shall be smart enough for your fine party.'

"A pretty large company assembled in the evening, and Porson treated them with a translation (without book,) of the curious tale which had excited his notice.

"So extraordinary was his memory, that although there were above forty names introduced into the story, he had only forgotten one. This annoyed him so much, that he started from the table, and after pacing about the room for ten minutes, he stopped short, exclaiming, 'Eureka!—The count's name is Don Francesco Averani!'

"The party sat till three o'clock in the morning, but Porson would not stir; and it was with no small difficulty that my brother could prevail on him to take his departure at six, having favoured me with his company exactly thirty-six hours!
During this sedentum, I calculated that he finished a bottle of alcohol, two of Trinity ale, six of claret, besides the lighter sort of wines, of which I could take no account; he also emptied a half-pound canister of snuff, and during the first night smoked a bundle of segars! Previous to this exhibition, I had always considered the powers of man as limited to a certain extent."

Two volumes of a very different sort of personal memoirs have appeared under the title of "Journal of a Tour made by Senor Juan de Vega," a name assumed, we are told, by an English gentleman, who, in 1828-9, travelled as a Spanish minstrel through Great Britain and Ireland, and encountered various adventures, which, if they really took place, are told in a way that must be recognized in the little towns where they occurred, and the thoughtlessness of innocent girls, magnified by this bookmaker for the sake of effect, may be still further magnified by country gossips to their irreparable injury; for where the town is named, it will not be very difficult to personify "the innkeeper's daughter," or "the straw bonnet-maker." From the conduct of this "gentleman," females of all ranks may see how dangerous a thing is a little levity. We, however, doubt his veracity altogether, for the book is without any of those reflections on the state of society which "a gentleman" could not fail to make under such circumstances, and which alone could have given his work any value.

Of a higher character are Colonel Welsh's "Military Reminiscences; extracted from a Journal of nearly forty years' active Service in the East Indies." From the mass of matter which he collected during so long a period, the colonel has selected two most attractive volumes, relating to a country in which Englishmen are so deeply interested, but of which, nevertheless, they know comparatively little. Of the extraordinary habits, manners, and superstitions of the natives, numerous anecdotes are told in that unadorned style which leaves no doubt of their accuracy, scarcely credible as some of them are. Among many extraordinary feats narrated, the Hindoos have, it appears, the art of walking slowly through a large fire of live coals perfectly red hot, which the spectator cannot even approach.

This is the age of reminiscence. "Literary Recollections," by the Rev. Richard Warner, furnish two volumes of very amusing matter, comprising much that is interesting, and, like all such works, much that is not.

A more interesting book than could be inferred from the title is "An Account of the great Floods of August, 1829, in the Pro-
vince of Moray, and adjoining Districts," by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. This great calamity, which excited little more than a momentary sensation in the south, was indeed terrific, even the most magnificent trees offering no more resistance to their triumphant enemy than reeds before the mower's scythe. "Each as it fell gave one enormous splash on the surface, then a plunge; the root appeared above water for a moment; again all was submerged; and then up rose the stem, disbranched and peeled; after which they either toiled round in the cauldron, or darted like arrows down the stream." The destruction of private property was immense: rivers, bursting their boundaries, washed away whole meadows of arable land, and brought down huge masses of undermined banks, carrying away houses and bridges innumerable, and defying all opposition, through an area of twenty miles. Though less extensive than the great inundation which devastated Germany a few years since, it seems to have been little less calamitous in its consequences. From the fund afterwards collected, relief was bestowed on three thousand sufferers, who generally bore their misfortunes with a wonderful degree of philosophy, from the circumstance of their being deeply tinged with the doctrine of predestination.

The volume is interspersed with such vivid pictures of highland scenery and manners, and with so many incidents powerfully and dramatically narrated, that whilst it is highly creditable to the baronet's literary taste, it will not disappoint those readers whose chief aim is amusement.

"Travels in Russia, and a Residence at St. Petersburgh and Odessa in the years 1827 to 1829," by Edward Morton, M. B. "intended to give some account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented to be," appears to be written under the influence of disappointment and dislike, and presents a very different view of Russian society to the lively picture which Dr. Granville so recently placed before us. Both being "honourable men," it is difficult to reconcile their great contradictions, but in all probability the truth will be found between the two. They resided together for some weeks in the house of Count Vorontzof, in St. Petersburgh, during which they had equal opportunities of observing the manners of the most elevated society in that capital; and yet Dr. Morton inveighs against the too favourable picture of Russia and the Russians presented by Dr. Granville, without our being able to discover a sufficient motive for his vituperation, though he evidently appears out of temper. Every thing, he says, is there sacrificed to external show; the government as well as private
individuals are all influenced by this principle, and it may be found everywhere. "Pomp and circumstance" produce different effects on different minds.

"Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt," by the late James Webster, Esq. is the production of a young man, who, had he lived, might have been an ornament to our literature. The philosophical reflections interspersed with the narrative give a very favourable opinion of the writer's talents.

"The Midsummer Medley, for 1830," contains many pieces which have already appeared in a popular periodical. They are in the usual light and lively style of Mr. Horace Smith. Our author's opinion of fashionable novels is worth quoting:—"As to the fashionable novels,—so termed upon the principle of lucus a non luccendo, because they are never written by real people of fashion,—they are so very simple in their construction, and so absolutely like one another, that it is quite unnecessary to offer a specimen of them. 'None but themselves can be their parallel.' Plot, character, and incident the young novel-writer need here give himself very little trouble to seek, as the main attraction of his book must consist in personality and scandal, thrown as much as possible into the form of a dialogue, one half at least in bad French, the interlocutors being leading members of the peerage male and female, to the careful exclusion of all commoners, unless they have acquired the entrée into the first circles, or have obtained a decided notoriety of some sort, whether good or bad is of little consequence. The more illustrious the rank, and the more unimpeachable the character, of the individuals whom you select for detraction and abuse, the more will your book be relished; for it is such people alone that the envious and the demireps, who will constitute the mass of your readers, would wish to see brought down, if possible, to their own level. They will owe you little thanks for superfluously exposing those who by their actions stand already self-condemned. Libel and lampoon, therefore, none but the most deserving; for the smallest spot upon a character hitherto deemed immaculate will show with good effect: let your publisher, in his newspaper paragraphs, pretend to regret the severity, while he admires the pointed wit and indisputable talent, of your strictures; let him add a list of the distinguished parties who figure upon your calumniating canvass, and your success cannot be for a moment doubted. It will of course be asserted with the utmost confidence that the book was written by a duke or a duchess, and that all the fashionable world who have not hitherto been able to obtain
copies are dying to read it. *Cela va sans dire.* Indeed the whole routine of these ‘Almack’s’ novels is so perfectly well understood, that it is unnecessary to say another word on the subject.

"Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers," by Edward Clarkson, is an attempt to place that gentleman in the first rank of poets. That he will maintain that eminence is out of the question; but when so many write poetry, and so few rise above mediocrity, the talent he has displayed will secure him from oblivion. The quantity which is produced is the reason that so much of it fails to attract the attention it merits. "Wallenstein's Camp" has been translated from the German by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, in a style which would have attracted considerable notice when poetry was less a drug. "The Pilgrim of the Hebrides," by the author of *Three Days at Killarney*, has considerable merit. "The Deliverance of Switzerland" displays animation and power. "The Senate" is a skilful satire. "Album Verses," by Charles Lamb, a collection of trifles for the most part hastily written as occasion has called for them, cannot fairly be subjected to the severity of criticism. "Sweepings of Parnassus" have few claims to favour. "The Recluse of Inchidony," by J. J. Callanan, is the production of a native of Cork, who lived long enough to display considerable poetical powers, but recently died at Lisbon. "The Traveller's Lay," by Thomas Maude, A. M. wants the soul of poesy. "The Lay of the Desert," by Henry Sewel Stokes, is too deficient in incident to become popular. The author is evidently a young man who writes in favour of solitude without knowing much about it.

The little edition of "John Gilpin," published some time since, has been followed by a host of imitators: "Monsieur Tonson," "Monsieur Mallet," "The Devil's Walk," Burns's "Address to the De'il," "Tam O'Shanter," and others too numerous to mention, with wood-cuts which display various degrees of merit.

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**THE MIRROR OF FASHION.**

**PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.**

A high dress composed of green gros de Naples; the corsage is made in the pelisse style, but without lappels. The sleeve is of the usual width at the upper part, but is confined from the middle of the fore part of the arm to the wrist, in three places, by bands of the same material. The skirt is trimmed round the border with rouleaus disposed in deep points, and headed by a narrow row of reversed points, so disposed as partially to cover
PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.  EVENING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR SEPTEMBER.1830

Published by James Roberts & Co. London
each other. The chemisette is of cambric, small plaited; it is made en schall; the shawl part trimmed with a full fall of cambric, edged with narrow lace. The bonnet is of pale lemon-coloured gros des Indes; it is of the demi capote shape; the trimming is an intermixture of noeuds of rose-coloured gauze riband, and light sprigs of foliage; it is worn over a half dress lace cap, decorated just under the border with crescents, composed of rose-coloured gauze riband. Lemon-coloured kid gloves. Half-boots of grey gros de Naples.

**EVENING DRESS.**

A dress composed of rose-coloured crape over gros de Naples to correspond. The corsage is cut low and square, and arranged in drapery folds across the bosom; the back and the lower part of the corsage are plain. Bouffant sleeve, terminated en manchette with blond lace, and trimmed on the shoulder with ornaments resembling oak leaves, of rose-coloured crape, edged with blond lace. The skirt is trimmed round the border with a fall of lozenges, composed of crape, bordered by a narrow rouleau of rose-coloured gros de Naples, and blond lace set on rather full. The hair is dressed in a profusion of light curls on each side of the face, and arranged in three full bows put close together on the summit of the head, and a plafted band, which forms a bow at the base of the others. A bouquet of roses and fancy flowers is inserted between the bows, and a bandéau of pearls brought low upon the forehead. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls. Gold bracelets. Breast pin, a ruby set in wrought gold.

**GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.**

His majesty having, with the most gracious consideration for the interests of the trading part of the community, been pleased to shorten the term of mourning for our late lamented sovereign, our fair fashionables again appear in colours. The month, however, has not been very fruitful in actual novelty, a circumstance not to be wondered at when we consider that the summer is nearly gone, and the autumn not yet come.

White muslin dresses are more in favour than coloured muslin or silk ones for the promenades, though both the latter are partially worn. White dresses are mostly embroidered round the border, or else finished with two flounces, one of which is deeper than the other; they are set on just above the knee. We have observed in a few instances that those flounces were small-plaited. When that is the case, the dress is generally worn with a cambric pelerine, consisting of two very deep falls over the bosom and shoulders, and two narrow ones which stand up round the throat; they are also small-plaited.
Muslin predominates also in carriage dress, though we observe several very elegant women in silk dresses of light but chaste colours. Muslin gowns are usually of the pelisse form. One of the most novel that we have seen, has the upper part of the bust thrown back, so as to form a large round pelerine. The body comes very nearly, but not quite, to the throat, and wraps a little across; the pelerine is cut out in lozenges, which are embroidered in a Grecian border, and edged with narrow lace; an embroidery to correspond, but much broader, and edged in a similar manner, goes down each front in the form of a broken cone. Two bands of embroidery confine the fulness of the lower part of the sleeve, that of the upper part falls en bouffant over the elbow.

Light scarfs, particularly those of white China crape, the ends richly embroidered in detached bouquets of flowers in vivid colours, are much in favour; but if the dress is of the pelisse form, a small sautoir, tied carelessly round the throat, is usually worn with it.

Chemisettes continue to be an indispensable and very expensive appendage to out-door dress; the most novel are of fine cambric, ornamented en cœur with letting-in-lace in front of the bust, and finished round the throat with a double fall of lace arranged en pelerine.

Straw bonnets are in request in promenade dress, though not so much so as silk ones. We observe no alteration in the shape of walking bonnets, but they are less trimmed than usual.

Silk is also the favourite material for hats and bonnets in carriage dress; gros de Naples, gros des Indes, and various kinds of fancy silks are all worn. Hats have the brim as wide, but not so deep, as usual, and they are particularly shallow behind. The crowns are low; some are of the same shape as a gentleman’s hat; others are of the form of a melon; these last are divided into compartments by twisted gauze riband. Gauze ribands and flowers are the materials generally employed to trim carriage hats, but we have seen some latterly trimmed with short marabouts, inserted in blond lace draperies; a double drapery crossed the crown, from the right side near the back of the head to the left in front; one side of this drapery fell over the front of the crown, the other over the back. A bouquet of three marabouts was inserted in the drapery near the top of the crown, and drooped over it; another bouquet looped the drapery at the bottom of the crown on the left side.

Bonnets are something, but very little, smaller in carriage dress; their shape is between a hat and a bonnet; they are
BAIL DRESS.       WALKING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR SEPTEMBER, 1830.

Published by James Rubens & Co. London.
trimmed with gauze ribands and flowers; there are generally two bouquets employed; they are placed on opposite sides, one at the top, and the other at the bottom of the crown. Sometimes a single flower is placed under the brim, but in general it is an ornament composed of riband, either in the form of a star, or a double coque, which is placed on one side. A variety of light fancy materials are worn in dinner dress. We see also a few silk dresses, but worked muslin appears upon the whole most in favour. The majority are white, but a few are worked in colours round the border, either in detached bouquets, or else in a wreath of foliage, from which, at regular distances, rise sprigs of jessamine, lilac, or other flowers.

The trimmings of silk dresses do not afford much variety; a row of deep points falling over the border, or an open chain trimming, are the only ones in favour.

Dinner dresses have the bodies either made plain or en cœur; both modes seem equally in favour. The chemisette, which is indispensable with the latter style of corsage, is either of blond lace, of muslin beautifully embroidered, or else of gauze arranged à mille plis. If the corsage is plain, the bust is always very much trimmed. Blond lace is employed if the dress is of silk, or of any fancy material; if it is of muslin it is ornamented with lace, or embroidery to correspond with the bottom.

The only novelty in sleeves, is, that long ones are much in favour in full dress, but they are always of some transparent material. Flowers mixed with knots of riband, are the ornaments most in favour for head-dresses of hair. We observe a good many coiffures en cheveux, without any other ornament than a tortoiseshell comb, with a high gallery wrought in open work.

Turbans are much in favour with matronly ladies, particularly those of the oriental form; they are generally composed of two different coloured gauzes, intermingled. We have seen also some composed of embroidered tulle; these last are very beautiful.

Fashionable colours are lavender-bloom, azure-blue, and various shades of green, rose-colour, and vapour.

**Modes de Paris.**

**Walking dress.**

A gown of printed muslin, striped in rose-colour and white stripes; the latter figured in a wreath of grey flowers; the former in detached bouquets. The corsage is a three-quarter height, and made to sit close to the shape. Sleeve à la Medicis.
The skirt is simply trimmed with a double rouleau at the upper edge of the hem. Canezou of jaconot muslin: it is made up to the throat, is rounded behind, and trimmed round the back of the bust and shoulders with a double fall of muslin, disposed in large plaits; it is ornamented across the bust with a row of muslin, let in full between two rows of embroidery, and finished at the throat with a full ruff, composed of tulle. The hat is of rice-straw, and the brim smaller than usual; it is trimmed with a large knot of rose-coloured riband on the right side of the crown, and sprigs of roses inserted in the knot. A smaller knot is placed at the back of the crown. The half-boots are of lavender-grey gros de Naples.

BALL DRESS.

A blue gauze dress over gros de Naples to correspond. The corsage is made à revers, and displays before and behind a chemisette of white blond net, edged with narrow pointed blond lace. The lappels are trimmed with a Grecian border, formed by flat silk trimming, to correspond in colour with the dress. Long sleeve en gigot of white gauze, over a short one of white silk. The cuff is of blue crape, ornamented to correspond with the lappels. The skirt is trimmed close to the extremity with a Grecian border, similar to that on the lappels, but much larger: a second trimming is placed above the knee. The hair is dressed very full, but in light curls on each side, leaving the forehead entirely bare. The hind hair is turned up very tight, and arranged in two plaisted bands, which are wound round the summit of the head in front of a tortoiseshell comb, with a high gallery wrought in open work; bows of blue riband are placed on each side of the comb. Ear-rings and ceinture buckle massive gold. Feather fan. Brodequins of blue reps silk to correspond with the dress.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN AUGUST.

This is a month which is generally regarded as a blank in the calendar of fashion in Paris, for it rarely affords anything new in summer fashions: it may be supposed, also, that the horrible convulsions which have recently taken place in the capital, have not been without their influence upon trade. However, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, some novelties have appeared, which we think our fair readers will find worthy of their attention.

In walking costume, white muslin dresses of the wrapper form, the collar fastened round the throat by a small China crape or gauze sautoir, tied in ends, without bows, are universally
adopted for the morning walk. Redingotes, either of white or
coloured muslin, but the former preponderate, are worn both for
the public promenades, and the morning exhibitions. The
bodies of these dresses afford no variety; they are all turned
over in the shawl style, but square, with collars and lappels in
one piece; they are very high in the back of the neck, and ex-
pose the bust less than those lately worn. Sleeves à l’imbecille
are still worn, but they are beginning to be superseded by those
à la Napolitaine; these last are excessively wide at the top, but
have the fulness confined, just above the elbow, by a band which
fastens in the centre of the arm with a small gold buckle; an-
other band, similarly fastened, is placed below the elbow, about
half way to the wrist.

When these dresses are white they are very richly embroidered
round the shawl part of the corsage, and down the fronts of the
dress; the embroidery of the latter is always very broad as well
as rich. Coloured muslin dresses are variously trimmed; those
that are of broad striped muslin, have rouleaus, formed of a
single stripe, arranged in zigzag down the fronts on each side, and
the shawl part cut in very large dents de scie; those that are of
flowered muslin, are trimmed with a double fall of scallops round
the corsage; these scallops are open, and formed of rouleaus of
silk, the colours of which correspond with the dress; this trim-
ing is continued down the front on each side in a bias
direction.

Walking bonnets are generally of the capote shape. We see
many in the early part of the day composed of white percale or of
batiste de laine; they are made with drawn brims, and have no other
ornament than the ruche round the brim. Capotes and chapeaux
seem equally in favour in the public walks; many of the former
are of straw, and trimmed, like hats, with nœuds, or else with
flowers arranged in a bouquet à la Jardiniere.

Leghorn, rice straw, and crape, are the materials most in
favour for hats; they are ornamented with light sprigs of foliage;
there are generally three employed; one of fennel, one of fern,
and one of hemlock. Flowers are also in request: they are
either arranged in bouquets à la Jardiniere, which are placed on
one side, or else sprigs of different flowers are mingled with
nœuds of gauze riband; the greater part of the latter are now of
vert nougat.

It is at the Opera that we generally see the most elegant and
varied style of half-dress. At present there is a rage for white
muslin; these dresses, which have nothing very expensive in
their appearance, are, however, very costly, from the quantity of narrow Mechlin, or Valenciennes lace employed to trim them. We saw the other evening a lady in a reedingote of jaconot muslin, closed in front by rosettes of the same material, and ornamented by three entre deux, which were placed at a little distance from each other, the highest just above the knee. The pelerine was ornamented with entre deux to correspond. A narrow lace trimmed the rosettes, as well as the border of the reedingote, and the pelerine.

White and coloured organdy are most in favour in full-dress, but other light materials are also worn; the one most in request is palmirienne. We have observed within these few days many dresses made à la Vierge, and others with a corsage à l’enfant; that is to say, small-plaited, and the plaits reversed in different places.

If the dress is of white organdy, the bust is usually trimmed with a fall of lace, and the skirt is frequently adorned with an entre deux, which is let in in waves; a deep flounce of lace is placed immediately below the entre deux.

Dresses of coloured organdy are trimmed with two flounces of the same material; the edge of each flounce is corded with satin, and it is headed with a satin rouleau, generally a shade darker than the dress.

The hair, in full dress, is very little ornamented, but there is a good deal of variety in the style of dressing it. Many coiffures are in the Chinese fashion, without any other ornament than a simple knot of riband on the crown of the head. Others have the hair much parted in front, and disposed in a profusion of light curls on each side, the hind hair being turned up in a round full bow on the summit of the head. These coiffures are ornamented either with a bandeau of pearls, brought low upon the forehead, or a bouquet of flowers, placed on one side of the bow of hair.

Crape is the only material employed for dress hats. We observe that their size has diminished since last month; they are trimmed either with flowers or marabouts; the former are most in favour, but the latter are worn by many elegant women.

Caps are also worn in full-dress; they are always composed of blond lace; the most novel are trimmed in front with flowers, and with knots of riband behind.

Fashionable colours are white, deep red, and blue; these are the national colours. Vert nougat, chamois, lilac, and tawny-yellow, are also in request.
THE

LADIES' MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1830.

EDWARD JENNER, M. D.

"Into whatever corner of the world the blessing of printed knowledge has penetrated," says the volume of the "Family Library" from which we extracted our last memoir, "there also will the name of Jenner be familiar; but the fruits of his discovery have ripened in barbarous soils, where books have never been opened, and where the savage does not pause to inquire from what source he has derived relief. No improvement in the physical sciences can bear a parallel with that which ministers, in every part of the globe, to the prevention of deformity, and, in a great proportion, to the exemption from actual destruction.

"The ravages which the small-pox formerly committed are scarcely conceived or recollected by the present generation; and an instance of death occurring after vaccination is now eagerly seized and commented upon; yet forty years have not elapsed since this disease might fairly be termed the scourge of mankind, and an enemy more extensive and more insidious in its warfare than even the plague. A family blighted in its fairest hopes, through this terrible visitation, was an every-day spectacle: the imperial house of Austria lost eleven of its offspring by the small-pox in fifty years alone;* the instance is mentioned, because it is historical, but in the obscure and unrecorded scenes of life, this pest was often a still more merciless intruder.

"Nevertheless, a painful reflection is forced upon us, in considering the history of Jenner; he surely did not receive, among his countrymen, the distinction, the fortune, and the fame which he merited. It seems that, among nations called civilized, the persons who contribute to amusement, and to the immediate gratification of the senses, occupy a higher share of attention than the gifted and generous beings who devote their existence to the discovery of truths of vital importance. The sculptor, the painter, the musician, the actor, shall engross, a thousand times, the thoughts of citizens, who perhaps, only five times in a whole life, consider the merits of a Jenner. The little arts of puffing, the mean machinery of ostentation, never once entered the heads

* The grandfather of Maria Theresa died of it, wrapped, by order of the faculty, in twenty yards of scarlet broad-cloth.

Oct. 1830.
of a Newton, a Watt, or a Jenner; but they protrude into meridian splendour the puny pretensions of countless poetasters, wittings, and amateurs. Real genius and active industry should not be dismayed, however, by this indifference which clouds the dawn of their exertions, and which sometimes nips the bud of noble aspirations; for great truths there will always come a time and a place; the man who works for the benefit of his fellow-beings can afford to await the hour allotted for the full development of his labours, and bequeaths, in tranquil confidence, to posterity the reputation which he may have failed to obtain from a dominant coterie of capricious contemporaries.”

Edward, third son of the vicar of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, was born the 17th of May, 1749, and early manifested a growing taste for natural history, in pursuit of which he became an enthusiast in its most extended sense, whilst residing as pupil with the celebrated John Hunter, who possessed a menagerie at Brompton, where he prosecuted his inquiries into the habits and structure of animals. Between these great men a real friendship arose, and a community of taste and pursuits united them to the last.

Whilst in London he declined several advantageous offers, from a wish to return to Berkeley. Here his practice rapidly increased; his surgical attainments, his amiable and polished manners, and his very general information, securing to him a welcome reception from the most distinguished families in his district. His lively disposition equally entered into the deepest sympathy with the sadder moments of his friends, or gaily participated in their happier hours. In 1788 he married, and in that year he began to turn his attention more seriously to the subject of vaccination, which had long before occupied his mind, though it was not till the 14th of May, 1796, that he made his first decisive experiment. On that day an annual festival is still held at Berlin, to commemorate the event. He published his first memoir in June, 1798, after struggling against every discouragement from the various members of the profession with whom he previously communicated. He intended to have consigned his results to the Transactions of the Royal Society, but he was seriously admonished not to present his paper, lest it should injure the character which he had previously acquired among scientific men.

The various disappointments and difficulties which darkened the outset of this inestimable discovery were now on the point of being surmounted by the most triumphant success. Those who violently opposed its progress, or less candidly sought to undermine the pretensions of its author, were soon to be silenced. In
the summer of 1799, thirty-three of the leading physicians, and forty eminent surgeons of London, signed an earnest expression of their confidence in the efficacy of the cow-pox. Early in 1800 his present Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, actively patronized Jenner, who was successively introduced to the leading members of the royal family.

"In order to estimate properly the fruits of his exertions, let us," says the volume before us, "consider the evil which he combated, and which he finally deprived of its principal strength. From an examination of the London bills of mortality during forty-two years, Dr. Jurin ascertained that, even after inoculation had been introduced, one in fourteen of all that were born perished by the small-pox. Of persons of every age taken ill in the natural way, one in five or six died; while even of the inoculated one in fifty fell a victim. Condorcet, in recommending the adoption of vaccination in France, exclaimed, "La petite vérole nous déçime." In the Russian empire it is said to have swept away two millions in a single year. At Constantinople it proved fatal in many epidemics to one half of those infected. But, after that the disease had been undergone, traces often remained in the habit only inferior in severity to the evil itself; it appears from the records of the London Asylum for the Indigent Blind, that three-fourths of the objects there relieved had lost their sight through the small-pox. These inflictions might fill many pages of detail; they ought to be steadily borne in mind even at present.

"The late professor Gregory had the merit of introducing vaccination into Scotland, in which he was aided by Sir Matthew Tierney. Dr. Waterhouse succeeded, about the year 1800, in establishing the practice in America. Dr. De Carro, at that period settled in Vienna, deserves particular mention for his successful exertions in communicating this antidote to Asia. We cannot afford space to enumerate the active promoters of the measure on the continent of Europe, but Dr. Sacco of Milan distinguished himself both by active co-operation, and by personal inquiries into the origin of cow-pox. Most of the governments of Europe have since enjoined the practice by various enactments, which more or less amount to compulsion, and the results have been more favourable under such circumstances than in our own country, where individuals are abandoned to the guidance of their own capricious suggestions.

"A committee of parliament was soon appointed to consider the claims of Jenner upon the gratitude of his country. It was clearly proved that he had converted into scientific demonstration
a local tradition of the peasantry. The committee reported that he was entitled to a remuneration of 20,000l.; but an objection was raised in the house, and 10,000l. were voted to him in 1802. In 1807, parliament displayed more justice, and awarded to him an additional grant of 20,000l. In 1808, the National Vaccine Establishment was formed by the government, and was placed under his immediate direction. Honours were now profusely showered upon Jenner by various foreign princes, as well as by the principal learned bodies of Europe. In the biographies of most men such honours would be recapitulated with minuteness, but the character of Jenner can derive from them no additional lustre; the universal voice of mankind has given its suffrage in his favour, and his name will probably survive most of the societies in which it was enrolled. Dr. Baron, in his interesting biography, by which we have largely profited, has published many of the letters which Jenner wrote to afford intelligence, or to express his thanks; they breathe the finest spirit of modesty and temperance, combined with generous zeal, and a discriminating judgment. In the explanations which he had sometimes occasion to deliver in society, he always exhibited the same qualities, clothed in an eloquent and winning form.

"He passed the remainder of his years principally at Berkeley and at Cheltenham, continuing to the last the inquiries which tended to elucidate the great object of his life, and equally respected and beloved by those who entered his circle. Dr. Valentin, an eminent physician of Nancy, has published in France an interesting account of a visit, or pilgrimage, which he made to genius; he left him an enthusiastic admirer. Dr. Joseph Frank, in his 'Medical Travels,' printed at Vienna, has paid a similar tribute of disinterested respect.

"He died by a sudden attack of apoplexy at Berkeley, in February, 1823, in the seventy-fourth year of a green old age. A statue has been erected to his memory in his native county, but we regret to add that no monument has as yet been raised to him in Westminster Abbey, whose proudest inmates would be honoured by such companionship."

By the fair sex in particular should Dr. Jenner’s memory be cherished, for an enemy to beauty like the small-pox never existed. The following appropriate lines are from an epitaph for his tomb, written by a friend:

"Let radiant Beauty drop her saddest tear,
    For Beauty’s truest, trustiest friend lies here."

Amid the heavier pursuits of medical study, Dr. Jenner occa-
sionally indulged in composing poetic trifles, of which the following afford no mean specimen:—

EPIGRAM SENT WITH A COUPLE OF DUCKS TO A PATIENT.

I've dispatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss * * * * * * is very much better:
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

An Excuse for not accepting the Invitation of a Friend to make a
Country Excursion.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobweba creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head,
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see! a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell;
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!—
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how loud it sings!
Pass, on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her whisker'd jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
The sheep were seen, at early light,
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Though June, the air is cold and chill;
The mellow blackbird's voice is still.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night;
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping, crawling, o'er the green.
The frog has lost his yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dress'd.
The leech, disturb'd, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.
The whirling winds the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite;
Or seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain:—I see, with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.
BEHRAM.
AN EASTERN TALE.

It is now some centuries since the Persian sceptre was swayed by the monarch Yezdejerd. Famed for his skill in war, Yezdejerd, in the beginning of his reign, raised the glory of Persia by his conquests, but his courage degenerated into cruelty: he oppressed the provinces which his valour had subjugated, and he finally became the tyrant of his own people. But in the midst of his triumphs the divine vengeance reached the haughty monarch; his most passionate desire was to leave a successor worthy of him, and that hope had been already seven times frustrated by the death of as many sons, who had been cut off, at different ages, by the same disease. It was a malady which baffled the skill of the most celebrated physicians of the empire, and had till then been unknown there. The monarch had often outraged religion, and insulted its ministers; but now that he found himself pursued by the wrath of Heaven, he became humble, if not penitent. He summoned the chief priest to his presence, and consulted with him what step he could take to preserve the life of an eighth son, whom one of the sultanas had just borne him.

Coran, the chief priest, demanded three days for consideration. On the morning of the fourth he presented himself to Yezdejerd: "Oh, king!" cried he, "it is not given to thy servant to pronounce upon the destiny of the prince. One thing alone has been revealed to him: it is, that the royal infant’s only chance of safety is his being placed in the kingdom of Mesopotamia."

Nadir, the chief of one of the provinces of that country, was tributary to the Persian monarch. He was the only one of his numerous vassals who could inspire the tyrant with respect, and he confided to him without hesitation the care of that child, on whom the future destinies of Persia were to depend. This was what Coran had foreseen, and he rejoiced at it; for he well knew that the young prince could not have a more worthy instructor than the sage Nadir.

The infancy of the prince glided happily away in the attainment of useful knowledge, and his frame, naturally delicate, was rendered active and hardy by the athletic sports and exercises which he shared with Mondor, the son of Nadir, a youth little older than himself. Nadir, who had always before his eyes the importance of the charge which he had taken upon himself, neglected no opportunity of instructing Behram in the duties of a sovereign. Naturally virtuous, Behram listened with reverence and attention to the counsel of his venerable monitor, and the
first wish of his heart was that he might form the happiness of his people.

Time passed on; the young prince pursued as usual his studies and his sports, but he began to find that they were not, as formerly, sufficient for his happiness. Nadir had a daughter, with whom, in infancy, he had been suffered to associate freely; but as she grew towards womanhood, the prudent Nadir restrained her intercourse with his royal pupil. It was then too late; love had seized the heart of Behram; he vowed that no power should separate him from his Leila, whom he loved more than his life. The duteous maiden did not murmur, but Behram saw in her tears and her blushes that his passion was returned.

The prince had just turned his twentieth year, when Nadir and the King of Persia died, nearly at the same time; and speedily afterwards the great dignitaries of the Persian empire came in all the pomp of Asiatic splendour, to present the diadem to their new master, Behram. Ah! how bitterly did he lament his separation from Leila, to whom he swore eternal love a thousand and a thousand times. With what transport did he receive from her lips a promise that she would partake of his throne as soon as the customary time of mourning for their fathers had elapsed! Her brother promised to be her conductor; and Behram at length tore himself from the arms of those true and tender friends of his infancy, and departed.

Alone, and mounted on his swift Arabian courser, Behram would have traversed in ten days the space that separated him from his capital; but his prime minister represented to him that it was the custom for the monarch to travel slowly, and to stop a certain time in each province, where the most splendid entertainments were everywhere prepared for him. All this delay, all these ceremonies, at first tired and disgusted Behram: he was shocked, too, at hearing the courtiers pass lightly over the death of his father, in order to lavish the most extravagant praises upon himself. He knew that he intended to do a great deal of good, but he was conscious that he had not yet done any; and he could not conceive how his virtues could be, as he was hourly assured they were, the wonder of the world. But the incense which met him on all sides, the ardent vows for his prosperity, the songs of joy which everywhere hailed his approach, at last completely intoxicated him; and by the time he reached his capital, he had nearly forgotten the wise lessons of the sage Nadir.

Upon arriving at his palace he was conducted to his harem, where a selection of all the beauties of the east met his dazzled
eyes. At the moment that his senses were captivated by their meretricious attractions, Virtue made a last effort to recall him to herself, by presenting to him the idea of the modest, tender Leila. He cast down his eyes, and turned to retreat; but at a signal given by the chief of the eunuchs, Perizade advanced. Destined from her birth to the harem, she was formed for love, and instructed in all the arts of seduction. She sang in a voice of the most touching melody, and she sang the praises of Behram. He alone could constitute the happiness of those beauties who had the glory to belong to him. Ah! how great would be the felicity of her upon whom he should first deign to smile. "Say rather, beautiful Perizade," cried the enraptured Behram, presenting her the handkerchief, "how great will be my felicity if these are really your sentiments!" Taking the handkerchief, she replied, in a tone of affected modesty, "The slave ought to obey her master!"

These words were near recalling Behram to himself. Perizade saw it, and knew very well how to change their effect. She cast down her eyes, and assumed an appearance of the most lively emotion as she added, "Fortunate is the slave to whom duty presents itself in the guise of happiness." "No more of slave or master," cried Behram; "you see in me only your lover—the most tender, the most faithful of lovers." We need not pursue the scene: our readers have already divined that it ended by Behram's proving himself unworthy of the friendship of Mondor, or the love of Leila.

Entranced, however, as he was in the delights of the harem, the good intentions which he had formerly cherished were not quite forgotten by the king. He blushed to think that he devoted all his days to pleasure, and he determined to inspect the situation of his empire. Ablon, the prime minister, professed himself enchanted at this determination. Ablon had been the creature of the former vizier, whom he supplanted in the favour of Yezdejerd. That monarch died before he had an opportunity of discovering the unworthy choice he had made, for Ablon's abilities were mean, and he was capable of sacrificing every thing to his thirst of power; but, too crafty to let his object be perceived, he affected to rejoice at Behram's determination to take upon himself the cares of royalty, and as a first step towards instructing him in the wants of his people, he brought several folios of state papers for his perusal. Behram in vain attempted to read them; he found them so diffuse and so obscure, that he could make nothing of them; and the vizier's replies, when he was ques-
tioned on the subjects they contained, were not much more satisfactory. This mystery and obscurity, so opposite to the lessons of Nadir, perplexed and astonished Behram. Ablon attempted to explain it by saying, that the affairs of a great empire were necessarily more complicated than those of the small province which Nadir had governed; that, besides, the laws were different, and the temper of the people rendered it necessary to treat them in quite another manner. Repulsed, but not wholly discouraged, the king gave orders for lightening the taxes, and directed that all those who had any complaint to make, should have free access to himself. Months passed away; every day brought fresh assurances, on the part of the vizier and the grandees, that the people of Persia were the happiest under heaven; and as no complainant ever presented himself, Behram believed that they spoke the truth.

In the mean time, the tender Leila had not forgotten the promise of Behram. She awaited with impatience the arrival of the ambassadors who were to conduct her to his capital. She perceived with surprise and sorrow that her brother no longer spoke continually, as he had formerly done, of the companion of his youth; on the contrary, he shunned the subject, and had even dropped hints that Behram, dazzled by the splendour of royalty, might have forgotten the friends once so dear to him. Leila wept in secret over what she considered the injustice of Mondor, for the possibility of such an event never entered her generous and unsuspecting mind. But Mondor was better informed; he was aware that Behram was lost to them, and he feared that he was lost, also, to virtue and to true happiness.

The chief of one of the provinces tributary to Persia had, in former times, laid claim to the crown of that empire. He had been slain in battle, and his son, then a child, had been spared by Yezdejerd, and had always appeared to be a faithful vassal to that monarch; but he secretly determined to seize the first opportunity that might occur of asserting his pretensions, and he believed the moment was now come; for, in spite of the assurances which Ablon and the courtiers gave the king of his people's happiness, they were in reality very wretched. Cruelly oppressed by Ablon, and prevented by his arts from having recourse to their sovereign, they were in many places ripe for rebellion. At the same time that Mondor learnt this, he found that Kosron, with a chosen body of troops, was about to enter Persia, and to march straight to the capital.

Without losing a moment, Mondor put himself at the head of
five hundred Arabs, and, marching with incredible speed, soon arrived within a short distance of the capital. There he quitted his men, taking with him one only, in the disguise of a slave, whom he contrived to introduce into the gardens of the sovereign, on the evening of a grand entertainment. He found the monarch seated in a bower of roses, with the beautiful Perizade reclining by his side, and surrounded by the ladies of the harem, some dancing, others singing. From this dream of voluptuous languishment, Behram started as by magic, when the disguised Arab presented him the following billet:—“Your enemy, Kosron, is marching towards your capital; I wait for you at a short distance from it.”

Springing up instantly, he said to the Arab, “Lead me to my friend.” No sooner had they passed the gates of the garden, than the Arab gave him a disguise, mounted him on a fleet courser, and hastened with him to Mondor. Behram offered him his hand: “Not yet,” said Mondor, repulsing him, but without harshness; “first prove yourself worthy to be called my friend. Come with me to give a king to Persia, or to expiate, by a noble death, the faults you have committed.”

“Yes,” cried Behram, “let us away this instant!” and, putting themselves at the head of their brave Arabs, they marched towards the camp of Kosron. They easily succeeded in surprising it in the night; and though the pretender rallied his men, and made a brave resistance, he was finally defeated, and himself fell by the hand of Behram.

Mondor now gave directions to his Arabs to dress themselves in the clothes of the dead soldiers, and they returned towards the capital, passing every where, as Mondor had predicted, without resistance, till they penetrated even to the very walls of the harem. There they were met by Ablon, who prostrated himself in the most abject manner before the supposed Kosron, uttering at the same time the most vehement protestations of gratitude and fidelity, if he might be permitted to serve a master, whose valour and wisdom had won him the admiration of the world.

“Ah, traitor!” thought Behram; while Mondor, with a glance of disdain, replied only, “lead me to the apartments of the women.” The vizier preceded them to the entrance, where he stopped; and Mondor, accompanied by Behram, entered the magnificent saloon, where the monarch saw again the same scene acted that had been played on his first arrival. All the beauties of the harem, dressed in their richest attire, came to throw themselves at the feet of the conqueror, each eager to display those
graces which she believed most capable of enslaving him. Foremost in the group was Perizade, to whom, at a glance from Behram, Mondor threw the handkerchief. Stooping to pick it up, she repeated the same words, and in the same tone that she had spoken to Behram—"The slave ought to obey her master."

At these words, Behram could hardly restrain himself. Mondor saw the agitation of his mind: he made the women a sign to retire, and, turning to Behram, "Tell me," said he, "what is passing in your heart, that I may know what Persia and her allies have to expect from you."

Exasperated by the defection of his subjects, and irritated above all by the treachery and infidelity of Ablon and Perizade, Behram burst into expressions of rage and vengeance; but he suddenly stopped when he saw Mondor frown. He strove in vain to brave those eyes, in which till then he had found only the expression of the tenderest friendship, but which were now bent upon him with a look of reproach. For some moments he remained silent: then suddenly turning to Mondor, "No, my friend," cried he, "there is but one person to be punished, and that is myself. I abandoned my duties, to give myself up to unworthy pleasures: the faults of my subjects have originated in my own criminal negligence—but for that, the base Ablon would never have had an opportunity of oppressing them. Let the wretch return to the obscurity from which his arts have raised him; and be it my care to make what amends I can to those whom he has injured. As to Perizade, she merits only contempt; and what do I merit, who could for such a being forget the faith that I had sworn to your sister? But from this moment I will strive to render myself worthy of her, by practising the lessons I have received from your father."

At these words, Mondor cordially grasped the hand of his friend. "Now," cried he, "the past is forgotten! Act thus, and from this moment my affections, my sister, and the lances of my Arabs are yours."

Behram kept his word—he became the father of his people, who to this day commemorate his memory by wishing when a monarch ascends the throne, that he may resemble the good Behram.

E. H.

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SONG.

How sweet, at mellow evening's close,
When softly round the fading day,
A chaster, holier radiance throws,
A gentler, yet a warmer ray;
SONG.

Upon some mossy bank reclined,
To list the wild-bird’s lay of love,
And at each lingering pause to find
The lament of the mourning dove!

’Tis sweet, ’tis heavenly, to inhale
The soft breath of each modest flower,
Whose mingling odours scent the gale;
That softest sighs at evening hour;
And sweet, how sweet! to watch the scene
That warmly glows around, afar—
Brown woods, bright rivulets, meadows green,
All glowing ’neath the western star.

Yet sweeter, in an hour like this,
To gaze on brightly tearful eyes,
To seal pure Passion’s warmest kiss,
To interchange Love’s balmiest sighs.
The odours, sweetliest round that flow,
The trickling dew-drops from above
That fall, can never equal—no—
The sigh, the tear of first, fond Love!

CHARLES M.

STANZAS TO ——.

Hast thou never seen a stream
Sparkling in the summer’s beam,
Taking its enchanting way,
Where the sweetest flow’rets lay,
Blending as it rolls along,
Its murmurs with the woodland song,
Or dancing lightly to the breeze,
That wakes a thousand harmonies?—
Such has life been; may it be,
Lady, ever thus with thee!

Oft in childhood we have played
Neath the linden’s verdant shade,
Oft at moonlight roamed the vale,
Listening to the nightingale;
Whose angelic tones of love
Whispered us of songs above—
Shared each other’s joy and pain—
Things we ne’er may do again!
For thou art in thy native land,
And I, upon a foreign strand.

Yet though by oceans we are parted,
Dearest, still we are one-hearted,
For together we entwine
All our hopes around Love’s shrine,
And at eve our knees are bent
Aye beneath one firmament;
When unconsciously there steal
Prayers for each other’s weal,
Born by feelings none can tell—
Dearest, fairest, fare thee well!

JAMES KNOX.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. VIII.

THE MERRY MONARCH.

"Nay, Edith, dear, revoke that cruel sentence! thou wilt not, I am assured, augment thy own happiness by consigning me to misery. Bless me once more with those sweet smiles that have so oft delighted me, and promise me another interview."

The speaker was attired in the extravagance of the reigning mode. His apparel, which was eminently calculated to display to advantage the fine proportions of his slight but elegant form, was of the costliest and most approved materiel, and ornamented with a greater profusion of ribands and shoulder-knots than we can take upon ourselves to explain the exact utility of.

He wore his own fair hair, the rich falling curls of which, setting at defiance the most elaborate skill and taste of the artiste, sufficiently indicated that Nature was his only and effective per-ruquier. In his left hand he held a crimson velvet cap, sur-mounted by a plume of white feathers; while his right detained, apparently in a forceful grasp, the hand of his companion, a blushing maid of about seventeen. In short, his whole appearance displayed that union of elegance and frivolity which characterized the most distinguished members of the gay and dissipated court of the second Charles.

The studied air of irresistible languor which his handsome features had assumed, was succeeded by a stare of incredulity, as his fair companion replied—

"It is impossible, sir; I have already transgressed the bounds of propriety in listening to the covert addresses of one who has at length convinced me, by the contempt he would fain throw on a father's authority, that his heart is hard as his principles are corrupt."

"Nay, dearest," responded the youth, "that my principles are not the most rigid is the fault of education; but that my heart is far from insensible, thyself, thou lovely one, art abundant proof. But hear me, Edith; the case stands briefly thus:—We love each other, while the Fates oppose our immediate union. My father has set his eyes on a bride for your poor Augustus, whose only charm is her wealth. Though I might, without in-curring the peril of his lasting displeasure, refuse the wife he designs for me, I dare not, as yet at least, openly present him with one of my own selection. His majesty leaves Avington in a few days, and then, love, I must leave you; unless, indeed, you consent, by a private union, to consummate my happiness. Ere long, I shall be enabled to acknowledge my Edith as the lawful Oct. 1830.
mistress of my heart. Why then should your scrupulous virtue oppose the only concession that can ensure our mutual happiness?"

With much similar rhetoric did the young courtier combat the scruples of his fair companion: how far he succeeded is not our's to say. Subsequent events, however, warrant us in the presumption that he obtained her promise of another interview, ere, conducting her to the narrow lane which led to her father's dwelling, he bade her adieu. Leaving the youth and maiden to their respective routes, we shall take the opportunity of introducing the reader to the knowledge of a few circumstances with which it may be necessary he should be acquainted.

Charles II. attended by several young noblemen of his court, was, at the period of the commencement of our story, on a visit at Avington House, near Winchester. This favourite retreat of the gay monarch occupied a retired and romantic situation, and offered him every advantage of indulging his fondness for field sports, to which he was attached with an ardour that formed a striking contrast to his natural indolence and love of ease. In his frequent visits to this retirement, Charles delighted to throw off all the reserve and restraints of state, and was contented to forego the dignity of the monarch, that he might be loved, or at least admired, as a man. His gay retinue, it may be readily supposed, were fain to follow the example of their master, and royalty wore its most attractive, though certainly not its most dignified, form; for we are told the amusements of the king and his companions were not always of the most intellectual and elevated description.

The immediate proximity of royalty, it may be conceived, had its effect on the neighbourhood. The many elegant young nobles who composed the hunting, shooting, and fishing parties that scoured the country in every direction, excited no slight sensation among the female branches of the community. Many a village beauty was flattered by her vanity with the gratifying prospect of captivating a "court gentleman," while to the patrician belles of the neighbourhood, the young and courtly favourites of royalty were by no means objects of unconcern.

The interest excited among various cautious parents and discreet guardians was necessarily of a somewhat different character. With them the irregularities of these

"flaunting wassailers of high degree"

became daily topics of animadversion. Even the "ladies of a certain age," virgin aunts and elder sisters, though some of them were observed to have more frequent recourse to the aid of
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

rouge and cosmetics, joined in the general exclamation against these "graceless libertines and needy adventurers."

But by far not the least interest was excited among that class of beings to whom Shakspeare has assigned one of the seven ages of life—I mean the lovers of this little community, whose

"woeful ballads
Made to their mistress' eyebrows"

now seemed likely to be considered by the objects of their admiration as what they really were—idle tales. Indeed, various were the instances of these village Roméo having been destined to rue the superior attractions of some more fortunate rival from Avington.

In the small but pleasant village of Twyford, dwelt Walter Hammond, a country gentleman of limited income. Though he had, to use the current phrase, seen much of the world, he was of retired and domestic habits, seldom exceeding the limits of his cottage-garden, except to accompany his daughter in her morning and evening walks, or on a compassionate visit to a poor sick neighbour. To the education of this his only child, he devoted his almost entire attention, and as he was a man of considerable and various erudition, he united in his instructions the principles of solid literature with the lighter and more elegant accomplishments, of which, to judge from his simple and unobtrusive manners, few would have thought him possessed.

Edith Hammond united to a person of most perfect loveliness a mind of no ordinary powers, and a disposition of unruffled sweetness: it will not therefore be wondered, that, notwithstanding the privacy of her situation, she had attracted considerable notice. Her society was much courted; and her father, though prevented by his extreme reserve from accompanying her, could not always refuse her acceptance of the numerous and pressing invitations which she received from the most unexceptionable sources.

In one of these visits our heroine met Augustus Delavel, the son of a distinguished officer in the service of the king. This young man was of his majesty's retinue, and honoured with his peculiar regard. Possessing a remarkably handsome exterior and most engaging manners, there was still a foppery in Augustus that ill agreed with the native good sense which betrayed itself in every observation that fell from his lips; yet even his foppery partook of a grace and elegance that, to the unpractised eyes of Edith, rendered it an attraction. Struck with the beauty and simplicity of the lovely villager, Delavel was unremitting in his
attentions, which he possessed too much penetration not to perceive were far from disagreeable.

The result may be easily conceived. Augustus Delavel for the future preferred prosecuting his field sports alone, and as he generally sought the direction of Twyford, it could not of course be long ere he encountered Edith, who, perhaps less solicitous than before for the society of her father, often extended her lonely walk considerably beyond the village. Thus commenced a series of interviews between the lovers, each of which tended to strengthen their mutual passion.

Delavel admired her as a lovely girl, and was far from insensible of her many perfections; while Edith's attachment to her lover was of a more absorbing nature.

"She loved
With woman's first affection—every pulse
Of her young heart that warmly, wildly beat,
Was truth, was purity."

Our history opens with one of these interviews between the lovers, at a time when the king and his cortège were on the point of quitting Avington. At this meeting Augustus solicited the consent of Edith to a private union; with what success has been seen.

At a subsequent period, however, he was more successful. Painting in all the glowing colours that love could inspire, the happiness of a union of hands and hearts—silencing her fears by an assurance of an early declaration, and conquering her scruples with regard to the secrecy to be practised towards her father—he wrought her to compliance, and Edith consented to be his.

* * *

On the following morning, at an early hour, Augustus Delavel entered the apartment of his friend the Duke of Buckingham, ere that nobleman had left his bed. "Hey-day, Delavel," said the duke, "what brings you here? Hast taken upon thee Chanticleer's office, and honoured me with the first call? Prythee summon first the rest of our household, and

'Last in worth, let me last claim thy care,'
as Cowley, I think, says."

"Nay, my lord, you must not sleep," said Augustus, as the duke, again reclining on his couch, was about to resign himself to slumber, "you must not sleep; I need your counsel."

"I really am no curtain lecturer, Augustus; I invariably recover my little wit and invention at my toilet, from the inspiring aid of eau de rose and esprit de millefleur. Let me up, and don
my habiliments, and in an hour I promise to digest your plan with all the judgment of a chancellor." With these words, Buckingham again threw himself on his bed, and was soon lost in a deep slumber.

"And now, Delavel, to thy tale," said the duke, as, leaning on the arm of Augustus, he led the way through the rich flowering shrubberies of Avington.

Pale with agitation, Augustus entered upon the history of his love. He descanted on the virtues and loveliness of Edith, and on her entire devotion to himself, as evinced by her consent to a private union; and concluded by requesting the duke's good offices in providing a person qualified to perform the ceremony.

Buckingham replied with a loud and contemptuous laugh. "Is it," said he, "Augustus Delavel whom I have heard? Enamoured of a pretty villager, he must, forsooth,

'Go, get a person, make the maid his bride.'

He can, it seems, prosecute his amour only by a sacrifice of his best interests—by incurring the eternal displeasure of his father, the raillery of his friends, and the contempt of the fair dames of court who have so long admired him."

"What course then must I pursue?" anxiously asked Augustus;

"I love her to distraction."

"What, man? Why, love her to distraction still. Woo her—win her—make her your mistress—but not, Delavel, not your wife!"

"Her virtue is invincible," urged Delavel, whose dread of raillery stifled his better feelings.

"Augustus, you are a lad of mettle, and I will serve you," replied his profligate companion. "I have a valet who has more than once shown his alertness in tying the marriage knot; he shall unite you to this scrupulous fair one, and leave you a noose by which you may escape at pleasure. But when does this important affair take place?"

"I have obtained her promise for this evening," replied Augustus.

"Well, then, we will see our reverend coadjutor, and arrange matters with him; and then to spend your wedding-day right merrily. Only give me your hand, and tell me you accept my services."

In a moment of weakness, Delavel consented. Buckingham took care to allow him no leisure for repentance or reflection. The evening arrived, and the party, consisting of the duke,
Delavel, and the supposed valet, (who was in reality what Augustus least suspected him to be,) repaired to the place of meeting, and ere long the indissoluble knot was tied.

A few days after, the royal party left Avington, and Edith, thus necessarily deprived of the society of her lover, felt her loneliness and anxiety increased by the consciousness that she was acting a disingenuous part towards a parent who tenderly loved her.

This painful conviction, preying upon a mind extremely sensitive, seriously affected her health. Walter Hammond beheld with the most intense anxiety the rose fade from his daughter’s cheek, and a settled melancholy succeed to the smiling serenity that once distinguished her. Deeply alarmed for the welfare of his beloved child, he sought the cause of her dejection. Edith’s heart was full—she could not play the hypocrite towards her idolizing parent—yet her broken and hysterical reply, as she hung weeping on his bosom, was such as to arouse his worst alarms.

"Speak to me, Edith!" he cried; "tell thy unhappy father, whose only prop has been the virtue of his child, that thou hast not broken, as a worthless reed, that last support of his declining years."

"Oh, no, my father, think not thus harshly of me! I have deeply erred, but only against thee. Unknown to thee, I have received the addresses of Augustus Delavel; unknown to thee, I have become united to him—I am his wife!"

"Thou hast indeed been swayed by passion to imprudence," replied the old man, "and much I fear that youth’s sincerity. But cheer thee, my daughter; thy father still can protect thee, and Delavel shall do thee justice!"

The effect of this confession was a determination on the part of Walter Hammond to seek an audience of the king, and to lay at his feet his daughter’s claims. In vain did Edith implore him to defer his journey to Hampton Court till the arrival of intelligence from Augustus, of which she was in daily expectation. The old man’s fears were excited, and a few hours beheld him, with his daughter, on his route to London.

The incidents of the journey were few and uninteresting. We shall therefore suppose our travellers arrived, on the morning of the third day, at Hampton Court.

In their progress through the park they were joined by a gentleman on horseback, who had been diverting himself with the gambols of several beautiful spaniels; but who, on perceiving our travellers, insinuated himself, with the most graceful ease,
into their society, pointing out the various beauties of the surrounding scenery, and proffering his services in directing them to those objects in the neighbourhood worthy of observation.

Walter Hammond politely declined his offer, at the same time intimating that his mind was engrossed by affairs of too serious a nature, to admit of its receiving pleasure from a contemplation of even the lovely scenes around him.

"If your business is with the king," rejoined the stranger, "I have some interest with his majesty, and should be most happy to employ it to your advantage."

It may be here necessary to observe that, on their arrival in London, the travellers had left their vehicle, and proceeded on horseback to Hampton Court. Edith had, at this period, fallen considerably behind her companions; and her father, assured by the frank and courteous manners of the stranger of his good intentions, scrupled not to make him acquainted with the nature of his business with the king.

"I have the advantage of Augustus Delavel's acquaintance, and can bear testimony to his unblemished honour," said the stranger, after he had heard his companion's story. "But," continued he, "may I inquire with whose narrative I have been so interested?"

"My name," replied Edith's father, "is Walter Hammond."

"A name," added the stranger, "that recalls to my remembrance one to whom I owe——" He checked himself, and continued, "I have heard his majesty mention the circumstance of his life being preserved on the fatal field of Worcester by a gentleman of that name—it would be singular should you identify yourself with his preserver."

"It were no difficult task," replied Hammond. "The circumstance you allude to took place toward the close of that disastrous day, when our ranks were broken and disordered. The king's horse was wounded, and, furious with pain, was bearing his rider into the midst of the enemy. I followed him, and with my pistol shot the infuriated animal dead—mounted his majesty on my own horse, and fought my way back to our lines. I had intended to recall the circumstance to his majesty's memory."

The stranger seemed to struggle for a moment with violent emotion, which however he restrained, and added, with a smile—"You think, then, the king requires some other motive than the mere abstract love of justice, to urge him to an interest in your behalf?"

"Far be it from me," replied Hammond, "to think thus lightly
of his majesty: I can, however, but conceive he will not be the less heedful of my petition, knowing it to proceed from an old and faithful servant."

"An old and faithful servant in truth!" said the stranger, warmly grasping his companion's hand; "and, Walter Hammond, thy services will not be forgotten. Augustus Delavel has of late lost all the vivacity which rendered him the darling of the court—the reason is obvious. Bound to your fair daughter by affection and by duty, he is, notwithstanding, alive to the conviction that a declaration of his marriage would subject him to the deep displeasure of his father, who, I am informed, has an eye to his union with one of our most distinguished dames of court. But Sir Henry Delavel is a loyal and devoted servant of his king, and an alliance with one who has such claims upon his master's gratitude, will, I trow, be more gratifying to the old soldier than the most splendid union with wealth and dignity. But we have been strangely ungentle to the fair subject of our cogitation." As he spoke, he turned his horse, and approaching Edith, who, judging, from the animated gestures of her father and his companion, the nature of their conversation, had kept aloof from them, gracefully apologized for his inattention; and, urging her to increased speed, rode by her side.

In a short time our travellers arrived at the palace, where their companion left them; not, however, till they had been, by his directions, conducted to an elegant apartment, and provided with a sumptuous repast, previously to their being admitted to an audience of his majesty, to whose presence they were shortly after conducted.

The reader will not, we suspect, be surprised to learn that in the person of Charles our travellers discovered their unknown friend. With the utmost urbanity the monarch raised Hammond from his knees, and, pressing his lips to the pale cheek of Edith, led her to a seat.

"In return for your history, Hammond," said he, "I have now to bring forward my budget of intelligence. The Duke of Buckingham has just arrived, and, knowing him to be the bosom friend of Augustus, I introduced the subject to him, and find his grace to have been a particeps criminis in the affair of the private marriage, which was, I am informed, celebrated by his chaplain, and in his presence. From his account, however, I discover our young squire to be more deeply implicated in error than we have been disposed to consider him. Shamed by the raillery of Buckingham, he consented to that rogue's suggestion of having the
ceremony performed by his valet, and up to the present moment imagines himself to have played the villain towards the fair Edith. Buckingham, however, with a bizarrerie natural to his whimsical grace, but which in the present instance does honour to his heart, having laughed Delavel out of his virtue, called in the aid of his chaplain, and noosed our unsuspecting friend as firmly as heart can desire. I have the duke's assurance that he is most superlatively miserable from a conviction of having acted so unworthily; and that, in defiance of his father's displeasure, he is on the eve of setting off for Twyford, to repair the injury he conceives he has done this fair maiden. I have sent for him, and almost instantly expect him here. I design to have you unseen witnesses of our interview; and doubt not, lady, that, malgré the severe test I shall put him to, he will come forth from the ordeal, in unsullied purity of affection, thy true and leal knight. You will not be offended," added the king, "at the freedom of language I may use. We are sad libertines at court; and on this occasion I may designedly speak lightly of your claims."

At this moment, Delavel was announced. "Away, good folks," cried the king, "leave me to manage our gallant; he shall suffer for his duplicity." He motioned Edith and her father, who concealed themselves behind the arras hangings, that formed a canopy over the royal seat.

"Augustus," said the king, as the youth entered, "we have this morning had a fair girl laying claim to thy exquisite person: if her tale be true, thou hast got into a snare from which thou wilt not easily extricate thyself. Tell me, Delavel, is the fair petitioner's claim to be borne out by facts: hast thou married her?"

The blood mounted into Delavel's cheek as he replied—"With shame, sir, I acknowledge she has no lawful claim on me."

"How!" interrupted the king, "no lawful claim? She is, then, an impostor. I thought our gay and gallant Augustus had not ventured on sober matrimony. But, odd's fish, man! we must check this wench in her career of illegal seisin, or she will, I trow, lay claim to the flower of our young nobles, and depopulate our court."

"Nay, your majesty," replied Delavel, "the maiden is no impostor: I only have proved the deceiver. Having, after long attentions, gained on her affections, I seduced her into a private marriage: the ceremony was performed by the Duke of Buckingham's valet; and I, sir, was dishonoured, and Edith Hammond betrayed!"
“'Fore George, Delavel! if thou wearest out of doors that lengthy visage and lachrymose air of penitence, thou wilt go far to establish thy claim to become a leader of the crop-eared rabble of the covenant. But come, Augustus, since thou hast made me thy confessor, I will enjoin thee to the lightest penance thy offence may require: thou shalt e'en pension this pretty country lass, and wed her to the squire who enacted the parson in the affair of the sham marriage. He must be a lad of parts, or he would not so well have counterfeited the 'learned clerk!'”

“Pardon me, sir,” said Augustus, “my intent is to repair the injury I have done her, and not to aggravate by cruelty an offence begun in levity. The maiden, I am assured, is fondly attached to me——”

“And, by my fay, the attachment seems mutual!” interrupted the king, with a smile.

“So entirely is it so, sir,” replied Delavel, “that I feel existence without her to be impossible. In the eyes of God we are united, and ere long, if it please Heaven, shall our vows be ratified at an earthly altar.”

“Augustus,” said Charles, sternly, “those solemn appeals to Heaven should not be lightly made. I am not given to moralize,” continued he, in a milder tone, “but to see thee so perfect an adept in dissimulation, does, I own, surprise me. Am I to be persuaded that Augustus Delavel, the descendant of an ancient and honourable family—the darling of a court—is so devoid of ambition, so blind to the dazzling prospect of a wealthy and noble alliance, as to form an union with a peasant? Were I to put thee to the proof now——” As the king thus abruptly concluded, he fixed on Augustus his dark penetrating eyes, that seemed to scan his inmost soul.

Undismayed by that searching glance, Delavel replied—“Let me correct your majesty—Edith Hammond is not a peasant; and were she so, her native virtue would ennoble her. Your majesty has been pleased to mention my family: if the blood that flows in my veins is pure, what can so effectually transmit it unsullied to posterity as an union with virtue? Your majesty has alluded to the prospect of a wealthy alliance: gold, sir, cannot purchase happiness. Even though my father's anger should make me a beggar, blessed with my Edith, I should be rich. In conclusion, sir, allow me to add, that I have considered the sacrifices I have to make: at the risk of losing for ever my father's favour—of incurring the contempt of my best friends—and last, and greatest sacrifice, at the hazard of your majesty's displeasure—I must
declare that Edith Hammond, and she alone, is the mistress of Delavel's heart!"

"Bravo! my young friend, your heroics are admirable! On the stage they would draw tears from many a bright eye. But forgive me, Augustus," continued the king, taking Delavel's hand, "for give me the severe trial I have made of your fidelity; I did it in perfect confidence as to the result, and need not tell you my suspicions and my displeasure were alike assumed. To atone for my seeming harshness by some welcome intelligence, let me assure thee thou hast injured Miss Hammond only in idea: the valet who united thee to her, is none other than Buckingham's chaplain, and as certainly art thou married, as thou standest in my presence. Truly hast thou said thy bride is of good parentage: she is, indeed, bona, bonis prograta parentibus. Walter Hammond, Augustus, served with distinguished honour in the cause of my unhappy father, and was my heroic preserver on the field of Worcester. Heaven knows I am sufficiently impoverished, but I hope still to prove my gratitude to an old and faithful friend. Hast thou mentioned thy engagement to thy father?"

"This morning, sir, I imparted to him the secret."

"And how did he receive it?" asked the king.

"With strong disapprobation, sir. He bade me, on peril of his lasting displeasure, banish my attachment for ever from my bosom. I grieve to add, I retorted with too much asperity, and left him in anger."

"I will see him," said the king, "and engage to obtain his consent and approbation. But allow me now to introduce to you some friends who have witnessed our tête-à-tête."

The king threw aside the screen, and discovered Walter Hammond and his daughter.

Augustus caught his Edith to his bosom, and tenderly embraced her; then kneeling with her at the feet of her father, besought his blessing. Trembling with delighted agitation, the old man gave the lovers his fervent benediction.

It may be sufficient to add, that the prayer for their happiness was not uttered in vain. The mediation of the king prevailed with Sir Henry Delavel; and the lovers, retiring from the dissipations of court, partook largely of that pure delight known only to the virtuous. Augustus ever continued the peculiar favourite of Charles, and was often honoured in his retirement by the familiar visits of the merry monarch. CHARLES M.
SONGS.

I.

Enter my shallop!
The soft summer breeze,
Laden with perfume,
Is kissing the seas:
Night is descending,
The stars, from on high,
Scatter their loveliness
Over the sky.

Enter my shallop, and o'er the blue tide,
Lit by the moonbeams, we'll merrily glide.

Enter my shallop!
And music's wild note
Softly and sweetly
On ether shall float:
Love is the minstrel
Whose tones shall impart
Feelings of happiness
To thy young heart.

Enter my shallop, and o'er the blue tide,
With moonlight and music, we'll merrily glide.

II.

There is a hope, when beauty leaves the flower,
That in the spring-time it again will bloom;
And there's a hope, when evening tempests lower,
That sunrise will dispel each shade of gloom.

So let us hope, when sorrow's dusky wing
Hath caused each trace of brightness to depart,
That joy will yet within our bosoms spring,
And shed again its beauty o'er the heart!

III.

Say, can a sweeter moment be
Reserved for us on earth,
Than when, at Beauty's footstool, we
Awake the harp to mirth;
And bid the soft tones of its wires
With youthful feelings swell,
Revealing passion's sacred fires,
Which tongue may never tell?

Yes! there's a sweeter moment given,
When, on the fading strain,
A bright smile beams, like light from heaven,
And wakes each note again;
For Hope, which, like a dream before,
Had mocked the eye of youth,
Seems to the mind a dream no more,
But shadows into truth.  

JAMES KNOX.
REMEmBRANCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.—No. III.

THE ITALIAN BOY AND THE SICK MONKEY.

"Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them."

Wandering in the environs of the town, with a mind feeding on remembrances, and thinking, not unregretfully, on the flight of years, how brief the past had been—a very speck in the volume of time, and imperceptible in eternity—and how evanescent the present hour, my vagrant glance fell on an humble piece of human portraiture, in the shape of an Italian boy of tender age, sitting disconsolately on a sand-bank, and hugging in his bosom a still less animal of the Cimian species; the boy was but an epitome of the masculine cast at best, and his eagerness to shelter the little brute, crumpled him up, if I may use the expression, into a thing scarcely larger than an earthen figure for a chimney-piece. "And are we not all earthen figures?" said I to myself; "the bravest, the most beautiful, the proudest, and the most prosperous? Fragile vessels, more or less weak—frailer, or more inflexible—here to-day, and gone to-morrow—an image for admiration in the morning, broken and trodden under foot ere the day-star bids adieu to the children of light." As I thus monodized, I approached nearer to the piccolino and his bosom friend. The boy was weeping; large round tears fell fast from his brown eyes, and dropped upon the earth beneath him; the little monkey chattered, and shivered, and clung closer and closer to him, looking alternately with suspicion on me as I drew near, and with confident plaintiveness in its master's face, as if to say, "Do not hurt him; do not take me away from him; commit us not as strangers and vagrants in the land of liberty; the world is wide, harm us not!" And now the little beast had completely hidden its semi-human, caricature-like countenance under the boy's arm, who seemed to encourage and to fondle it as if its fears entitled it to a double share of kindness; so is pity, in its lowliest state, allied to love.

"You appear unwell," said I to the boy, addressing him in his native tongue.

"Si, signor," replied he, "I am faint and weary, hungry and foot-sore, an orphan, a foreigner, and far from home; and I am afraid that my poor beast is dying."

"What a long list of claims on sympathy and benevolence!" thought I; "fatherless and friendless, way-worn and half-famished; sunny Italy, thy dear country, full in thy tearful Oct. 1830."
remembrance, and far, far indeed beyond thy reach! The miserable companion, too, of thy travel, which amused many a lone hour by its antics, and gained thee many a penny by its exhibition, is *hors de combat* in the struggle for a bit of bread; sick and fainting from famine and disease, thy case is deplorable indeed!"

And now, gentle reader, a monkey and a manikin are no very exalted objects to attract our attention, or to engross our affections; but compare greater objects with lesser ones, and you will find the links of connection unbroken, and fully resembling each other.

The defeated soldier, broken with toil, quits the fighting-field; his home is distant, his means are few; the faithful charger that shared his perils, and enabled him to fulfil, with pride, his noble occupation, droops, and falls by the way side; hunger and the fever of debility consume both. The warrior, whose eye was a stranger to the dew of affliction, drops a tear; now his respiration sends forth a deep sigh, as he stretches himself beside the animal whose fate has been so allied to his. This picture is more imposing, but the poor boy's is as true to feeling and to nature.

"What is the matter with the monkey?" I inquired. Here, nestling his ugly pet in his breast, he wept, and said, "It has got cold, sleeping out all night with me, and this has brought on the fever; and we are both fasting since yesterday, and," scarcely audible, "I fear it will die." The brute looked up in his face as if it understood every word that he said, and thanked him for this forcible appeal to humanity.

I could not look unmoved on this scene of real life, and had I not relieved my fellow-creature and his travelling companion, I should have been silent on the subject altogether, or have had to chronicle a deed of barbarity. The relief is not worth mentioning, but the effect of that relief is what astonished me, and is worthy of remark. No sooner had the *piccolino* obtained a little temporary aid, than, wiping away the briny tear from his eye-lid, and cuddling up Jacko as if it had been a young babe, he repaired first to a baker’s—for I watched him—and next to a milk-seller; then mixing up the two ingredients together, and warming the latter in the sun, he administered the restorative to his little charge, the animal making horrid grimaces, chattering, and licking the Italian's hands with his tongue between every mouthful which it consumed; in return for which the boy smiled, showed his white teeth, contrasted by his olive complexion, and
caressed the brute with all his heart: the repast concluded, he thought on self, and satisfied, at last, the cravings of nature.

What a lesson to man! what an instance of disinterested generosity! what an abandonment of self, and of bodily forbearance! Pinched with hunger, yet preferring a dumb animal to his own comfort; unmoved by the ostentatious semblance of charity, yet extending it to the brute creation! I solemnly protest that I have seen many parents less tenderly compassionate to their offspring; companions the most faithful, who would not act thus generously; the pastors of flocks, who would not be thus feelingly alive to their wants and comforts, and who were less anxious, by self-denials, to provide for their spiritual and corporeal wants.

Many classes and individuals, high and low, might learn beneficence from this poor wandering stranger. During my short colloquy with him I mentioned his native land; he hailed its name with transports of admiration in every feature. He grew animated, as if under the influence of enchantment. "Cara patria!" said he (dear country); "bello cielo!" (splendid sky); and then again he looked tristful, and sighed out that he hoped soon to return to it. The life of these poor little vagabond creatures is humble, and that of semi-mendicants, showing a tortoise, a porcupine, a monkey, or a mountain rat, as an excuse for laying the curious and compassionate under contribution; yet the ardour of their patriotism, their unalterable love for home, the heart's restlessness there to lay down their longing bosoms on the maternal soil, is not without much merit and a useful moral. We are all sojourners in a land which is not ours; we are wearying travellers to another home. Our trials here, our struggles for existence, are generally (always more or less) various and painful. Hope points to a better state of things; the love of a Creator looks up to a safer resting-place. A harmless transit through the vale of sorrows, self-possession and peacefulness of mind in mediocrity or poverty, the noble quality of preferring our neighbour to ourselves, the gentle ties that link together all the component parts of the creation, and which impel us to extend to the minor animals, even to the insect race, mercy and good-will, are duties incumbent upon us, and, although not dazzling virtues in the eyes of man, escape not the view of Him who contemplates unceasingly the wants, the steadfastness, and the wanderings of the works of his hands.

Farewell, miserable, yet merciful, brother! One stage of thy weary way is past, and thou art progressing towards home, and to repose on, or beneath, the lap of earth which must receive
the prince and peasant, the monarch and mendicant, without distinction; and where, sooner or later, must bivouac, for his last quarter,

THE PENITENT.

His head inclined upon his arm,
His eyes bent on the ground,
As if in deep intensity
Of feeling they were bound.
Uninfluenced in the present hour
By knowledge of the past,
You would have deemed that look had told
Of piety held fast;
Of holy sorrow to illumine
The way—and point him to the tomb.
But, when he raised his head, you marked
The fire-flash of the eye—
The trembling, quivering of the lip—
The hurried, gasped sigh.
Was it the dread of punishment
Thus acting on his mind?
Or memory of past misdeeds
Upon a soul refined—
Refined by penitence and prayer,
By suffering, agony, and care?
With fearful horror on that hand,
So passive now, he gazed;
That hand, with murderous intent,
He once had fiercely raised:
'Twas Passion's unsubdued power
Which darkly filled his breast,
And dared him to that blackened deed
Where mercy was repressed;
Where kindlier feelings dormant lay,
Half-stifled by depravity.
But his was yet no common mind,
Though stained his brief career;
His childhood knew no parent's voice,
To teach the infant prayer;
And when his early youth required
The guidancy of age,
There was not one to counsel him,
Or open virtue's page;
Unguided, prone to ill—the heart
Will soon from innocence depart.
At length, reflection's morn arrived,
'Twas ushered in by grief;
Thought was at first distraction, but
Ere long he found relief.
His rebel spirit bowed before
The altar of his God,
His chastened soul, with gratitude,
Received the avenging rod:
He died, intrepid and unmoved,
Though not, as living—unbeloved.

M. S.
SOIREEES PARISIENNES.—NO. I.

GLOVEOLOGY.

The pretty and lively Marquise de St. Hilaire had not appeared at the brilliant ball given by the Comtesse de Courville, and consequently the next day her hotel was thronged with visitors: all came avowedly to inquire after her health, but many, at least among the ladies, were anxious to know whether indisposition, pique, or jealousy had kept her from joining the brilliant party given by the comtesse, who was known to have been an old flame of the marquis, and was generally regarded as his lady's rival in the ranks of fashion.

The favoured few who were admitted, found the marquise reclining on a sofa in a most becoming dressibl. She looked pale, and complained of having had a violent nervous attack, but declared that she felt quite recovered; and, if we may judge from the conversation I am about to transcribe, her illness had not diminished that playful vivacity which procured her the character of the most piquant causeuse in Paris.

Madame Valmore (addressing a lady who sat next her)—Did you ever see anything so ridiculous as the dress of Madame de Parvenue? every part of it, from her béret to her slipper, so strangely bedizened with gold.

Madame St. Pierre—With her mahogany face and squab figure, she really resembled a piece of gilt gingerbread. Even the very seams of her gloves were embroidered in gold.

Vicomtesse Versac—Apropos of gloves, how singular it is that in such cold and gloomy weather, the gentlemen are so fond of light gloves: I have observed that during some time past they do not wear any others.

Marquise de St. Hilaire—Don't you know the reason, my dear vicomtesse? are you not aware that since our gentlemen have been bitten by the mania of political economy, they carry the system of retrenchment into private life, and even the most minute details of the toilet are subject to it? Thus, the gloves which a man of fashion wears at a ball, instead of becoming directly afterwards the property of his valet, are condemned, for some days at least, to do duty in common. Is it not so, gentlemen?

Some of the beaux laughed, others protested that the marquise was too severe, but nobody denied the charge.

Marquise—I am surprised that in this age of allegories, no learned professor has introduced Gloveology; it would, I fancy, be as rational a study, and a much more amusing one, than craniology.
Colonel St. Clair—But in what manner, madame, is this new science to be studied? What can you know of people by looking at their gloves?

Marquise—A great deal, colonel, I assure you. I fancy now I could give a pretty shrewd guess at the manner in which each of you, gentlemen, have passed the last evening by an inspection of your gloves.

Captain de Tournon—Truly, madame, from the air of confidence with which you speak, I begin to have great faith in this new science; suppose you give a course of lectures upon it, beginning with one this evening. How say you, gentlemen, can we put madame’s skill to the proof? have you got the gloves you wore last night?

There was a general answer in the affirmative.

Marquise—Well, then, let us begin. Suppose, colonel, you lead the forlorn hope?

Colonel (holding out his hands)—With all my heart.

Mademoiselle de Valmy—Without being a witch, one may tell by those gloves that the colonel has not danced.

Colonel—Is not this an indirect reproach, my pretty cousin? You forget, child, that I am past the age of dancing.

Marquise—You would not say so, colonel, if you did not like cards better.

Colonel—Nay, my dear marquise, how can you suppose—

Marquise—I suppose nothing; I have proof positive before me. Your gloves say very plainly, in their language, that their rumpled condition arises from the many times that your adversary turned the king, or won the vole. And then that morsel gnawed from the finger of your left-hand glove, that shows you must have lost a great deal.

Colonel—The gloves are too tight.

Marquise—Were it your right-hand glove, the excuse might serve; but as your left hand is smaller than your right—

Colonel—Say no more, I am your convert; as far as respects me, your science is infallible.

Monsieur D’Arlincour—I present myself at your tribunal with confidence, for I have no reproaches to fear.

Marquise (regarding the gloves earnestly on both sides)—Perhaps not, but have you also no discovery to apprehend?

M. D’Arlincour—Discovery, madame!

Marquise—Yes, sir; these gloves tell me that you have danced a great deal, and they add that you seldom changed partners.
M. D’Arlincour (blushing and hesitating)—But, madame, what makes you think—

Marquise—Nay, if you will force me to come to the fact, look at this stain on the fingers of the right-hand glove; do you see any thing of the kind on the left?

M. D’Arlincour coloured still more deeply, but his blush was pale to that of Mademoiselle de Valmy, whose neck and face crimsoned as she hid her hands under her scarf. The good-natured Marquis de St. Hilaire, who was seated next her, hastened to withdraw the attention of the company from her, by holding out his hands to his wife.

Marquis—Come, my dear, let us hear what my gloves have got to depose against me.

The marquise began smilingly to examine them, but as she looked attentively at them, she changed colour, and a seriousness, approaching to gloom, overspread her pretty features.

Marquis—Confess, most learned professor, that your science fails you.

Marquise—We shall soon see that. The gloves tell me you have neither danced, nor played at cards.

Marquis—They tell the truth.

Marquise—They add that you have talked a long time, and with a lady.

Marquis (rather embarrassed)—Really they are very communicative; perhaps, too, they tell you what I said.

Marquise—No, they content themselves with telling me what you did. Your left hand was employed in playing with the smelling bottle of the comtesse—(don’t be frightened, I shall not name her, though I could do it)—while your right hand pressed her’s.

Marquis (with some warmth)—This is the strangest fancy—

Marquise—Fancy! let us interrogate your gloves. Look at this black circle round the finger of the left one; well, that has been occasioned by twirling the top of the smelling bottle; and those marks on the right glove were caused by its being trod upon while you kept the hand of the comtesse in your’s.

Marquis—Confound the gloves! if they tell the truth, they ought to tell all the truth; and then they would assure you, that a moment of idle gallantry cannot diminish my love for the beautiful sorceress who has cast her spells round me for life.

The marquise made no reply, but the radiant smile which lighted up her expressive countenance, showed that she did not consider the speech as a mere compliment.

Capitaine de Tournon (holding out his hands)—Truly, marquise,
you have put us upon hard duty; mounting a breach is nothing to it; there, at least, one may gain glory by being knocked on the head, but here—Come, give me the coup de grace.

Marquise—Not so, captain, your gloves cry loudly in your favour; they tell me you have danced, but not a great deal, and with different partners; you have played, but have neither lost nor gained much.

Captain de Tournon—Fîve le gantologie! it is worth all the rest of the ologys put together.

Marquise—And now for you, Monsieur de Refrain.

Madame St. Pierre—Oh, M. de Refrain does not dance; he had an attack of the blue devils when he was last in London, and he has not yet got over it.

Marquise—Mercy upon us! what a dreadful complaint this English disorder must be, to oblige one to eat such a quantity of cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats; and to wash them down with so much punch!

M. de Refrain—Give me leave, madam, to say that you are mistaken.

Marquise—And give me leave, sir, to prove that I am not mistaken. Look at those different coloured stains upon your gloves, and observe how strongly they smell of punch; and then lay your hand upon your heart, and say whether they do not bear witness against you.

M. de Refrain—I am afraid I must plead guilty; but indeed you are too hard upon us, marquise.

Colonel St. Clair—Truly, M. de Refrain is in the right. Come, come, give us our revenge; attack these ladies.

Marquise—What, colonel! is that your notion of military tactics? What would you think of an army drawn up in battle array, who, instead of attacking the enemy, should let them escape in order to turn their arms upon their allies?

THE POET TO HIS HARP.

Wake thee, my wild harp, from the slumber,
Silent that have held thee long,
Wake again thy 'livening numbers,
Cheer me with the light of song!
Sun of my soul—thy gladsome ray
Can chase these gathering clouds away!
Sorrow has flung its gloom upon me—
Friends have proved how light and vain—
Yet thou, my loved wild harp, hast won me,
Oft, a respite brief from pain.
Like hollow friendship, never, no—
Thou'st left me in the hour of woe!

Charles M.
THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S FUNERAL.

CHAPTER V.

EHRENFRIED availed himself of the first moment he was alone with Morelli, on their jointly continued journey, for a conversation, the purport of which was, to the machinist, no less unexpected than important.

"Mr. Morelli," began Ehrenfried, with an ominous smile, "with the uncommon sagacity which I have had the pleasure of discerning in you during our short acquaintance, you cannot but have found out, long before now, that your travelling companion has been neither more nor less than a smuggler, and at present finds himself in the predicament of a fugitive from the laws of his country. But if you believe that I, on my part, am entertaining the least doubt as to your own personal relations, I can assure you you are very much mistaken. Only have the goodness to receive back these documents, which you flung away with such consummate disdain on the night we first became acquainted; and from the circumstance of their having been in my possession, you may pretty well convince yourself of my being privy to your meritorious pursuits."

The machinist snatched eagerly at the well-known pocket-book, which the black-forester held out to him. He forthwith opened it, and having, with scrutinizing looks, examined its contents, said with the utmost possible indifference of voice and countenance, "Trifles, scraps, mere private memorandums to assist my memory. I dare say it dropped out of the carriage without my observing it. At all events, I am much obliged to you for restoring it to me."

"Dropped out of the carriage!" echoed Ehrenfried, fastening a significant look on the machinist. "Why, to be sure," he sneeringly continued, after a short pause, during which the other put by the pocket-book, looking with seeming tranquillity of mind at his companion, "why, to be sure, nothing more likely than a pocket-book, with such contents, to fall out of a carriage, when the trusty servants of the invincible emperor are known to be not far off. But, Mr. Morelli, it is in vain to get up a farce for me. Your mysterious pocket-book contains many a secret cypher, which I have not been able to make out; but that which appears to me plainly and distinctly from the other papers, is sufficient to make you perfectly known to me, and to convince me that if one of us has reason to be ashamed of the other's company, it is not you."

"What do you mean by addressing insulting language to me,
who, with a single word from my lips, can consign you to the punishment of the law, to disgrace and misery?” said Morelli, coolly, though not without some agitation; “you, whom my generosity alone—”

“Your generosity! ridiculous!” replied Ehrenfried; “as if there were not selfishness and interest at the bottom of it—a dollar sacrificed to gain a louis d’or. The fate that awaits me, should I fall into the hands of my enemies, I am aware of; I have contemplated it a thousand times; a thousand times have I presented it to my mind. Dreadful is the lot of a galley-slave; yet a firm soul, governed by its own principles only, knows how to bear and to overcome even that. In case of a discovery, you, Mr. Morelli, may indeed make greater progress, and perhaps are proud of it. The common routine is to clap a halter round the spy’s neck, and tuck him up to any bough near at hand that will bear the scoundrel’s weight. You are turning pale—you are quivering. Now, what has become of the tranquillity of which you so much boasted? what of the supercilious consequence with which you looked down upon me? But fear nothing; I am no way desirous of delivering you over to the halter, and myself to a seat on the galley. A smuggler and a spy are an excellent match; but they are not exactly alike in all instances, and least in ours.”

The paleness of death spread over the machinist’s countenance; he shook at every limb, and was obliged to sit down for some moments to recover himself. After a short respite, he seemed to have regained his composure. He made a few turns up and down the room, then stood still before the black-forester, and said, “You may believe what you please, and, for what I care, be convinced that I am what you take me for: we have nothing to fear from each other. The interchange of our respective secrets guarantees our mutual safety. But wherefore this silly pride of your nobler station? wherefore this conceit, answering no purpose whatever, that a smuggler is a more reputable character than a spy?”

“You want an explanation,” replied Ehrenfried; “you shall have it. For the sake of a pitiful earning, you are subservient to the designs of others; you deceive those who unsusceptibly open their minds to you, taking advantage of their confidence; you seek to entice them, by craft and bribery, to a dereliction of their duty; and, after all, give your employers but imperfect information, to which the lives of thousands of innocent beings, the peace and happiness of numerous families, is sacrificed.
Now is there not, on the back-ground of those pursuits of yours, something like treason and assassination of the whole human race? What analogy do mine bear to them?” continued the black forester, raising his head with an air of additional pride. “I wage open war against the injustice of the laws—against an odious usurper, to whom alone I do injury; whilst I am useful to thousands, who are bleeding under his scourge. Never have I stained my hands with the profits arising from my undertakings. I projected and commanded them all; the fruit of them my associates came in for. I have no other motives for my actions than hatred and revenge. I was clerk to an opulent merchant, in a large town on the Rhine: in consequence of a decree of the usurper’s, that man, who loved me like a father, was reduced to beggary. He survived the disaster but a short time. At the side of his grave I vowed to injure and thwart his destroyer as far as lay in my power. To do so as a soldier there was no possibility, for the scene of war was then in Russia and on the frontiers of Portugal: no choice, therefore, was left to me. I seized the means nearest at hand, and became the captain of a band of daring and resolute smugglers. I do not wish to vaunt of my exploits, but the war which I have carried on upon my own account, sometimes by stratagem and sometimes with force, appears to me as just as any other war. Once more I declare I never appropriated a farthing of the profits to myself; and though the world may ignominiously class me amongst the violators of the law, I bear within me a proud self-consciousness of honour and integrity.”

The warmer Ehrenfried got during this speech, the more quickly did coldness and tranquillity repossess themselves of the machinist’s bosom.

“You are mightily pleased with yourself for singular errors, my young friend,” said Morelli, with a pleasant smile; “our views of things certainly differ widely. Your feelings are too acute yet, but that is a failing which will wear off as you grow older; and I hope,” he continued, taking him familiarly by the hand, “that by-and-by, when you have once got the better of your extravagant notions, you will yet be well to do in the world as a clever—spy.”

Ehrenfried indignantly drew back his hand, and left the room with a look of contempt, which the machinist returned with an unmeaning smile.

Adeline bore the fatigues of the rapid journey, or rather flight, with patience and silent resignation. She existed to the feelings of her heart only, and felt joyfully inspired with newly revived
hopes. Since she had discovered that Ehrenfried was Reinhold's brother, she looked at the travelling companion who had thus intruded upon them not only without fear, but even with satisfaction. Ehrenfried's proximity seemed to her a magic tie, which kept her sweetly united with him from whom she was separated. In her fellow-traveller's features she looked for and found traces of resemblance to Reinhold. She fancied away the sun-burnt complexion which Ehrenfried's face, from many hardships and constant living in the open air, had acquired. Her imagination smoothed and rounded off whatever was sharp and harsh in his lineaments; the frequent fierce flashing of his eyes she forced herself to view as a mild and benign glow; and thus would she indulge in the blissful dream that it was Reinhold who sat opposite to her, who was now her own for ever, and travelling with her the journey through life, in harmony, bliss, and joy. Who would smile at the self-deception of the poor girl, to whom reality afforded no enjoyment, and who, for a stern denial of all earthly pleasure, had no equivalent but that delusion?

It was with the more ease that she looked complacently upon the once dreaded Ehrenfried, as he behaved to her, during the whole journey, with the decorum of a polished man of the world, treated her respectfully, and frequently took her part against Morelli's churlishness, with a dignity and perseverance which had an influence on her uncle that she could not account for. For the first time in her life she found herself in free relations with him, and never before had she been so well convinced that, in the exercise of his authority over her, he had far exceeded all proper bounds.

It was not, however, to be expected that a youth of Ehrenfried's wild disposition could exist long in the society of a lovely being like Adeline, without mingled feelings of admiration and passion being excited by the charms of her person and the mildness of her manners. Amid the wild strolling life he had hitherto led, he never ascribed much meaning to love. He fixed his inclinations on his cousin Elsee, because he was attached to her from habit, and, besides, attracted by the maiden's blooming exterior. His intention to marry her was irrevocably fixed; still he thought he was not, on that account, to deny himself another amour elsewhere, and least at the present moment, when his prospects of becoming a steady settler were so darkened and so far put back. Besides Adeline's affable behaviour, her looks, which so frequently dwelt on him with an interest not to be mistaken, brought on a sweet delusion that she had a personal liking
to him, and he thought he should be a great simpleton if he were not to make the best of his lovely fellow-traveller's partiality. For want of an immediate supply of post-horses, the travellers were compelled to tarry several hours in a small town in cheerful Franconia. Morelli was sitting sulkily at the window of the traveller's room in the inn, gazing with a vacant mind at the opposite houses, whilst the beautiful weather allured Adeline into the open air. She repaired to the flower-garden, adjoining the house, and gave the rein to her thoughts and emotions, still dwelling alone on the absent Reinhold. On that day she felt peculiarly low-spirited, and tried in vain to overcome a strong fit of dejection, which, defying all control, at last burst out in a violent and protracted flood of tears. The pearly drops were still trickling down her cheeks, when she was surprised by the appearance of Ehrenfried, who issued from an arbour close by her.

"You are weeping, Adeline," he said, with a mildness of tone which forcibly reminded her of Reinhold, whose melodious voice was constantly vibrating on her ear. "Who can be so hard and cruel as to draw tears from you?" he continued, in a less gentle tone. "Has your uncle let loose again, at you, too, the evil spirit which possesses him? If so, tell me; I have the means of exorcising that demon. Nay, I can make him quite harmless if I choose."

"You are mistaken," replied Adeline, drying her tears; "the grief which I feel does not arise from a recent cause. The troubles which agitate my breast were sown long ago, and have produced sufficient woe to last me all my life."

"That must not be," exclaimed Ehrenfried, casting a tender look at her; "no, lovely girl, thy life shall not be poisoned by the fruit of the noxious seed, which, I'll be bound, thou hast not sown thyself. Place confidence in me; there is nothing, however bold or perilous, which I have not courage to venture for thee. I will keep evil at bay from thy existence; I will tame thy froward uncle, that his will shall bend to thine; I will eradicate every weed that grows rank on thy path, and embellish thy future days with the blossoms of felicity and joy. Do, lovely maid, place confidence in me, and be mine." At those words he clasped his arm round Adeline, who turned pale, and stared at him, scarcely believing the evidence of her own senses. "Do you suppose your uncle will oppose my wishes?" continued he, pressing her closer to his breast. "Oh, no! he is awake to his own interest, and will dare do no such thing. His perilous pursuits are unfolded to my view. I have held up a mirror to him, Oct. 1830."
in which he looked with dismay at his own reflex, which filled with terror the heart of even that hoary sinner. I tell you he must consent."

"What is your opinion of my uncle? What designs do you impute to him?" asked Adeline, who had not yet regained her composure, in faltering accents.

"That which I know of him rests not on conjecture, but on absolute conviction," he replied. "But, lovely girl, can that which he was secretly brooding and arriving at have remained unobserved by you? Have you never as much as surmised, that he was residing at Paris as the spy of a power at war with France? There he spared no means to attain his object, and is now on his flight back to his employers, possessed of papers of the highest importance. There he expects to earn his reward."

"No more!" said Adeline, interrupting him; "no more! I have heard enough. Now I know all. Gracious God! thus then the dark abyss of the mystery, which haunted me like a threatening spectre, has at length been fathomed! Then it is evident my fate is dependent on the will of a man whom I cannot but despise, whom I must abhor! Ah! now I see the dereliction from duty, for which my uncle wanted to sell me to your brother. Now I can explain why Reinhold was torn from me, and my uncle's inveterate hatred to him. The tissue of treachery and fraud in which I am entangled now lays distinct before me; now, for the first time, I acquire a proper knowledge of myself. What am I but a passive engine in the hands of a ——" She did not finish the sentence, tears and sobs choking her voice.

Ehrenfried kept looking at her for a considerable time with surprise and sympathy; then, gently taking her by the hand, he said, "Unfortunate girl! had I been aware that a salutary veil was still hiding from you your kinsman's real form, I would not have withdrawn it so abruptly. But you were speaking of my brother—you mentioned Reinhold's name; you said your uncle hates him, and keeps him separated from you. What strange relations are in the back-ground of all this?"

"You shall, you must learn all!" replied Adeline, wiping her tears. "I got acquainted with Reinhold at Paris; my uncle himself introduced him to our house. Probably he thought that, under the mask of friendship, he should induce the confidential servant of a distinguished ambassador to disclosures which he could never expect to purchase, of an honourable man like Reinhold, with money. It could not remain concealed from his acute observation that our hearts had soon got into mutual intelligence,
and he seemed to favour our love. Many a sweet undisturbed hour have I passed with Reinhold, who told me of his home, of his excellent mother, and of the wild, but at the bottom honest and kind-hearted, Ehrenfried. Often would we talk about the days to come, of living and dying together in faithful union, and of providing for ourselves the felicity of domestic life. We had not the least doubt of my uncle's consent, and at last it was agreed upon that Reinhold should solicit my hand of him. What passed on that occasion, and on what account my uncle so suddenly became Reinhold's decided enemy, your terrible discovery has but just now revealed to me. Suffice it to say, my uncle coolly announced to me that Reinhold would not enter our house any more, that I was to break off all further intercourse with him, and that he never could be mine. My tears the obdurate man met with contempt, my prayers with scoff. Thus has he himself deadened all kindred affection in my heart. Meanwhile, Reinhold had succeeded in contriving a secret interview. He would not disclose to me what it was that had caused such a sudden change in my uncle's sentiments, but he said enough for me to surmise that he would not owe to a violation of duty the attainment of any object, however near to his heart. We concerted a second meeting, and were buoying ourselves up with fresh hopes, when my uncle had me called up, in the middle of the night, and informed me that we were to depart immediately. My feelings, on leaving Paris, it is impossible to describe; how we got to your mother's habitation you best know. There, a sweet boding crossed my soul that I was in the midst of friends, and every thing memory had stored up of my lover's conversations, strikingly and ominously presented itself in reality. But when I heard Reinhold's well known voice admonishing his brother to fly and save himself, when I heard him promise that he would remain behind to protect his mother, truth flashed on my soul, and I had a moment of joy, which, alas! but too rapidly passed away. Now I have unfolded my entire heart to Reinhold's brother; he is the only confidant of my love, and I am sure he will not abuse this confidence."

Ehrenfried listened attentively to the lady's account. When she first mentioned the acquaintance subsisting between her and his brother, he slowly let her hand drop out of his own, and fixed his eyes on the ground. A short struggle ensued within him, but it was soon decided. "By Heavens! Adeline, you shall find you have not been deceived in me," he cried, when she had finished, his eyes flashing fire. "Though I am wild and hair-brained, I
am not dishonourable. Poor Reinhold!” he added, speaking to
himself, “and so near the choice of your heart were you, with-
out knowing it! You might have seen her, and travelled on with
her, if but a single favourable accident had intervened, and dis-
covered her to you!”

“Take my word for it,” said Adeline, with enchanting viv-
acity, “he heard my voice; he knew that I was in the carriage
receding from him, but the performance of a great and sacred
duty deterred him from following me. I honour the sentiments
which governed him; they are those which I love in him, and
which alone could create a faithful return on my part.”

“Most likely it is as you say,” replied Ehrenfried, somewhat
absently. “He will make amends for the mischief I have caused:
he will protect my mother and her property from the myrmidons
of the law, whom I have brought upon her. Yes, he is—what I
am not—a dutiful son, a lover of peace and tranquil happiness.
Therefore, Adeline, he deserves you, and you shall be his, as true
as I am his brother, and also as true as I intend henceforward to
lead a different life from what I have hitherto done! Reinhold
and Adeline—this alliance I will accomplish, and thereby, in
some measure, compensate my brother for the sacrifice he has
made to filial affection.”

At this moment, Morelli sauntered forth from behind some bushes,
where he stood concealed, overhearing part of the conversation.

“And the uncle’s consent, I suppose, is of no consequence at
all,” he said, with a sneer. “The cards are snugly shuffled in
private; then, all at once, trumps are played, and the outwitted
old man must give the game up for lost, and withdraw with a
woeful countenance. But people will sometimes count chickens
before they are hatched; and one should consider that a mad
attempt may possibly end in one’s own destruction.”

Adeline averted her face from the man respecting whose pur-
suits she was now no longer in the dark, and Ehrenfried’s lofty
figure rose more proudly erect. Looking down on the machinist
with all the preponderance of superiority which at times he made
him feel, and with the most ineffable contempt he could possibly
evince, both in speech and gesture, he replied—“There you have
again shot beside the mark, my dear Mr. Morelli. Do you think
I am not capable of bringing you to the gallows, and myself to
the galleys, in order to liberate Adeline, and secure to my bro-
ther, who is as superior to you as a man of honour is to a scound-
drel, that happiness which he so richly deserves, and which you
are so anxious to mar? You see it won’t do to provoke me. At
all events, I request of you that you will henceforth consider Adeline as the betrothed of my brother, and it shall be my business to protect her as such against whoever it may be."

At those words he took the silent maiden’s arm, and led her to the carriage, which was now ready for starting. With hell in his bosom, and looks portending a storm, Morelli followed them. The journey was continued without any accident. The machinist’s passports were in the best order; and, previously to his embarking in the daring exploit on the Rhine bridge, Ehrenfried had also taken care to provide himself with documents sufficient to preclude any discovery connected therewith.

Now that Ehrenfried had acknowledged Adeline as his brother’s bride, the travellers’ relations to each other assumed quite a different aspect. Hitherto it was the machinist who managed every thing; now, Ehrenfried took that task upon himself. Treated by her Reinhold’s brother with profound respect, Adeline enjoyed a degree of liberty she had never known before; while her uncle, who, in the perilous predicament in which he stood, was too shrewd and prudent to irritate a hot-headed fellow like Ehrenfried, durst not offer the least demur. Were they not travelling the same route? were they not tending to one and the same point? It was Ehrenfried’s object to reach a division of the allied army, which then, (in 1813,) the armistice being broken off, was drawing towards the Elbe and the frontiers of Bohemia, for the purpose of harassing the French in their principal positions. His determination was to enter the army, no matter in the service of what power, so that it was against the general enemy. Then, Morelli calculated, he would have no longer any thing to fear of him; then his presence could no longer be of any service to him, whatever it might be during the journey. “How soon,” thought he to himself, “this betrothing of my lady niece will be at an end then! How soon the authority which this mad fellow so saucily arrogates to himself will go for nothing, and devolve again on him to whom of right it belongs! No, no, Mr. Reinhold, you will never be Adeline’s husband. Do you think I can ever forget the thousand louis d’or which I had to pay for a disclosure that you might have let me had for nothing? Do you suppose that the contempt with which you looked down upon me, when I was fool enough to think you worthy and rife for my confidence, has left no bitter recollection on my mind—that it has not sown the seeds of enmity and revenge? You may be mistaken there. I remain your sworn foe; and a time may come when I shall be enabled to throw off the mask before your impu-
dent brother, and become once more the arbiter of my own actions."

In consequence of these reflections, Morelli behaved, both to Ehrenfried and Adeline, with a degree of gentleness and civility, which, in fact, made her believe that he had relinquished his hostile sentiments towards Reinhold, and thought best to make up his mind to an union, by which alone the happiness of her life could be consolidated. Ehrenfried, however, was not so easily to be deceived; he saw too well through Morelli's character not to discover that his placid exterior was assumed, only to conceal some design for thwarting his own well meant intentions to promote the success of his brother's love. His soul, too, was big with a project, by the execution of which he expected to foil the machinist's intrigues.

In every other respect, Morelli had very judiciously foreseen the manifold advantages to be derived from the company of so powerful and courageous a man, on a journey, during which he was liable to fall in with the numerous French armies, which were then flocking towards the Elbe. This was verified in no few instances, and but for Ehrenfried's encountering importunity with boldness, and arrogance with firmness, who knows to what discoveries, fatal to either, many a collision would have led? Yet, on all these occasions, he knew how to shape his expressions in a manner to avoid giving offence to those he had to deal with, who, as they could not but give him credit for his becoming spirit, generally parted with him satisfied, and in perfect good humour.

At length, the travellers arrived at a small town in Saxony, where they were obliged to make up their minds to an unlimited stay, as the French commandant would not give them leave to proceed any farther, the allied forces being in the neighbourhood. The battles of Dresden, of the Katzbach, of Culm, and of Dennewitz, had been fought; but they were bulletined as so many victories gained by the grand army, and no one could tell on which side the balance of war preponderated. Morelli strolled uneasily about the little town, prying, listening, and inquiring in all directions; but to him, too, the real state of affairs remained a secret, until at length he learned, by accident, that a division of the allied army was posted behind the mountains, only a day's march from his present residence. From that moment he was busily engaged in procuring a messenger whom he could trust with a mission to the commander of that division. After many fruitless endeavours, he thought he had met with an eligible
person. The emissary pretended to be thoroughly acquainted with the environs, and promised safely to deliver the letter which Morelli consigned to him, declaring that on the secret mountain passes, on which he intended to travel, he was sure no Frenchman would find him out. In spite of his age, and the fatiguing journey on foot indispensable on that occasion, the machinist would himself have tried to steal away to his friends, but he could not prevail on himself to abandon Adeline entirely to Ehrenfried’s discretion, who to a certainty would have availed himself of that opportunity to accomplish the union between her and his brother.

However secret Morelli kept the dispatching of the messenger, still it had been observed by his companion, who told him to mind what he was about, and begged him to consider that, near the completion of their wishes as they were, the least indiscretion might involve them in ruin. However, the machinist flatly denied it, declaring, with a laugh, that Ehrenfried was troubled with the blue devils, and actually succeeded in divesting his travelling companion of all apprehension on that score.

Meanwhile, Adeline’s confidence in the brother of her Reinhold increased from day to day. The inactivity in which Ehrenfried, from necessity, had to pass his time, attenuated his temper, and gave his gentle sympathies the ascendancy over the fiercer passions, by which he had so long been ruled. He thought with tenderness of his mother, spoke with intense interest of his brother, and with revived affection of the grievously offended Elsee. How sorry he now was for the grief he had caused the worthy Dame Martha; how he felt for the deprivation Reinhold had to subject himself to on his account, by being obliged to control his longing heart, and let his mistress depart, that he might perform the duties of a faithful son to his distressed mother; how he repented the harshness with which he had treated Elsee, who loved him so truly and fervently, to whom he had plighted his hand and heart with solemn oath! The maiden’s attractive form appeared in all its loveliness to his mind, and filled it with an affectionate longing he had never experienced before.

“I own—I am forcibly aware, that my intercourse with you has wonderfully reformed me,” he said one day to Adeline. “I know in what manner I can show my gratitude to you; and, by Heavens! I am sincere in promising to take upon myself the task of consolidating your happiness. But I have much to atone for—not only to my brother, but also to my mother and to Elsee. Reinhold’s filial affection, to which he yielded at the sacrifice of
what is dearest to him on earth, has held up to me a mirror, in
which I have discovered, to my great humiliation, how much I
want yet to be called a dutiful son; how shocking it is to be
faithless to a female who rewarded my affections with her own,
and who is now deploring, in tears, the hour in which she trusted
to my flimsy promises. Such disgrace is more than I can bear;
I must, I will free myself from it. I intend to write this very day
to my brother; he shall hasten hither, when I mean to give you
away to him, and say, 'Here, brother, take her as thy wife; she,
whom her hard uncle dare no longer deny to you; she, whom I
have cheerfully conquered, and courageously guarded for you.
She will reward you for what you have done for our mother; she
will be a partial atonement for the guilt I feel upon my head.'
Then, when he arrives on the wings of love, when he brings with
him my mother's forgiveness, and Elsee's assurance that, in spite
of the harsh return which her implicit attachment has frequently
met with at my hands, her heart's affection is still devoted to me,
and that her faithful soul remains unaltered—then, Adeline, I too
shall see the star of my happiness rise again, and I shall make an
acquisition, the immense value of which I now, for the first time,
begin to appreciate."

"What, my dear friend!" said Adeline, with beaming eyes,
"Reinhold is to come here! Is it possible? The dearest wish
of my existence—which I have vaguely entertained, which I have
despondingly nourished—is to be realized! You will write to
him, you say. But can you risk it? May not a letter betray
you, and plunge you into ruin?"

"I have considered all this, and found means to obviate that
danger," replied Ehrenfried; "I mean to enclose the letter to
my brother in another, which I shall direct to Thomas the miner.
Nobody will expect any thing particular under that direction, as
Thomas could not have been suspected of smuggling, having, on
account of his cunning and adroitness, never been employed
otherwise than as a secret spy. Even our delay in this little
town, which not long ago so much annoyed me, now answers
our purpose."

"Thomas, you say, is the man's name to whom you mean to
entrust your message?" asked Adeline, musing. "I certainly
do recollect him, though his appearance did not seem to me to
be in his favour. There is something crafty and malicious in his
looks."

"No black-forester will betray another," exclaimed Ehren-
fried, interrupting her. "I have been acquainted with Thomas—
from a child; there is but one passion I know him to be addicted
to, which is avarice. Reinhold will cheerfully reward him well
for the intelligence, and that is all Thomas will be looking for.
Leave the business to me, Adeline; too long have I been acting
on my own behalf, without giving others a thought or consider-
ation; it is high time this selfish conduct should cease."

"I have neither power nor inclination to dissuade you from
your purpose," replied Adeline; "it accords too well with the
most ardent wishes of my heart for me to oppose it. But I have
one thing to beg of you, which you must grant me. Your stay-
ing longer in this place is attended with the greatest danger;
suspicion lurks on your steps—a sword hangs threatening over
your head. When you have dispatched the portentous letter
which calls my Reinhold hither, which guarantees me a consum-
mation so long desired, and scarcely any longer hoped for; when
you have acquitted yourself of the duties of a brother towards
Reinhold, of a son towards your mother, and of a plighted lover
towards Elsee, then remove from hence as quickly as you can.
It will be an easy task for you to climb the mountains, and reach,
by unfrequented paths, a place where you will be safe, and where
you may devote your faculties to the good cause. Yes, Ehren-
fried, you must comply with this request, for the sake of all those
who are dear to you. Every hour you remain longer here will
only increase my apprehensions. I must think that it is on my
account you are detained; that it is for my sake you are placing
your liberty and welfare at stake. Spare me this distress.
Directly the letter is gone let us part; and you, my friend, speed
to a place where you have no longer any thing to fear."

"Not I, indeed," he replied, in a firm and decided tone; "I
will not desert you until Reinhold has arrived, until he has
received you at my hand, and your uncle is deprived of the power
to exercise his tyrannical sway any longer over you. This I
vowed to myself in a solemn hour, and I pledge my life on its
fulfilment; even the knowledge that I must perish in the attempt
shall not deter me; on the contrary, I shall rejoice in the consci-
ousness of having done something to endear my memory with
those who are justly dear to me."

Adeline's repeated attempts to shake Ehrenfried's resolution
were fruitless. With the full intenseness of feeling which had
taken possession of his soul since he lived in her society, he sat
down to write to his brother, his mother, and Elsee. His better
and nobler sympathies had been only slumbering within him;
Reinhold and Adeline's example had awakened them. As the
outpourings of his heart, which he consigned to paper, assumed a visible form, he almost appeared to himself as a stranger, whose sentiments he felt bound to respect; and thus originated within him that true self-esteem which prizes only what is intrinsically good, carefully scrutinizes what is ambiguous, and scrupulously abstains from covering with a compromising cloak that which is exceptionable. In acknowledging his errors, evincing open and deep contrition, Elsee could not withstand the sincere language of an affection which was now to remain firm for ever: his mother could not but forgive him. All this, Ehrenfried sensibly felt; and amid this conviction he acquired a serenity of mind which supported him under every alarm of danger. He directed the parcel, as he intended, to Thomas the miner, to whom he ensured a handsome remuneration for the safe and expeditious forwarding of it; and thus it was sent off to Ehrenfried’s native home.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR’S DEATH.
On the bed of his youth and his glory he slept,
And the stern eyes of warriors round him wept,
But he delightful dreams was dreaming,
And saw not the tears around him streaming.
Loud, long, and deep, the wail of woe
Smote its plaint upon his ear? Ah, no!
His was the sleep that never waketh,
And his the rest that never breaketh;
He met it on the field of blood,
As every son of glory should.

Unbound was his helm, its snowy plume
No longer waved in the battle’s gloom;
Partly ‘twas lopp’d, yet still it trembled
To the troubled gaze of all assembled.
Yet the eye was dim, and the cheek was faded,
Whose manly beauty late it shaded;
The pulse, that beat so late, was still,
The heart, once wildly warm, was chill.
Bare by his side his sword was laid,
Why grasps he not the sheathless blade?

With many a sad, but silent tear,
His sorrowing comrades raised the bier;
Silent and mournfully they bore him,
Nor beat one heart but did deplore him.
The trumpet’s blast, no note of care
Before that breathed, now thrills the air
With strains that bleach each warrior brow:
The battle-charge it sounds not now;
But summons to the bloody grave,
The last, chill mansion of the brave!

CHARLES M.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Although some works of temporary interest, such as Lady Morgan's France in 1829-30, have been published during the past month, the "Libraries," as they are called, are becoming so manifold and numberless, as to force themselves first upon our notice. It is in literature as in commerce. No sooner is a new channel of trade opened than that spirit of speculation, which all Englishmen more or less possess, causes it to be glutted. The first in the field of this class of works was Constable's Miscellany, which began well by furnishing, at a very reduced price, the interesting voyages of Captain Basil Hall, and the series has already extended to nearly sixty volumes, at 3s. 6d. each, many of which possess considerable merit. About the same time, the Useful Knowledge Society collected money to enable them to publish a series of sixpenny treatises, which, partly by the use made of the names of Mr. Brougham, Lord John Russell, &c. and partly because many of them were really able compilations, attained a sale that must have produced considerable profit to somebody. From the same quarter as the Library of Useful Knowledge, has proceeded the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, and very entertaining as well as instructive volumes they are. This was preceded by the "Family Library" of Mr. Murray, who has produced sixteen five-shilling volumes, some of which we have already noticed, and the last, as conveying the sentiments of Sir Walter Scott on Demonology and Witchcraft, would have attracted considerable attention, however published. Probably no one, with a mind equally enlightened, ever amassed such a store of superstitious knowledge, and the sentiments of such a man, on subjects about which the wisest of all ages have had their doubts and the ignorant their errors, cannot be read without adding something to our stock of knowledge. They are given in the form of letters to his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, in which he says, "the general, or, it may be termed, the universal belief of the inhabitants of the earth, in the existence of spirits separated from the incumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance, which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution, but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its own place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post. Unaided by revelation, it cannot be hoped that mere earthly reason should be able to form any rational or precise conjecture concerning the destination of the
soul when parted from the body; but the conviction that such an indestructible essence exists, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, Non omnis moriar, must infer the existence of many millions of spirits, who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals who still see, hear, and perceive, only by means of the imperfect organs of humanity. Probability may lead some of the most reflecting to anticipate a state of future rewards and punishments; as those experienced in the education of the deaf and dumb find that their pupils, even while cut off from all instruction by ordinary means, have been able to form, out of their own unassisted conjectures, some ideas of the existence of a Deity, and of the distinction between the soul and body—a circumstance which proves how naturally these truths arise in the human mind. The principle that they do so arise, being taught or communicated, leads to further conclusions.

"These spirits, in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed, indifferent to the affairs of mortality, perhaps not incapable of influencing them. It is true, that, in a more advanced state of society, the philosopher may challenge the possibility of a separate appearance of a disembodied spirit, unless in the case of a direct miracle, to which, being a suspension of the laws of nature, directly wrought by the Maker of these laws, for some express purpose, no bound or restraint can possibly be assigned. But under this necessary limitation and exception, philosophers might plausibly argue, that, when the soul is divorced from the body, it loses all those qualities which made it, when clothed with a mortal shape, obvious to the organs of its fellow-men. The abstract idea of a spirit certainly implies, that it has neither substance, form, shape, voice, or any thing which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties. But these sceptic doubts of philosophers on the possibility of the appearance of such separated spirits, do not arise till a certain degree of information has dawned upon a country, and even then only reach a very small proportion of reflecting and better informed members of society. To the multitude, the indubitable fact, that so many millions of spirits exist around and even amongst us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other, able to communicate with the world of humanity. The more numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased existing, without possessing or having the power to assume the appearance which their acquaint-
ance bore during his life, and do not push their researches beyond this point.

"Enthusiastic feelings of an impressive and solemn nature, occur both in private and public life, which seem to add ocular testimony to an intercourse betwixt earth and the world beyond it. For example, the son who has been lately deprived of his father, feels a sudden crisis approach, in which he is anxious to have recourse to his sagacious advice—or a bereaved husband earnestly desires again to behold the form of which the grave has deprived him for ever—or, to use a darker, yet very common instance, the wretched man who has dipped his hand in his fellow-creature's blood, is haunted by the apprehension that the phantom of the slain stands by the bedside of his murderer. In all, or any of these cases, who shall doubt that imagination, favoured by circumstances, has power to summon up to the organ of sight, spectres which only exist in the mind of those by whom their apparition seems to be witnessed?

"If we add, that such a vision may take place in the course of one of those lively dreams, in which the patient, except in respect to the single subject of one strong impression, is, or seems, sensible of the real particulars of the scene around him, a state of slumber which often occurs—if he is so far conscious, for example, as to know that he is lying on his own bed, and surrounded by his own familiar furniture, at the time when the supposed apparition is manifested, it becomes almost in vain to argue with the visionary against the reality of his dream, since the spectre, though itself purely fanciful, is inserted amidst so many circumstances which he feels must be true beyond the reach of doubt or question. That which is undeniably certain, becomes in a manner a warrant for the reality of the appearance to which doubt would have been otherwise attached. And if any event, such as the death of the person dreamt of, chances to take place, so as to correspond with the nature and the time of the apparition, the coincidence, though one which must be frequent, since our dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which haunts our minds when awake, and often presage the most probable events, seems perfect, and the chain of circumstances touching the evidence may not unreasonably be considered as complete. Such a concatenation, we repeat, must frequently take place, when it is considered of what stuff dreams are made—how naturally they turn upon those who occupy our mind while awake, and, when a soldier is exposed to death in battle, when a sailor is incurring the dangers of the sea, when a beloved wife or relative Oct. 1830.
is attacked by disease, how readily our sleeping imagination rushes to the very point of alarm, which when waking it had shuddered to anticipate. The number of instances in which such lively dreams have been quoted, and both asserted and received as spiritual communications, is very great at all periods; in ignorant times, where the natural cause of dreaming is misapprehended, and confused with an idea of mysticism, it is much greater. Yet perhaps, considering the many thousands of dreams, which must, night after night, pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of coincidences between the vision and real event, are fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect. But in countries where such presaging dreams are subjects of attention, the number of those which seemed to be coupled with the corresponding issue, is large enough to spread a very general belief of a positive communication betwixt the living and the dead."

Next came one of the most important announcements of the whole, Dr. Lardner’s Cabinet Cyclopaedia, extending to one hundred six-shilling volumes, in which the Doctor was to be assisted by some of the greatest names in modern literature. Of the ten volumes already published, some have been noticed by us as they appeared, and the whole will form a series of very interesting works, but not a complete Cyclopaedia, unless the plan be still further extended. The last volume, A History of the Netherlands, by T. C. Grattan, appears at a time when the subject possesses peculiar interest, and there is no similar work in the market. Its predecessor, Outlines of History, in one volume, is also without a rival for the quantity of information it condenses into a small space. The Cities and Towns of the World are not well compiled, and are filled with very indifferent woodcuts, but the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery is a good idea well executed; and there is no body of information on the subject of Mechanics equal to the volume which forms part of this work, but such are the inroads made in that science by the power of steam, the full extent of which appears to be not even yet ascertained, that the newest work is the best only till a newer succeeds it.

Judging by the announcement of another series from the same quarter, under the title of Dr. Lardner’s Cabinet Library, we are led to conclude that the Cabinet Cyclopaedia is answering the expectation of its projectors, notwithstanding the number of its competitors.

The next work which appeared of this class was Valpy's
Family Classical Library, which comprises the best English translations of Demosthenes, Sallust, Xenophon, Virgil, and other Greek and Roman writers, many of which were not to be had without considerable expense.

This work, though printed and edited by Mr. Valpy, and published under his name, is the property of Colburn and Bentley, who next produced the Juvenile Library. The announcement of this, and of the Juvenile Family Library, by Murray, appeared about the same time, with some marks of opposition; it is of little importance, however, with which of them the idea originated. Colburn's is first in the field; but with so little success, that we scarcely think the other will appear at all, particularly as we apprehend that the Dramatic Family Library, consisting of the plays of Massinger, Ford, and other elder dramatists, with the omission of all exceptionable passages, has not sold so well as Mr. Murray expected.

Of two or three other "Libraries" announced by Colburn and Bentley, "The Library of General Knowledge," since altered to "The National Library," has produced its first volume, a "Life of Lord Byron," by Mr. Galt, which has greatly disappointed our expectations. It scarcely relates one fact with which we were not previously acquainted, but it abounds in wordy criticism, more or less calculated to depreciate that genius to which all the world has awarded the highest place. That Mr. Galt's style is wordy, the following short extract will prove:

"There is no account of any great poet, whose genius was of that dreamy cartilaginous kind, which hath its being in haze, and draws its nourishment from lights and shadows; which ponders over the mysteries of trees, and interprets the oracles of babbling waters. They have all been men—worldly men, different only from others in reasoning, more by feeling than induction. Directed by impulse, in a greater degree than other men, poets are apt to be betrayed into actions which make them singular, as compared by those who are less imaginative; but the effects of earnestness should never be confounded with the qualities of talent."

With such words as charming, and clanjamphy, and kithe, the volume abounds. We suppose Mr. Galt would call them Anglo-Scotch, as Lady Morgan calls her's Anglo-French; but authors who take such liberties with the language in which they profess to write, should favour their readers with a glossary. With all its faults the work is not without some good passages and just criticism, and contains twice or thrice as much for five shillings as the same publishers usually give for half-a-guinea.
Of the new edition of the Waverley Novels, which furnishes them at about one-third the original price, and thus ranks with this class of works, we have before spoken. The introductions give them additional value; but in letting the reader so much into the mystery of their manufacture, the tales themselves are afterwards perused with a somewhat diminished interest. The embellishments are good, but not very good. The last, designed by Martin, proves that his style does not suit small book plates, unless the subject is left altogether to his own fancy, as in the Annuals. Without his name, we are sure it would not have been admitted into any respectable work.

Edinburgh seems determined to have her share of these publications, the first volume of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" having just made its appearance. For five shillings it embodies the information which lies scattered through the several quartos of Captain Parry and others, and presents in a popular form, to those who have neither leisure nor inclination to wade through the more bulky tomes, a complete and connected view of the successive voyages made to the Arctic regions. The editors have executed their task with ability; and when we consider that the men who have most frequently distinguished themselves in this perilous adventure have been British, the subject cannot be without interest. It will, however, be comprehended in that portion of Lardner's Cyclopædia which gives the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, and if the projectors of a new work could not find, for their first number, a subject not already occupied by their precursors in the same track, it argues strongly against the necessity of the undertaking altogether. If publishers will oppose each other, and produce a supply beyond the demand, they are not the persons who can fairly exclaim, when their speculations prove unprofitable, that literature is not encouraged.

We turn with some relief from that unholy spirit of bookmaking which pervades too many of these volumes, to that neat and careful reprint of authors who have received the stamp of universal approbation, the "Aldine Poets." Why they are called Aldine we do not exactly know. Aldus was distinguished among the early typographers, but he lived too long before Thomson, and Burns, and Collins, whose exquisite poetry commences the series publishing under his name, to render it very appropriate. Whether Aldus or Caxton, Bulmer or Bensley, give them a name, is, however, of little consequence; they are got up in a way that does Mr. Pickering great credit, and the man who opposes to the thousand and one volumes of poetry which annually appear, only to be deservedly forgotten, the few of real merit among the
thousands which have gone before, will, no doubt, receive adequate encouragement, notwithstanding the many editions of "British Poets" already extant.

This enterprising publisher, who seems aware that there is much that is good besides what is new, does not, however, confine himself to mere reprints of established works. The "Aldine Poets" are ably edited, and the lovers of Italian literature are much indebted to him for an edition of Bojardo and Ariosto, the first volume of which is occupied by an Essay on the Romantic Poetry of the Italians, by Professor Panizzi, displaying great talent and deep research. The second volume begins with a Life of Bojardo, whose Orlando Innamorato is little known, not having been reprinted for nearly three centuries, though Ariosto's more popular work is founded upon it, and is not always intelligible without it. Translations in exquisite verse, by Lady Dacre, Stewart Rose, and Sotheby, also enrich these volumes.

But it is time to turn to Lady Morgan's new work, entitled "France in 1829-30," but, in reality, France in 1829; for had not the recent revolution rendered it necessary that a work on the present state of France should say something about it, the little of 1830 which has been added, would not, we suppose, have appeared at all. In fact, it was no doubt intended to have come out before the close of the last season, but the sale of her ladyship's works not being equal to the large sum she demands for them, and her negociation with Mr. Colburn being consequently a protracted one, ending in his declining it, or being outbid, the publication was thrown into this no-season. The struggle between fame and money has ended in a way sufficiently mortifying to her ladyship's vanity. Her fame would be best served by continuing with Mr. Colburn, who has puffed so many bad authors into temporary popularity, that bad and good are alike desirous of marching under his colours; but to be told by her publisher that neither he nor the public rated her talents so highly as she rated them herself, was, though true, sufficiently mortifying, and the result has been still more so. On her work being announced by another publisher, Mr. Colburn for the first time discovers—no, he knew it long ago—for the first time tells the public, that the works which, so long as he was Lady Morgan's publisher, had sold as well as they were written, are lying so heavily on his shelves, that they may now be had at half-price. How could it be otherwise? Two guineas for four loosely printed volumes, of mediocre merit, The O'Brien's and the O'Flaherty's! The scheme of advertising them for one guinea will scarcely sell x 3
twenty copies, because the circulating libraries have been selling their duplicates still lower, as the publisher well knows, and if the half-price advertisement has the twofold object of injuring her new work as well as selling her old ones, it is not very courteous conduct to a lady, whatever the circumstances. The system of publishing at unreasonably high prices, and forcing the works into an artificial demand by means of outrageous puffing, which demand subsides when the puffing subsides, keeps the bookselling trade in a fever, from which it will not recover till a more healthy system is pursued, while it rarely answers the purpose even of those who practise it.

Like Lady Morgan's other works, "France in 1829-30" is lively and piquant, but any thing like an analysis of its rambling, gossiping contents is impossible. The style is such a mixture of English and French, with so many words coined out of the two languages, and belonging to neither, that no passage we could quote would be a fair specimen of the whole. The following is a description of the inn at Calais:

"On the first view of our hotel, I exclaimed 'How French!' There were the court and its treillage, its vine and its liberalum, and its kitchen on the ground-floor, with its bright batterie shining through the scarlet geraniums of its open windows. There were the black eyes and white caps, popping in and out of its many doors; and the ruins of an old diligence, with its tackle of ropes, en flute, under the old remise; and the good-humoured host, with his military air, and the graceful hostess, with the manners of a well-bred lady, (for in France the men are all gentlemen, and the women all ladies,—the universal courtesy incidental to a genial temperament).

"This was my first impression: my second extorted the exclamation of 'How English!' Not a sanded floor, nor a sullied parquet are now visible. Nothing but English carpets and English cleanliness; English delf and English damask; not a rag of the old huckaback left, which seemed formerly to serve the double purposes of bed and table. The ostler, too, speaks English to our servant, with all the classic slang of 'Lad-lane,' or the 'Golden Cross.' The garçon cries, 'coming up,' and the tea and muffins are worthy of the Talbot at Shrewsbury. An horn, too! not the 'crack, crack, crack!' of old associations, but a 'reg'lar' mail-coach horn; the 'Bang-up,' from Boulogne, cantering into the yard, with horses curvetting, and not a hair turned—a whip, that 'taps the silk,' like a feather—'ribbons,' not ropes—a coachman all capes and castor—a guard that cries 'all right'—and the whole
"turn out," worthy of the four-in-hand club! Not a jack-boot, not a queue, not a powdered toupee left; nothing to ridicule, nothing to blame. "Il-n'y-a plus de Pyrenees!" The age of tourists and of chivalry is alike over. What luck to have written my France, while France was still so French!"

There is, however, occasionally, much of sound sense and original remark, and some chapters furnished by Sir Charles Morgan are really well written. The price, a guinea and a half for two octavo volumes, must, with few exceptions, confine the work to the circulating libraries and reading societies.

From Lady Morgan we turn to a lady who has travelled through a more distant, if not more interesting, country, Mrs. Colonel Elwood. This lady has published a "Narrative of a Journey overland from England, by the Continent of Europe, Egypt, and the Red Sea, to India; including a residence there, and voyage home; in the years 1825 to 1828," in two highly amusing volumes, and they would have been more so had she confined herself to the narrative of such scenes and impressions as occurred to her on the spot, which she describes exquisitely, and not stopped to rummage among classical tours and ancient histories to tell us of some tradition "1529 years before Christ," and some man who "flourished 522 years before the Christian era." Her description of what she saw in Malta is charming, but who wants to know what she read? Her history of its knights is as tiresome as the following is pleasing:

"The caleeshes, which, from the nature of the country, are almost the only vehicles in use, even with the English, are singular-looking conveyances. First of all comes, full drive, a wildish-looking little horse in shafts, and by its side, at a long swinging trot, runs the bare-footed caleesh, his immense night-cap alternately sweeping one shoulder or the other, as the sun or rain acquires the additional defence. Then, not upon springs, comes a sort of box or sedan chair, supposed to carry two, though that number is frequently doubled, nay, trebled. Last of all, like an after-thought, comes tearing away, a pair of wheels; and in this machine, off the traveller jolts, apparently to the imminent danger of dislocation either to his neck or limbs; but, though I frequently wished Cinderella's kind god-mother would have transmuted one of the enormous pumpkins sold in the market into a coach for my accommodation, I believe accidents are of very rare occurrence."

Mrs. Elwood, whose judgment is worth more on such a question than that of twenty male travellers, is of opinion that "all
that we are told of the imprisonment of the seraglio is a great mistake." She considers the Turkish ladies under no greater restraint than ladies of rank in our country, and that the homage paid them is greater. "The Turks," she says, "in their gallantry, consider the person of a woman sacred; and the place of her retreat, her harem, is always respected. Nay, there have been instances where persons have fled for protection to their enemy's seraglio, and been thereby saved; so that I found, that in Egypt I was likely to be the guardian of the party, and that in my utter helplessness I might possibly be a panoply from danger to my protectors themselves. In fact, Mr. Salt seriously recommended that I should always carry all our most valuable papers and money about me for safety."

In this unfashionable season we have no great number of fashionable novels to notice; there are, however, two or three before us, which must lie over till next month.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

CARRIAGE DRESS.
A pelisse composed of salmon-coloured gros des Indes; the corsage, closed in front, sets close to the shape; the sleeve is à la Medicis; the skirt is closed in front, and trimmed, à la Leontine, with the material of the pelisse. Collarette of white lace. Head-dress a capote of a new and singularly elegant shape; it is composed of gros de Naples, plaided in vapeur, and bird of Paradise, and trimmed with nœuds of gauze riband to correspond. Sable boa tippet. Half-boots, composed of tawny reps silk, tipped with black.

EVENING DRESS.
A crape gown over a satin slip to correspond; the colour is a new shade of flamme de pong. Corsage uni, made rather higher than they are in general, and trimmed with a falling tucker of blond lace. Béret sleeve, something narrower than they have lately been, but quite as short as usual; the sleeve is finished with a full fall of blond lace, which descends nearly to the elbow. The skirt is trimmed with ruches of the same material, disposed round the border in a very novel manner. The hair is very much parted on the forehead, and disposed partly in light bows at the sides, in one large bow on the summit of the head, and in two plaited braids which are wound round the bow. A jewelled bandeau is placed in an oblique direction on the forehead, and two moss roses are inserted among the bows. Pearl ear-rings, of the pear form. Pearl necklace, with a ruby clasp. Ermine boa tippet.
CARRIAGE DRESS. EVENING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR OCTOBER, 1830.

Published by James Roberts & Co., London.
THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The chilliness of the mornings and evenings already bespeaks the approach of that season in which a fashionable beauty finds it difficult to please herself in the choice of a promenade dress. The garb of summer is too light, that of winter too heavy; there remains, then, only the resource of covering the muslin robe with a handsome shawl, or twisting a boa tippet round the throat with a silk dress; such has within the last few days been the case, and such is, in fact, the only alteration that we have to notice in promenade dress.

Muslin is still much worn in carriage dress. Pelisses composed of very thin jaconot muslin, lined with coloured silk, have, within the last few days, been adopted by several very elegant women; they are richly embroidered round the border; some are worked in detached bouquets; others in a wreath of flowers; they are all closed in front; some imperceptibly; others are fastened with nœuds of gros de Naples, to correspond with the lining. The corsage offers nothing novel; it is made in the square shawl style; but the sleeves are of a new form: the upper part is as wide as usual, but the lower part, which sets close to the arm, is arranged in three bias bouffons, which reach nearly half-way from the wrist to the elbow.

Silk dresses, with canezous, composed either of the finest cambric, or India muslin, elegantly embroidered, are also in favour. The most fashionable are pointed behind, disposed in deep folds on each side of the back, and trimmed with a fall of embroidery, which is very narrow at the bottom of the waist, but becomes progressively broader as it approaches the shoulder, where a double fall forms an epaulette; the fronts are richly embroidered on each side. Some canezous are finished round the throat with an embroidered ruff; others have a square collar. We still see a few, but very few indeed, made with sleeves; when that is the case, the lower part of the sleeve is, generally, almost covered with embroidery.

Scarfs are still in favour; we see, also, a good many collarettes composed of rich ribands, which form a fichu behind, and are tied in bows and ends round the throat. We have seen on some ladies of distinguished taste, gauze scarfs of a large size, twisted round the throat in the boa style; the ends of those scarfs were plaided in large patterns, and in the centre of each square was a rose, with buds and foliage.

Leghorn hats, trimmed with feathers, are much in favour in carriage dress. Some are trimmed in a very novel manner with
five feathers, which form a bouquet; one of these feathers is very long, the other four are each of different sizes, so that the last is very short. This bouquet is placed on the left side, and falls over to the right.

The most elegant among the new silk hats are those composed of changeable gros de Naples, particularly when it is glazed; lilac and white, citron and white, ponceau and white, are most in favour.

Hats have altered very little in shape during the last month; but there certainly is some difference both in the size and the width of the brims; the crowns are invariably made low; some are round; others shaped like a melon; these last have the seams ornamented with a satin cord.

Flowers, intermixed with ribands, form the trimmings of silk hats; there is now only one bouquet adopted, and the nœuds are composed of notched ends of ribands.

Muslin still continues to be worn in home dress, but we have not noticed any alteration in the form of gowns in home dress. Silks, particularly changeable gros de Naples, are more worn in full dress than muslin, though we still see many gowns composed of the latter. They are principally remarkable for the extreme richness of their embroidery; one, in particular, that struck us as being extremely elegant, had the entire of the front, both corsage and skirt, embroidered en tuttler. A row of lace went, in the pelerine style, round the shoulders and back of the bust, and descended, down each side of the front, to the bottom of the skirt; the back of the corsage was disposed in folds; and the sleeves, which were very short and full, were nearly covered by a double fall of lace.

The colours most in request are rose-colour, citron, ponceau, lavender, and green.

Boîtes de Paris.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A high dress, composed of jaconot muslin. Corsage à mille plis, finished round the throat and down the front of the bust with embroidery. Sleeve à la Medicis, also decorated with embroidery. The trimming of the skirt consists of two flounces worked round the border, and each surmounted by a very rich embroidery. Hat of rose-coloured gros de Naples, ornamented on the inside of the brim, with a demi circle of blond lace, in the centre of which is a fancy flower; two bouquets of fancy flowers, intermingled with nœuds of riband, decorate the crown: a curtain veil, of blond lace, is attached to the edge of the brim. The
scarf is of rose-coloured gauze, finished at the ends by knots of riband.

BALL DRESS.

An azure-blue gauze dress over a gros de Naples slip of the same shade. The body, which is cut very low, is partly concealed by a corsage à point, composed of gauze riband to correspond. A lozenge trimming, which surrounds the bust, is edged with narrow blond lace, a row of which also passes down the centre of the bust in front. The sleeves are very short and full, and nearly concealed by a fall of very broad blond lace; the lower part of the skirt is wrought in single flowers, which are surmounted by a very rich wreath. The hair, dressed in full curls upon the temples, and much parted on the forehead, is arranged in a full bow on the summit of the head, and a plaïted band twisted round the bow: a bouquet of red roses and blue-bells is placed on one side.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN SEPTEMBER.

Coloured muslins are much in favour in walking dress; most of the new ones are either striped or figured in the national colours. Some have, upon a white ground, alternate stripes of blue and red; others are flowered in these colours only.

White dresses are also in favour, and embroidery is as much in request as ever. Luxury has not made less progress in Paris than in London, for embroidered dresses are become so common, that it is only by the air and deportment of the wearer that you can distinguish whether she is a woman of fashion or not.

Redingotes are much in favour in half-dress, and for the promenade. If they are composed of white muslin they are always embroidered; if not, they have no trimming. Sleeves have decreased a little in width; those most in favour at present have the lower part confined to the arm by four bouffons.

The three national colours are very frequently united in a hat or bonnet; as, for example, a hat of white silk, or rice straw, is trimmed with flowers of deep red, and blue ribands. In some instances a bouquet, composed of snow-balls, red pinks, and bluets, was placed on one side of the crown: a knot of riband, striped in the three colours, was placed on the other side, and a smaller knot behind.

Capotes have rather declined in favour, but they are still worn by many fashionable women; those that are ornamented with the national colours are generally of white silk, with a ruche of blue crêpe, or gauze; a large nœud of deep red riband is placed on one side of the crown, and the strings correspond.
Many ladies carry their love of displaying their political principles so far, that every part of their dress is adorned with the national colours; even their reticules are edged with triple cords of red, white, and blue, and the knot of riband which fastens their collarettes at the throat, is striped in the three colours.

Silk is partially worn in full-dress, but muslin is most in favour, and white is above all in request. We see, however, and particularly for young ladies, some dresses of rose-coloured organdy. Gowns, in full-dress, are usually cut low, and have the corsage disposed in folds which cross before and behind. If the dress is of muslin, it is either made with short sleeves, or, if long ones, they are nearly covered with embroidery. Dresses composed of organdy are trimmed round the bust with blond lace, or gaze de Paris, which is so good an imitation of blond lace that it can scarcely be distinguished from it. The trimming is arranged in three falls; it is of moderate breadth before and behind, but extremely deep on the shoulders, so as nearly to cover the sleeve, which is generally short. Sometimes a ruche of plain blond net goes round the bust, and a long sleeve of blond lace, or gaze de Paris, is worn over the short one of coloured organdy.

Dresses of organdy have seldom any other trimming than two or three narrow satin rouleaus, placed immediately above the hem; those of muslin are always adorned with embroidery. Some have a biais, which reaches to the knees, and is cut round the upper edge in deep dents; they are bordered with a light embroidery: immediately above the biais, bouquets of flowers or palms are worked at regular distances.

Caps are very much worn both in full and half-dress: in the first they are composed of blond lace, and trimmed with flowers so arranged as to form the border into puffs, which partially shade the flowers; those of half dress are usually of tulle. Some are ornamented with flowers, others with ribands only; the latter are usually cut in notched ends, which form a kind of wreath across the front; it terminates just over the temples in two rosettes, formed also of notched ends of riband. Roses, and other flowers, having in each flower the three national colours, are much worn.

The hair begins to be dressed lighter on the temples, and the forehead is less exposed than last month; it is still worn very high behind. Flowers mingled with knots of gauze riband, or precious stones, are used to ornament it.

Fashionable colours are white, deep red, and blue: brown, green, citron, and lavender, are also in request.
THE
LADIES' MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1830.

REMEMBRANCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.—NO. IV.
By the Author of "The Hermit in London."

LAURA THE NUN.

Dame Nature, amongst the variety of human beings fabricated by her hand, has certainly treated us with no small degree of partiality. To her favourites she has bestowed features and lineaments which make one presume to imagine them the very reflection of the Divinity; whilst she has meted to others a very scanty proportion of the divine ray, or of that attractiveness which inspires affection, and claims admiration from their fellowmen. The female sex is particularly indebted to the creative power for a softness which is celestial, and a harmony of expression which is love's magnet,* drawing all hearts to it. No man has this. I have seen women whom I could fancy to be the winged messengers of light; others, whose mild blue eyes and coral lips appeared to be only made to contemplate their kindred heaven, and to sing sweet sounds of soothing comfort; some, who looked like the longed-for spirits of peace, for which the heart of man pants through the feverish dream of life; lastly, one who was all that we can imagine of the faithful impress of an angel, lent to mankind for a model, to make us the more enraptured with another and a better world; the more convinced of the resemblance of the creature to the blessed inhabitants of a higher sphere—that of the great Creator. She was a paragon, equal in all her proportions of beauty, grace, and imaged innocence. Such was Laura. To a form cast in Nature's finest mould, she added a seraphic countenance; the transcendant whiteness of her bust was so pure, that one might have dreamt oneself into a belief that it was immaterial; but the figure moved, and the bosom breathed, and the language of the eyes spoke affection and loveliness. Her colour varied like a sun-beam on a landscape, which when present was a blaze of splendour, and when abstracted left the scene soft, calm, and lovely. She had a downcast pensiveness of the eye that riveted the beholder to the spot where she was placed, and made what might have been passion, devotion and reverence.

* How beautifully appropriate is the French word for magnet—l'aimant.

Nov. 1830.
When she raised her long silken lashes, one felt like those who longed for the break of day, and whose breasts glanced from the presence of the coming dawn; her lips were like the maiden rosebud, opening to exhale sweets alone; her whole countenance had the effect of enchantment.

I shall never forget the day when I first saw her in a chapel. I held my breath, as I placed myself behind her, and could scarcely refrain from saying, "Sweet saint, remember me in your devotions!" And what if I had done so? Are we not all brothers and sisters? Ought we not mutually to intercede for each other? To bodily perfections, Nature added a mind of a very uncommon stamp. She might be fancied to be formed for a throne, born to occupy the most enviable situation in life, destined to be the object of extensive admiration, or shaped only to love and to be beloved. Her mind took no such turn; retirement, contemplation, study, and solitude, were all that she found pleasure in. She had few companions; and although her timidity was perceptible, it was neither coldness nor the reserve of melancholy or wavering pride. An only child might well be her father's darling, (her mother she lost at an early age,) and so she was—almost to idolatry; no expense was spared in her education. She was fairly and generally accomplished; but she took no decided lead as to perfection in any particular accomplishment, except as a vocalist, and as such she had more sweetness than execution or command of voice. When she sung she was like an animated statue, placed by an artist in the finest position. She sung as if she sung not, but as if harmony exhaled from her lips; or as if a warm breeze drew the aroma from the richest flowers, to fill the surrounding air with their fragrance. Nevertheless, her taste for the vocal art did not usurp her mind: the study of the closet still predominated in her choice. To gratify and cultivate this inclination, she accompanied her father to France, was destined to travel, but was placed by her own desire, provisionally, in a convent. Her father's regrets commenced here, for he had nothing else for his heart to rest upon, save only her, his pride, his comfort, and his delight. His eyes fell on a blank when her image, which was their dearest light, ceased to irradiate life's footpath, and to give a second summer to his age.

Laura loved her father tenderly, but there seemed a something wanting still which would fully occupy the dominion of her affections. At the parting of the parent and his dear child many tears were shed: hers were those of resignation, his almost those of despair. He felt the loneliness of the heart: she was im-
pressed with the conviction that in the most sequestered spots and in the most dreary hour of darkness a protective power hovers over us, and that then we can best commune with the Almighty. Wrapt in these reflections, a convent-life lost its restraints; frequently, indeed, she used to steal from those associates who were placed under the same roof for education, to meditate in the cloister, the vast garden, or in the cemetery attached to the convent. Moonlight had great charms for her, and she was often observed watching the wavering shades of aged yew-trees, as they flitted about like departed spirits, lingering near their late earthly haunts.

A short time elapsed, when Laura became quite wedded to a monastic life; its quietude, its security, the sisterly love which she most completely engrossed—being looked up to as a star of beauty and of piety by all around her—attached her irrevocably to the cloistered walls. Her venerable sire visited the convent, and in an agony of grief besought her to give up all idea of thus bereaving him of his only promised felicity in the remnant of an advanced life. With showers of tears, which she kissed off, he reminded her that he had amassed a fortune for her alone; that all his exertions, hopes, prayers, anticipations, and earthly interests, had been for her; that he should be widowed and childless without her, if she thus, to use his own expression, “buried herself alive.”

Laura was inflexible, and but one hope remained; he trusted that at the conclusion of her noviciate the monastic rigours, added age, and the cessation of a novice’s ardour, would change her resolution, and give her back to the world and to a fond parent’s arms: but he was mistaken. Older and more feeble, fonder and more forsaken, he again sought the dove from her willing cage: she persisted, and the fatal sacrifice was made. Despair now seized the father’s brain; it was more, he thought, than he could bear; but our mind is unconscious of what trials it can withstand. A further and a greater one was still his portion. We presume to murmur under the hand of Providence, and draw down upon us heavier visitations. Long silence, voluntary seclusion, intense meditation and protracted midnight orisons, insufficiency of air and exercise, acting upon a tender frame, struck at the root of this summer flower, and brought it to decay. She was continually missed from among the sisterhood, and as often found in prayer or meditation in the oratory. At all hours was she to be seen with her splendid eyes upturned to heaven; her placid forehead, calm as a marble sepulchre; her little hands
clasped together, like the early snow-drop’s folding leaves, and herself insensible to the approach or examination of inquiring intruders. Thus did she pass a few short months, when, sinking in her usual genuflexions, she was transported from her orisons to her last couch, where she left life like the last gentle streak of twilight, bequeathing regret and mourning to all around her.

The old man had now his last anguishing shock to endure. The news of her dissolution, albeit she was already lost to him, smote him as the lightning’s flash when the ancient half-withered tree is rent in twain. Infuriated, he seeks the dreary pile which contained his only child’s dear remains, and, like a second Priam,

“The first of men in sovereign misery,”

he demands her body. He weeps, he points to his grey hairs, now fast approaching in sorrow to the grave; he storms, he raves, he accuses the sisterhood as conspiring to rob him of his heart’s treasure—

“...And, acting what no words can say, Tore from his head the reverend locks away.”

With difficulty he obtains his child, and brings over all that remained of her to that home and country which had possessed her a few fleeting months before, young, fresh, and promising.

We will throw a veil over the rest: the father’s heart was broken, not by violence, as in the meridian of the passions, but progressively, as the worm destroys the declining fruit. These events deeply affected those to whom they were more particularly known: blame fell on institutions where enthusiasts induce youth and inexperience to tear themselves from society. Profound sorrow was expressed on the consideration of what a gem was hidden in an unproductive mine. It was thought abhorrent to philanthropy that such a being should not have fulfilled the important duties of wife and mother, in which situations she might have been an ornament, an honour, and a bright example. Increased years, and further acquaintance and intercourse with society, might have produced these desirable ends; but when one reflects on the superlative chastity of the being translated from a scene of temptation and misery to an abode of peacefulness and bliss—when we take into calculation the snares and temptations to which transcendent beauty, like hers, is exposed—when we consider that there are certain flowers which cannot endure vicissitudes of temperature, and are formed but for one season and climate, and are too tender for all others—we may believe that she who was considered at her devotions of almost unearthly
appearance, was formed for a higher station, and fitted for it at an
erlier period than ordinary beings. What she lost in this nether
world is easily computed—what she escaped is beyond our com-
prehension; and on balancing each, the uncertainty of the beam
fixes the maxim, that whatever is, is best, more than ever in the
mind of

AN OLD SOLDIER.

ELEGY.

Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly,
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.
Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it lies within the breast!
Why mourn, since death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease?
The sheltered bark from adverse winds
Rest in this peaceful harbour finds;
And when the storms of life are past,
Hope drops her anchor here at last.
Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly,
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

RICHMOND IN THE AUTUMN.

By Mrs. Hoftand.

O! glorious vale! O! scene beyond compare!—Thomson.

RICHMOND has been termed the "Frescati of England," the
"garden of Great Britain," and foreigners from every country
have visited it as a curiosity. Those from the "frozen regions of
the north," have gazed upon it with the admiration due to su-
perior beauty, and the inhabitants of happier climes with sur-
prise, wondering that in our ungenial soil so fair a scene could be
discovered. That excellent writer and most interesting traveller,
M. Lewis Sismond, has been its best describer; for he has, with
the discrimination of an eye practised on subjects of beauty and
grandeur, detected every source of the pleasure by which we are
affected in this delicious scene; and Richmond is indebted to a
Frenchman for that justice withheld hitherto by any prose writer
of our own country. The exquisite eulogium of Thomson,
which is alike just and poetical, is fast fading away in the memo-
ries of the present day, but not therefore to perish; for the flow-
ers of genius, like those of nature, have their seasons of revival.

In our country there have been found some would-be-wise
and short-sighted persons, who have stigmatised it as a "cockney
resort;" and we had not long since the mortification of hearing a
lady of decided literary talents declare, that Richmond "reminded her only of ducks and green peas," an assertion which must have arisen from having unconsciously imbibed the opinions of those around her during a hasty survey, or a glance from the windows of the principal inn. To be seen properly, and judged of fairly, Richmond, or rather its vicinity, should be traversed early and late; in society, and in solitude; when the sun is descending, and the magnificent foliage of Twickenham Park risen darkly against the illuminated sky; and when the moon rides high in the heavens, casting her beams of light over the broad river, whilst the dark masses of trees, and the white buildings, are seen indistinct in form, but magnificent in effect.

There are a class of persons who dread thinking as the rest of the world thinks, and are horrified by the supposition that their tastes coincide with those of the vulgar. They have heard of humble citizens who take a jaunt to Richmond, "for vonce in their lives to see the wood, and the vater, and the ill, and all that ere," and conclude that the extasy of such illiterate beings would ill become them. It is yet a truth which no education-monger will ever controvert, and which a poet of undeniable genius has asserted, that the beautiful and sublime in nature will make itself felt in the breast of man whatever be his station—that the "untutored clown" will own at some moments, when contemplating the more glorious forms of nature,

"The power of beauty smiling at his heart,
Most lovely, most commanding."

In point of fact, all ladies know that every fashion in itself graceful or becoming—every colour calculated in a peculiar degree to charm the eye—soon becomes common. Tradesmen's wives exhibit it, servant maids wear it in their caps. Human eyes, and human minds, have all some generalizing properties; and whatever shades of difference may arise from situation or culture, even Poverty, the severest of all levellers, and Ignorance, her progeny, do not necessarily destroy that taste for rural scenery which is instinctive in nineteen out of twenty (we apprehend) of all who are born, but which we occasionally find denied to persons not otherwise defective in abilities, and who have had all "appliances and means" which the most lavish culture could offer. As knowledge can never supply that sense emphatically called "an ear for music," neither can it impart an eye for a landscape.

"In this 'tis God that works, in that 'tis man."

* Akenside.
To return:—the character of Richmond, as it has existed for
the last four centuries, is not that of cockney, but of aristocratic
pretension; and the admixture of personages which it occasionally
presents to our contemplation, is a beautiful concentration of our
social and political character, as a country distinguished beyond
all others for that commingling of the great in antiquity, the
great in talent, and the great from industry, which consti-
tutes national importance and individual respectability. It
is certain that the feudal and the pastoral predominate in the
general description of its inhabitants, and at a period when their
peculiar traits are daily declining, the contemplation of them is
novel and captivating, especially when we see them in any mea-
sure exist in the vicinity of an immense metropolis, where all
distinctions, save those of riches and poverty, seem nearly for-
gotten.

If ever a spot of ground could be found in which Nature her-
self (with all her proud independence) could be deemed courtly,
unquestionably Richmond is the spot. Its surrounding green-
ward is indeed green as the emerald, soft and delicate as moss,
and smooth to the very edge of the Thames, which in this vicin-
ity verifies its character of being

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,"
and exhibits every facility a river by possibility can offer to fit it
for the purposes of luxurious life. Every pleasure-boat that
skims its glassy surface, every pennon that waves in its gentle
breeze, the royal swans, that in their milk-white beauty skim its
rippling bosom, speak of "gallant knights and ladies fair." We
recall the time when the royal husband, Richard II. mourned
here his queen with the bitterness of a lover's anguish; when
Elizabeth "crossed the Thames to breakfaste with my Lord
Bacon;" and those later, and more evil days, when Charles I.
"tooke the water from his palace of Richmond to visit his dear
children at Zion House." Whilst we stand gazing towards the
place rendered immortal by the bard "who sung in Twickenham's
bowers," the young Duke of Bucleuch and his fair bride shoot
past us on the river, and we remember the "Lay of the Last
Minstrel," as sang to a lady of that name; and remember, too,
that the minstrel himself is a branch of it, and that his lays are
lovelier than its ancient coronet; for the meed of genius is the
brightest that human greatness can enjoy.

"We are all very proud of Sir Walter," said the late excellent
duchess to the writer of this article, "he has honoured the name
of Scott."
In fact, much of the charm of Richmond, as a residence, arises from its associations, in which it is unquestionably richer than any village on the island, and, with one exception, any city. It is closely connected with our historical interest as a people, as being so long a royal residence; and it views in the distance "stately Windsor," which, in this particular, has laid its honours in the dust. The same river on which we gaze delighted, has, within a few miles of us, washed the meadow of Runnymede, whence we date our political independence as the possessors of Magna Charta—since then, it has laved the oaks of Datchet, which our unrivalled Shakspeare made the scene of his gayest humours—it has just left the skirts of Hampton Palace, where Cardinal Wolsey lived in a state of more than regal splendour, and exercised over the greatest despot this country ever endured, a sway which, though gentle, was for a long time decisive and beneficial, and supported by a genius which, even now, appears well calculated to render such a man the master-spirit of his time. It is, at least, certain that we have had no such man as Wolsey (take him altogether) from his day to the present inclusive—whether we have such a one now, it will be for posterity to declare: our present competitor has neither his luxuriance, his elegance, nor his munificence, and certainly cannot be taxed with his rapacity, nor his personal arrogance; nevertheless, there are many striking points of similarity in their characters.

But forgetting the past, let us look to the present, though the shades of Thomson and of Moore call us to remember gratefully the "Seasons," and the "Castle of Indolence," those charmers of our early life, and the inimitable lessons of Zeluco and Edward in its maturer days—let us look at Richmond in the autumn of the present year.

Every inn and every lodging-house is full of company; and go out on what morning you may, carriages of all descriptions are whirling past you, from the splendid barouche and its four shining steeds, to the humble fly, or the smart cab. In the evening you meet on the hill, or in Cholmondley Walk, an immense assemblage of well-dressed persons; and, in the present extension of education and taste, it requires some powers of discrimination to discover the difference between a peeress and wealthy shopkeeper's wife, provided the latter is a sensible woman, and confines her sleeves within the bounds of decency. In the children of either party I never find myself mistaken as to rank, for those of the wealthy bourgeoisie are always as fine, and of course as much spoiled, as possible—pretty little girls, with delicate faces
and flaxen locks, stuck out in silk pelisses, and furbelowed bonnets, look like wax figures made into Dutch dolls, and exhibit the most grievous caricatures of Nature in her loveliest days which maternal folly can exhibit. When such a group approaches you, be assured there is no old blood in their young veins, pretty as they are: those children in plain frocks and nankeen bonnets, with their brothers running rompingly, yet kindly, with the baby, are an earl’s family; and that gay lad, who, though not handsome, is so agile and well made, and in his light run and buoyant countenance the very impersonation of happy boyhood, is royal:—so goes the company at Richmond.

But they separate now, the great to dinner, the moderate to tea; and the hill, in all its riches of evening splendour, is left to the contemplation of the artist, whose eye drinks its twilight hues with rapture, and the poet, who lingers with delight on every object calculated to awaken dreams of Elysian fields, and gorgeous imagery—or of peaceful vales, and pastoral pleasures. It must be confessed that the latter do not immediately arise from this magnificent scenery, but let him pursue the path towards Petersham, or pierce into the dales of the park, and the world will soon be all forgotten, save in its rural beauty and imagined simplicity; and the wanderer from the Talbot, and the Star and Garter, may find a sequestered cottage in a glen, where he may

"sup on cresses
Which some neat-handed Phillis dresses."

On the king’s birthday a subscription was made amongst the inhabitants and visitors, and a prize wherry purchased, to be rowed for by nine watermen, the victors of three heats to contend for the last. They set out from the principal island just below the bridge, went down a given distance—returned—passed the bridge up to the Duke of Buccleuch’s, and back to the starting point. The scene was altogether gay and exciting: to a certain distance, above and below the bridge, the river was in a manner covered with boats, and upon it were a great number of carriages and persons on foot; whilst Twickenham meadows were beautifully enamelled by gay groups, watching the progress of the rowers.

I was in the pleasure-boat of a friend, and although occupied for a time only in admiring the beauty and variety of the scenery under circumstances of so novel a nature as the crowd imparted, became soon alive to the peculiar object of attention, and during the last heat I certainly experienced much of that excitation which, I apprehend, belongs to every competition in which the
THE CORSICAN BANDIT’S SONG.

My home is in a mountain-land, where sunset brightly throws
Its glory o’er the cypress-tree, and tints the weeping rose;
My home is in a mountain-land, where skies are blue above,
And rich vines cluster o’er the path on which I meet my love.
My home is in a mountain-land— the dark sea-waters sweep
Its scowling rocks and bury them in foam-waves of the deep—
When thunder-clouds spread wide their gloom across the sunless sky,
And from their lonely desert-vaies the crackling pines reply!
Our music is the bugle’s voice when bickering spears are riven,
And banners flash like meteor-fires beneath the midnight heaven,
When clashing sabres meet, and blood bedews the trampled turf,
And our foes are driven o’er the field like wreaths of ocean-surf!
The lovely stars of night, when in the azure space they gleam—
The brook which ripples through the vale to meet its sister stream—
The waving pines all gilded o’er with sunshine’s magic ray—
Have charms to soothe the Bandit’s heart where’er his footsteps stray.
And thou! with thy sweet maiden eyes—my love, thou shalt be mine!
And hear the birds attune their songs beneath the sunny vine;
I’ve brought rich pearls and sapphire gems from lands beyond the sea,
And they shall deck thy bridal dress when thou art given to me.
My home is thine—my mountain-home! where sunset brightly throws
Its glory o’er the cypress-tree, and tints the weeping rose;
Where the brook meets its sister-stream beneath the waving pine—
Oh, there, my sweet and gentle love, my mountain-home is thine!

R. AUGUSTINE.

LETTER FROM A SPANISH REFUGEE.

[Although we cannot accord in some of the sentiments contained in the following epistle, yet as it has been forwarded to us from a respectable quarter, and may prove interesting to a few of our readers, we can see no objection to its insertion, purposely omitting the title of the offending Magazine, which certainly has recently assumed too great a degree of personality in its censures.—Ed. Ladies’ Museum.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE—— MAGAZINE.

Sir,—If there be one virtue more conspicuous than another, shining with the purest glory in the realms of Britain, it is charity. Her munificent hospitals, her boundless donations, stretching across oceans, and traversing the mountain and the desert—but, above all, the matchless benevolence shown to the exiled foreigners on her shores, entitle your country to the honour and gratitude of a world. Fully impressed as I am with this opinion, I little expected to behold in the Editor of the—— Magazine an exception to the general outline; little did I expect to meet in the pages of an English periodical an attack so ungenerous, so wanton, and unmanly, as that which disgraces your columns for September. You think it becoming in you, in a review of a volume of poems published for our benefit, to inflict a cruel and unprovoked wound in our character—to take from us the only
wealth which we have yet remaining—the only rock on which we may smile amid the surrounding tempests of adversity. Where, Sir, could have been your feelings as a fellow-being—child of the same Father as ourselves—where could have been your conscience as a Christian—where could have been your heart as a MAN, while penning the libellous and cruel paragraph with which you commence your critique?—" If there be any affectation of charity, any pretension to benevolence, which more than all others reflects a disgrace upon the leaders and managers, it is that which has caused the felons and traitors of Spain and Italy to be received and encouraged in this country under the title of Refugees."

"A disgrace upon the leaders and managers!" Why, in the name of God, a disgrace? Look upon us even in the light of criminals—we have at least stoned for our crimes by our expulsion—by the deprivation of all that rendered life worth the keeping—by the decree which threw us as poor dependants on the bounty of your countrymen, shut out from all the advantages which they enjoy, and doomed either to receive donations from the hand of Charity, or to starve of hunger in your streets, and leave our fleshless bodies as monuments of your veritable "disgrace." But, Sir, in the next line to this merciful description of our benefactors, we are styled traitors and felons. How does my proud heart swell with indignation! Sir, your assertion is not founded on proof; it is base as it is baseless. If to endeavour to wrench from the hand of despotism our liberties and lives—if to prevent our loved country from becoming a prey to foreign bigots and a kingly tyrant—if to endeavour to root from her shores a darkened superstition, and to implant in our churches a religion pure and unsullied—if these endeavours deserve the name of felony and treason, we raise our withering hands to Heaven, and confess ourselves guilty. They are the only crimes of which we can be accused, and we exult in the accusation. They are crimes founded upon those innate principles which God has established—they are the inward impulses of humanity, exhibiting themselves in outward signs— they tend but to a renewal of those glorious days when your own Stuarts were driven from the throne, and bowed their heads before the sword of freedom. I assert most positively, and without fear of contradiction, that you cannot, consistently, condemn us, and uphold your own revolution; that you cannot see clearly to wrench the beam from our eyes, until you shall have purged away this blemish from your own. Years have rolled away since, with heavy hearts, we left

Nov. 1830.
our country a prey to the vice tyrant that subdued her; but we
left it not until the chains of her thraldom were brought before
our eyes—too strong for our weakened energies to burst; the
rack and the guillotine were with them, and, conscious of our
inability to save her freedom, we left the Spanish shores to her
destroying legions, supported by the fervent hope that the time
would come when the God of Justice would avenge our cause.
Arriving on the shores of Britain, we found her generous coun-
trymen ready to receive us: they welcomed us as the sons of
freedom, as martyrs at the altars of liberty. How we have since
been dependants on her bounty, with what benevolence they have
extended their hands for our support, the advertising columns of
your journals can best declare.

"Felons and traitors!" Point out, Sir, one act by which, since
our arrival in England, we have shown that we deserve the
name—take up one deed of wrongfulness that we have perpe-
trated. Do the annals of your public offices contain one name of
our host, identified with a deed of guilt—does our country record
one revolt against the "social law," by which she can perpetuate
our exile? Go, Sir, and if in the last pang of expiring nature it
will impart comfort to your soul to remember the unfounded
calumny cast upon the character of the helpless—if to reflect
that you have added a pang to the deeply wounded, and broken
in pieces "the bruised reed," will give to your heart one tri-
umphant throb, it will be well. For ourselves, we behold the
star in the hemisphere which shall lead us to brighter scenes: the
brilliant struggle of the citizens of Paris has opened for us a field
of glory. The tyrant who planned and assisted in our destruction
has long since been called to his account; and he to whom the
iron rod of despotism descended, exists now but as an exile from
the fair realms which his presence polluted. We go, but ere the
day of battle dawn, I would express, through these pages, the
thanks of our body for the bounteous benefactions which we have
received during our sojourn amongst you. May Britain still be
good as she is great; and, possessing, may she know how to
maintain her freedom: and should the news of our victory strike
upon your ear, or the hollow toll of the death-knell tell you that
we have suffered for our attempt at emancipation, be assured that
in the joyous shout of conquest, or in the last struggle of ex-
piring Nature, the name of Britain will quiver on our lips, and
our hands shall be uplifted for her prosperity.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A SPANISH REFUGEE.
ON THE DYING INFANT.

By Wm. M——t, Jun. Esq.

See, in the pensive mournfulness of grief,
A mother weep above her dying boy!
The reign of Hope was bright, but ah! how brief—
And how ecstatic, too, but perishing, her joy!
Oh! mark that look of resignation, mix’d
With such absorbing wretchedness of woe;
It seems as if that eye, for ever fix’d,
Were wear’d from every other object here below.

Her head is resting on her hand—the tears
That wet her cheek tell her maternal care:
There is a calmness, too, amid her fears,
But ah! it is the icy calm of dull despair.

A deep stagnation both of heart and thought—
A paralysing sense that all is lost,
Or soon to be so—with a mind o’erwrought
By that still silent sorrow that afflicts the most.

And riven by convulsive agony,
There bends the father by his weeping wife—
He cannot, dare not, lift his anxious eye
To catch the last farewell of parting life!

But late he gaz’d upon his darling’s face—
’Twas a concentrated eager look he gave—
The’ Death not yet had marri’d a single grace,
Still in that look he read “there is no pow’r to save!”

His eyes were clos’d—his clench’d hands o’er them prest—
And grief was stampt upon his aching brain—
A desolation spread thro’ all his breast,
And oh! he cannot—dare not brave that sight again!

The innocent is gone! but tho’ he past
Gently away the mother caught his sigh;
Prophetic sorrow knew it was his last,
She took his hand, her tears were in an instant dry—

They had been flowing thick and fast—but now
There was a sudden check e’en to her tears:
Her heart was still beneath the mighty woe,
And that brief moment wore the misery of years!

Nature o’ermaster’d could not bear so much
Of fervent and absorbing agony;
But mercy lent its soft and healing touch—
The consolation of an angel from the sky.
He shook his radiant wings and smil’d in peace,
A holy light was on the dead babe’s face,
’Twas not of death it told, but of release
From earth—a bright transition to the heav’n of grace!

The mother caught the hallow’d hope—again
Her life blood came—her tears began to flow—
They cool’d the fever of her heart and brain,
And sooth’d and harmoniz’d the frenzy fit of woe!

There was a sweet assurance in her breast
That turn’d her resignation into joy—
She knew her infant was for ever blest,
That Heav’n had gain’d a cherub, tho’ she lost her boy.
THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S FUNERAL.

CHAPTER VI.

Days and weeks elapsed, and no answer came, nor did Reinhold himself arrive. Adeline was full of uneasiness and fearful surmises. Vain were Ehrenfried's unremitting efforts to dispel the clouds which overcast her lovely countenance. Latterly, Morelli, too, moved about sullenly and in low spirits. His emissary, who had been dispatched several times to the enemy's camp, had not duly returned from his last expedition, and he became a prey to all the torments resulting from the fear of a discovery, or from treachery on the part of the messenger himself. His sensations were the more acute, as he locked them up in his own breast, having no one to whom he could communicate them. Ehrenfried he considered as his most inveterate enemy; and by Adeline, to whom he was conscious of misbehaviour, he imagined himself hated, though her conduct had always evinced a proper sense of what was due to him as her uncle, however harsh his behaviour in return. He became sensible, that, independently of the natural advance of his age, his frame could not much longer withstand the influence of the constant excitation caused by his dangerous pursuits, and he resolved to extricate himself, at any rate, from so painful a situation.

Meanwhile, the fortune of war turned in favour of the powers allied against France. The French army retreated from the Elbe, and seemed to intend taking its main position more in the centre of Saxony. The extraordinary locomotiveness of armies, marching to and fro; the intense interest involved in every movement of the belligerents, in their encamping and collecting provisions; every thing prognosticated a speedy and decisive rencontre of the armies, the consequence of which could not but be of the highest importance to our travellers.

Ardently as Ehrenfried was wishing the downfall of a foreign despotism, oppressing Germany, still he had, on the other hand, to fear that if a grand battle should realize that precious hope, the machinist, being then no longer restrained by the pressure of circumstances, would not fail to let Adeline feel anew his ill- nature, and again interpose, as a malevolent demon, between her and Reinhold. Every day fresh divisions of French troops took their station in and about the little town, and every moment strengthened the probability, that on no very distant day the fate of nations would be decided. Still Reinhold came not. No letters could any longer reach them from their home, for the regular conveyance by post was either temporarily obstructed,
or cut off altogether. Ehrenfried moved about in silent chagrin, while Adeline gave herself up entirely to grief, and blank despondency marked her as its victim. Hitherto, Ehrenfried’s solacing reasoning had produced a tranquilizing effect on her mind, but now, his confidence and high spirits, too, were broken, and his gloomy brow she regarded as an omen of her despair. On a tempestuous evening, in the month of October, a carriage stopped at their residence. Adeline was alone in her chamber. Agitated by fond hopes, she started from her seat, and hastening to the door, she distinctly heard approaching footsteps.

“It is he!” she stammered out, as she lay her hand on her palpitating heart.

But it was not the noble form, not the mild countenance of the beloved Reinhold, that Adeline beheld when the door burst open, and he who had excited such sanguine hopes in her bosom hastily entered the room. No; it was scornfully smiling Morelli who appeared to the disappointed maiden, and, with a chilling air, said, “The carriage, now at the door, is destined for ourselves; we must depart instantly, for the danger becomes more and more urgent: haste, we have lost too much time already. The most essential things we take with us, and for the remainder, when we arrive at our journey’s end we shall find ample compensation for our loss of them. Take my arm, Adeline. Henceforth your uncle will take care of you.”

These last words the machinist pronounced with a most marked emphasis, which, however, seemed to escape Adeline’s observation. Her uncle’s communication, coming so unexpectedly upon her, and the transition from the most sanguine hopes to a woeful renouncement was so sudden, that she sat astounded, and looked in speechless inanition at Morelli. Alas! she had long feared that even Ehrenfried’s well-meant efforts in behalf of her happiness would be fruitless, and that her uncle’s machinations would prevail. But when the dreaded moment at last arrived, when no kind delusion, no dear probability, no soothing hope, any longer supported in the poor girl’s heart the glimmering of peace—when dire reality inflexibly appeared to claim, at her hands, the sacrifice of him who was dearest to her beyond every thing on earth, and it became evident that with her removal, Reinhold would be for ever lost to her sight, the faculties of her soul were paralyzed beneath the weight of invading woe: she stared, astounded, at the man who, with cold scorn, announced the doom of her future existence: it seemed, for some minutes,
as though she were wrapped in a heavy dream, and a sudden awaking would relieve her from the awful vision which suspended the beating of her pulse, and congealed the heart's blood to ice.

Morelli perceived her agitation, and easily divined the cause. Without the least participating feeling arising within him, he looked at her with cold severity, and, after a short pause, continued—"You hesitate! on what grounds will you justify your disobedience to your mother's brother? do you, indeed, presume on the assistance of another person, to whom you attribute sufficient power and courage to frustrate my designs, and detain you in spite of my commands? Nay, I have provided against that, and if fair means will not suffice, I can, if I choose, have recourse to coercion."

Adeline had recovered her presence of mind. Loath to enhance her uncle's triumph, by the intensity of her grief, and the spectacle of a lacerated heart, she summoned all the energy of which she was capable, and exerted the fortitude inseparable from conscious virtue, lest she should betray her inward feelings. With difficulty she arose from her chair, and advancing proudly to her uncle, said, "I know the duties which relationship to you impose upon me, and I shall fulfil them. But I have other duties to perform as well, and I will no longer remain supine when I see them violated. Why is Ehrenfried to be kept ignorant of our departure? Why is he, who has rendered us so much valuable service, whose residence in this place becomes every moment more and more precarious and perilous, not to have the choice of accompanying us?"

"You are right, Adeline," the machinist unconcernedly replied; "I do not disapprove of your sentiments. If Ehrenfried were here just now, I would myself propose it to him, little as he has, all along, deserved such kindness of me. But who knows where he is to be met with; and the pressure of circumstances is such, as not to permit me to go and look after him, or to await his return. Necessity is imperious, and we must depart this very instant."

Though Adeline saw well enough how little her uncle was in earnest in what he said, yet as he seconded her views with such seeming alacrity, she was at a loss what objection to offer. With a stifled sigh she prepared to leave the room, led by Morelli, when, all at once, the door was pushed open, and Ehrenfried rushed in, his eyes flashing fire, and his countenance glowing with indignation.
"Thank God! there he is!" cried Adeline, quickly releasing her arm from Morelli's, and approaching the new comer with revived confidence. The machinist received him with a scowling look, which, however, vanished in a moment, and the usual vague smile again hovered on his features.

"What is the meaning of all this?" demanded he, of Morelli.

"Why do you act towards me with such duplicity? A surreptitious departure is undertaken in my absence, and the betrothed of my brother, who is under my protection, is to be carried off, of course against her will and inclination. But it shall not be, Mr. Morelli; I, too, have a right to speak on this occasion; and I will pronounce a word which shall strike on your ear like a thunderclap."

"I will not argue with you by what right you assume a control over my actions and my niece's person," the machinist replied; "if, however, you imagine that I meditate to abscond, because I am afraid of you, or in order to get rid of the connection, I can tell you, you are egregiously mistaken; it is quite at your option to join us, or to stay here. The company of a courageous man, like yourself, cannot but be desirable to me, on such a difficult and dangerous journey."

"Oh, I see perfectly through your motive, sir, and know how to appreciate the encomiums you bestow on me," the black-forester replied, with a contemptuous sneer. "You think, that, once safe over the mountains, with those by whom you are so honourably employed, you will soon shake me off, and break the chain by which I am leading you, like a dangerous wild beast. But to that it shall not come, sir; and I will positively not suffer Adeline to be put to the least coercion."

"Coercion!" Morelli said, with feigned surprise, "what an idea! Adeline shall have her free choice. Now, my girl, you yourself say, will you remain here with this man, or fulfil the duty to which your mother's brother calls you, and follow me?"

"I know what beoves me, uncle, and am ready to accompany you," she answered, with firmness and determination, casting a painful look at Ehrenfried. "When you offered me to noble-minded Reinhold, as the reward of a crime, you certainly forfeited your paternal right, and the ties of kindred which united us were violently torn asunder for ever. But I have sworn to my mother, on her death-bed, to respect her will, and to this vow I shall remain faithful, in all that does not militate against rectitude and virtue. Come, uncle, I am ready."
"I shall not suffer it, for all that," Ehrenfried vehemently cried, holding back Adeline. "My brother's happiness is not to be sacrificed to a mistaken sentiment—to a false sense of duty. For the last time I ask, Mr. Morelli, will you, or will you not, renounce the thought of this abrupt departure?"

"I will not," the machinist replied, in a decided tone.

"Very well," Ehrenfried furiously said, stepping between Adeline and her uncle. "You will not—then you shall—this instant I will call in the French officers, who are living in this house along with us. I will tell them, outright, the creditable concern in which you are engaged. I will inform against myself, and deliver both of us up to the authorities. Then Adeline will be free, then your tyranny will be put an end to; and, I warrant you, my brother will not be long in coming to fetch home his betrothed bride."

"For God's sake!" Adeline cried, wringing her hands, and the colour forsaking her cheeks.

"Be calm, child," said her uncle, interrupting her, "things are not so critical as they appear to be;" then turning, with imper- turbable coolness, to Ehrenfried—"there you have miscalculated again, my hasty young friend," he added. "In that case, no doubt, your worthy brother will find his bride, as you choose to call my niece, freed from her ill-natured, interposing uncle; but it is, for all that, not quite certain, that, under those circumstances, he will still be eager to introduce her to his black forest pastoral life. The officers of the grand army know very well how to appreciate such a godsend; to them the unprotected maiden would be the most welcome prize imaginable."

"Monster! insidious villain!" Ehrenfried cried out, in the highest degree of exasperation, with a threatening motion at the machinist.

At that moment, heavy steps, and the clatter of arms, sounded in the passage, and, ere those within were aware of the surprise, the room was filled with armed French soldiers.

"In the name of the emperor, seize this villain!" a voice familiar to Ehrenfried cried out, and Adjutant Delolay stood before him. The scar of the wound which the former had struck him, in the encounter on the Rhine bridge, was still blazing in a deep red glow upon his forehead. The bold youth instantly drew a pistol out of his breast-pocket, and levelled it at his opponent, but in the act of firing, he was knocked down by some one behind him, and the ball perforated the ceiling. With a piercing shriek Adeline dropped fainting and senseless into a chair, while the
machinist, who shunned observation, skulked into a corner of the room.

"Have I got you at last, you scoundrel?" cried the adjutant; and his looks fell with malicious satisfaction on the captive. "I have solicited, as a boon, the permission to pursue and seize you; Fortune was in league with me, by putting me in the right track, and delivering you over to my vengeance, which you shall not escape this time. Indeed you will have, once more, to pass over a bridge, but no saving stream is roaring either beneath, or by the side of it, nor will there be boats plying to convey your forfeited carcass into liberty again, for the bridge of death has but one ending, and that is in the regions below. Away with him to prison; to-morrow I'll have him arraigned before the court-martial."

Ehrenfried would have spoken, but notwithstanding his vigorous resistance, he was overpowered and dragged away by the soldiers who had collared him.

It was not till then that Delolay perceived the machinist, who was slowly retreating from the spot which he had hitherto been occupying, to a side-door, by which he endeavoured to leave the room.

"Stop a-while, sir," the adjutant cried, eyeing the machinist with a keen and scrutinizing look; "I have found you in company with a very bad character—with a villain who has forfeited his life to the law, for an attempt at assassination made on myself, an officer of the grand army. Under those circumstances, you, too, appear in a very exceptional light, and your demeanour does not by any means tend to remove my suspicions. I must, therefore, request of you to let me look at your papers."

While Delolay was addressing Morelli, the latter approached with an air of confidence and conscious innocence, and without hesitation handed over his passport.

The adjutant silently perused the papers. He knitted his brow, and his countenance assumed a strange expression, which the other, who attentively watched him, was at a loss to account for.

"Morelli you call yourself, a machinist, eh?" Delolay said, folding up the passport, and putting it into his own pocket.

"What, if I knew you better than you choose to know yourself—if, for instance, I knew positively, that you are no one else but Morell, the bankrupt merchant of Brunswick, who has transformed himself into a machinist, and put the Italian ending to his name, for no other purpose but to reside the more unnoticed and unsuspected in France, and there act as the spy of a power at war with us? Now, Mr. Machinist, this is a piece of intelligence
that will not be very pleasant to you, but there is no doubt as to the authenticity of it, as I am bringing it fresh from headquarters."

"That must be a mistake," said Morelli, in faltering accents, while an aguish chill shot through his frame, and the agony of death benumbed his heart.

"A mistake, Morell!" the adjutant sneeringly said, enjoying the distress his victim was in, and his vain efforts to hide it from his tormentor's observation; "if so, it can prevail on your part only, inasmuch as you mistook yourself, and went abroad under a name that does not belong to you. But we know you too well to be any longer imposed upon by it. Moreover, the last messenger you despatched with secret intelligence to the enemy, but who was incautious enough to run right into the teeth of our outposts, will be confronted with you."

Morell, whom, after this discovery, we, too, shall call so, remained annihilated before the adjutant, his arms hung down by his sides, his knees shook, his head drooped on his breast, and convulsive contractions distorted his countenance.

"Ho, there, comrades!" exclaimed Delolay, to the soldiers, who had remained in the room, "seize this gentleman, and take him to prison to the other. This is a capital and unexpected capture, for which we shall earn thanks and praise. Let both his person and the carriage below be most strictly searched, and all papers you find deliver to me. Meanwhile, I myself will rummage here. So we have caught two rogues in one haul, and to-morrow, or the day after, they will most likely swallow, in each other's company, a leaden pill they will not relish much. Away with the spy; the sight of him sickens me."

Morell, by this time, sank in total despondency, and the state of his mind had a paralyzing effect on his body. He made an attempt to utter some words, but his tongue refused its office.

The adjutant had soon examined the few articles that were in the room, but found nothing of any consequence. As he was going to withdraw, his eye caught Adeline, who was still swooning. The sight of the lovely and unhappy girl, who, for what he knew, had lost in one of the two prisoners a friend and protector, or even a near relative, moved him. His heart was accessible to gentle feelings, and only when he conceived his honour attacked, or when prompted by duty to rigorous measures, that he addicted himself to wild passion, and inflexible severity.

His endeavours to restore the lovely creature to life continued unsuccessful. Pressed by professional duty, his time was ex-
tremely precious, and he could tarry no longer. The mistress of the house, a humane and compassionate matron, was called in, and the unconscious fair one consigned to her care. With hasty steps he then left the house in which he had had the good fortune to fall in with the hateful adversary of whom he had been so long in search, and, what to him was of still greater consequence, a traitor to his emperor and country.

CHAPTER VII.

The spy and the smuggler had been locked up in one and the same dungeon. Chained with heavy irons to the wall, in opposite corners of the cell, they could not approach, so as to come in contact with each other. Each considered the other as the author of his destruction; and each bore in his heart fierce resentment and mortal hatred to his companion. Ehrenfried felt convinced that Adeline's uncle had betrayed him, but had calculated that the arrival of the soldiers would not take place until after his surreptitious departure with his niece. Unfortunately, either the departure was too long delayed, or the soldiers arrived earlier than he expected; at all events, he was caught in the very trap he had been setting for the black-forester.

Ehrenfried sat in his corner, gloomy and thoughtful, on a heap of damp and mouldering straw. Not a sound escaped his lips, but his feelings, which he violently repressed whenever they would burst forth, were of the bitterest and most painful description. Ah! how cheerfully would he have borne the worst that could befall him, the ignominious death which he fully anticipated, could he but previously have succeeded in leading Adeline into Reinhold's arms! had he but been certain of his mother's forgiveness, and convinced of Elsee's constancy and unabated affection!

With the old man the case was different. He had awakened from his stupor in a highly delirious state. He tried to break his chains, gnawed them with his teeth, and vented imprecations on all that was most reverend and holy. With the frenzy of a maniac, he launched a volley of invectives at Ehrenfried, and incoherent though his utterings were, there appeared sufficient to indicate that he ascribed his misfortune solely to his having prevented his precipitate departure.

"I will be even with thee yet, thou ferocious black-forest brute!" he continued, raving at him. "I know you think yourself superior to me; you believe that you are the wolf, and I am the lamb that must passively yield its neck to your lacerating
fangs. But the tables will turn when the souls are separated from the bodies; then, when your’s shall soar in proud oblivion up to heaven’s realms, I will cling to it, and drag it down, along with me, into the abyss, where I have plenty of friends who will assist me in holding it fast, and rack and torture it as I please. Then, a merry life will begin, and the glow which is now raging in my veins, and rushing up to the brain, where it conglomerates into a vast ball of fire, will outblaze the flames of hell. Satan himself must abdicate his throne, and I shall become his successor.”

From this delirious burst of frenzy he passed into a ghastly fit of laughter, to which a fearful groaning succeeded, and, finally, a total prostration of the animal spirits. A heavy torpor ensued, which, though it produced a short silence on the part of the invalid, only gave him fresh strength to repeated irruptions of his feverish paroxysms. In this manner he continued, in frightful alternation, the whole of the night. So situated, and amid the opaque darkness in which the prisoners were enveloped, it required a heart as stout as Ehrenfried’s not to be frozen with horror.

The resentment which the black-forester had felt towards his supposed betraying, gave way to lively compassion. He made an effort to go near him, and offer him assistance in his dreadful condition, but his chains confined him to the spot. He next tried to excite, by loud hallooing, the gaolers’ attention, in order to induce one of them to enter, when he would get him to procure medical assistance for the sufferer; but they either could not or would not hear. Accordingly, he found himself obliged to continue in utter inactivity, and abandon the helpless old man to his misery.

But oh! the sound which suddenly struck the black-forester’s ear, just as Morell happened to have sunk in a profound lethargy! It was the thunder of cannon, roaring at a distance, amid the stillness of night. It betokened the approach of those who alone could bring deliverance in that awful extremity. Ehrenfried could scarcely breathe; he continued listening with the most strained attention. The thunder of cannon was heard a second time, and repeated at equal intervals. Now it flashed clearly upon his mind, that those must be signals to give notice of something decisive having taken place in the vicinity. Presently he heard a noise of mingled voices in the street, accompanied by the rolling of heavy loaded waggons, and the galloping of horses in different directions. Each succeeding noise kindled a fresh
ray of hope, and he listened to every voice sounding at a distance, 
endeavouring to make out something intelligible, but in vain; 
and, at last, just as the din and bustle in the streets became 
louder and louder, and he began to entertain hopes of hear-
ing soon something explanatory, his fellow-prisoner’s delirium 
broke out anew, and the clatter within completely drowned the 
welcome sounds of hope from without.

Towards morning the patient became more composed, and 
Ehrenfried imagined that he was sleeping. The bustle in the 
streets had increased; and, when the first glimmering of dawning-
day entered the small grated windows of the cell, the thunder 
of cannon was heard again, but nearer, and in a quicker and 
more continued succession than before. Ehrenfried would fain 
have drawn the attention of his unhappy companion to the 
prospect of deliverance that presented itself to them, but on look-
ing at Morell, he found him not, indeed, asleep, but so obviously 
displaying all the symptoms of a total alienation of mind, that 
he foresaw it would be utterly fruitless to address him.

Pale as a corpse, with vacant eyes, and a childish grin hover-
ing on his lips, the old man was sitting erect on his litter of straw. 
He continued, ever and anon, grinning at the grated window, 
and at length said, in a shrill and drawling voice, “Adeline! 
Who is it that calls out this name to me? Was it the ray of 
morning gleaming in through this casement? or was it, perhaps, 
herself that has climbed up there, to lament and console her 
uncle, who has so ill deserved it of her? No! no!” he all at 
one hideously roared, starting up, and rattling his chains 
in a frightful manner, “it was her mother’s ghost that spoke to 
me. It was the deceased herself, who asked, whether I had kept 
the oath which I pledged her when standing by her bed of death? 
whether I had been a loving father to the child—a faithful 
guide on the path through life? Woe is me that I have not! I 
broke my oath, and, for the perjured, there is no remission on the 
day of judgment; the gates of eternal mercy remain for ever shut 
to him.”

The flinty heart which, hitherto, bade defiance to the most 
pathetic appeals of nature, violent illness had mollified, while his 
highly excited imagination roused conscience from the apathy 
to which it had abandoned itself, with icy selfishness, rejecting 
all dictates but its own. Exhausted, and crying like a child, the 
sufferer sank back on the straw. Ehrenfried called to him, but 
he seemed not to hear, another strong and protracted swoon 
having deprived him of consciousness.

Nov. 1830.
Meanwhile, the tumult in the street was getting louder and louder every moment; while the tremendous roar of cannon, in peals rapidly succeeding each other, with progressive violence, left room to conjecture, that the angel of death was hovering over a field of battle, pouring down his fatal chances on thousands. To Ehrenfried, however, he appeared as the harbinger of new life. Every peal of ordnance was to him an encouragement to fresh hopes, and to fresh reliance on the fast dawning light of liberty; while his heart swelled with silent exultation at the triumph of his country, at that moment proving and celebrating its regeneration to power and independence amidst the thunder of battle.

"Oh, Reinhold! brother!" he involuntarily exclaimed, "so that you but reach the goal of your wishes; so that you deliver Adelina, and make her happy, I will readily bleed under the hands of my sanguinary foes, if it must be so; for I shall die amid the sweet boding, that the day of retribution on the tyrants and oppressors has at last arrived."

At that moment an ominous rustling, and hollow murmur, followed by the removal of heavy bolts, was heard outside the dungeon door, which being opened, a file of soldiers entered, to conduct the prisoners before a court-martial, patched up in extreme haste.

They were soon convinced that Morell was neither in a state of mind or body to subject him to an interrogation; so Ehrenfried alone was led away, and, in a few moments, found himself in the presence of his judges. There he immediately saw that he must not expect lenity or justice, for Adjutant Delolay, his implacable foe, acted as president, and his crafty and malignant smile was expressive of bloodthirsty and ferocious joy, at the final gratification of the revenge he had so long been fostering.

"The sun of liberty, rising on my native country, will not exhilarate me," the black-forester thought within himself; "my doom is sealed; and when the victorious ranks of my German brethren penetrate here, they will find my body stretched on the heap of sand that has imbibed my blood. My adversaries are aware of the pressure of time, and put the hand on the dial of death forward. Be it so. They shall not witness any pusillanimity in me. With the firmness of a free man, who is a stranger to the fear of death, will I face them."

To this resolution he strictly adhered. He denied not that he had wounded an officer of the grand army, although not himself in the service of any of the hostile powers; that he had fired a
pistol at the same officer, who wanted to apprehend him in the name of the emperor. This confession, which he delivered coolly, composedly, and without any bravado, furnished his judges with more than sufficient grounds to condemn him, and the sentence was to be carried into execution, within an hour, in the inner court of the prison. Of the punishment which the black-forester had incurred, by pursuing the dangerous trade of smuggling, no notice was taken; the lesser crime was waived in the prosecution for that of a graver description. Morell's doom was also sealed, notwithstanding he could not be put to his defence. He was sentenced to be shot along with Ehrenfried. The papers found upon him afforded such clear evidence of his guilt, as to preclude the necessity of all further investigation.

"This is a different joke to that on the Rhine bridge," Adjutant Delolay said, sneeringly, as the guard was about to lead Ehrenfried away. "Now for a horse to bolt through walls and iron-cased doors, and carry the audacious assassin off in safety!"

Ehrenfried made no reply, and, with a look of ineffable contempt, turned his back on the adjutant. But the tranquillity of his mind was once more to be disturbed, and his fortitude shaken by sorrowful impressions. A female, pale as a corpse, and distractedly wringing her hands, rushed into the room. It was Adeline. Her beautiful hair hung dishevelled about her haggard face, her eyes swam in tears, and, tottering towards Delolay, without perceiving Ehrenfried, she exclaimed, "You have bereft me of my uncle! grant me, at least, one request; he is ill—he is dying; allow me to go to him, to administer to him in his last moments, and to fulfil the vow I made to an expiring mother."

"Take her to him," Delolay said, in a softened voice; and beckoned a junior officer to execute his commands.

Ehrenfried had already arrived back to the dungeon when Adeline entered, and knelt by the side of her uncle, who, notwithstanding the still continuing derangement of his mental faculties, immediately recognized her. He smiled childishly upon her, and said, patting her on the cheek, "Is it you, Addy? well, it is very kind of you to come and pay me a visit here in my summer-palace. Come here, come here, we'll have a little sport together, and be right merry. Sure enough you have received but little pleasure at my hands hitherto; but henceforth it shall be otherwise; you shall have every thing your heart can wish for."

So saying, he played with her tresses, took her hands between his, and pressed them long and fervently. Adeline was most vio-
lently shocked at her uncle’s hopeless condition, but she summoned all her energy to support herself. She administered to him a strengthening cordial, which the compassionate gaoler had brought in, and allayed the burning heat of his brow, by bathing his temples with cold water.

In the meantime, and while Ehrenfried was yet standing before his judges, the cannonade had been perceptibly nearing. Now even the report of small arms was distinctly heard, and, in a short time, regular volleys of musketry, intermingled with confused cries, and tumultuous sounds, filled the street. The soldiers who had led Ehrenfried back to his dungeon, expressed their increasing uneasiness in dumb gestures, while a fresh feeling of hope powerfully arose in the black-forester’s heart.

“Liberty! liberty!” he said to himself, “how suddenly will the thoughts of thee revive the charms and the desire of life!”

The victim devoted to death had been divested of his chains. Fiercely tossed by portentous doubts, he paced the room with mighty strides. On a sudden the door was violently torn open, and Adjutant Delolay, covered with dust and gore, the bloody sabre in his hand, plunged into the room.

“Down stairs with him!” he roared out to the guard, as he pointed at Ehrenfried. “Let his sentence be carried into execution this instant, lest it should be too late, and the scoundrel be saved. Never mind the spy, he is as good as executed; Death has already booked him, and will save us powder and shot. Away with the rebel!”

The desire of life all at once arose in its full force within the black-forester’s bosom, and, with the strength of despair, he resisted, in a tremendous scuffle, the soldiers who endeavoured to lead him away. Delolay became impatient. A wild tumult was heard in the passages of the prison, doors were torn open, and rude voices became audible. Beset as he was, Ehrenfried recognized them; they were voices, as it were, from heaven; the language was that of his own country.

“Nor shall the scoundrel, who outraged my honour, go unpunished now,” Delolay vociferated, gnashing his teeth, and rushed forward, his sword pointed at Ehrenfried’s breast; when suddenly the dungeon door, bolted inside, battered by the butt-ends of several muskets, fell down with a tremendous crash, and ere Delolay could achieve his bloody purpose, both himself and those under his command were overpowered and captured by the superior number of Germans who had rushed in.

The black-forester now found himself at liberty, yet exhausted
by the prodigious exertion used in the unequal contest; he was on
the point of sinking to the ground, when he felt himself suddenly
crushed, and held upright, by a pair of vigorous arms.

"My friend! the brother of my heart! you are restored to me!
But where is Adeline? where is her uncle?"

It was Reinhold on whose honest countenance Ehrenfried was
gazing—Reinhold, in the uniform of a German officer. Joy re-
plained him with strength, and he led his brother to Morell's
litter, where Adeline and he were sitting beside each other.

"How now!" exclaimed the maniac, "is not this Reinhold?
I am glad you are come; I have been expecting you this long
while; and now you may be married to Adeline as soon as you
please."

Their first movement was to prepare to leave the dungeon, in
which Delolay and his men were now confined in their turn.
Morell was conveyed back to his former lodgings, there to be
nursed by Adeline, and to have the advice of the most skilful
physician which the small town could afford. Both Reinhold and
his brother also repaired thither. Ehrenfried, to his great de-
light, observed no longer any French military in the streets.
German soldiers were everywhere encamped in the open air, or
looking out for quarters in the citizens' houses. From Reinhold
his brother learned, that a three days' battle had been fought,
in which blood flowed in torrents, but that German freedom had
been regained. The grand army had been defeated, and the
wreck of it was on the most confused and precipitate retreat to-
wards the Rhine.

Adeline's demeanour to her lover was characterized by sad
tenderness. The terrors of the preceding days, her sympathy
with her uncle's unfortunate situation, prevented her heart from
yielding to the enjoyment of pure and unalloyed delight. The
physician had pronounced the patient in a most critical state.
He could give them but little hope of recovery; the ninth day, he
informed them, would be decisive.

While Morell continued in restless slumbers, Adeline and
Ehrenfried received from Reinhold's lips a complete eclaircisse-
ment respecting all, which to them could not but appear enig-
matical. It was not Adeline's uncle who had betrayed Ehren-
fried, but Thomas, on whom he had so implicitly relied. The
miner knew Adjutant Delolay personally, having, preparatory to
the occurrences on the Rhine bridge, secretly robbed him of the
crosses and orders, by means of which Ehrenfried imposed on
the guard. Thus he easily found an opportunity of meeting with
the exasperated Frenchman, who was in keen search of the insulter of his honour, and sold him, for a considerable sum of money, the secret of Ehrenfried's place of residence. But, already, after a few days, his conscience smote him for having betrayed a friend and countryman. He hastened to Dame Martha, told her all, and delivered to her her son's letter. Both the poor widow and fond Else were now once more plunged in the utmost distress. Reinhold had again left his home, the moment that his mother had been freed from the unwelcome visit of the gens d’armes. He directed his route towards the theatre of war, expecting to meet in its vicinity with old Morell, to whose designs he was no stranger. On the journey, he learned that the monarch in whose service he was, had also openly joined the confederacy against France. He now altered his mind. With all possible speed he hastened to the king’s present residence, solicited, and obtained, permission to enter the service of one of the allied powers already in the field against France, choosing the very same by whom Morell was employed. In this manner he purposed to promote alike the cause of his country and of love. By means of the powerful recommendation with which he took care to provide himself, he could not but succeed. Immediately on his arrival at the head-quarters of the before-mentioned army, he was incorporated, with the rank of an officer, in a corps already far advanced in the van of the allied army. But vain were all his inquiries about Morell, Adeline, and his brother. Nor did any news reach him from his mother, whom he had forthwith informed of his present residence and new situation. Only a few days ago, Thomas the miner, who was anxious to atone, at any price, for his treason to friendship, had called upon him, late in the evening, and put him in possession of all the particulars. The thoughts of the danger to which his brother, Morell, and even Adeline were exposed, filled him with the utmost horror. Every thing was already prepared for the approaching battle, and it was with incredible difficulty that he obtained leave to join the division of troops stationed nearest to the place of residence of those so dear to him, for the purpose of attacking the enemy on that side. How he penetrated, in the fury of battle, into the small town, along with his victorious comrades—and, in the moment of the utmost need, brought deliverance to his brother, already doomed to death—has been related above, and a detail of particular circumstances would be superfluous. Suffice it, the brothers were again united. Adeline reposed on the bosom of her lover; and if her fair eyes were frequently obscured by tears,
they flowed on behalf of her afflicted uncle, whose present sufferings had completely reconciled him to her.

Reinhold was, however, obliged to set off again the same evening. He proposed to leave Adeline behind, under Ehrenfried's protection, but the other declined the offer. "No," said he, "I too feel myself called upon to fight and conquer for our country; I will not remain here, but go forward to the battle with you."

Reinhold replied after a short pause, "You are right, and I should be to blame were I to deprive the country of an able combatant."

He then consulted the physician, who declared that, if against all probability Morell should recover, he would, nevertheless, be confined to his room for some time; nay, it would be some months ere he could think of continuing his journey. He then applied to the mistress of the house, a worthy matron, who immediately agreed to take Adeline under her care and protection.

The hour of separation was bitter and painful, but its pangs, too, were borne with resignation. Adeline now devoted herself most sedulously to the care of her uncle, but neither the physician's art nor the maiden's unremitting attention were able to lengthen the thread of life. On the evening of the ninth day, which the patient had spent in the most violent paroxysms of fever, he sank into a profound sleep. When he awoke, towards midnight, he gazed around him with looks clear and intelligent, betokening the return of his mental faculties.

"Adeline," he said, in a faint voice, "I have had a long and heavy dream, and now feel that in a few minutes life will no longer animate my bosom. In that dream, however, many a thing has become plainer to me than heretofore in life. I have, in many respects, behaved ill to you and others; forgive me. Let Reinhold, too, forgive me. Be happy together; and when I shall be no more, do not—do not curse me!"

Having with difficulty pronounced these words, he sank on his pillow, with a deep sigh, and—expired. Adeline dropped on her knees, weeping, by the bed-side, and with fervent prayers recommended the departed soul to the mercy of the inscrutable Judge. It was with great difficulty the physician could prevail on her to withdraw to another room with her sympathizing hostess, who endeavoured to soothe the afflicted girl's mind with gentle solace and motherly persuasion.

But when, after her uncle's earthly remains had been deposited in the cold bosom of the earth, she began to reflect, in sad solitude, on her forlorn situation—a total stranger in that place, without friends or relatives—she felt it would be wrong to conti-
nue longer a burthen on the good-natured woman, who had already
been distressed and straightened enough by the evils inevitable in
the vicinity of the seat of war; and she could not refrain from
inwardly reproaching Reinhold, for not having shown more fore-
thought with respect to the future, in thus leaving her without
any resource whatever; but she soon found reason to retract her
reproaches.

"Adeline! daughter Adeline!" a voice familiar to her softly
whispered, and she found herself in the next instant clasped in
the arms of Dame Martha, who, with Elsee, had entered the
room unpereceived by the thoughtful mourner.

Relying on his mother's kindness, Reinhold had summoned
her to come and be a support to his mistress until more peaceful
and settled times. Now Adeline's cares were removed. Where
could she find a better asylum than there, with the parent of her
Reinhold? With sentiments of the most sincere gratitude, she
took leave of the worthy matron in whose house she had passed
so remarkable a period of her existence, and hastened, full of joy-
ous hopes, to the rural abode in the peaceful black forest, ac-
companied by Dame Martha and Elsee, to both of whom she soon
became attached as though it had been by the ties of kindred.

At length, peace, divine peace, descended from Heaven on that
entire portion of the globe, and warriors, who had been fighting
for the sacred cause, again assembled round the patrimonial
hearth; the black forest was again smiling in the fresh verdure
of summer. One Sunday morning, the meadow in front of Dame
Martha's house was covered with gay and party coloured flowers,
and a solemn train sallied forth and bent their course towards the
adjoining village. At the head of the train, and devoutly followed
by Dame Martha, were two happy bridal couples—Reinhold and
Adeline, Ehrenfried and Elsee. After a few hours they returned,
united by the benedictions of the church. A travelling carriage
was in readiness to receive the two former; it soon vanished round
the same angle of the wood, which on a former occasion bereft
Reinhold of a view of her whom he held dearest upon earth.
With tearful eyes, Dame Martha followed her son, who was in-
vested by his sovereign with a distinguished office in the adminis-
tration. Ehrenfried tenderly pressed his young bride to his
heart.

"My happiness is greater than I deserve," he cried; "but by
Heavens, I swear, thou never shalt have cause to repent of thy
affection to me." Nor had she; each couple is still enjoying
the greatest happiness which this life can afford—fond harmony
and domestic peace.
LINES
Written on reading in the "Leeds Mercury" a Professional Gentleman's Advertisement for a Wife, "who must possess a Taste for Literary Pursuits—have some Knowledge of Music—and a Fortune not required to exceed One Thousand Pounds."

Methinks, sir, when you advertised so lately for a wife
To be the soother of your cares—the partner of your life—
Whose charms, acquired and natural—whose cultivated powers
Should prove at once the ornament and sweet'ner of your hours;—
Of humble portion—(humble, in this mercenary age,
Where wealth, far more than merit, doth man's venal love engage)—
You had forgotten one sweet grace, the loveliest that can be,
Without which woman ne'er can charm, that grace is modesty:
She might be all you wish—yet, sure, to this she has no claim,
If to a nameless stranger she consents "to sign her name."

Yet, why do you, we ask in turn, thus barter for a wife?
Have early errors cast a shade upon your noon of life?
Or doth your character then bear the withering blight of shame—
Have guilt and obloquy attach'd their terrors to your name?
Or is not your's the face and form to win a lady's eyes—
That for a wife you are compelled, oh, strange! to advertise?
Believe that woman, tho' too oft degraded by the base,
Knows what is due to her, and still will proudly keep her place:
Her principles revolt to yield her heart and hand unsought,
Her gentle love, sir, may be won—but win it as you ought.

D. L. J———

THE DUEL.*

It is now some years since I left the University of Dublin; my contemporaries are scattered over the globe, and many of those who were linked to me by the closest ties of friendship are parted from me, probably for ever. Yet accident, sometimes, brings me in contact with some of my former companions: then time is annihilated, the hours of youthful pleasure are lived over again in memory, and the world, with its cares, is forgotten. But all the recollections of past events are not pleasurable; though college be "the greenest spot in my desert of life," yet is it sullied and blighted by the remembrance of one sad scene, of which I was the helpless witness. Among all my associates there was none whom I valued so highly as Charles Mahony. The abilities which he displayed in early life induced his father to educate him for the legal profession, and, after having passed with great credit through

* The very limited circulation previously given to this interesting narrative in the "London University Magazine," (a periodical now defunct,) and our knowledge of the facts narrated, are circumstances which induce us to insert them here, although by so doing, we deviate in some measure from our established rule.—Ed.
the preparatory branches of education, he was sent to college, where several literary distinctions soon rewarded his abilities and exertions. The father of Charles was a man of moderate fortune and expensive habits; he was, or fancied himself, descended from some of the ancient kings of Ireland, and deemed that his family name would be degraded by an attention to such paltry matters as pounds, shillings, and pence. At his death, which took place in the third year of Mahony's residence at the university, his family were left destitute of provision, and, in fact, the little he left behind, scarce sufficed to pay the expenses of his funeral. In these altered circumstances, my friend Charles was obliged to support himself by taking pupils; and so high was his character, that he was enabled not only to maintain himself, but also contribute to the support of his mother and sisters. His spirits sunk not under the unusual labour; he was still the same merry companion in the common hall, the same lively answerer at morning lecture, the same delight of every company, and soul of every festive meeting. A year rolled on, and he was an altered being—his dress, which was previously a remarkable object of his care, became slovenly and neglected; his jocund laugh no longer resounded in the courts; his sportive conversations, which so often set the table in a roar, were banished; a deep and settled gloom seemed fixed on his countenance, and whenever the playful remark of his former friends caused a momentary smile, it reminded you of the flash of torchlight in a gloomy vault, exhibiting rather than illuminating the darkness. The speculations on the cause of this change were numerous and insufficient to account for it: it seemed in some inexplicable way to be connected with his religion, which was the Roman Catholic; for any allusion, however remote to anything connected with the ceremonies of that church, whether said in praise or dispraise, seemed to give him the most acute pain. It is worthy of notice, that though the political and religious feuds by which Ireland is unfortunately divided, have penetrated even into the seat of learning, yet they have not, in most instances, checked the formation or continuance of private friendship. Of this Mahony was an instance; his most intimate associate was a lad from Derry, named Osborne, deeply imbued with all the prejudices of the most violent Orangemen, and whose hourly tirades against popery would have done honour to the wildest fanatic in Cromwell's long parliament. The truth is, that half the party violence of the Irish lies solely in their words. Mahony sometimes delivered a philippick against the British government, and all therewith connected, yet would he have shed
the last drop of his blood in its defence. Osborne, who had got by rote some hereditary rigmarole, in which the names of the pope, the devil, the young pretender, King William, bloody Queen Mary, Guy Fawkes, and the house of Brunswick were strangely concatenated, would have risked his life to save that of the most bigoted Romanist that ever walked on the earth. He was truly a strange being; his father had rapidly acquired a fortune in business, and was resolved to give his son the education of a gentleman,—in other words, to teach him to be good for nothing. The Dublin University is not the best place for such a purpose, because the frequent examinations force everybody to learn something; Osborne, however, was more anxious to fulfil the intentions of his father, than the statutes of the virgin queen who drew up the code of laws for regulating Irish education, and resolved to learn as little as possible. On he went, laughing and laughed at, through his studies, drawing caricatures at morning lecture, carven the tables during examinations, and giving to his friends the most whimsical excuses for his bad success. He would gravely tell you, "that he could have answered many of the questions asked him, but that he was unfortunately not on speaking terms with his examiner," that "his bad judgments in astronomy were owing to his having adopted the Ptolemaic system, which, of course, exposed him to the persecution of the Copernicans; and that, as to mathematics, he had certain theorems of his own, whose superior excellence was discoverable only to minds gifted with peculiar intelligence." In fine, Osborne was one of those reckless characters who are resolved to set care at defiance,—a practical optimist, who thought that as the world went well with him, he should in turn go well with the world. The sudden change of Mahony from gaiety to gloom, was one of the most inexplicable events to Osborne imaginable, and as he had little else to do, he seriously set about discovering the cause. Vatablond says, that "when an idle man takes up an occupation to kill time, he exhibits more industry and perseverance than would have sufficed to put him at the head of the most laborious profession." Osborne exemplified the aphorism, and, after a long search, found that hopeless love was the source of this corroding sorrow. In better days, Mahony had known Catherine Lynch, and had been enslaved less by the attractions of her person than by the charms of her highly cultivated mind and conversation. But having been educated in a nunnery, she had lent too ready an ear to the seductive arts with which the pious sisterhood inveigle new victims to share the calamities of their prison-house.—He often laboured to
efface this impression, and tried to substitute the pleasures of domestic felicity in her imagination for the dull routine of conventual gloom. Probably, he would have succeeded, had not the misfortunes of his family separated him from his beloved Catherine. She had since then commenced her noviciate, and the day was already named on which she was to be consigned to the living tomb. When this story was related in our little circle, we deeply sympathized in the misfortune of our unhappy friend. Osborne indeed said, that "he thought it was a very foolish matter—if Mahony could not get her, why should he not look for another—she was clearly mad in becoming a nun, and he was not much better in troubling his head about the matter."

I had never seen the ceremonial of a nun's reception, and was naturally anxious to witness a scene so painfully interesting. By the kindness of a priest, to whom I had shown some curious books in the college library, which he was anxious to see, I procured a ticket, and, though a Protestant, could not avoid feeling that the sublime service on the occasion was well calculated to produce a powerful effect on the senses and the imagination. The ceremony began at six in the morning, at the chapel belonging to the convent; it was about the middle of autumn; the sun had not yet risen, but the rich and mellow light of dawn, streaking the eastern sky, filled the mind with a sober delight, which predisposed it to enjoy the scene that was to follow. In passing through the suburbs of Dublin to reach the convent, I met with Mahony and Osborne, both bound to the same place as myself. The former had manifestly passed a sleepless night; his looks were haggard, his dress disordered, his pace hurried and irregular. Osborne, on the contrary, was in unusually good spirits; he talked away at a furious rate, utterly regardless whether any body listened; made bad jokes, laughed at them himself, sung scraps of different songs, and seemed to be the very personification of careless jollity. It was manifest that this grated heavily on Mahony's ear, and that Osborne inflicted exquisite pain, though intending the contrary. He thought, if possible, to divert his companion's melancholy, forgetting that in real grief, the mind rejects every effort to excite mirth as an insult to the sacredness of sorrow. In that short walk, the seeds of future evil were sown; Mahony deemed that Osborne made a jest of his sufferings, and he in turn felt much annoyed at the manifest coldness which checked all his attempts to divert his friend's mind.

We entered the chapel, and were accommodated with seats within the rails of the altar. To our left was a grated window,
that opened on the long gallery where the nuns were to sit; in
our front was the altar, brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers;
to the right was a window through which the rays of the morn-
ing's dawn seemed to struggle with the artificial lights around the
altar; behind was a numerous congregation hushed in devotional
silence. At length the folding doors, at the extreme end of the
gallery, opened, and the sisters entering in slow procession, filed
off before the grate, saluting the altar as they passed. She who
was on that day to take the black veil, which hid her from the
world for ever, remained near the grate; I could not then see her
face and figure, but it was manifest that she had formed her reso-
lution—her step was steady and her attitude firm. The ceremony
proceeded, mass was said with all its imposing observances, and
some of those beautiful hymns, which abound in the Romish ritual,
sung by a choir of the nuns. The moment for taking the fatal
vow arrived; the voluntary victim came unveiled to the grate,
and the bishop, descending from the altar, proceeded to adminis-
ter the oath. Seldom have I looked on a face that bespoke so
much moral and intellectual worth as that of the deluded girl then
before me; she was pale with strong emotion; her streaming
eyes were fixed on heaven, and her whole soul seemed absorbed
in the determination to dedicate herself for ever to the service of
her God. The fatal words were spoken—the black veil fell over
her lovely face—and she was lost to the earth for ever! I
thought of Iphigenia, and felt deeply for the fate of those lovely
victims who, in such a long succession of ages, and such an im-
mense variety of climes, have fallen victims to superstition:
Osborne muttered a fearful curse, and Mahony was the very per-
sonification of despair. We left the convent at the conclusion of
the ceremony; Mahony went I know not whither, Osborne and I
returned to our college.

A week elapsed before "we three met again;" it was at an
evening party, given by one of our old associates, who, having
made up his mind to get married, gave what he called a farewell
bachelor's dinner. Among the guests was an officer named Sulli-
van, a relative of Mahony's, whom I had always disliked for his
detestable love of fermenting quarrels. He had been in the
Austrian service, and had returned lately to his native land, to re-
ceive some property which had devolved to him by the death of a
distant relative. In the course of the night, Osborne, who had
taken more wine than his head could well bear, began to speak
about the reception of the nun which we had so lately witnessed;
it was to one in the room a painful topic, and he endeavoured to
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turn the conversation. Osborne persevered, and in a style of ribald ridicule, attacked all monastic institutions, illustrating his account by repeating all the absurd stories which have been circulated against convents from Reuchlin to Joe Miller. Mahony checked him, at first mildly, and afterwards with more acerbity; one harsh word brought on another, until at length expressions were used which the laws of honour required to be noticed. On the following morning Sullivan waited on Osborne:—had any other human being come in his stead, matters might have been amicably arranged; but his violent and insulting manner irritated the offender so much, that, instead of an apology, Osborne added fresh insult, and a hostile meeting became inevitable.

As a necessary preparation, both parties took their names off the college books: but as this required an interval of a few days, the mutual friends of Osborne and Mahony made several ineffectual efforts to bring about a reconciliation. The two days and nights previous to their meeting I never laid down, but spent my entire time endeavouring to re-unite persons whom I equally esteemed. But all my exertions were vain; Mahony was maddened by grief and disappointment; Osborne, naturally impetuous, was irritated by the harshness of Sullivan; and, besides, thought that any concession on his part would appear a base desertion of his avowed Orange principles. Still, hope did not forsake us; a party of mutual friends accompanied the combatants to the ground, trusting that the sight of each other would awaken in the breasts of the combatants a remembrance of former friendship, which would overcome the hostile feelings of their recent feud.

It was on a cold November morning that these two young men appeared in the Phoenix Park, near Dublin, accompanied by their seconds, and about a dozen of their acquaintance whom anxiety to avert the catastrophe had drawn together. An hour was spent in vain attempts to make one relax in his demands, and the other more inclined to retract his offensive assertions. All was useless; with a heavy heart we witnessed the preliminaries arranged in silence; twelve paces were measured, the duellists were led to their places, and told that they should fire together on a given signal. At this moment the sun, which had been hitherto veiled by dark masses of clouds that skirted the horizon, shone out with a splendour unusual at that season, and threw a strong light on the faces and figures of the combatants. Mahony presented the appearance of one who with difficulty suppresses intense emotion;
his brow was contracted, his eyes fixed, and the tremulous motion of his under-lip was perceptible, though he bit it hard: on the other hand, Osborne preserved all his former recklessness, and even gaiety in his countenance, scarcely seeming to remember that he stood in peril of life. The pistols were loaded, and given to the combatants; Osborne took his with as much nonchalance as if it were a plaything, Mahony grasped the weapon with convulsive eagerness, and held it with an unsteady hand. The word was given, each raised the instrument of death—at the same moment the report rung in our ears, and Mahony bounded from the earth and fell:—the bullet had entered his brain; he was a dead man before his head touched the earth. Osborne rushed forward and threw himself on the corpse, addressing the senseless clay by every endearing name, and pouring out numberless apologies which might have been of avail some hours before. At length, he sunk senseless on the turf, and was in this state removed by his second, to a carriage in waiting.

* * * * *

Five years elapsed, and I heard nothing of Osborne, save that he had quitted the country, and was residing in the south of France for the benefit of his health. During the late debates on the Catholic question, while standing below the bar in the House of Lords, a man, on whose brow care and sickness had set the stamp of premature age, addressed me by name, in terms which sufficiently indicated former intimacy. I gazed on him for some time in silence, but not a feature could I remember to have seen before. Seeing my surprise, he told me that his name was Osborne, and asked, in tones whose bitterness grated on my very soul, "if I remembered the Phoenix Park?"—I left the house, and accompanied him, at his request, to his lodgings; but I dare not repeat the tale of horrors that he there related. He was a murderer, but he was also a penitent:—the grave has since closed over his sorrows, and we may hope that years of misery have sufficed to expiate the crime of one rash moment.

T.

EPIGRAM.

Said Daniel*, "the love of the people is mine,
In me a true patriot they view;"
"Why, yes," replied Rogers, "whenever I hear
Of pat-riots, I think upon you."

* O'Connell, late "minster for all Ireland."
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE ANNUALs.

Amid the many beautiful specimens of literature and art now lying on our table, we are puzzled on which first to bestow our plaudits. Like Aladdin in the Arabian Nights, our eyes wander from gem to gem, and we seem lost in a galaxy of splendour. Rousing ourselves, however, from the spell which these elegant periodicals have cast around us, we have indiscriminately laid hands on one, to which we shall consequently give precedence. That one, we perceive, is

THE WINTER'S WREATH, (PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER & CO.,)

and truly a wreath of sweeter flowers we never beheld. The skill of the artist has vied with the mental energies of the man of letters, and the garland thus composed, will, we doubt not, cast its fragrance on many a long and dreary hour of winter. In the numerous proofs of that high excellence to which the graphic art has attained in this country, displayed in the volume before us, we select the "Deluge," and "Delos," as exceedingly good both in design and workmanship. "Cologne on the Rhine" likewise strikes us as conferring great credit on the artist. The Frontispiece is well drawn, and delicately engraved. The placid countenance of the angel-form depicted, the chaste, modest, and amiable bearing of the entire figure, make us quite in love with the original.

How can we gaze on one so fair,

And dream of aught save virtue there?

In truth, it is a happy delineation of the most beautiful part of God's creation—a British Fair—or, as the "Winter's Wreath" more emphatically describes her, "an English flower"—a plant which exhales its sweets, and whose influence is acknowledged throughout every region of the known world. We are sorry that we cannot bestow on the whole of these plates our unqualified approbation. There appears a degree of carelessness in the design of a few, which had better have been avoided, particularly as their imperfections are the more glaring, when contrasted with the beauty and skill exhibited in the remainder. Among these we would name the "Mother and Infant"—the artist has here not put forth his best energies—there is a degree of vacancy exhibited in the countenance of the principal figure by no means pleasing. "The Farm-Yard" does not in any respect meet our views. The two children are clumsily designed—the attitude of either one is neither pleasing or natural—their forms appear confused, and their positions indistinct. With the great
majority of these plates we are, however, much delighted. The "Pass of the Abruzzi," in particular, equals any thing of the kind which we have yet met with. There is a boldness and ability of execution which we greatly admire.

In the literary department, the names of Mrs. Hemans, Mary Howitt, the Roscoes, Archdeacon Butler, Delta, &c. &c. speak for themselves. The editor, with us, evidently regards the female mind as too intellectual to receive pleasure from those silly and empty trifles which, of old, were generally offered to their perusal. In the poetical and prosaical effusions which we meet with here, the sentiments are noble and elevated, and the ideas pure and enlightened. Every tale points a moral—every essay conveys instruction. Merritt, on the style of Johnson and Burke, has handled his subject with great talent, and the comparative merits of the two Leviathans are drawn by a hand of ability and discrimination. In delineating the character of Burke, the writer expresses an opinion that the fame of that immortal genius will rest upon his philosophy rather than his eloquence. With this opinion we entirely coincide—the fine flow of language, the apt allusion, the elegant metaphor, and the perspicuity of speech with which many an orator of the present day is gifted, will descend with them into oblivion. They fall upon the ear with all the charming influence of music; arouse the passions; call into action the finest feelings of our nature, or plunge us into a stupor of admiration; but the effect is transient—custom and frequent experience render us at length callous to their influence, and it is only when they convey substantial truths, more durable than adamant, more worthy of our acceptance than mines of gold—it is only when they convey that instruction and advice which, like medicines, might be nauseous unless sweetened with honey, that eloquence is of real value, or may be esteemed other than as a tinkling cymbal. In the lighter pieces we would particularize "Green Stockings" as a neat and lively sketch of manners; but right glad are we that the impudent lamentation of the author, "It is a pity so few women who write verses are pretty," has met with a just rebuke in an editorial note. Of the poetical department we can speak highly. There are one or two weeds with which we met while minutely examining the "Winter's Wreath," but these are, doubtless, rendered more conspicuous by the many choice flowerets which surround them. We can only find room for the following extract from the pen of a well known writer, whose talent even those who differ from him on political matters will readily acknowledge; and we insert it the more willingly
from its appropriate bearing to our own Frontispiece in the present Number:—

ABBOTSFORD, BY DR. BOWRING.

Shrine of sweet lays and legends! Sacred spot
Touched—and like all he touches, charm'd by Scott;
Charmed into beauty—for the master's hand
As from the lyre wakes music from the land;
And all the witchery of the poet's word
And painter's pencil dwell on Abbotsford!
As his learned lore historic deeds recalls,
So history hangs upon his classic walls;
As taste and genius rest upon his pen,
So have they brightened every grove and glen;
And reverence hails, with tributary soul,
The omnipresent spirit of the whole.

In conclusion, we have to congratulate the publishers on the production of a work superior to any of their former Numbers—a compliment which those readers who are acquainted with them will well know how to appreciate.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, (SMITH AND ELDER.)

"This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence,
And says, Forget me not."

Such is the prophetic announcement breathed forth in the motto, and the work not only justifies, but fulfils, the promise. We doubt not but that the eye of many a fair one will glisten with delight, while the heart speaks in blushing beauty from the cheek, at receiving the exquisite little "Offering"—'Tis Friendship's—'tis Love's—and is calculated alike for the sister—the friend—the mistress!

As our limits permit us not to indulge in extensive selections, we will forbear quoting any single piece either of poetry or prose, lest we should appear invidious; but we hesitate not to assure our readers of our unqualified admiration. There are, there must ever be, of course, in such a work, inequalities of composition, and yet we hardly know what the editor could have well rejected! And the engravings! how exquisite, how lovely they are! they possess indeed

"Beauty that language fails, yet pants, to picture."*

The binding is also exceedingly pretty.

In our next Number we will give an extract which, we think, will prove that the editor has achieved his purpose of producing a

* See the opening line of "Poesie," a poem in the above work.
work which will take its place, "after the period of novelty is over, in the permanent repositories of family literature."

THE HUMOURIST, (ACKERMANN.)

The united efforts of Cruikshank and Harrison would have produced a "Humourist" indeed! And although we do not wish to deprive Mr. Rowlandson of any of his posthumous fame, still we cannot but regret that such a coalition as that to which we have alluded has not taken place. The easy, light, and piquant style of Mr. Harrison peculiarly fits him for telling

"a story

Either in prose or rhyme."

He has a very happy adroitness of turn, too, when he wishes to hit upon the witty point. We would recommend those of our readers who wish to indulge in a hearty and innocent laugh (what would the smiling and polite Chesterfield say?) to purchase this work; and let them look at the half grave, half delighted, yet completely animal expression of countenance displayed by the butcher over his book, in the "March of Intellect." We cannot, for the life of us, forbear giving them Mr. Harrison's version of the subject:—

As t'other day, I bent my way
Through Holborn, I espied
A butcher, at a book-stand, by
A prebendary's side.

"Pares cum-paribus," cried I,
"For each has got a stall;
This cuts up in the Quarterly,
And that in Leadenhall."

My cousin Ned, who heard me, said,
"Now, Harry, only look!
How gravely yonder butcher cons
His newly-purchased book.

"Such from the March of Intellect
Results—'tis really dreadful,
To see one in his class of life
With learning stuff his head full.

"The vulgar set more learn'd will get
Than many of their betters:"

"Dear coz," quoth I, "they may do that,
And yet scarce know their letters."

But Ned the strain took up again:
"You can't, 'tis quite horrid,
Address your servant, but you get
An answer scientific.

"I ask'd my groom, the other day,
What made him look so badly?
The coxcomb said, he'd had a fall,
And bruised his tibia sadly.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

"My cook, when asked what made her mope
So like a moulting pigeon,
Said she'd a slight derangement in
The epigastric region.
"Like greater folks, they've learned jokes:
My housemaid, Sarah—she
Is ever on the giggle—they
Call Sat Volatile.
"And then, by rote, strange tongues they quote:
My groom, when some neglect I
Had tax'd him with, declar'd he'd got
'Meus sibi conscia recti!'
"The lady's maid, the spendthrift jade,
As gifts for the new year,
Gave Thomas a 'Forget me Not,'
And cook a 'Souvenir!'
"Come, come," I said, "good cousin Ned,
Your spleen is unavailing;
The times are past your mending, so
I pray you cease your railing.
"Admitting that your censure's just,
And that the world's in fault,
If intellect be on the march,
In vain shall we cry 'Halt!'
"Because your butcher buys a book,
Why should you make a din?
'Twere better thus to spend his pence,
Than lay them out in gin.
"Nor need you fear that vulgar minds
Will spoil in Learning's hot-house;
For those who purchase books at stalls
Don't read them in a pot-house.
"And as for servants—sure my coz
Somewhat unjustly blames,
When rating them because they call
Things by their proper names.
"Again, 'tis no concern of your's
That other tongues they speak;
And, if in Latin they grow pert,
Why set them down in Greek.
"And, if your witty cook makes puns,
While she puff-paste prepares,
I wish that, with the tarts, she'd send
A few of them upstairs.
"For, at most tables where I dine,
It is my chance to hit
On better pies than puns, and crust
Much lighter than the wit.
"Eschewing narrow politics,
I would have Learning's ray
Be, to the mighty and the mean,
Free as the light of day.
"And, if the people's march of mind
We dread, the thought should make us
Take longer strides in Wisdom's paths,
Lest they should overtake us."

Let them look, too, at "the chuckling self-gratulations" portrayed in the forbidding physiognomy of "The Man of Business," delighting in the completion of "some advantageous and over-reaching bargain." But oh! "Too hot and too late!" Ha! ha! ha! we shall laugh at the very recollection of it for days to come! And of "The Village Politicians," "The Admirer," "The Man of Colour," "The Man of Taste," and "Indecision," we can only say that the more narrowly we have looked into the various expressions of countenance therein displayed, the more mirthful has been the effect produced on us.

Most works expressly humorous are too coarse for the female reader, but this is innocent of the general blemish. Mr. Harrison's wit flows and glitters through a whole volume of mingled prose and rhyme, perpetually exciting risibility, but never causing a blush.

We ought to state that here and there we have some very pretty and pathetic lines—in concluding our observations, we instance the following:—

And well Tobias loved to watch the flow'r
His care had shelter'd in its adverse hour,
When the bleak tempest was around it swelling:
He saw it thrive beneath his fost'ring hand,
And mark'd the bud of loveliness expand,
At once to gladden and to grace his dwelling.
For she grew up in beauty; free from art,
In manner gentle, and in nature kind;
While, every day, still closer round his heart
The tendrils of her young affections twin'd.
And he felt grateful for the boon bestow'd,
To soothe and cheer him in life's downward road.

FORGET ME NOT, (ACKERMANN.)

We hail with pleasure the ninth appearance of this elegant periodical, particularly as we note its improvement with each succeeding year. It claims the merit of being first in the field, and, notwithstanding the number of rivals which have started in opposition, it admirably maintains its place in public estimation. On opening the volume we were struck with the beauty of the Frontispiece, Martin's picture of "Queen Esther," engraved by Finden. We understand that this plate alone cost the publisher 170l. and we think it well worth the money; it reflects great
credit on the artist. The "Italian Scene" is well done—there is a softness and delicacy of execution which renders it a decided favourite with us. The literary portion of the work is also creditably filled: we do not, indeed, perceive many very well known names among the contributors, but there are, here and there, several successful efforts of genius; and Mr. Ackermann's character for encouraging aspirants in the literary world is proverbial. We are assured that every article forwarded to the "Forget me Not," if not inserted, is returned (should it be so requested) with a polite note from the editor or his colleague, expressive of thanks to the writer, and regret that circumstances should prevent its appearance. This is as it should be. Real talent and gentlemanly feeling go hand in hand: literary pride is nothing else than consummate weakness. But to return:—The lively effusions of W. H. Harrison are very amusing: his versification of the "Cat's Paw" is excellent, although the anecdote is somewhat antedeluvian. This gentleman improves rapidly, and we should not be surprised if our side-bursting friend Hood was one day to find in him a formidable rival. The plate which illustrates the subject is famously drawn. The stoic countenance of the inventive pug, while coolly taking his walnuts from the fire with the extended paw of his feline neighbour—the raised backs and swelling tails of his yelling victim and her sympathizing friends around, are all capital. Thomas Haynes Bayly has swept his lyre in the usual plaintive strain, although we do not consider "The False One" as the happiest effort of his genius. This gentleman's muse is, generally speaking, too lack-a-daisycal to gratify us much. With his prose, however, we are more pleased. The lively little sketch, "My Great Grandmother's Harpsichord," we may possibly give, if space permit, in our next Number. For the present, we must close our review with our hearty commendations.

THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT, (ACKERMANN.)

This little volume is in every way adapted to the purpose for which it is intended—the amusement of our younger readers—for, in addition to an easy and appropriate style, a moral is everywhere pointed. It is calculated to improve their tastes, and to call into daily practice the better feelings of their little hearts: they read therein of acts of generosity—of filial attachment encouraged and rewarded. It excites to an emulative goodness, while it exemplifies the evil effects of unamiable or vicious indulgences. The embellishments, too, are extremely chaste and beautiful.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE GEM, (MARSHALL.)

The proprietor of "The Gem" appears to spare neither pains nor expense to please, and his efforts, on this occasion, have been pre-eminently successful. The binding of the work is neat rather than gaudy, but the real worth is to be found in the interior. Notwithstanding this publication reached us late in the month, when, by our previous attentive examination of its contemporaries' beauties, we might have the more easily discovered a flaw, yet we are happy to state that the "Gem," far from suffering by the contrast, placed itself, in our estimation, as an Annual of the first class. The plates are at least equal to, if many of them do not exceed in beauty and execution, those of any of its fellows. The Frontispiece, "Victoria de Colonna," is beautifully engraved. "Evening," "The Young Crab-catchers," "Cupid and Nymph," "The Standard-bearer," and "Mars disarmed," are chaste and elegant specimens of perfection. The literary character of the "Gem" is well supported, although we perceive here as elsewhere, that great names do not always head the finest productions. The following is a specimen of the poetry:—

WHEN SOME FOND BOY.

When some fond boy, more blest than I,
Shall twine fresh roses in thy hair,
Tell him, the flow'rs his hand flings by,
Once bloomed, as bright as his do, there;
And when beneath this starry sky,
He wakes the lute I used to fill,
Oh! tell him that another's sigh
Is warm upon its surface still.

And if, perchance, thy loved Gazelle
Should fly the stranger's touch, and hide
Its head within thy bosom's swell,
And nestle there in trembling pride—
Oh! tell him there was one, whose lip
That dark eyed thing so lov'd to kiss,
That it had fondly learn'd to sip
The dews from thine to water his.

And for the rest—when twilight's hour
Shall see thee wand'ring on with him,
Or in thine own acacia bower,
Whose light, love's own, is all so dim—
Tell him there's not a flow' r below,
And not a silent star above,
And not a breeze that whispers so,
That have not heard another's love.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX, (MARSHALL.)

A very appropriate present for the younger part of the generation, and in every way suitable to their perusal. Mrs. Hofland,
Mary Howitt, Bernard Barton, and Mrs. Sherwood, have all contributed their efforts both to amuse and instruct; while other writers of less note, Miss Hill, Miss Agnes Strickland, &c. &c. have added their mites to the furtherance of the end in view. The plates are well engraved, and the volume will, we doubt not, receive encouragement.

We hope in our next to be enabled to make some remarks on the "Comic Offering," the "Keepsake," the Souvenir," the "Comic Annual," the "Iris," and other of the numerous publications which come forth at this period of the year, presenting at once a splendid and delightful feast both to the mind and the eye. We would just observe, in conclusion, that, generally speaking, these volumes do not open well—this defect is caused by the closeness of the binding—in some, the Title of the different plates is nearly lost. Among the exceptions to this remark we may be allowed to number the "Gem," and "Christmas Box."

And now, one word to publishers. We hear that a sort of tacit understanding has existed among the trade, by which it was determined that no Annual should make its appearance in public before the 1st of November. This salutary arrangement has been, in one or two instances, this year, violated, thereby offering a precedent for a spirit of rivalry with regard to time, that, if followed, will shortly cause the downfall of publications, which we hesitate not to say are ornaments to the present age. If books intended as New Years' gifts, or as Christmas presents, appear in September or October, they lose their appropriate bearing, and the interest which the former periods throw around them is at once annulled. We will not this time be personal; but we just hint, that although our reviews must ever be impartial, the merits of the book shall, with us, never shelter the sins of the publisher from an editorial castigation, when the interests of the public are at stake.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &c.

In the fashionable world we have not this month much to communicate. Brighton has been full to an overflow, and the presence of their Majesties (who, thank God! are in the enjoyment of robust health,) has occasioned one uninterrupted scene of gaiety. The King's popularity is as great as ever, notwithstanding the awful forebodings of certain "patriots," who presume to question the propriety of his Majesty's uniform kindness and con-
descension. A plague on such croakers! say we. The King of England has been too much of a nonentity of late years; and assuredly he will not make the worse sovereign who personally probes the feelings, and dives into the wants and wishes, of his people.

The meeting of Parliament has, in some measure, aroused the metropolis from its annual lethargy. Their Majesties arrived in town on Tuesday, and will remain about a fortnight. On Thursday last it was expected they would visit Drury Lane, and on Monday or Tuesday next, Covent Garden Theatres. Preparations are making at Windsor Castle for the reception of the King and Queen.

A juvenile ball was given at the Pavilion during the last month. The party consisted of not less than three hundred persons of rank and fashion, including many of those "whose days of mirth are long since fled," but who, nevertheless, experienced the greatest delight in beholding the happy little faces by which they were surrounded. Quadrilles and waltzes were the prevailing dances of the evening, but the Mazurka was introduced and executed with great skill and feeling. Prince George of Cumberland was present, and evinced his taste by selecting as his partners the greatest beauties among this interesting coterie.

Sir William Beechey has been engaged at the Pavilion in taking a portrait of her Majesty, and, we doubt not, with that success which ever follows the touch of this distinguished artist.

The Epsom meeting was a complete failure: the course was very thinly attended, and among the company scarcely one person of note could be numbered.

The Duchess of St. Alban’s has taken a house at Brighton within the last few days, and the spirits of the Brightonians have been proportionably raised.

Patriotism.—Among other patriotic undertakings entered into for the benefit of the sufferers in the late revolution, a barber at Paris has offered to cut hair for three weeks without remuneration, handing over his gains to the relief committee.

The town of Brighton, notwithstanding the presence of Royalty, has recently been deluged with revolutionary papers, purporting to proceed from the "Provisional Committee in London." Their contents are of the most daring description; and the blood-thirsty ruffians by whom they are issued, not venturing to dispose of them openly, drop them in the streets by night. A few examples would allay the nuisance, and of these we shall shortly hear.

Nov. 1830.
We observe a book advertised in the "Morning Herald," entitled "The Sins of Christendom, or Devildom, properly Analyzed."

The Coronation will, it is said, take place early in the ensuing spring, after which it is the intention of his Majesty to visit Ireland, Scotland, and, perhaps, the Continent.

The medical session of the London University opened on the 1st ult. when Dr. Conolly delivered an address which, for elegance of language, fluency of diction, and display of talent, has been rarely excelled. He dwelt, with considerable feeling, on the death of Mr. Atkinson, of Sheffield, who, in one year, gained three gold medals, besides the first prize ever given within these walls. The fellow-townsmen of this lamented youth are determined to manifest their respect for his memory by the erection of a monument, the expense having been already amply covered by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants.

Their Majesties have accepted an invitation to the civic feast on the 9th inst. and great preparations are making for their reception. It is, we understand, the intention of the citizens to illuminate their houses on this grand occasion. A king and queen have not partaken of a similar entertainment since 1761, when George III. and his illustrious consort visited the city, and the cost of the dinner alone exceeded the enormous sum of 5000L.

The subject of the projected Cemetery continues to engage the attention of the metropolitans, who are extremely anxious for the adoption of some better system of burial; and, it must be confessed, not without reason. That in this enlightened age the practice of interring the dead among the habitations of the living should have continued so long undisturbed, is to us most extraordinary. Among the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, the remains of the departed were consigned to the earth without the walls of the city, while we, on the contrary, suffer ourselves to inhale the fumes of carcasses deposited within the very walls of our churches. This is no ideal calamity, intended as an alarm to the weak and hypochondriac. Let any one peruse the following extract from the "Medical Gazette," and declare whether the prevalence of typhus fever, and other diseases of the metropolis, cannot easily be accounted for:—"Let it be recollected, that the poisonous effluvia arising from our supersaturated church-yards, must be largely reinforced by the annual addition of at least forty thousand bodies—Bunhill Fields burial-ground alone receiving its one thousand every year—and that every dead body, being diffusible to the extent of twelve-thirteenth, leaves but one-thir-
teenth part of fixed matter in the grave, while the rest, sooner or later, is mixed with the air we breathe. It may surely be reasonably presumed, that our bowels have a most extraordinary yearning for our deceased relatives and friends—yea, a most charitable affection for all our defunct neighbours—when we thus delight in taking into our systems, as regularly as our meat and drink, so large a proportion of their mortal remains."

The cry against the New Police is becoming every day more violent; but as the antipathy is almost entirely confined to the very lowest orders of society, it is not much to be wondered at. A meeting was recently held in the parish of St. Pancras, composed chiefly of those inhabitants who experience the greatest inconvenience by the officers' presence, to consider the best means of effecting their emancipation. We need only report the opening of the proceedings. "Just before business commenced, a Dr. Alexander Thompson stated that the chairman, Mr. Stal-lard, since entering the room, had had his pocket picked of a gold watch and seals, value twenty guineas!"

Literary Impudence.—Mr. Moore has been lampooning his co-biographer, Mr. Galt, in doggerel rhyme. Now we cannot flatter either of these gentlemen on the success of his task. Moore embraces every opportunity to insert praises of himself, Galt more modestly throws out distant hints of the remarkable similarity which appears between the ideas of the immortal bard and his own.

Parliament met for the dispatch of business on the 26th ult., but as many days will elapse in swearing-in members, and in the performance of other necessary duties, the session will not be formally opened until Tuesday next, when the speech will be delivered by the King in person.

March of Intellect.—The following curious colloquy between two footmen, wearing different liveries, was recently overheard by a by-stander. John—"Live pretty well at your house?" James (shrugging his shoulders)—"So, so: joint every day, and one remove—that's all!"

Mr. Owen has been amusing himself during the last month, firstly, in bestowing, gratuitously, on the public press of this country the benefit of his opinion and advice; and, secondly, in discussing the merits of our holy religion, in two several lectures. The meeting, on both occasions, was composed chiefly of gaping, unwashed artisans, who, not comprehending one syllable of the learned lecturer's discourse, allowed him to have the argument all his own way; the few respectable persons present not deeming it either wise or prudent to gratify him by a reply.
It is said that the Roman Catholic population has nearly doubled itself in the counties of Leicester and Somerset, since the session of 1829. Oh! the blessed fruits of emancipation!

Recent events will, we trust, prove to Englishmen that there is nothing like their own dear happy country after all. Foreigners, at least all who have the power to do so, are leaving Brussels. The most cruel outrages have been perpetrated by the belligerents, during the late tumults, on English families, in which they have spared neither age nor sex. Paris is also far from being so favourite a resort as formerly.

It is whispered that a marriage is on the tapis between Lord E—ll—h and Miss D-gby. As the report comes not, however, from any paramount authority, we do not vouch for its authenticity.

Much surprise has been expressed that people who are as totally unknown in the fashionable world as the most obscure Indian on the coast of Labrador, should endeavour to force themselves into notice by leaving their names at the pavilion, observing that they are from thence regularly transferred to the columns of the daily papers. The following announcement has recently appeared:—

"Among the distinguished persons who yesterday had the honour of calling at the pavilion, were, &c. &c. &c.; Mr., Mrs., and Miss Simpson; Countess Norchoff; Sir R. Racher; Mr. and Miss Smith; Mr. Phipps, jun.; Mr. Crouch; Mr. and Mrs. Pyrke; Mr. Oliver," &c. &c.; one half, we doubt not, persons "wot have come from Tooley Street to change the hair," and who designate the result of their impudence a "very good joke."

The unfortunate King of France has arrived at Holyrood House, accompanied by the young Duc de Bordeaux. The Duke and Duchess of Angouleme, and the Duchess of Berri, will, it is understood, join his Majesty in a few days. We are happy to observe that one simultaneous feeling of humanity influences all classes in their behaviour towards this unhappy and oppressed family.

China, we grieve to say, contains inhabitants not one jot better, in point of morality, than certain other portions of the globe. A placard has been posted at Canton, offering a reward for the discovery of a runaway wife. The lady's name is Lan-peang, and she is described as having "a melon-formed white face," and wearing "precious stone hair-pins; silver, gold-washed, foreign-flowered, pearl-set ear-rings; precious stone bracelets; and walnut-stained nails about one inch and a half in length." Ten dollars are considered by her liege lord as an ample douceur to the finder, and the handbill concludes with an assurance that "no questions will be asked."
We are told that 150l. has been demanded for a first floor on Ludgate Hill to view the procession on the 9th inst.

The burnings in Kent still continue—scarce a night passes but we hear of some terrific conflagration.

At a late Anti-Union Meeting in Dublin, Mr. O'Connell thought proper to apply some choice epithets to the character of Sir Henry Hardinge, for which that amiable and gallant officer demanded an apology or honourable satisfaction. The demagogue would give neither one nor the other, and there the affair at present rests.

We have recently heard sung in a private circle a new song, entitled “The Lay of the Forsaken,” the poetry and music by William Robertson Hayward, Esq. arranged, and with accompaniments, by J. M'Farlane, with which we were much delighted. We understand it will in a few days be made public.

THE DRAMA.
DRURY LANE.

The new decorations of this Theatre still continue to be much canvassed. Some are of opinion—and we are half disposed to agree with them—that amid a blaze of light, and the reflection of mirrors, a rich and lustrous effect is produced by gilding, which renders the coup d’œil of a Winter Theatre more splendid than can be gained from all the blue and silver in the world. Others again—and theirs is by far the more numerous class—are loud and unqualified in their admiration:—“How chaste! how beautiful!” are the exclamations of approval with which their opponents in taste are met. The charm of novelty, perhaps, may have contributed something to this excitement—something, too, of the best part of the approving feeling may be supposed to flow from a consciousness that every effort has been used to render these decorations graceful and engaging; and they are strikingly so in the first, or dress circle of boxes. We hail with unfeigned delight the reappearance of Messrs. Dowton and Macready, and we look forward, with a prophetic anticipation, to a season of theatrical variety and charm, under the management and ability of Mr. Wallack.

COVENT GARDEN.

Miss Kemble is again to form the magnet of attraction at this Theatre. The season was commenced with Romeo and Juliet. Nothing could have been more judicious than this arrangement, since it enabled the true admirers of dramatic excellence to hail
with enthusiastic admiration their graceful favourite in scenes with which she is identified, and at the same time to mark the decided improvement which has taken place in her.

We sincerely regret that want of room prevents us from inserting a few observations which we had prepared, this month, on behalf of this accomplished actress. We shall take an early opportunity of expressing our sentiments on the subject, and we shall deliver them fearlessly.

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SURREY THEATRE.

Mr. Elliston still continues his course of popularity and success. He, indeed, deserves well of the community at large—he has done wonders with this snug little Theatre; and we cannot but express the high pleasure which we have often felt while witnessing the performances that nightly engage and gratify the attention of hundreds.

THE ADELPHI.

This Theatre has commenced its season under favourable auspices. Messrs. Mathews, Yates, Reeve, &c. are doing their best to amuse and gratify their audience, and, we need hardly add, with great success.

THE COBURG.

This is really a pretty little Theatre, and the performances are very good; but we fear while that degrading system of "eighteen-penny orders" is continued here, that its rival, the Surrey, will out-do it in point of fashion. The managers are spirited, and we sincerely wish they would abolish the evil we complain of. Madame Vestris has, we understand, received an offer of engagement from the proprietors, but has declined it—doubtless deterred by these orders.

The English Opera Company and the Haymarket Theatre have concluded their season, and we fear that it has not been a very profitable one to either.

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THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

WALKING DRESS.

A CAMEBIC muslin gown, corsage uni, and sleeves à l'imbecille. The border of the dress is finished, as high as the knee, with a rich and highly raised embroidery. The pelisse worn with this dress is of gros des Indes, the colour a new shade of lavender. Plain, tight corsage, and sleeves made very wide nearly to the point of the elbow; the fulness from thence to the wrist arranged in longitudinal plaits, which are divided midway from the wrist to the elbow by a broad band; gauntlet cuff. The fronts of the
pelisse are trimmed, on each side, by a band of ermine, narrow at the waist, and broad as it approaches the bottom. Pelerine and collarette of cambric; the trimming of the former lightly embroidered at the edge. Bonnet of drab-coloured satin; the brim is lined with dark-green: a bandeau and nœud of rose-coloured riband, striped in shades, ornaments the inside of the brim; the crown is trimmed with riband and fancy flowers. Ermine muff.

**Evening Dress.**

A dress of canary-coloured satin; the corsage is cut low, square behind, and open in front nearly to the waist: it is finished with a trimming à revers, which is edged with blond lace. Satin sleeves, of the béret form, and long ones à l’imbécille, of gaze de Paris; the chemisette, which, from the make of the dress, is very much seen, is also of gaze de Paris, finished round the bust with two rows of narrow pointed blond lace. The hair is dressed full at the sides of the face, and in one large knot on the summit of the head, with a plaited braid twisted round it. A bandeau of pearls goes round the forehead, and a rose, with buds and foliage, is inserted in the braid at the back of the head.

**General Monthly Statement of Fashion.**

Oh! the good old times when November was literally a month of rest to milliners, dress-makers, and their fair patronesses! Novelty was never thought of, nor invention displayed in this short interregnum of fashion. We manage matters very differently now-a-days, when even this gloomiest of gloomy months, affords us more food for description and remark than any other in the calendar formerly used to do.

We must, however, confess that it is not in out-door costume, either for the carriage or for the promenade, that we can find any thing worthy of the attention of our fair readers. When we tell them that boa tippets are universally adopted, that cashmere shawls are in still greater favour than last month, and that a few silk mantles, lined and wadded, have been seen both in carriage and promenade dress, we inform them of all the changes that have actually taken place.

Muslins, of chintz patterns, still keep their ground in morning dress, but they are of darker and fuller colours than those worn in the summer. One of the prettiest of these dresses was made with a corsage partially high behind, open in front nearly to the ceinture, and turning back in the shawl style. This lappel, which was very deep behind, was shallow at the sides, and cut in large scallops. The sleeve was excessively wide at the upper part, and fastened just above the elbow in such a manner that it
hung over in the ruffle style; it was easy, but not wide, from the wrist to the elbow. The hem, which came nearly to the knee, was cut round the top in scallops, to correspond with the corsage; and an apron, of a three-quarter length, very narrow at the waist, but broad at the bottom, was also cut round in scallops; the waist-riband, which was of uncommon breadth, was striped in the colours of the dress; they were red, green, and brown; two shades of each.

Caps are much in favour in morning dress; they are composed of English lace, and are ornamented with a single knot of riband placed on one side, and another behind. The caul is cut bias, and made full in front, but not high; the caul is not embroidered, but the head-piece is, and very richly; it is about half a quarter in depth; a triple border of rich lace is disposed in round plaits; this style of cap, though very fashionable, is not generally becoming.

Gros de Naples, shaded in stripes, is coming much into favour in dinner dress. We see, also, a good many dresses of plain gros de Naples of dark colours. Many dinner gowns have the corsage made nearly up to the throat. Some are ornamented in front with folds arranged in the form of a fan; others are made quite plain; and a third sort are disposed in drapery which cross under the ceinture.

If the dress is high, it is made with long sleeves, either of crépe lisse, or of blond net over short silk sleeves. If the corsage is low, the sleeves are generally short. Some are finished by a knot of riband placed in the centre of the sleeve, the ends of which hang low; others are terminated by a fall of blond lace.

Dinner gowns are very little trimmed; a narrow flounce set on just above the knee, is almost the only ornament employed, except in full dress, for which embroidery is in great request; that is to say, for plain silks. The embroidery is either in detached bouquets placed immediately above the hem, or in a large wreath; the bouquets are frequently in colours; the wreaths are generally one or two shades lighter or darker than the dress.

Satin, crape, and watered silk, are the materials in favour for dress hats. Blond lace almost always forms a part of the trimming. The crowns, which are extremely low, are ornamented with blond lace draperies, placed in spiral directions; these draperies are sometimes looped on one side by a bouquet of flowers, or by one very large flower with a number of buds, and a good deal of foliage; the brims are of moderate size, and some are slightly turned up on one side.
MORNING DRESS.    DINNER DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR NOVEMBER 1830.

Published by James Roberts, 607 London.
Blond lace caps are also much in favour in full dress; they are still of the béret shape. Many have the front adorned with flowers in the style of a diadem; this ornament is so placed as to throw back the blond lace border, but in such a manner that it partially shades some of the flowers.

The hair is dressed very high; and it now begins to be very much ornamented in full dress. Feathers are much more in favour than flowers, but we still see a good many coiffures adorned with the latter. A cameo, or a jewelled ornament, is generally placed in the centre of the forehead, or else a string of pearls is brought round the base of the bows on the summit of the head, and descends very low upon the forehead.

Fashionable colours are dark green, brown, chesnut, rose-colour, blue, and citron.

**Modes de Paris.**

**Dinner Dress.**

A gown of gold-coloured gros d'Orient; the corsage, cut low and square, is finished round the bust with a deep trimmings, set on rather full; a rouleau of solitaire satin borders the bust, a second is placed near the edge of the trimmings. Long sleeve à la Medicis. The skirt is finished at the knee with a rouleau of solitaire satin, set on plain, and surmounted by two others disposed in small festoons. The chemisette is of blond lace, with a ruche of blond net. The hat is composed of straw-coloured crape, ornamented, on the inside of the brim, with white gauze riband; knots of gauze riband, and two ostrich feathers, ornament the crown.

**Morning Dress.**

A gown of gris lavande gros de Naples, corsage en cour. The sleeve is of the usual size to the elbow, the fulness from thence to the wrist is arranged in alternate plaits and bouffons. The trimmings of the skirt consists of a flounce of the same material, printed in a running pattern at the edge, and headed by a twisted rouleau. Canzou à la Marie, of India jaconot muslin; the half sleeves, collars, and body of the canzou, are very richly embroidered in a lace pattern. Cravat of gauze riband to correspond, in colour, with the dress. Hat of fawn-coloured gros de Naples, ornamented, on the inside of the brim, with a bandeau of riband, and a knot of riband of the artichoke form; the crown is trimmed with a similar knot in front, and a bouquet of blue snowballs. A band of riband, which goes round the crown, terminates in a smaller knot behind.
STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN OCTOBER.

Owing to the continuance of fine weather, promenade dress is still of rather a light description for the time of year; or rather we should say it is a melange of summer and winter costume, for cashmere shawls, and boa tippets, are universally adopted; but we still see a great many coloured muslins, and even several white dresses; these latter are most beautifully embroidered.

Bonnets, for the promenade, are now always composed either of silk or satin. They are, upon the whole, rather more in favour than hats, though the latter are adopted by many elegant women. Bonnets are still worn very large, and rather of a close shape; they are generally trimmed with riband; the nœuds are so arranged that at a distance they resemble a large flower, or else they are composed of a cluster of pointed ends. Striped and shaded ribands are coming much into favour. If the bonnet is of a light colour, the ribands are always of dark and wintry hues, but if it is dark, the ribands are of delicate but brilliant colours.

Hats are in general adorned with feathers, although we still see a good many trimmed with flowers, which are still of the three colours. Some hats are also trimmed with feathers of the national colours; others are adorned with plumes of one colour only; they have generally double brides, one which passes under the chin, and is trimmed with a double row of blond lace; the others hang loose, or are sometimes negligently tied without bows under the chin.

We do not perceive that hats have diminished in size this month, and it is now doubtful whether they will not be as large as ever this winter; nothing can, however, be positively said on that point for at least a month to come.

Hats continue to be very much ornamented inside of the brim; some have a twisted riband placed in an oblique direction, with knots at each end; others are adorned with rosettes. A good many have a band of riband, arranged in the form of a V, on one side of the crown, and under the brim is a similar ornament on the opposite side.

Gros de Naples, and various kinds of fancy silks, are in favour in dinner and evening dress. Trimmings appear to be quite out of favour at present, with the exception of embroidery, which is generally adopted for evening dresses, especially for those of organdy, which is a material still in favour for evening parties, particularly for ball dresses. It is worn in white, rose-colour, and blue; but the two latter colours are most in favour.

Evening dresses continue to be cut very low, and the bodies
are much ornamented. Some have the front of the bust disposed in drapery; others are made plain, with a very broad trimming, which, rising in front of the bust from beneath the ceinture, passes round the back and shoulders; it is much deeper behind, and nearly pointed in the centre. There are also a good many dresses, the bodies of which still continue to be made entirely open in front. The chemisettes worn with these latter are frequently a three-quarter height, and most beautifully embroidered.

Crape, gaze de Lyons, and satin, are the materials in favour for full dress and half dress hats. Capotes are still very much in favour in half dress. Several have been lately seen at the Opera, composed of rose-coloured crape, the brims arranged in pipes, and finished at the edge with ruches, also composed of crape of the three national colours. A white, red, and blue rose, were placed obliquely, and at some distance from each other, on one side of the capote; one flower was placed at the top of the crown, another at the base of it, and a third on the brim, about half-way to the edge.

The style of hair-dressing which was lately so graceful and becoming, is changing every day for the worse. The Chinese style, so decidedly unbecoming to the generality of faces, is that generally adopted by very young ladies. Head-dresses of this kind are often adorned only by the rich gold or jewelled comb which fastens up the hair, or a bow of riband surmounting the knot of hair. The most novel style of ornamenting them is with marabouts, which are generally five in number; they are intermingled with small flowers.

A style of head-dress much in favour for married ladies is called à la Leontine, from the actress, Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, who introduced it. The hair, parted so as partially to display the forehead, is dressed in a profusion of corkscrew ringlets, which hang low at the sides of the face; the hind hair is arranged in three bows; two have the form of a butterfly, the third surmounts them. A gauze scarf, arranged in a twisted rouleau, passes round the back part of the head, and forms the nœuds, one in the centre of the butterfly bow, the other on one of the tufts of ringlets.

Another style of hair-dressing, which has appeared within the last few days, is copied from a portrait of Madame de Sevigné; the hair is arranged in bands across the forehead, a single curl only is suffered to stray on each cheek; the hind hair is divided into two parts, one of which forms a very full bow on the summit
of the head; the other is arranged in a cluster of corkscrew ringlets, which, apparently fastened by a needle of riband, fall over the back of the head upon the throat.

The national colours continue in request; the other colours in favour are milk, chocolate, *rose de Parnasse*, gris lavande, dark green, and yellow.

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.**

**BIRTHS.** — In Cadogan Place, the lady of A. French, Esq. of a son. — On the 1st ult. in Wilton Place, Mrs. J. C. Hunter, of a daughter. — At Cambridge, the lady of A. H. Pearson, Esq. of a daughter. — At Standen House, Isle of Wight, the lady of J. A. Loyd, Esq. of a son. — At Cobham Hall, Lady Clifton, of a daughter. — In Portman Square, the Hon. Mrs. Heathcote, of a son. — In Portman Square, the lady of Major Dickson, of a son. — The lady of S. B. Worms, Esq. at Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, of a son. — At Portsmouth, the lady of Captain Frederick Whinyates, of the Royal Engineers, of a daughter. — The lady of Henry Wilson, Esq. of Stowlangtoft, Suffolk, of a daughter. — At Gisburne Park, the seat of Lord Ribblesdale, the Lady Ribblesdale, of a daughter. — In Chesterfield Street, May Fair, the lady of William Ewart, Esq. of a daughter. — At Brixton Oval, Surrey, the lady of George Child, Esq. of a son.


**DEATHS.** — At Ickworth, the seat of the Marquis of Bristol, the Hon. Eliza Harriet Ellis, only daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden. — At Corunna, Ann, wife of Richard Bartlett, Esq. his Majesty's Consul at Corunna. — At Windsor, Caroline Ann Thurlow, daughter of Sir D. Cunynghame, Bart. aged 20. — In Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, in the 91st year of her age, the Dowager Lady Young, relict of the late Admiral Sir George Young, of Formosa Place, Bucks.
THE
LADIES' MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1830.

ADDRESS.
Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—Horace.
And join both profit and delight in one.—Creech.

Time, the purifier, the perfecter, and, ultimately, the destroyer
of all things, after having borne the “Ladies’ Museum” through
a period of many lustrums, now rests it in the hands of a new
proprietorship. An editorial change has taken place, and an
totally new management is about to be adopted. On the 1st of
next month, a New and Improved Series will be commenced, to
the success of which we shall devote the strenuous and united
efforts of Mind and Money. And we proudly hope, ere many
moons shall have waned, to see our Magazine rising bright and
Phoenix-like from the humble basis on which we are about to
build! Courteous Reader, deem not that we are exalted by a
false and fugitive expectation—think not that the “gusty breath
of pride” is sweeping across our minds to deceive us with its
momentary but scorching blast! On the contrary, we prithee
listen to the proposed alterations which will be effected in our
new arrangements, both as regarding manner and matter.

We know that our fair Readers, with that nice and discrimi-
nating taste which is so peculiarly their characteristic, are wont
to admire the illuminations of art, as well as the treasures of in-
formation and amusement, which ought to enrich and diversify a
Periodical offered to their especial patronage; it is our intention,
therefore, to procure the finest Plates, and to employ the best
Artists within our reach, and we promise them that they shall find
us constantly and progressively improving in this particular.
The work shall also be much enlarged in its dimensions, and shall
boast a smart exterior, although it will not indeed be either orna-
mented or disfigured by the head of a Minerva, with her unbe-
coming, if not frightful, helmet. We seek no aid from the
Heathen Goddess of Wisdom and War, lest it should be supposed
that we require the aid of her spear as well as her brain—but we
will be satisfied, and, oh, how proudly so! with the inspiring
effects of your approving smiles. But although we intend to pay
much attention to our dress, the greater portion of our zeal will,
on all occasions, be directed to mental, rather than to visual, gra-
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tification. We will, however, endeavour assuredly to combine both. Our pages will be replete, we trust, with vigour and taste; and feeling that the female mind is at last justly admitted to a scale of intellect coequal with that of man, it will be our object to mingle amusement with instruction—sporting in this page with the flowers and graces of a light and redolent fancy, and in that directing the genius and engaging the graver attention of our friends. We shall introduce a Portfolio of Curious and Amusing Scraps, and we intend also to spread the choice pages of our Album to their view. And a judicious Notice of Books, with an account of the Drama and Fine Arts, and the Chitchat of the Month, with all the requisite addenda to a work like ours, which will of course include the London and Parisian Fashions, will, we hope, entitle us to an extended patronage.

It behoves us now to state that, although we propose to take no absolute share in the Political Discussions of the day, as not belonging to the soft ethereal influences of the female mind, yet shall we, when we see occasion, stand proudly forward in the defence of our constitutional greatness, and resolutely hurl the gauntlet of defiance in the very face of the bold, bad men of the times. Readers, our religion is Protestant, and we shall ever be ready to advocate its cause by the words of Truth against the encroachments or anathemas of Ignorance, Superstition, or Folly.

We hope we need hardly add that no specimen of ribald wit, no unseemly jest, shall ever pollute our pure pages: we would not raise a laugh by aught that would tinge

The cheek of beauty with the blush of shame.

Our foot is in the arena; we have entered the lists with a pure and chivalric devotion to the Fair; and we challenge a generous rivalry with all who contend in the same honourable career; but our's is a just and open field—we disdain alike the shufflings of art, or the ambiguities of inuendo! And in carrying the palm of victory high above the clamours of the conflict, we will never trample on an unsuccessful opponent. In such a contention an energetic earnestness will be induced—it will be the spirit-stirring call to Genius; and its consequence—the gratification of the Fair.

Thus much do we promise to do and to be, and we invite the strict scrutiny of all to our work, which will appear in its more perfect form on the 1st of next month; and, it may not be improper to add, without any additional charge to our Subscribers.
STANZAS.

By A. H.

What art thou, Thought? a spirit, o'er whose wings
A thousand shades, a thousand colours fly—
These radiant as the hues Aurora flings
Above the op'ning portals of the sky;
Those dark and solemn as the midnight cloud,
That o'er the buried world doth wrap its silent shroud.

Whence art thou, Thought? from whom hast thou thy birth?
A mere material thing, of finer clay
Than this dull body, yet the child of earth,
And with thy frail companion to decay;
Each fram'd her law of being to fulfil,
And work in briefest space her end of good or ill.

And wherefore art thou? sent awhile to light
The mariners that sail on Life's rough sea,
A transient glory in oblivion's night,
Too quickly perishing, no more to be!
Can all thy lustre, all thy awful pow'r,
Sink in the gloom of death, the meteor of an hour?

Or art thou from above, a beam divine,
A radiance struck from the eternal mind—
For ever bright, when planets cease to shine,
And fails attractive force the stars to bind?
A maze of light the path of Heaven to show,
Or an avenging flame through endless years to glow!

REMEMBRANCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.—NO. V.

By the Author of "The Hermit in London."

THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND,

Accept this latest favour from my hands,
Which, living, honoured thee.—Shakespeare.

Life may be truly compared to a campaign, in which we are
more or less successful. To some it is brief and disastrous in-
deed—a mere skirmish for existence; some few seem, like the
favourites of Fortune, carrying all before them—success
follows success. The conquest of hearts belongs to the fair
sex alone; their victories are gentle, although uncertain;
and we surrender to them willingly—not always at discretion.
In this campaign how much have we to suffer and to provide
against! It is one continual war, not only of the passions
and of the eventful hostilities of life, but (to the soldier and
seaman) of circumstances, of elements, of climates, and con-
flicting interests, not of himself, but of the sovereign or other
power which he defends. What a host to make head against!
How difficult to advance, engage, and retreat, or to pilot his
bark (in the instance of the naval novice) through such powerful opponents! What little time is there for repose; how much too little for reflection; and how is the military man libelled and misrepresented, when he is described as a thoughtless butterfly, a mere man of pleasure! A soldier and a sailor ought not to be possessed of the finest woven feelings, such as the delicate hand of Nature sheds over our sensibilities, like a transparent veil, half concealing, half discovering, objects of interest and sympathy, and bestowing enchantment and mystery on them; enlightening further our enjoyments, and doubly overclouding our sorrows and regrets; raising our fond hopes like a bow bent to its full tension, and tempering the arrow of affliction with the sharpest edge and deadliest point.

A soldier and a sailor, I repeat it, are to be pitied when they are agonizingly alive to love, to friendship, to susceptibility, to delays, slights, and, above all, to reverses of fortune; the life which each has to lead, incessantly exposes him to be wounded in every instance where exquisite sensibility is engaged; what ties can he, with peacefulness or safety, make, whose life hangs upon the trumpet’s blast, whose time is less his own than that of any other rational being, whose locomotive profession tears him continually from home, country, repose, pastime, and (cruellest separation of all) from the embrace of friendship, and from the bosom of love? If an aspirant to martial honours and achievements could divest himself of the man, which ever predominates over the warrior, he would never form intimacies, court connections, nor trust himself in those situations which unite us to beings, places, habits, and strong sympathies—which involve the heart and mind in difficulties, fix the will where the person may not be, chain us to affections which only enliven to destroy, or entangle us in pleasure’s net; and then, what a piece of work a man would become, divested of the feelings which would make him lean to all those gentle invitings of happiness and repose!

Let us now, for a moment, examine the military man’s life when not actually engaged in mortal strife, or preparing and providing for and against it—when not embarked on board a disgust- ing, incommodious transport, bound for a foreign station, vegetating in some remote and solitary quarter, or imprisoned, by dire disease, within the walls of a military hospital, what does he look for beyond the bounds of his barrack and mess-room—beyond the resources of comrades’ table talk, stale jokes, regimental trite detail, his bottle and his cigar? His roving imagination may lead him to gratify his curiosity by extensive change of scene, by
THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

A great variety of fresh objects, but the general desideratum consists in snug quarters, a fine plentiful country, a good neighbourhood, lots of amusement, and "though last not least in our dear love," the eye and smile of beauty to sweeten the cup of life; and what are the results? I will not be unjust, and sully the page with the annals of unsoldierly, unmanly infamy, by admitting that the ruin of female virtue forms a part of the soldier's amusements—the instances are rare and horrifying, and they consign the seducer to the vengeance of the brave and the hatred of mankind. But, alas! the heart is prone to rest upon some dear object, and we poor redcoats flirt and dance ourselves into attachments which leave an aching void when separation takes place; we meet with those who would render life's dreary march delightful; we grow familiar with the daily happiness of gentle society which our only comfort clings to, when the rout comes, and orders for the march or embarkation break the charm of our existence; we love, and think we are beloved, but we cannot marry; and if we can, a victim may have to reproach us with the sad vicissitudes of a soldier's life; (the sailor has pretty much the same fate before him;) we are awakened from dreams of delight, and are overtaken by a shot, or the yellow fever, with a letter, a riband, a lock of hair, or miniature, for our whole fortune; a legacy to be transmitted, or rather to be returned, to her who has captivated and made us wretched, and whose peace of mind we have incautiously, or vainly, trespassed on: if chance restore us to our native land, and bring us, perhaps, once more to the scene of past bliss, the enchantress is absent, married, or no more; these are sad remembrances, and it is of one of these that I am about to recall the sad and aching recollection.

I had a friend whose whole life was one unwearied scene of kindnesses and of courtesies; her days ran like a pure stream, benefiting and refreshing the gentle path through which it flowed. Maria was one of those few unmixed characters which bear but one cast—indefeasible goodness was the die, and Nature seemed to have broken it when she was removed from earth. I knew her in all stages of life, unalterable and unalterable; single, married, a mother, a widow, a neighbour, and a bosom-friend; so well was she known by her acts of feeling and beneficence, of exalted friendship, and active charity, that she bore, in the circle of her intimate acquaintances, the enviable name of the peace-maker. Her age being far more advanced than my own, I contemplated the lines of time stealing on her sweet face with fearful regrets. I beheld the silvery tints blanching her once luxuriant tresses;
I lost insensibly the mild radiance of her eye, which seemed like the light of a delightful evening lingering o'er the landscape which it had before gilded and softened by its beams; I was aware, year after year, and still more when longer absent on military duty, that her form was leaning towards that earth which soon was to be its couch; and all this I viewed with fearful anticipation. At length the day came, and it was my lot to receive her departing breath—to lean, in an agony of grief, over that bosom which bore a matchless heart—to hear the faltering accents of her last prayers—to mingle my unworthy ones with her's—to bedew with my tears that hand which had been so often pressed in mine, so often held out to invite others to reconciliation, so often unfolded to assist the indigent. Her spirit fled, and I literally closed her eyes; her last accents to me were those of affection; they are now speaking to my mind, swelling the tide of sorrow in my breast, and the feeling reader must supply what pen cannot describe.

I followed all that remained of Maria to her long home; I saw her lowered into the humble grave marked out for her last earthly abode; an unostentatious funeral closed the last scene, nor was monument nor sarcophagus, urn nor tombstone, tablet nor vault, left to record her existence; a pillow of turf, a wooden cross, the name Maria, and the emblems of three tears painted on the sable wood; these were all that could announce her resting-place—all that could tell that she had ever been. Well, what could sculptured marble or engraven stone, a verse, the poetical epitaph, or historic eulogy, bestow upon her? nothing. A cross—a tear—mourning and living memory—these suited best the simplicity of her life. I thought of having a pine-tree planted near the spot, but it had been too gloomy; there was nothing dark and treacherous in Maria's mind: a willow, it is too common; there were many in the cemetery: in a word, the spot was left as unadorned as her life was unassuming.

I quitted the country which possesses her remains, joined again the warfare of earthly existence, saw divers scenes, passed through divers vicissitudes—friends and comrades falling around me like the autumnal leaves—and when returned on leave of absence, I resolved to make a pilgrimage to the land where I had looked my last on that spot, where the remains of her who still lives in my remembrances and affections recline in the sleep of death. Seasons had rolled over her head, every thing had changed; the storm had lashed the sepulchral yews at the entrance of the field of death; other tenants of the inclosure formed a mass of graves
surrounding that in which the casket of a bright jewel was deposited; the high grass masked the raised turf, and concealed the willow osiers which bound her sad covering; my memory seemed to fail me, my head reeled, and I sat down on a grave-stone to recover myself and recollect the situation, as well as to discover objects which might point out Maria's grave: it seemed strange and painful that she who was now obliterated from the page of life, struck off from the roll of the living children of men, should also be no longer found even in the records of the dead. I mused, and my spirits sunk; an icy coldness seized me, and my heart felt like a heavy flint within me; at length the hollow wind waved the long grass to and fro, and, bending it to the earth, discovered the cross, the pillow of turf, and the narrow bed of my beloved friend, when, on hastening to the place of her internment, other changes met my eye. The name was no longer legible, the tears were washed away, and all traces of them dried up; how soon, alas! do those of the surviving cease to flow for the departed! Not so with mine; emblems of mortality, of wreck and ruin, struck deeply to my heart, and I must have forgotten myself to stone* had I not paid this last tribute to departed worth. I looked all around, one little novelty claimed my attention; a wild violet grew at the foot of the grave, sweet, modest, and interesting, like the blue eye of beauty (such was Maria's) emerging from a tear. I was about to pluck it, and to preserve it as a relic, but I reflected that it could no where abide more properly than at my dear friend's grave: she sweetened that cup to others which was bitter to herself; she shed the odour of charity around her; she smiled to cheer the afflicted, and bloomed, like this floweret, in the shade of retirement. It was her constant practice to hide from the world's eye those private virtues, the lustre of which has no mirror held up to reflect them here; to steal, unperceived, to the pillow of poverty, desolation, sickness, and care, and there to ply her willing office—to counsel in secret, and to interpose her persuasive agency where wounds were to be cicatrised, breaches cemented, and broken links to be reunited, taking often blame and responsibility on herself: the

* There are some very beautiful verses in Italian, on contemplating a marble cross with the emblem of the Saviour on it; it commences by saying, that the cross is of marble, so was the Redeemer in purity, in immovable firmness and constancy; his judges and the Jews were of marble, from the obduracy of their hearts; and it concludes by these impressive lines—

Ed io chi Spettator rimango,
Di marmo son io si non piango.
roof of wretchedness had no repulsive horror in it for her, contagion created no fear in her strong mind.* If there were any truth in the transmigration of souls, any thing probable in that specious fallacy—one might as well imagine that our humanity might change its substance into vegetable as well as into animal matter—in that case, Maria might have, after decomposition, assumed the form of this sweet lowly flower, still to comfort and captivate regretful friends in the lone pathway of life. But no, the living flower has faded, its perfume is dissipated; another and another shall occupy its place on earth, and here, beneath it, corruption and the worm dwell together. And where art thou, Maria, friend of my soul? in Heaven, I hope, and fresh in the remembrances of

An Old Soldier.

LINES.
Oh! ask me not to sing to-night,
My soul has lost its tuneful tone,
And I would steal from mortal sight,
To commune with myself alone.
There is an hour to which the heart,
The gayest, liveliest heart must bow;
There is an hour the tear will start
Warm to the cheek—I feel it now.
Then let me weep, I would not lose
The sweetness of so sad an hour;
The dew that gilds the morning rose
Will purify, not harm the flow'r.

The Sailor's Tear.
A Tale Founded on Fact.

"I dearly love a sailor!" exclaimed the beautiful and fascinating Lady L——, as she stood in the balcony of her house, leaning upon the arm of her affectionate and indulgent husband, and gazing at a poor shattered tar who supplicated charity by a look that could hardly fail of interesting the generous sympathies of the heart—"I dearly love a sailor; he is so truly the child of nature; and I never feel more disposed to shed tears, than when I see the hardy veteran who has sacrificed his youth, and even his limbs, in the service of his country—"

Now cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

Look at yon poor remnant of the tempest, probably reduced to the hard necessity of becoming a wanderer, without a home to shelter

* Maria caught a malignant fever by visiting a pauper.
him, or one kind commiserating smile to shed a ray of sunshine on the dreary winter of his life. I can remember, when a child, I had an uncle who loved me very tenderly, and my attachment to him was almost that of a daughter; indeed he was the pride and admiration of our village; for every one esteemed him for his kind and cheerful disposition. But untoward events cast a gloom upon his mind; he hastened away to sea, and we never saw him more."

By this time the weather-beaten, care-worn seaman had advanced toward the house, and cast a wistful glance aloft; it was full of honest pride that disdained to beg, yet his appearance was so marked with every emblem of poverty and hunger, that, as the conflicting feelings worked within his breast, his countenance betrayed involuntarily the struggles of his heart. There was a manly firmness in his deportment, that bespoke no ordinary mind; and a placid serenity in his eye, that beamed with benevolence, and seemed only to regret that he could no longer be a friend to the poor and destitute, or share his hard-earned pittance with a messenger in distress. A few scattered grey locks peeped from beneath an old straw hat; and one sleeve of his jacket hung unoccupied by his side—the arm was gone. "I should like to know his history," said the amiable lady; "let us send for him in." To express a wish, and have it gratified, were the same thing to Lady L——, and in a few minutes the veteran tar stood before them. "Would you wish to hear a tale of woe?" cried the old man, in answer to her request. "Ah, no! why should your tender heart be wounded by another's grief? I have been buffeted by the storms of affliction—I have struggled against the billows of adversity—every wave of sorrow has rolled over me; but," added he, while a glow of conscious integrity suffused his furrowed cheek, "I have always done my duty; and that conviction has buoyed me up when nearly overwhelmed in the ocean of distress. Yet, lady, it was not always thus: I have been happy —was esteemed, and, as I thought, beloved. I had a friend, in whom I reposed the highest confidence, and my affections were devoted to one;—but, she is gone—she is gone! and I—yes! we shall meet again:" here he paused, dashed a tear from his eye, and then proceeded:—"My friend was faithless: he robbed me of the dearest treasure of my heart, and blasted every hope of future happiness. I left my native land to serve my country: have fought her battles, and bled in her defence. On the 29th of May, and glorious 1st of June, 1794, I served on board the Queen Charlotte, under gallant Howe, and was severely wounded
in the breast—but I did my duty. On that memorable occasion, a circumstance occurred which added to my bitterness and melancholy. The decks were cleared—the guns cast loose, and every man stood in eager expectation at his quarters. It is an awful moment, lady, and various conflicting emotions agitate the breast when, in the calm stillness that reigns fore and aft, the mind looks back upon the past, and contemplates the future. Home, wife, children, and every tender remembrance rush upon the soul. It is different in the heat of action: then every faculty is employed for conquest, that each man may have to say, “I have done my duty.” But when bearing down to engage, and silence is so profound that every whisper may be heard, then their state of mind—it cannot be described. Sailors know what it is, and conquering it by cool determination and undaunted bravery, nobly do their duty. I was stationed at the starboard side of the quarter deck, and looked around me with feelings incident to human nature, yet wishing for and courting death. The admiral, with calm composure, surrounded by his captains and signal officers, stood near me, while brave Bowen, the master, occupied the ladder, and gave directions to the quarter-master at the helm. The enemy opened their fire, and the captains of the guns stood ready with their matches in their hand, waiting for the word. The work of destruction commenced, and many of our shipmates lay bleeding on the deck, but not a shot had we returned. “Stand by there, upon the main deck,” cried the first lieutenant. “Steady, my men! Wait for command, and don’t throw your fire away!” “All ready, sir,” was responded fore and aft. At this moment a seaman advanced upon the quarter deck, attended by a young lad (one of the fore-top men) whose pale face and quivering lip betrayed the tremulous agitation of fear. The lieutenant gazed at him for a few seconds with marked contempt and indignation, but all stood silent. The officer turned towards the admiral, and on again looking round, perceived that the lad had fainted, and lay lifeless in the seaman’s arms, who gazed upon the bloodless countenance of his charge with a look of anguish and despair. “Carry him below,” said the lieutenant, “and let him skulk from his duty; this day must be a day of glory!” The poor fellow seemed unconscious that he was spoken to, but still continued to gaze upon the lad. The officer beckoned to a couple of men, who immediately advanced, and were about to execute his orders, when the seaman put them back with his hand, exclaiming, “No! she is mine, and we will live or die together!” Oh! lady, what a scene was that! The frown quitted
The lieutenant's brow, and a tear trembled in his eye. The generous Howe and his brave companions gathered round, and there was not a heart that did not feel what it was to be beloved. Yes! mine alone was dreary, like the lightning-blasted wreck. We were rapidly approaching the French admiral's ship, the Montague: the main decks fired, and the lower deck followed the example. The noise brought her to her recollection; she gazed wildly on all, and then clinging closer to her lover, sought relief in tears. "T——," said his lordship, mildly, "this must not be—go, go, my lad; see her safe in the cockpit, and then I know that you will do your duty." A smile of animation lightened up his agitated face. "I will! I will!" cried he, "God bless your lordship, I will! for I have always done my duty;"—and taking his trembling burthen in his arms, supported her to a place of safety. In a few minutes he was again at his gun, and assisted in pouring the first raking broadside into our opponent's stern. Since that time I have served in most of the general actions; and knelt by the side of the hero Nelson, when he resigned himself to the arms of death. But, whether stationed upon deck amidst the blood and slaughter of battle—the shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying—or clinging to the shrouds during the tempestuous howling of the storm, while the wild waves were beating over me—whether coasting along the luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean, or surrounded by ice-bergs in the Polar sea—one thought, one feeling possessed my soul, and that was devoted to the being I adored. Years rolled away; but that deep, strong, deathless passion distance could not subdue, nor old age founder. Tis now about seven years since the British troops under Wellington were landed on the continent. I was employed with a party of seamen on shore in transporting the artillery and erecting batteries. A body of the French attacked one of our detachments, and, after considerable slaughter on both sides, the enemy were compelled to retreat. We were ordered to the field to bring in the wounded and prisoners. Never—never shall I forget that day: the remembrance even now unmans me. Oh, lady! forgive these tears, and pity the anguish of an old man's heart. Day had just began to dawn when we arrived upon the plain, and commenced our search among the bodies, to see if there were any who yet remained lingering in existence. Passing by and over heaps of dead, my progress was suddenly arrested, and every fibre of my heart was racked, on seeing a female sitting by the mangled remains of an English soldier. She was crouched upon the ground, her face resting on her lap, and every feature hid from
Her long black hair hung in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders, and her garments closed round her person, heavy with the cold night-rains; one hand clasped that of the dead soldier, the other arm was thrown around his head. Every feeling of my soul was roused to exertion—I approached—she raised herself up, and—and—great Heaven! 'twas she—the woman whom I loved! She gazed with sickly horror; and, though greatly altered—though time and sorrow had chased away the bloom of health—though scarce a trace of former beauty remained, those features were too deeply engraven on my memory for me to be mistaken; but she knew me not. I forgot all my wrongs, and rushing forward, clasped her to my breast. Oh what a moment was that! she made an ineffectual struggle for release, and then fainted in my arms. Some of my shipmates came to the spot, and turning over the lifeless form before us, my eyes rested on the countenance of him who had once been my friend. But death disarms resentment; he was beyond my vengeance, and had already been summoned to the tribunal of the Most High. When I had last seen him, affluence, prosperity, and happiness, were the portion of us all. Now—but I cannot, cannot repeat the distressing tale; let it suffice, lady, that she was carried to a place of safety, and every effort used to restore animation, in which we were eventually successful. How shall I describe our meeting, when she recognized me?—it is impossible; I feel it now in every nerve, but to tell you is beyond my power. Through the kindness of a generous officer, I procured her a passage to England, and gave her all that I possessed, with this one request; that she would remain at Plymouth till my return to port. In a few months afterwards we anchored in the Sound, and, as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to obtain leave to go on shore; it was denied me—yes, cruelly denied me. Stung to madness, I did not hesitate; but as soon as night had closed in, slipped down the cables and swam to land. With eager expectation I hurried to the house in which I had requested her to remain. I crossed the threshold unobserved, for all was silent as the grave, and gently ascended the stairs. The room door was partly open, and a faint light glimmered on the table. The curtains of the bed were undrawn, and there—there lay gasping in the last convulsive agonies of nature—Oh, lady! she was dying—I rushed into the room, threw myself by her side, and implored her to live for me. She knew me—yes, she knew me—but at that very instant an officer with an armed party entered the apartment. They had watched me, and I was arrested as a deserter—arrested did I say?
Ay! but not till I had stretched one of the insulting rascals at my feet. I was handcuffed, and bayonets were pointed at my breast. Vain was every entreaty for one hour, only one hour. The dying woman raised herself upon her pillow—she stretched forth her hand to mine, manacled as they were—she fell back, and Emma—yes, my Emma was no more. Despair, rage, fury, worked up the fiends within my soul! I struggled to burst my fetters, dashed them at all who approached me; but overcome at length, was borne to the common gaol. I was tried for desertion, and, on account of my resistance, was flogged through the fleet.* I had acted improperly as a seaman, but I had done my duty as a man. It was not my intention to desert my ship, but my feelings overpowered me, and I obeyed their dictates. Yet now I felt indignant at my punishment, and took the first opportunity to escape; but whither could I go?—there was no protection for me. One visit, one lonely visit was paid to the grave of her who was now at rest for ever; and I again entered on board the ———, bound to the West India station. I fought in several actions, and lost my arm. But the R* for desertion was still against my name, and though I obtained a pension for my wound, I could obtain none for servitude. I cannot apply to the friends of my youth, for they believe me dead; and who would credit the assertions of a broken-hearted sailor? No, no: a few short months, and the voyage of life will be over; then will old Will Jennings be laid in peace by the side of Emma Wentworth, and wait for the last great muster before Him who searcheth all hearts, and rewardeth those seamen who have done their duty.” Here he ceased, while L—— turned to his lady, whose loud sobs gave witness to the sympathy of her heart; but the agony increased to hysterical convulsions—she sprang hastily on her feet—shrieked, “‘Tis he! ’tis William! ’tis my uncle!” and fell upon his neck!

SONG.

By James Knox.

Oh! why should a vision of sorrow
Oppress thy young spirit to-night,
When Fancy is painting the morrow
With images blooming and bright?

* When will this blot upon the military and naval character of our country be done away with? How subversive is it of those high feelings of honour and pride which ought to possess the bosoms of all who battle in her cause. The very officers must feel degraded while superintending the infliction of corporal punishment on those under their command.

Ed. L. M.

Dec. 1830.
SONG.

The hopes which our bosoms have cherish'd,
Like flow'rs, will too rapidly fade,
But we know that, as soon as they've perish'd,
Some others will bloom in their stead.

Adversity's tempests o'ertaking,
Our souls may in darkness entomb;
But pleasure is constantly breaking
In light, through the vista of gloom.
Then banish the vision of sorrow,
That darkens thy spirit to-night,
For Fancy is painting the morrow
With images blooming and bright!

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family."

(From the "Friendship's Offering.")

The faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known: perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one harm, to exhibit them in a favourable light to their British fellow-subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from, while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough, bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general remarks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian.
He gave vent to none of the poor man’s complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who he might have supposed had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance—and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child—he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bed-side, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying—stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant—often we have heard him whisper to himself, (and to another who heard him!) “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” Such men need not always make bad neighbours.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man’s knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant’s abode some time after. He has not sunk under “the sickness.” He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But, in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father, and his surviving child, are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potatoe and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

“I wish Mr. Evans was in the place,” cogitated Michaul Carroll; “a body could spake for’nt him, and not spake for nothlin’, for all that he’s an Englishman; and I don’t like the thoughts o’ goin’ up to the house to the steward’s face—it wouldn’t turn kind to a body. May be he’d soon come home to us, the masther himself.”

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul’s hope proved vain. Mr.
Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the "hard" steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble foot into the adjacent town. It was market day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known "stannin," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopt a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, musha, what's the harm o' that," he said to himself; "only here's the ould father, an' her pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well, asthore, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have betther food—that's all; ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room—"Don't be a-crying to-night, father—you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'."

"The good break'ast, ma-bauchal? * a-then, an' where 'ill id come from?"

"A body promised it to me, father."

"Avich? Michaul, an' sure its fun you're making of us, now, at any rate. Bud, the good night, a chorra, † an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last: that was always an' ever

* My boy.
† Term of endearment.
my word to you, poor boy, since you was the years o' your own
weenock, now fast asleep at my side; an' its my word to you,
now, ma-bauchal; an' you won't forget it; and there's one
sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her
little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michaul a-vourneen.''

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated,
though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man,
old Carroll soon dropt asleep, with his arms round his little
grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the
middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. With-
out moving he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window,
through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called
to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again:
all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where
Michaule had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through
the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared
at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to
Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin,
trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the
language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant.
In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and
present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice
from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men,
and love for, and dependance upon God, which, as he has truly
said, he had constantly addressed to his son, since his earliest
childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his
precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties
of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path?
to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on
their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bould
woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some
of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his
circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the
personal peril incurred by Michaule; and his agitation, incurred
by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague-fit,
when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they
ceased: but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on
its crazy hinges, came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He
dressed himself; stole out cautiously; peeped into the barn,
through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full con-
firmation. There, indeed, sat Michaule, busily and earnestly en-
gaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans's field.

The sight sickened the father:—the blood on his son's hands, and all! He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent little grandson.

About an hour afterwards, Michael came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what holg* is on you now, ma-bauchal?"
"Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear."
"An' who's the good christin' I'll give id to us, Michael?"
"Oh, you'll know that soon, father: now, a good bye:"—he hurried to the door.

"A good bye, then, Michael; bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothin'," stammered Michael, changing colour, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from any thing he then saw.)

"Well, avich, an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong; or any thing to make you look so quare, an' spake so strange to your father, this mornin':—only I ax you, Michael, over agin, who has took such a suddn likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast?—an' answer me straighth, Michael—what is id to be, that you call it so good?"

"The good mate, father:"—he was again passing the threshold.

"Stop!" cried his father; "stop, an' turn forment me. Mate?—the good mate?—What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michael? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"

"Why, as I said afore, father, a body that—"

"A body that thieved id, Michael Carroll!" added the old

* What are you about.
man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a
body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me,
Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me
to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know
that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the
mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, out-
right, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented
to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn
a thief's recaver, at this hour o' your life, an' ather growin' up
from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself,
or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that.
Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened,
for a start; an' the thought o' getting comfort for the ould father,
an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout look-
in' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me,"
interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large
and hard hands over his face.

"Well, thin, an' I won't, avich; I won't;—nothin' to
throuble you, sure: I didn't mean it;—only this, a-vourneen,
don't bring a mouthful of the bad, unlucky victuals into this
cabin; the pyaties, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o'
the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will
be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks ather our poor meal,
or ather no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes
for to-morrow strengher, avich-ma-chree, than if we faisted on
the fat o' the land, but could'nt ax a blessing on our faist."

"Well, thin, I won't, either, father; I won't:—an' sure you
have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to
beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my
nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast."

"My vourneen you are, Michaul, an' my blessing on your
head; yes, to be sure, avich, beg, an' I'll beg wid you—sorrow a
shame is in that:—No; but a good deed, Michaul, when its done
to keep us honest. So come; we'll go among the christhins to-
gether. Only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me
—tell one thing."

"What, father?" Michaul began to suspect.

"Never be afraid to tell me, Michael Carroll, ma-bauchal? I
won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry; an' your
Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, avich,
there would be danger in quitting the place widout hiding well
every scrap of any thing that could tell on us."
"Tell on us! What can tell on us?" demanded Michaul;
"what's in the place to tell on us?"
"Nothín' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but——"
"But what, father?"
"Have you left nothin' in the way, out there?" whispered the
old man, pointing towards the barn.
"Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all,
now, father? Sure you know its your ownself has kep me from
as much as laying a hand on it."
"Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night,
avich, an' so——"
"Curp-an-dwoul!" imprecated Michaul—"this is too bad, at
any rate; no I didn't—last night, or any other night—let me
alone, I bid you, father."
"Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the
son once more hurried to the door: and his words were instantly
obeved. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the
old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging
his head, and saying in a low voice—"Hushth, now, father—it's
time."
"No, Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it is not time; come out
with me to the barn."
"Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply: he had
glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sun-light
on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open
doors, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust
leaning forward in an earnest posture.
"Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell
me you were not in the barn, at day-break, the mornin'?" asked
his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.
"Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michaul made a hasty sign to-
wards the door, but was disregarded.
"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly: "ay, and at
your work in id, too."
"What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a
well-known voice.
"Enough—to hang his son," whispered Michaul to his father,
as Mr. Evans's land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two
policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards, the
policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep,
dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul,
handcuffed, to the county gaol, in the vicinity of the next town.
They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought
attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably, "God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping little grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said, "I ax pardon o' you, avich—won't you tell me I have had afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot him, a-vourneen."

"No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to trouble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an' ——" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr. Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis
a strange thing to ask a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrates; "it's a very strange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward, "I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly; and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll."

"Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him by a side-door, out of the back dock, to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler, and by many other commiserating hands,
near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked
wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a
glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively.
Among the audience, there ran a low but expressive murmur of
pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and sus-
pense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glit-
tered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard
lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much,
nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the
magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself
fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.

"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only,
first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he ac-
cordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the
sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said, "My
judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty,
afore my earthly judge, this day;—amen;" and then repeating
the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely
proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no
notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers).

"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at
the bar?"

"Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every
thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body; afore that
night, no living cratur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll,
or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good
God; an' sure the people are after telling you by this time, how
it come about that night—an' you, my lord—an' ye, gentlemen—
an' all good christians that hear me—here I am to help to hang
him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gentle-
men, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weenock and the ould
father that he done it; indeed, an' deed, we had'n a pyatee in the
place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the
wife from him, and another babby; an' id had himself down, a
week or so beforehand; an' all that day, he was looking for
work, but could'n get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it
was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken,
he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to
touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the stew-
ard an' the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the
neighbours an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to
doors, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery
would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You
saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?"

"Musha—The Lord pity him and me—I did, sir."

"Doing what?"

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his
head, and speaking almost inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear;—stand up; take the
crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his
head."

"Och, musha, musha, sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded
Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and, for the first time, weeping—"Och, don't, my lord, don't, and may your own judgment
be favourable, the last day."

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must
take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his
notes, to hide his own tears; and at the same time, many a
veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In
the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michaul, avich! Michaul, a corra-ma-chree!" exclaimed
Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his
son—"is id your father they make to do it, ma-bauchal?"

"My father does what is right," answered Michaul, in Irish.
The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and
when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satis-
faction.

"We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a
man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

"Gentlemen of the jury—That the prisoner at the bar stole
the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But
you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep
that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may
have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence
against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the
truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his
natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his
honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an
oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's
conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all
of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him unformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

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**LINES**

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF LADY MILTON.

**Breathless and pale!** would Heaven no longer lend
The best companion and the dearest friend?
From all our baffled hopes so rudely torn,
Thou leav'st us long to wonder, long to mourn!
Through all the various scenes the muses rove,
The peopled town, or the sequester'd grove,
Amidst the sylvan choir, or courtly throng,
They ne'er found one so worthy of their song;
Never such truth with so much sweetness join'd,
Never so tender, yet so firm a mind:
Such gentle manners, such refin'd good sense!
Grave without frowns, and gay without offence!
A form adorned with ev'ry pleasing grace,
A soul where ev'ry virtue held a place:

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The vestal's purity, without her pride;
The court's high breeding, not as there applied,
Judgment with candour, wit which ne'er revil'd,
Zeal cloth'd in meekness, piety which smil'd;
In ev'ry look, in ev'ry act were seen
The innocence and peace that reign'd within.
Go, spotless shade, with noblest honours blest,
With glory crowned, in robes of virtue drest,
Go seek thy own, thy kindred realms above,
Seats, like thy breast, of harmony and love.
There, where no moths corrupt, no thieves infest,
In endless sunshine, and in endless rest,
Gaily triumphant in a blest relief
From future chance, from sickness, and from grief,
Beyond the reach of malice, power, or pride,
By angels greeted, and to saints allied,
Past days with joy revolving in her mind,—
Oh! how she pities those she leaves behind.

THE REBEL.

By James Whittle.

(From the "Winter's Wreath.")

Il estoit comme un beau cheval, qui n'a point de bouche; son courage lui pouvait au hazard, la sagesse ne montrait pas sa valeur.—Telemaque.

In a period of the last century ever to be remembered in Ireland, Philip Mahon, the representative of a respectable family, and the inheritor of an ample patrimony, held a distinguished rank among the country gentlemen of the champagne county of ——. The independence of his sentiments, no less than of his fortunes, left him nothing to desire from the favour of the court; his disinterested and useful ambition was fully gratified by the honour of representing his Majesty on the bench of justices, and by the deference which was paid to his opinion by his brethren of the quorum; a deference to which his early habits of attention to business, and his long practice in its details had fully entitled him; though he chose rather to refer it to his having, while his father's life interfered between the expectancy and possession of his ample fortunes, assumed the honours of the gown, and opened more than one case at the assizes of his native county. Since his brother justices did not inquire how much of the learning of the law he retained, when he laid aside its symbols, we need not; he at least had not forgotten the convivial humour and anecdote of the bar; and when, to these qualifications, and to those we have before described, we add the easy confidence of a man early trained to the world; the frank and unaffected courtesy of manner, the liberal hospitality with which he did the honours of his house,—
and what is not to be overlooked, his skill in the mysteries of draining land, and breeding cattle; and above all, a proficiency, in which he yielded to none of his comrades, in the science of the chase, we may estimate the consideration in which he was held among them. But he was even less respected by his equals in rank than he was beloved and reverenced by the people. A judicious, as well as generous landlord, he entered into the interests of his tenantry, he encouraged their industry, promoted and assisted their improvements, and was always ready to lighten the burden of casualties by taking a part of the load on his own shoulders. As a magistrate, he never sought to wrest the law to his authority, except in cases where its severity bore hard upon the humble, and where humanity dictated that mercy should temper justice. In matters of local dispute, the equity of his decisions was proverbial; he became the general arbiter of all the jarring interests of his vicinage, and seldom indeed was there an appeal from his judgment.

In any other country, the respect which the people entertained for him, would have ripened into an attachment, which nothing could have shaken; but there was that in the political constitution of Ireland which forbade this to be; and events soon proved how vainly the claims of individual character seek to reunite the links of society, when they are severed by the circumstances of a political relation, which places every member of one class inevitably, however involuntarily, in the position of a wrong doer to every member of another.

The early events of the French Revolution, which seemed to open an æra auspicious to the happiness of mankind, which dissolved the chains of feudal tyranny in the breath of popular opinion, and promised the peaceful improvement and reconstruction of the most ancient monarchy of Europe, darted new light into the minds of the people of all the surrounding nations; once more appealed to them as the source of power and authority, and fermenting in the thoughts of men, appeared to threaten the whole fabric of European society with a resolution into new and untried forms.

As there was no country in which power had been more abused than in Ireland, so there was none in which the doctrines of popular right, when preached for the first time, were devoured with greedier ears. The hostilities of different classes of the people, the views of different discontented parties were then, for the first time, mingled in a general, though secret determination for a struggle for national independence, and a free republic.
Such were the objects of the heads of the confederacy; the people, too generally in circumstances and in a disposition which left them little to fear from change, easily caught the hopes that were held out to them; the weaker voice of those who were still anxious to stay revolution by timely concession, was drowned in the clamours of parties now ranged in deadly hostility to each other, and precipitated to extremities by interests, prejudices, and passions, that would not admit a compromise. The contagion crept silently through the people. It influenced last those whose present circumstances gave them the most to abandon for the chances of change; but it still gradually pervaded all the lower ranks, till the county and the tenantry of Philip Mahon were involved in the designs and the fortunes of the United Irishmen.

His habits of thought, his principles, his predilections, no less than his interests, ranged their landlord, without a moment’s hesitation, on the side of the government. His known loyalty placed him beyond impeachment or suspicion, his integrity and humanity preserved his influence among the people; and his weight with both parties fixed him in the happy situation of a moderator, and enabled him to prevent those furious ebullitions of mingled fear, suspicion, and wrath, into which the local and military commanders of other districts were hurried; and which, extinguishing the charities of nature, taught the minds of the people to gloat on the thoughts of a future and dreadful retribution.

Using, for the laws’ defence, the powers with which they invested him, he neither sought nor exercised a new authority; active and energetic in suppressing all commotion, he performed the part of a faithful magistrate, but disdainful to foment, by treachery or hired espionage, the plots which were gathering round him. Calm and collected, he watched the coming storm, determined that whatever it might sweep before it, his own integrity should survive the wreck. What blood and tears had been spared the country, had Ireland been then ruled in such a spirit!

It was on the 27th of May, in the memorable year 1798, that he was assembled with his brother magistrates, to determine on the steps which the portentous appearance of the country rendered necessary to counteract an immediate movement, when a messenger arrived with the news of the first success of the insurgents in Wicklow under Priest Murphy of Balavogue. It could not be doubted that the peasantry were already in possession of intelligence which would be so welcome to them, and that it would pre-
cipitate them into some act of open hostility to the government. Arrangements were made for the most effectual disposition of the military force for the purpose of controlling it; and Mahon, as a last effort, to prevent the effusion of blood, determined to take upon himself the charge of a personal interview with the head of the government, in order to provide for the most prompt and effective movements, in case of their being driven to the last resort; and to obtain in the meantime, renewed assurances of indemnity for all who would return in time to their allegiance. His carriage was at the door of the county court-house, where the meeting had been held; the horses' heads were turned towards Dublin, and he set out with the determination of arriving there that night, and returning to his post in the morning, to meet the events of the coming day.

On reaching town, he left his carriage at his own house, to afford the men and horses as much time as possible for refreshment, and proceeded at once to the castle. Though it was eleven o'clock, he found the yard still crowded with equipages and servants, and military messengers. The council were sitting in conference on the news of hostile movements received from all parts of the country, giving occasional audience to many who arrived on errands similar to his own, and despatching orders and instructions in all directions. After a delay which seemed to his impatience inmeasurably tedious, and every moment of which was, to his imagination, crowded with many dangers, he was admitted to an audience. He briefly pointed out the necessity of an immediate increase and concentration of the military force in the quarter from which he came, and was dismissed, with assurances of support, and with ample powers to include whomsoever he might think proper in the general amnesty. When he returned to his house, he found his lady standing in the hall, impatiently awaiting his arrival, and prepared, at all risks, to accompany him on his departure. He so little apprehended personal danger, that he offered no opposition, and in a few moments he was again upon the road.

The sun was just rising as he repassed the borders of his own county. He had, the day before, observed the fields, usually so busy at this season of the year, abandoned by the husbandman, the preparation for the future neglected, and men, women, and children, scattered in listless groups, as if in the determination not to toil on the crop which they might never gather. The indications were now even more formidable. The hills were here and there occupied by numerous bodies, without much of military
splendour, or military order; but which the reflection of the morning beams from their steel-headed pikes proclaimed prepared to try their strength with the forces of the king. The road was crowded with the carriages of many travellers, who seemed flying to a place of safety; while the foot passengers, avoiding the open road, and all in arms, were proceeding across the fields, singly, or in small groups, to their places of general rendezvous.

Mahon half repented of his brief absence; he looked anxiously forward for some indication that the authorities and the troops were also in motion; and was occupied, now in urging the postilion to his utmost speed, and now in soothing the rising alarms of the companion of his journey, when, at a sudden turn in the road, where it was contracted between two hills, he found the way completely filled by an armed body, who were advancing in good order; the first ranks filled with familiar faces, and the whole under the command of Kennedy, the most trusted and valued of his farm servants.

As they exchanged the glance of mutual recognition, both parties stopped involuntarily. The rebels neither obstructed the carriage, nor opened the way to let it pass. Mr. Mahon instantly threw open the door, and alighted; his lady, half-reassured by the countenances of those on whom she had lavished a thousand acts of kindness, half distrusting their now hostile appearance, hesitated whether to withhold or to accompany him, and with one foot upon the steps, hung in the deepest agitation on his shoulder. Supporting her, and, at the same time, re-seating her with a gentle violence in the carriage, he encouraged her only by pressing her hand in his own, as Kennedy advanced towards him —his pike in his left hand, his hat in his right, with a demeanour full of confidence, but more than usually respectful. The manly open countenance of the rustic was raised, and his full, steady eye was brightened with that enthusiasm which the boldness of his enterprise, and the expectation of the coming fight might be expected to breathe into minds of coarser mould than Kennedy’s; his motions were marked by the untaught grace which nature sometimes confers upon a perfect form; and while reverence for his recent master checked the exultation of his heart, and tempered the triumph of his looks, he appeared with an air of as "dignified submission" as ever graced a votary of chivalry.

"Good God! Kennedy!" exclaimed the magistrate, "what madness possesses you, and whither do you lead these people?"

"Our madness, sir," replied he, "is the love of Ireland; and
we go to fight for our religion and equal laws, to drive out the stranger, and to make our country what she ought to be—free and happy."

"Foolish men!" cried Mr. Mahon, earnestly, "you go to ruin, you are dragging destruction on your own heads. What do you complain of, or what can you accomplish? Hear me, good countrymen; return, while you are yet safe, to your homes and to your duty. I know there are brave men amongst you, but what can you effect with arms like these against the king's forces, and against a train of artillery that will sweep you into dust? They are already in the field; your friends will be dispersed before you can join them; you only go to share their flight, to spill your blood in vain, and to bring misery upon your helpless families. It was but this morning that I left the lord lieutenant; I hold here in my hand a written assurance of pardon for every man whom I choose to include in the gracious promise. Turn back with me, while it is yet time; and, on the word of a man and the honour of a gentleman, not a hair of your heads shall be injured!"

Kennedy, who had stood aside whilst Mr. Mahon thus addressed the people, now turned himself towards them. "My friends, you hear the words of a man, who never gave you bad counsel, who never broke a promise made to you. Let no man say that Kennedy stood between him and safety: if you choose to return, no harm will reach you. You may sit in safety under the shelter of the roofs that others are fighting to make your own. If you choose to return—"

He was here interrupted by a voice from the more distant crowd, "What traitor talks of turning? Will the coward sell us to his master? Down with the Sassenach!"

Some pikes were brandished, and while those who knew him stood irresolute, a threatening movement was made towards the carriage by some strangers of the party. Kennedy, advancing his pike, leaped in their way, and shouted aloud, "Would you draw the wrath of God, and the curse of innocent blood, on yourselves and on your cause? What villain would raise his hand against the poor man's friend? Who dares call Kennedy a traitor? March against the troops who are in arms to meet you, and the last drop of my blood shall be poured out by your side. But will you murder in cold blood the best landlord in Ireland? The man that lays a hand upon Mr. Mahon must step across my body!"

The assassins shrank abashed from the encounter of his spear
and eye. He took advantage of the moment, turned, and assisted
Mr. Mahon into his carriage, who, seeing remonstrance vain,
submitted in silence; as Kennedy closed the door, he fervently
ejaculated, "You are safe, thank God! Go; and may the bless-
ing of Heaven attend you. We cannot turn back from the busi-
ness we have in hand; but, come what will, we have not forgot
the kind friend, and generous landlord." The ranks opened in
silence; the carriage passed rapidly on, and by another turn in
the defile was hidden from the rebels, as with a unanimous shout,
they again set forward on their march.

Mr. Mahon soon arrived at his mansion, which he found in the
occupation, and under the protection of a detachment of soldiers.
He had the satisfaction of learning, that the designs of the insur-
gents had been anticipated, that the troops were afoot, and so
disposed as to intercept the different bodies on their march and
prevent their junction in formidable numbers; and at the same
time so as to admit, if necessary, of prompt concentration. In
this county the rebellion was controlled rather than suppressed;
the detached bodies of the peasantry were in general dispersed,
almost without the effusion of blood, and finding their plans
counteracted, frequently separated on the mere appearance of
the military.

Most of the tenants of Mr. Mahon had, before the next even-
ing, quietly and separately regained their homes. Many, how-
ever, were missing; and amongst these Kennedy. It soon tran-
spired that they had joined the main body of the insurgents,
which alone had made a serious stand; and at the foot of a hill,
where they had taken up their position, for awhile resisted the
king's forces. Kennedy was seen in the foremost ranks, fighting
with a desperate courage; and when the cavalry, after renewed
charges, had found a passage through their lines in the dreadful
gaps that were opened by the grape shot of the artillery, and
they again attempted to rally on the summit of the hill, he was
every where conspicuous in his efforts to cheer the courage and to
reanimate the hopes of his comrades; to stop the flying, and to
induce them, by every appeal that example or entreaty could
urge, to turn once more against the foe. When it was found
that all was lost; and when the scattered remnant, who had
gathered together, in disorder and trepidation, on the brow of
that fatal hill, were silently and rapidly dispersing, to escape the
renewed attack that was about to be made upon them, and which
was only suspended until the cavalry had breathed their horses,
and restored their ranks, he was seen the last and alone, still
turned in dogged and stumped resolution towards the enemy, shaking his pike with the fury of a disappointed lion.

Whether he subsequently retreated, or whether the troops, pursuing the more collected fugitives, disdained to turn aside and follow a single man, or that being alone he escaped their observation, was not known. He did not, however, perish in the fight. He retired alone from the field under cover of the night: the thoughts of his slaughtered countrymen, and of his disappointed hopes, deriving probably new bitterness from the recollection of the warning and the promised safety in the morning. Whether in desponding self-reproach, or desirous of taking his last look at earthly objects among scenes that once were dear and familiar to him, he returned to the edge of a pool which divided the lawn before the mansion of his honoured master; and standing in full view of the house, he drew a handkerchief over his face, and plunged headlong into the water.

In a few days his body was discovered, and proclaimed his fate, which had hitherto been unknown. The remains were decently interred by the order of Mr. Mahon, and covered with a modest stone which is yet without an epitaph, but over which the sympathising traditions of the country people still relate the story of his gentleness, his prowess, and his fate.

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LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


These "Conversations" are not only replete with amusing and instructive anecdote, but they are highly valuable, inasmuch as that they render us familiar with the private characters and opinions of such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Godwin, and Opie. Their manner and matter, also, are most agreeably diversified. It might have been imagined that they would have run entirely on painting and painters; but, on the contrary, poetry, romance, and philosophy, have their full share in the high and intellectual treat which is contained in this delightful work. And then again we enjoy so accurate a transcript of that healthy and vigorous mind which, unimpaired by extreme old age, is still full of thought, and fire, and freshness. The resolute veteran, Northcote, has outlived his biographer, and has just completed his Life of Titian, a work, no doubt, of considerable labour. We regret that we have not yet seen it, but hope to be able to give our readers an account of it in our next.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Pickering.

Henry Kirke White, the subject of the present number of Mr. Pickering's valuable work, has long since found his way to the affections of most readers of piety, sensibility, and taste. We are, however, desirous to devote a few observations to the life and writings of the youthful bard, since he has not altogether escaped either the severity of criticism, or the contempt with which the worldly and impatient in spirit oftentimes survey a genius at variance with their own wild and reckless imaginings. There is a sickness, too, in the taste of some, which renders them incapable of admiring aught that is not arrayed in the tinsel ornaments of an over-heated fancy, or lost amid the bewilderment of feelings stretched beyond the possibility of sober endurance.

Du nectar idéal sitôt qu'alle a gouté,
La Nature repugne à la réalité.

And they derive no enjoyment from the contemplation of a well-directed imagination. Like the nervous and fanciful invalid, they must resort perpetually to stimulants.

Had Henry Kirke White lived until his mind had ripened into maturity, and the experience and reflections of manhood had added to the dignified simplicity of his youthful genius, he would no doubt, if we may be allowed to judge from the splendour of his mental dawn, have ranked high among the poets of England. He would have overcome too, perhaps, that extreme sensitiveness and timidity which, although they have been much contemned in him by critics of a certain order, were at his age graces rather than blemishes, and accorded well with the modest pretensions of the bard of christianity. Like Cowper, he would in all probability have devoted himself to the good of mankind—he would have arrayed religious truth in a garb calculated "to catch the triflers of the times." As it was, his days were numbered, and immortality received him at the moment when the brightness of his youthful promise was beginning to develop itself.

Exaggerated praise and undeserved censure, although they may succeed for a time in diverting from its just standard the proper estimate of public taste, cannot long withstand the deliberate fiat of right reason. And notwithstanding the contemptible and soulless attack of the Monthly Review of the period in which he wrote, and the present light and flippant ridicule of some critics, who are more learned perhaps than wise and graceful, we hesitate not to declare our conviction that Henry Kirke White pos-
sessed in no ordinary degree the great requisites of a poet—imagination, a just discrimination, and a pure and elegant taste.

"Unhappy White! While life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just wav'd her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her fav'r'ite son!
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."


It is almost impossible that any thing altogether devoid of interest should emanate from the pen of Mr. Cooper; and we always look forward with pleasure to the appearance of any new work of his. We do not, however, by any means deem "The Water Witch" one of his most successful efforts; on the contrary, it displays not his usual power, nor is it fraught with so high a degree of general interest as that which characterizes most of his former productions. The introduction of the "Skimmer of the Seas," the outlawed smuggler, is made with good effect, and his bold and careless bearing—his calmness and decision—his firm and indomitable character in the midst of the greatest dangers—are admirably delineated. The youthful Ludlow, too, the commander of the royal cruiser, the Coquette, is well drawn, and the noble and generous feelings under which he invariably acts, render him a favourite almost at first sight; while the fond fidelity of his attachment to "la Belle Barbérie," under some very discouraging appearances, heightens the impression in his favour. The picture of the veteran seaman, given in that of Trysail, the sailing-master of the cruiser, is also good. Alida, or "la Belle Barbérie," is described as a beautiful, amiable, and high-spirited girl, but withal we think her a little too tame, and, perhaps, circumstances considered, a little too reserved. Mr.
Van Staats, the Patron of Kinderhook, is a most dull and unen-
tertaining personage. He is always in the way of some one
better, and is introduced and withdrawn from various scenes
without exciting, by his presence or absence, either pleasure or
regret; and the wily, avaricious Van Beverout, is almost as bad;
while the faithful and confiding Eudora carries every heart with
her when she quits friends and fortune to unite herself to the
destinies of an outcast and condemned, though high-minded and
generous, outlaw.

The chase of the Brigantine, the Skimmer's vessel, by the
Coquette, commencing in the middle of the third volume, is, in
our opinion, the best written, the most descriptive, and by far
the most interesting, portion of the work. Here, indeed, the author
displays his best powers, and, as if conscious of something very
nearly resembling a failure in many of the preceding chapters,
seems determined to redeem himself, and crowds together a suc-
cession of events so full of animation and deep interest, that he
bears along with him to the last page the sympathy and admira-
tion of the reader.

We purposely abstain from giving any outline of the story, that
we may not abridge the pleasure of the perusal.
Maxwell, a Story of the Middle Ranks. By the Author of

We have read this work with a strange mixture of pleasure and
disappointment. While we have caught ourselves absolutely in
the very act of laughing at the sketches of the merciless caricatu-
turist, (for such is Mr. Hook to all intents and purposes,) we have
experienced a degree of dissatisfaction in the very midst of our
mirth, which we can scarcely account for. We were pleased, and
yet not pleased. We admire the talent, the wit of the writer, yet
still we feel that he might appropriate them better.

There is very little plot in "Maxwell," and what there is, is
destitute of interest; but the talk, the descriptions, &c. are
always well finished, and very often highly amusing. We present
the following sketch to our readers, which may be received as
one of the best in the book—it is an exquisite morsel in its way:

"I have said thus much to show, that in a family like Mr.
Palmer's, the non-arrival of the 'company' would have been a
severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of
fortune, used to every thing 'nice and comfortable;' she kept
her own carriage, her men servants, and all that: and therefore
they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly
nice for her—and so Miss Palmer, the night before, had a white
basin of hot water up into the parlour to bleach almonds, with which to stick a ‘tipsey cake,’ after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastrycook’s for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers; and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane whisk to put on their tops like shaving lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper, and curled them with the scissors to put round the ‘wax-ends’ in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece, and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it, on a pair of rickety steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables, all in honour of the approaching fête.

"Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o’clock of the day itself, when the drawing-room chimney smoked; and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen as if the cod’s head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod’s head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger’s to buy, and in determining the excellence of which, had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbots, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the treuor caused by the stoppages of different hackney coaches in the neighbourhood, not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton, which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamp on the staircase would not burn, the slight inebriation of the cook, bringing into full play a latent animosity towards the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighbouring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

"Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the Cock Pomona of the neighbourhood, had just stepped out to the public-house, to fetch ‘the porter.’ The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out, at the same instant the back kitchen door was blown in, with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates, put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlour, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters, in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with
difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

"At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Menx and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads, not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the 'heads' of the porter pots, into the faces of the refined Major Overall, and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

"The major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity and without surprise; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered but very little variety either of scene or action, beyond the every day routine of a quiet country house, enlivened periodically by a six weeks trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of the company and the porter at the same moment, had occasioned; nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, who followed the beer (which, as Shakspeare has it, 'was at the door,') as gravely and medically as an undertaker.

*     *     *     *     *

"Mrs. Palmer at this period suddenly disappeared to direct the 'serving up,' and regulate the precedence of butter-boats, and the arrangements of the vegetables, which were put down to steam on the dinner-table in covered dishes, two on a side; a tureen of mock turtle from Mr. Tiley in Tavistock Place, being at the bottom, and our old friend, the cod's head and shoulders, dressed in a horse-radish wig, and lemon-slice buttons, at the top. An oval pond of stewed calves' head, dotted with dirt balls, and surrounded by dingy brain and egg pancakes, stood next the fish, and a couple of rabbits, smothered in onions, next the soup. In the centre of the table towered a grotesque pyramid, known as an eperegue, at the top of which were large pickles in a glass dish, and round which hung divers and sundry cut-glass saucers, in which were deposited small pickles and lemons, alternately dangling gracefully. At the corners of the table were deposited the four masses of vegetable matter before mentioned, and in the interstices a pretty little saucer of currant-jelly, with an interest-
ing companion full of horse-radish; all of which being arranged to her entire and perfect satisfaction, Mrs. Palmer again hurried up to the drawing-room, as red as a turkey-cock, in order to appear as if she had been doing nothing at all, and to be just in time to be handed down again by the major.

"The table was soon arranged; the major, on the right hand of Mrs. Palmer, was doomed to be roasted by the flame of the fire; and the bride, on the right hand of Mr. Palmer, was destined to be blown to shivers by the wind from the door. Mr. Crackenthorpe, who stood six feet three without his shoes, coiled up his legs under his chair, to the direful inconvenience of the green grocer 'daily waiter,' who regularly stumbled over them whenever he approached his mistress on the sinister side, and much to the annoyance of Miss Charlotte Engleheart, who had long had a design upon the said Crackenthorpe for a husband, and who was in the habit of toe-treading and foot-feeling, after the custom of the tribes with whom she had been habituated to dwell.

"Miss Palmer's whole anxiety was in the dinner; her heart was in the tipsy-cake, and all her hopes and wishes centered in the little jelly-glasses: divers and sundries were the hems and winks which she bestowed upon the waiter, in order to regulate the putting down of the different little niceties; and the discovery which, shortly after the appearance of the second course, was made, that a trifle in a white wig of froth, which had superseded the big pickles on the top of the epergne, was considerably damaged by the dripping of oil from the lamp, which hung invidiously over it, nearly threw her into hysterics.

"Vain were all the protestations of Mrs. Overall, that she never ate trifle—vain were all the screams of the major, to reassure her—vain were the pleadings of Crackenthorpe, and the consolations of Miss Engleheart; 'it was so provoking'—after all the pains, and the cakes, and the cream, and the wine, and the whipping—'dear, dear, only to think,' and so on, which continued till the trifle itself was removed; when Emma left the room to follow the dear object of her love into the dark back parlour, where the dessert was laid out, and where the said trifle, amidst papa's umbrellas, Mr. Crackenthorpe's goloshes, and Mrs. Overall's boa, stood untouched, in order, if possible, to skim off the oleaginous matter which it had imbibed, before it sank through to the 'nice rich part at the bottom,' and to rescue some portion of the materials, to serve up the next evening, when they expected a few neighbours to tea and supper."

This volume forms the twelfth number of "Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia," and surely a history of France could not have appeared at a period more interesting than the present. Eventful as the last few months have been, shaken as she is by a terrific revolution, and apparently on the eve of a convulsion even more terrible than the last, we turn eagerly to the chronicle of past events, and endeavour to draw from thence some conclusion as to what may possibly be now the conduct of her wavering and unhappy people. In the work before us it will be found that a very fair, although on minor points an abridged, view is given of the long series of occurrences which has furnished the materials for the French history; that a variety of curious and interesting anecdotes is interwoven with the historical detail; and that the whole is written in a manner, if in some parts not quite so accurate as we could wish, yet sufficiently refined and elevated above the journal style as to render it not unacceptable to readers of taste and education. The philosophical reflections are introduced and supported with ability, and the deductions are every where moral and instructive. To individuals of the scholastic profession it will prove highly valuable, the language being clear and distinct, calculated to improve the understanding, and assist the memory. The following is an extract:

"Joan of Arc was a native of Domremi on the Meuse, whose low condition, that of tending oxen, could not stifle an enthusiastic and devout temperament. Prophecies floated about the country that a virgin could alone rid France of her enemies. Similar prophecies respecting children and shepherds had prevailed during the crusades, but had not proved fortunate. At an early period these prophecies had fixed the attention of Joan. In her lonely way of life, her imaginative spirit dwelt on them; they became identified with her religious creed. During the state of ecstasy which devotion causes in persons of such sensitive and enthusiastic character, aught that flatters or exalts self is grasped with wild avidity; so closely is mortal baseness allied with our aspirations after immortality. It could not but occur to Joan, that she might be the object of these prophecies; it was but a short and flattering step for her credulity to suppose, to believe, that she was. The idea was bright and dazzling;—she gazed upon it;—it became the object of her constant meditation. When we see that ill success or contradictory events can seldom dissipate illusion in such cases, how strongly must her successes have confirmed hers! The prophecy too was one that realizes
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itself. To inspire confident hope of victory was the surest way to win it; and this she effected. Never, by human means alone, was miracle wrought more effectually or more naturally.

"Joan won first upon a knight to believe, at least not to con-temn, the truth of her mission; which was to deliver France from the English, to raise the siege of Orleans, and bring Charles to be crowned at Rheims. Her credit soon extended from knights to nobles. Charles himself, in that crisis when men grasp at straws, still dreaded the ridicule of being credulous, and the danger of meddling with sorcery; a priest re-assured him. The simple, modest, and pious conduct of Joan herself gained upon the monarch, and even upon his warriors. She was provided with armour, attendants, troops; and in this train entered Orleans. The besieged were elated beyond measure; the English, whom her fame had already reached, were proportionally cast down. Superstition was then the ruler of men's minds, the great dispenser of hope and fear; the immediate hand of Providence was seen in every event. The world did not comprehend, nor could it have been reconciled to, that long chain of causes and effects which separates, it might be said which exiles, us of this day from heaven, and renders the Deity, like his Platonic shadow, careless and uncognizant of human destinies.

"Joan soon sallied forth against the English entrenchments. Already, since the rumour of her presence, they had abandoned the offensive, and even allowed a convoy of provisions to enter the town between their posts. The inactivity of superstitious terror was attributed to Joan's magic influence, and became morally infectious. Suffolk was driven from each of his bastilles, or wooden towers, successively. A fort held by Sir William Gladesdale made the most stubborn resistance. In vain, for a day's space, did the flower of the French continually renew the assault; Joan herself led them, when she was transfixed by an arrow; she fell, and a woman's weakness for an instant showed itself—she wept; but this paroxysm of sensibility was akin to that of devotion. Her visions came, her protector, St. Michael, appeared; and if we are to believe the testimony of the French knights, she got up and fought till the gallant Gladesdale was slain and his fort taken. The English immediately raised the siege. Joan, having accomplished so considerable a portion of her promises, would not allow the enemy to be pursued.

"The gratitude of Charles was proportionate to the benefits he had received. He no longer doubted the divine mission of his preserver. A fresh victory obtained over the English at Patay,

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in which Fastolfe showed a want of courage, and the gallant Talbot was made prisoner, greatly increased the confidence of Charles. Joan proposed to conduct him to be crowned at Rheims. It was distant; many strong towns, that of Troyes for example, intervened, all garrisoned by hostile troops. Still Joan prevailed and kept her word. Troyes surrendered, and Rheims also, where the coronation of Charles VII. fulfilled the mission of the maid of Orleans. Paris itself was next attacked; but this was too hard an enterprise. Joan was wounded in an assault upon the gate and boulevard St. Honoré, and the French were obliged to retreat. The exploits of Joan were drawing to a term; she was herself aware, and hinted, that much longer time was not allowed her. She was taken by the English as she headed a sortie from Compeigne. Her capture was considered tantamount to a victory; it was one, however, replete with dishonour to the English. They bound and used every cruelty towards the hapless maid of Orleans; raised accusations of sorcery against her, whose only crime was man’s first duty, to make a religion of patriotism. With all the meanness and cruelty of inquisitors, they laid snares for her weakness, and employed every effort to shake her confidence in her own purity and virtue. She yielded a moment under their menaces and false promises, through exhaustion and hunger, but she always rallied back to courage, averred her holy mission, and defied her foes. She was burnt in the old market-place of Rouen, ‘a blessed martyr’ in her country’s cause.”

_Chettenham Lyrics, and other Poems._ By Hal Hardinge.

Westley and Davis.

Our poet appears to be the most susceptible Lothario of modern times, the first series being addressed entirely to sundry fair damsels, visitors of Cheltenham, on whom he may have chanced to fix his enamoured eye. To them the volume will, no doubt, be particularly acceptable. There are some pieces in a religious strain, towards the close of the book, which prove the writer to be capable of better things.

_Dramatic Gazette._ Griffiths.

A weekly periodical entertaining to those of our fair friends who delight in theatricals. The reviews are given boldly and impartially, and the critic is evidently well versed in his subject. Several anecdotes and interesting narratives are introduced by the editor, and the publication well deserves, and will no doubt obtain, popularity.

_Housekeeping and Account Book for 1831._ Dunn.

This little work ought to be in the hands of every notable
housewife in the united kingdom: it contains a daily account of expenditure, a weekly washing account for the year, with a check for delivery (by which method a vast deal of trouble is saved and time gained); with ample directions for the kitchen garden, and a list of dainties suitable to every particular month; with sundry other claims to favour both of utility and information.


The above work, which has only lately fallen under our notice, possesses our most unqualified disapprobation, and we cannot but regret that some one better able to weigh nicely, and to discriminate justly, had not been called upon to write this important history instead of Mr. Gleig, who, notwithstanding the piety and literary talent which he possesses, appears to us perfectly unfitted to his task. He assumes too much and too often—he climbs the arduous steep until, midway, he finds himself unable either to proceed or to retreat, and, losing his hypothetical hold, falls amid a mass of confusion and blunder. But the worst of the matter is that his discrepancies are made in a tone so measured and dictatorial, that the reader who is not familiar with biblical commentaries is very likely to take for granted that which is delivered in a style so solemn and authoritative. The reverend author seems to us to be more in love with learning than inspiration, and in some of his disquisitions does not scruple to bring into question the very authenticity of Bible statements. We do not think that he has chosen the best, perhaps we should rather say the purest, commentators as his guides, and he sometimes (we presume owing to the imperfect manner in which his references are made) utterly mistakes them. We view with indignation such an attempt on a subject so momentous. The man who sits down to write a History of the Bible should be thoroughly competent to his work, otherwise, as in the present case, much that is unscriptural, and therefore dangerous, will be disseminated; and that vague and damning method of reducing Divine truth to the mere level of scholastic inquiry, will be encouraged and promulgated.


We have perused the above tale with avidity and delight, and cannot but congratulate the author on the success with which he has painted scenes in themselves replete with a romantic interest. The story is laid, as the title-page announces it, in the
year 1600, when Maurice of Nassau was contending for the freedom of his country against the encroachments and tyranny of its Spanish rulers. For delineation of character, descriptive excellence, and a wild and romantic energy of manner, it stands pre-eminent among all the late publications of the same order which have come under our notice. We will not destroy the interest of the story, which is so admirably sustained throughout, by analysis, which can never (in prescribed limits) do justice to the merits of such a work; we will, on the contrary, satisfy ourselves by recommending it earnestly to the perusal of our readers, nothing doubting but that they will participate in the gratification which we have derived from its pages.

*Comic Offering.* Smith and Elder.

We know not which to praise most in this publication, the beauty of the exterior, or the fascinating humour of the interior. Both are in their way admirable—the first being composed of dark morocco, embellished with numerous witty devices, and the latter showing how easily one may be merry and wise, and excite unmeasured laughter without the introduction of grossness or buffoonery. It is, we are informed, the production of Miss Sheridan, (whether a descendant of the immortal, we know not,) a young lady scarcely out of her teens, and we certainly perceive in every line the dim outshadowings of such an organ of gaiety as we are sure would, on a nearer inspection, amaze even us, experienced phrenologists as we are. The appearance of this talented and amusing Annual will, we doubt not, strike qualm into the bosoms of those inveterate punsters who may be said to "live on their wits," although the purchasers will find by the perusal of this young lady's efforts of genius, that they need not quake for fear of losing a live-li-Hood, as the means of obtaining another is to be found in the encouragement of Miss Sheridan's facetious exertions. The wood-cuts are excellent. The first is entitled "Running for the Ladies' Plate," and the eagerness of the cats racing to partake of the old lady's bounty is admirably depicted. The next in merit is the "Wall Flowers," delineating the melancholy condition of half a dozen damsels at a ball, condemned to sit undisturbed in their places for the sole crime of being above "a certain age." "You are fond of ducking I see, friend," depicting an honest farmer consigning a duck-stealer to the discipline of a horse-pond, pleases us much. "Mr. and Mrs. Hart" wants originality. "O Nanny wilt thou gang with me," represents a sailor pulling along a goat, who appears by no means to give a satisfactory reply. "In very narrow circumstances," is delineated by a Daniel Lambert sort of a gentleman
endeavouring all in his power to escape from an infuriated bull by passing a gate, in which he appears to be unlucky jammed. The remainder are all equally entertaining, although we cannot find room to particularize their many virtues. In the literary portion we discover much to amuse and nothing to condemn. It is seldom, in a work like this, that we find not some parts approaching to mediocrity—here, however, every incident is worked up in such a flow of genuine humour, that we know not what we could wish omitted. We shall embellish the first number of our New Series with a lengthened quotation; and, in conclusion, we will add that no work of a similar kind which has fallen under our notice has afforded us half the gratification and amusement which we have derived from this exquisite publication, both as regards the matter and manner. To the hypochondriac and spleenetic it will be invaluable; and to the laughter-loving, merry-making, joke-enjoying disciples of Momus, we consign it as worthy their purchase even at double its actual price.

New System for Learning and Acquiring extraordinary facility on all Musical Instruments, particularly the Pianoforte, Harp, and Violin, (as well as in Singing,) in a very short space of Time. With a New and Easy Mode of marking the Fingering of all Wind Instruments. By Auguste Bertini. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

This work is illustrated by twenty-six explanatory plates, which not only profess, but are calculated to enable the pupil to make great progress, even in the absence of a master, and without an instrument. The object of this publication is directed to the advancement of a science in such high requisition, that we doubt not it will receive a fair trial by all who are desirous to acquire, with ease and rapidity, this most fascinating, and in polite life, perhaps, this most useful accomplishment. We have looked with great attention at the "System," and are happy to find that it possesses much beyond its novelty to recommend it. Like all others, it has its difficulties; but they are such as a little care and investigation may readily remove. It must have cost the author considerable pains, and we hope that its utility and consequent encouragement will be proportionate.

The Laurel and The Lyre. Sharpe. 1830.

We have often lamented that some experienced hand could not be found to gather together the scattered flowers of our national poesy, and to display them in a less perishable form than in the varied pages of periodical literature. The editor of the volumes before us (forming Nos. 3 and 4 of Sharpe's Library of the Belles
Lettres) has gone far towards supplying the deficiency. He has brought to our view many exquisite ideas and elegant efforts of poetic feeling that we feared were for ever lost, and the perusal of which amply repaid us, in the pleasure of retrospection, for all the defects in their want of originality. Perhaps these publications would have been more entertaining had the editor been less enchanted with the style of Alaric Watts and L. E. L., poets whose day is gone by, or whose sun is at least fast declining in the horizon of public opinion. There are several specimens, nevertheless, of an opposite character, in part by unknown authors, and others by writers of more note—Mrs. Hemans, Moore, Byron, Mrs. Hall, the Roscoes, Thomas H. Bayley, &c. &c.

On the whole, we can safely recommend the purchase of these publications to all true lovers of elegant poesy; and we shall frequently recur to their pages for gems wherewith to embellish the Album of our New Series.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &c.

November has been to this country one of the most eventful eras of modern times. During the early part of the month the anticipated delight of beholding their beloved Monarch among them kept the loyal citizens in one continued round of bustle and activity. Preparations on the largest scale were entered into for illuminations, and seats for viewing the procession were erected at a great expense, and found eager purchasers at prices the most extravagant. Anon all was overcast. The asinine fears of some, and the well-grounded apprehensions of others, induced their Majesties to postpone their visit. Most persons, nevertheless, concur in stating that, so far as concerned our revered Sovereigns, all was perfectly safe. Their shield would have been a million hearts, their bulwark of protection a people's love. There can, however, be but little doubt that there exists among a certain class a degree of discontent and disaffection, and that opportunity might have been taken of an immense crowd to effect mischief, which it was thought more advisable to prevent than to avenge. The next event which we have to record is one even of more importance:—

Ministers have resigned! On this head, two or three reflections naturally suggest themselves. The first is a feeling of unfeigned regret that a chief who had already raised for himself a monument of immortality, should have been induced to run the hazard of compromising his popularity by mixing himself up with
the political intrigues of the day. That the Duke of Wellington
was at one time the "Man of the People" all will readily allow:
he had fought their battles; he had exalted his country to the
highest pinnacle of earthly distinction; and, having trodden be-
neath his feet the iron rod of a despotic tyrant, he might have
retired to enjoy in peace the well-earned laurels of his matchless
prowess. Alas! that we should have lived to see the vilest in-
sults heaped upon the saviour of his country—for he was the
saviour—whether by his political conduct he still retains the full
splendour of the name, those who have weighed his proceedings
in the balance of justice can best determine. The Catholic Bill
—that disastrous, that irretrievable measure—attended as it was
with circumstances of the most disgraceful turpitude on the part
of those who had hitherto maintained a character for integrity,
and on whom their betrayed constituents relied as mariners amid
breakers on the experienced guidance of a trusty pilot—the
Catholic Bill, we say, will not speedily be forgotten. The cry of
expediency would not suffice to still the angry storm of disap-
pointment; and even now, on beholding the tumultuous proceed-
ings of the English people, and the means adopted for drowning
their voices for reform and the abolition of machinery, it is but
natural to ask why in their case force should be opposed to force?
why, as a measure of "expediency," conciliatory steps should
not be adopted to quell the horrible burnings, the seditious
threatenings, and other insurrectionary movements which at this
moment agitate the empire. The Duke of Wellington, as a
soldier, was matchless; but there is scarcely an act of his as a
statesman that was not founded on wrong premises, and of which
the consequences have not proved the inefficiency of his admi-
nistration. But—it is over, and we must endeavour, if possible,
to forget the transgressions of the politician in feelings of veneration
for the unsullied glories of the chief.

Sir Robert Peel arose in the horizon of Britain like an orb of
light—all eyes were turned to the development of his genius—to
the passing brightness of his rising fame. His industrious re-
search into, and his able improvements of the criminal code, are
fresh in the remembrance of all; and had he pursued his original
tenor of parliamentary consistency and integrity, he would not
have been, as he now is, the most fallen and unpopular man of
the times.

But amid our satisfaction at the dismissal of the late ministers,
we cannot feel other than the deepest anxiety on the score of the
present state of the cabinet, composed as it is almost exclusively
of Whigs! We will not, however, prejudege the proceedings of any set of men. Storms threaten us both within and without—the greater portion of the old world is in a state of revolution—interests are divided—ambition is looking for her prey—our vast debt—the starving agriculturalists—the factious proceedings of the malcontents—these are sufficient to render the ministerial couch far other than a bed of sweets. But, nous verrons.

The principal parliamentary act worth noticing is the appointment of the Duchess of Kent as Regent, in case of a demise of the Crown during the minority of the Princess Victoria.

The recent political occurrences have occupied so much space in our work, that we are obliged this month to condense our fashionable chitchat. Their Majesties are in the enjoyment of good health, although their minds have been lately sufficiently harassed. The King has held three levees during the last month, which were attended by most gentlemen of rank and fashion in town. Her Majesty has expressed her intention of holding a drawing-room on the 24th of February, a day, we believe, which will be fixed on for the annual celebration of the Queen’s birthday. All ladies are expected to be attired in dresses of English manufacture. It is understood that there will, in future, (with a few exceptions,) be no private audiences for ladies at the Queen’s court, as most applicants have of late been referred to the ensuing drawing-room.

Town is not so full as we expected to have seen it on the temporary return of the Court. A few routs were given during the last month, but neither of these was very brilliantly attended.

The eldest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett is about to be united to the head of an ancient and opulent Cornish family.

The children of Prince Polignac are at present, together with their governess, on a visit to Lord Clarendon, at the Grove, in Hertfordshire. The Princess Polignac is in Paris, where she has recently given birth to a daughter.

The unfortunate death of the late amiable Lady Milton has excited the most lively interest and sorrow. Her ladyship was everywhere beloved, and her loss will be felt especially by the poor, to whom she was a friend and benefactor. Her ladyship was daughter to the late Lord Dundas, and has left nine children.

Mademoiselle Sontag is at Berlin, to which city she has lately returned from a professional tour. She will visit England in the ensuing Spring if her health permit.

Miss Stephens intends playing at one of the large houses for a few weeks in Spring, and closes a brilliant career of eighteen years
with a farewell benefit.—*Dramatic Gazette.* [We sincerely regret this intelligence. Miss Stephens has ever been one of the brightest ornaments of the stage: her talent, her beauty, but, above all, her tried and invincible morality and virtue, have made her an universal favourite. We have heard, however, that a matrimonial affair is on the tapis.—Ed. L. M.]

We know, from indisputable authority, that her Majesty, on receiving the representation of Ministers, was particularly averse to the procession on the 9th ult. lest what would be a pleasure to her might involve the life of any one of her subjects, and that it was chiefly by her persuasions that her Illustrious Lord was at length induced, most reluctantly, to accede to the wishes of his official advisers.

Mr. St. John Long, after having been fined 250l. for the manslaughter of Miss Cashin, returned to his professional duties, in consequence of which he has committed another—manslaughter, we suppose we must call it—and will be arraigned for the same at the ensuing Sessions. Should any of his infatuated patients undergo hereafter the ordeal of a *de lunatico inquiendo*, we should imagine that an attendance on this empiric would go far to substantiate the case.

We beg to suggest to her Grace the Duchess of St. Alban's, the propriety of desiring her husband to discontinue his Sunday dinner parties. The young gentleman should be taught that there are other days more appropriate for these amusements.

Their Majesties will shortly leave London for Brighton, but they will pass their Christmas at Windsor.

It is said that the unfortunate Charles X. is involved in pecuniary difficulties, and the funds of the ex-King will, it is feared, shortly be attached for debt.

We are surprised that there is no existing law which will lay hold on the nest of diabolical wretches who nightly vomit forth their blasphemy and sedition in Blackfriars Road. The flow of language and vehemence of gesture displayed by these pests of society act most fearfully on the minds of the poor ignorant audience, who have neither sense nor courage to refute their sophistry; while, conscious of their influence, they never fail to work upon the passions of these deluded people, and to instil into their minds all the infidel and bloodthirsty doctrines which their own black hearts can devise.

We were delighted on hearing, some months ago, that the neighbourhood of Battle-Bridge was likely to undergo an improvement, but as yet nothing has been effected towards that Dec. 1830. 2 H
desirable end but the erection of a building to be called King's Cross, the top of which looks for all the world like the capstan of a man-of-war.

The burnings in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants, and other counties, continue to increase. His Majesty's pardon and 500l. are offered to any accomplice who shall discover the actual incendiary.

The ensuing season is expected to be a remarkably gay one; already grand preparations are making in the mansions of many of the haut-ton at the West End.

Since writing the above we have received the following announcement:

Office of Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, St. James's, Nov. 25, 1830.—Notice is hereby given, that the Queen has appointed Thursday, the 24th day of February, 1831, for the celebration of her Majesty's birth-day, when a Drawing-room will be held at St. James's Palace.

The Queen will not require that any Lady who has already been presented should be presented a second time.

It is expected that all Ladies attending the Drawing-room will appear in dresses of British manufacture.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

FULL DRESS.

A dress of rose-coloured Grenadine gauze over satin of a corresponding colour. The corsage, cut low and square across the bust, is plain behind, and arranged in drapery on the upper part of the bust in front. Béret sleeve, surmounted by a deep fall of satin points. A row of white blond lace goes from the point of each shoulder in front, round the back part of the bust. A broad bouillon of the material of the dress, surmounted by a row of satin points, which fall partially over it, goes round the bottom of the skirt near the edge of the border; it crosses on the left side, and one end is brought nearly to the knee, where it is attached to another rouleau by a white rose with its foliage; this second rouleau, arranged in a similar manner, at a considerable distance from the first, terminates also in the drapery style with a flower. The head-dress is a béret, composed of the same material as the dress, and ornamented on the inside of the brim with bows and coques of rose-coloured gauze riband. The crown is decorated on one side, and behind, with full knots of riband; a white esprit, and a long, curled, rose-coloured ostrich feather, inserted in one of the knots, droop to the left side.
FULL DRESS

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR DEC. 1830

Published by James Robins & Co. London.
THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A lavender coloured satin dress; the corsage, made in the style of a canezou, is disposed in deep plaits behind, and ornamented in front of the bust with folds in the style of a fan. The sleeve is excessively wide as far as the elbow, from whence the fulness is disposed in deep folds; they are confined to the arm by three satin bands, placed at regular distances. The *jockeës* are very large; there are two pelerines, one small, the other of moderate size: they are trimmed, as are also the *jockeës*, with English black blond lace; three narrow rouleaus, put close together, surmount a black blond flounce attached to the upper edge of the hem. Black velvet hat, lined with rose-coloured satin. The brim is, comparatively speaking, of a moderate size; the crown low, and of an oval form. The first is trimmed on the inside with rose-coloured gauze riband. Quillings of blond net, tied under the chin by full bows and ends of riband, form the *bridges*. The crown is decorated with two uncurled ostrich feathers, inserted in a bandeau of black gauze riband, and knots of riband placed on each side.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

We are sure our fair readers will rejoice with us at the prospect of a splendid winter. Thanks to foreign commotions, our English nobility and gentry are flocking home as fast as they can. Our court is expected to be brilliant; and what English lady will present herself at it, decked in the produce of foreign looms, when our gracious Queen, the true mother of her people, has openly expressed a determination to wear only our own manufactures? Nor need the most fastidious amateur of foreign silks or laces regret this determination; if she will only take the trouble to compare English and foreign goods, the superiority of the former will be so evident, that, putting patriotism and charity out of the question, self-interest will induce her to give the preference to home manufactures.

Walking dress is rather of a comfortable than showy description. Cloth mantles of dark colours, trimmed round the pelerine with rich bullion fringe to correspond, are much in favour; and when worn with a black velvet bonnet, or else one of a rich full winter colour, are at once appropriate to the season and gentlewomanly.

We still see a good many dresses composed of merinos, or *gros de Naples*, worn with large black velvet pelerines, trimmed with rich fringe. Those dresses offer nothing actually novel in their form: the corsage is nearly concealed by the pelerine: the sleeves, from the elbow to the wrist, are as wide as a gown skirt formerly
used to be; the remainder of the sleeve sets close to the arm, and it is finished by a pointed cuff, or else a cambric or embroidered manchette to correspond with the chemisette. A boa tippet is indispensable with this kind of walking dress: those tippets are indeed more in favour than the large fur pelerines, though they are also worn. Muffs are also very generally adopted. Ermine and sable are as much in favour as they have been for some winters past. We have it from good authority, that the beautiful fur known among the trade by the name of Isabella bear, will also this winter be exceedingly fashionable.

Satin mantles, with velvet pelerines, are greatly worn in carriage dress. Velvet pelisses are likely to be in considerable request towards the end of the month. Pelisse gowns are at this moment very generally adopted in carriage dress. They are composed of gros de Naples or gros des Indes; the corsage, made plain behind, is usually ornamented in front with satin rouleaus arranged in the shape of a fan, or else disposed in folds, which meet just above the ceinture; from thence the corsage is open, but not so much so as in summer. The collar and lappels are of very moderate size. If satin is used to trim the bust, the upper part of the sleeve is generally decorated with three satin points, which form the fulness of the upper part of the sleeve in the bouffant style, and knots or rouleaus of satin also adorn the front of the dress.

Black velvet, and black and rose-coloured satin and gros de Naples, are the materials in favour for carriage hats and bonnets; both are smaller, but not so much so as was anticipated. The brims of bonnets are neither very close nor very wide; they are becomingly rounded at the ears; the crowns continue the same height as last month. Those of black velvet or satin are generally lined with rose colour, and some have a mixture of rose colour in the trimming; others are trimmed with the material of the bonnet, arranged in short bows and long ends, the latter rounded and edged with narrow fioize silk fringe.

Several of the most novel hats have the brims rather to one side, and some have a kind of double brim. The crowns are still worn very low, and some have an ornament of the demi fichu form, either composed of or edged with blond lace, arranged in horizontal folds. Feathers are very much used in trimming carriage hats; there are seldom more than two employed, and they are placed together, but so as to droop in contrary directions. Ornaments composed of cut riband are always mingled with feathers. Many hats are trimmed with riband only; the knots are
OPERA DRESS    MORNING DRESS
FRENCH COSTUME YO. DEC. 1800

Dublin & to James Rens. & Co London
now always formed of ends; a favourite ornament is composed of riband cut to resemble a feather. Various shades of green, ruby, and rose, are the colours in request for ribands.

We do not remember a winter in which so great a variety of materials for half and full dress have been produced as the present. Merinos, cachemires, and washing silks are all in request for *négligé*; for grand costume we have plain and fancy silks, satins, velvets, crapes, and guazes, which for richness of material and beauty of pattern, are, we may boldly say, unrivalled. A good many dinner dresses are made in the half pelisse style, that is to say, partially high behind, but very open on the bust, and trimmed round with ornaments of the lozenge form, which are frequently edged with narrow blond lace. The chemisettes worn with these dresses are usually trimmed round the top with a ruche composed of blond net. The sleeves are always long, but generally of some transparent material. A narrow flounce, or a row of ornaments of the lozenge form, are the only trimmings seen on dinner gowns, and many are untrimmed.

Gowns in full dress have the corsage cut low, but not indelicately so. The backs are made plain, the fronts almost all crossed in drapery. Some are trimmed, *en pelerine*, with blond lace; others are plain. Sleeves in full dress are always very short and full. Full dress trimmings are either a blond lace flounce, to correspond with that on the bosom, or else a Grecian border embroidered in coloured silks, or composed of satin rouleaus. Claret colour, chestnut, dark blue, rose colour, dark green, and various fancy colours, are all fashionable.

**Modes de Paris.**

**Opera Dress.**

A redingote of very light vapeur gros des Indes, over a jaconot muslin dress; the corsage of the latter, made plain and high, is finished round the top with a double row of lace, arranged in round plaits. The skirt is embroidered round the border in detached bouquets, the embroidery is partially seen, as the redingote is open from the waist downwards. *Corsage croisée*, cut very low upon the shoulders, a little open at the upper part, and made with a square falling collar. The sleeve is of the *demi gigot* form. A Grecian border, embroidered in emerald-green silk, and intermingled with light sprigs of foliage, goes round the hem, and up each side of the dress to the waist; the collar is also embroidered. The hat is an intermixture of velvet and satin; the colour of the first is *violette des bois*, the latter *vest emerande*;
f a Newton, a Watt, or a Jenner; but they protrude into meri-
ian splendour the puny pretensions of countless poestaters, wit-
ings, and amateurs. Real genius and active industry should not be
dismayed, however, by this indifference which clouds the dawn of 
their exertions, and which sometimes nips the bud of noble spirations; for great truths there will always come a time and a
lace; the man who works for the benefit of his fellow-beings 
an afford to await the hour allotted for the full development of 
is labours, and bequeaths, in tranquil confidence, to posterity the 
putation which he may have failed to obtain from a dominant 
erie of capricious contemporaries."

Edward, third son of the vicar of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, 
as born the 17th of May, 1749, and early manifested a growing 
aste for natural history, in pursuit of which he became an enthusi-
ast in its most extended sense, whilst residing as pupil with the 
lebrated John Hunter, who possessed a menagerie at Brompton, 
ere he prosecuted his inquiries into the habits and structure of 
nimals. Between these great men a real friendship arose, and a 
munity of taste and pursuits united them to the last.

Whilst in London he declined several advantageous offers, from 
 wish to return to Berkeley. Here his practice rapidly increased; 
is surgical attainments, his amiable and polished manners, and 
is very general information, securing to him a welcome recep-
on from the most distinguished families in his district. His 
vely disposition equally entered into the deepest sympathy with 
he sadder moments of his friends, or gaily participated in their 
appier hours. In 1788 he married, and in that year he began to 
ran his attention more seriously to the subject of vaccination, 
ch had long before occupied his mind, though it was not till 
he 14th of May, 1796, that he made his first decisive experiment. 
In that day an annual festival is still held at Berlin, to com-
orate the event. He published his first memoir in June, 1798, 
fter struggling against every discouragement from the various 
embers of the profession with whom he previously communi-
ated. He intended to have consigned his results to the Trans-
citions of the Royal Society, but he was seriously admonished not 
present his paper, lest it should injure the character which he 
ad previously acquired among scientific men.

The various disappointments and difficulties which darkened the 
utset of this inestimable discovery were now on the point of 
ing surmounted by the most triumphant success. Those who 
ently opposed its progress, or less candidly sought to under-
n the pretensions of its author, were soon to be silenced. In
the summer of 1799, thirty-three of the leading physicians, and
d forty eminent surgeons of London, signed an earnest expres-
sion of their confidence in the efficacy of the cow-pox. Early in 1800,
his present Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, actively patronized
Jenner, who was successively introduced to the leading members
of the royal family.

"In order to estimate properly the fruits of his exertions, let
us," says the volume before us, "consider the evil which he
combated, and which he finally deprived of its principal strength.
From an examination of the London bills of mortality during
forty-two years, Dr. Jurin ascertained that, even after inoculation
had been introduced, one in fourteen of all that were born
perished by the small-pox. Of persons of every age taken ill in
the natural way, one in five or six died; while even of the inocu-
lated one in fifty fell a victim. Condorcet, in recommending the
adoptive of vaccination in France, exclaimed, "La petite vérole
décrase." In the Russian empire it is said to have swept away
two millions in a single year. At Constantinople it proved fatal
in many epidemics to one half of those infected. But, after that
the disease had been undergone, traces often remained in the
habit only inferior in severity to the evil itself; it appears from
the records of the London Asylum for the Inindigent Blind, that
three-fourths of the objects there relieved had lost their sight
through the small-pox. These indications might fill many pages
of detail; they ought to be steadily borne in mind even at present.

"The late professor Gregory had the merit of introducing vacci-
nation into Scotland, in which he was aided by Sir Matthew
Tierney. Dr. Waterhouse succeeded, about the year 1800, in
establishing the practice in America. Dr. De Carvin, at that
period settled in Vienna, deserves particular mention for his
successful exertions in communicating this antidote to Asia. We
cannot afford space to enumerate the active promoters of the
measure on the continent of Europe, but Dr. Sower and Millin
distinguished himself both by active co-operation, and by per-
sonal inquiries into the origin of cow-pox. Most of the govern-
ments of Europe have since enjoined the practice, by various
enactments, which more or less amount to compulsory, and the
results have been more favourable under such circumstances than
in our own country, where the guidance of their own capricious suggestions.

"A committee of parliament was soon appointed to consider the
claims of Jenner upon the

The natural text provides historical context about the introduction of smallpox vaccination in London, the influence of prominent figures such as Dr. Jurin and Dr. Condorcet, and the widespread impact of the disease before the advent of vaccination. It also highlights the contributions of European and American vaccinators, including Dr. Gregory in Scotland and Dr. De Carvin in Vienna, and notes the later endorsement of vaccination by European governments. The text emphasizes the importance of Jenner's work and the broader impact of vaccination in reducing the mortality associated with smallpox.
the trimming consists of knots of green gauze riband, composed
of ends cut in dents de scie. Ear-rings, neck-chains, &c. mas-
sive gold. Green velvet bracelets, with gold clasps. Green satin
bottines.

MORNING DRESS.
A high dress composed of drab coloured gros de Naples; cor-
sage à l’Amazone, embroidered round the collar and on the bust
in silk braiding to correspond. Cambric chemisette, small
plaited, and finished round the top with a double frill. Black
satin bonnet of the chapeau capote shape. The brim is ornamented
on the inside with a bandeau and knots of pale pink riband. An
extremely large nœud of satin, attached to the front of the
crown, projects on one side over the brim; a twisted band of
riband goes round the crown, and a knot, en tulipe, surmounts
the satin ornament on the left side.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN NOVEMBER.
White dresses and light scarfs are no longer seen in the fashion-
able promenades; they have given place to the warm winter
mantles, or the well-wadded pelisse. Several of the former are
extremely elegant. Some are made of fine twilled cloth, of a
very slight texture, with an excessively large pelerine, and a high
collar; the pelerine, the collar, and the fronts of the mantle, are
embroidered, or pointed, in a wreath of flowers. Mantles com-
posed of plaided merinos, made in the same manner, but without
any trimming, are also in request.

Pelisses are composed of sarsnet; they are made with a plain
tight corsage, and a high collar; they fasten imperceptibly down
the front, and have no trimming. A fur tippet, either of the
boa or palatine form, is always worn with a pelisse.

Velvet is in much request, as are also gros des Indes, and gros
de Naples, for walking bonnets and hats; they are lined with
satin of a different colour, and a good many are composed of two
materials, and of two colours, so that one would be tempted to
think the fair wearers were economical enough, to have their bon-
nets made of shreds, if the expensive feathers, or handsome lace
veils worn with them, did not show that economy had nothing to
do in the business.

The brims of bonnets are, comparatively speaking, of a mod-
erate size; the crowns are low, a good many are of the melon
shape, and have the material arranged in folds. If the bonnet is
composed of two materials, the trimming corresponds; if of one,
it is composed of ribands only. There is now a great variety of
tri-coloured ribands besides those of the nation; the latter are
very little worn at present. Brown, ponceau, and green; rose, lavender, and orange; ruby, yellow, and dark blue, are the colours most in request for ribands and scarfs of three colours.

Many velvet hats are not lined with a different colour, but the inside of the brim is nearly covered with broad rich riband, put plain in the centre, and fluted on each side in the shape of a fan. Beside the strings, there is always a band of riband that passes under the chin, and is trimmed with a quilling of blond net, or a row of narrow blond lace.

Gros de Naples is the material most in favour in half dress; these gowns are made with the corsage crossed in folds before, but only half high. The back is plain at top, but with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. The long sleeves à la Médici, are surmounted by jockey’s, which are now deeper than last month. The corsage and the jockey’s are frequently edged with very narrow, soft silk fringe, but the skirt has rarely any trimming.

Satin dresses, the corsage made with a cluster of folds just above the ceinture in front, which branch out on each side on the bust à l’évadant, are also worn in half dress, and particularly for social parties. The bust is ornamented with blond lace, which is put very deep behind, but narrower in front. The sleeves of these dresses are generally finished at the wrist with a deep point, which is edged with narrow blond lace.

Different kinds of gauze are worn in evening dress, particularly gaze de Chine, and gaze de Turin; the first is of uncommon richness; the other is of a lighter description, and much in favour for ball dresses. Both kinds of gauze are striped, spotted, and figured in a great variety of patterns.

A good many ball dresses have the corsage ornamented with five small satin rouleaus, and a deep fall of gauze arranged en collarette, which is also bordered with one or two narrow rouleaus. If the dress has not this trimming, then the sleeves are generally ornamented with knots of riband on each shoulder. Short sleeves continue as wide as usual, but longer.

We have scarcely any thing to say on the subject of trimmings; a blond lace set on just above the knee, with scarcely any fulness, or a row of dents de scie, laid partially one over another, are occasionally seen on dresses, but by far the greater number have no trimming. Even ball dresses are made plain, with the exception of a few finished with embroidery, either in white or colours just above the hem.

Head-dresses this winter will be decidedly splendid; those
which have already appeared are of the richest description, but made with much lightness and grace. Black velvet bérets, something smaller than those of last winter, the caulns formed of satin rouleaus, arranged en treillage, are in great favour; they are usually ornamented with feathers. The plumage of the bird of Paradise has a beautiful effect upon these head-dresses. Some of the new turbans are also of velvet; others are composed of a mixture of velvet or satin with gold or silver gauze.

The hair in full dress is so arranged as to display its luxuriance in the most striking manner, either in large bows on the summit of the head, or else in plaited bands wound round a single bow; it is ornamented either with feathers or flowers, the latter arranged in wreaths.

Fashionable colours are those of which we have already spoken, with the addition of light blue.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**Births.**—At Bourn Hall, the Countess De La Warr, of a son.—In Queen Ann Street, the lady of John Kingston, Esq., of a daughter.—In Alexander Square, Brompton, the lady of Captain W. T. Williams, of a daughter.—At George Place, Lewisham, the lady of William Tucker, Esq., Commander Royal Navy, of a daughter.—At Richmond, the lady of G. Julius, jun. Esq. M.D. of a son.—In Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, the lady of Henry Moxom, Esq., of a daughter.—At North Runcorn, Lady Harriet Gurney, of a daughter.—At Westmill, Herts, the lady of the Rev. H. Pepys, of a son.—In Upper Grosvenor Street, the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer, of a daughter.—At Beckenham, Kent, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Dale, of a daughter.—At Funtington, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel William Hewett, of a son.—At Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the lady of the Rev. Henry John Owen, of a son.

**Marriages.**—At Streatham Church, the Rev. Samuel Boydell Beckwith, of Lamberhurst, Kent, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Vannini, Esq., of St. John's, Tortola.—At St. Pancras Church, Richard Pemberton, Esq., jun., of Barnes, in the county of Durham, to Ellen, fifth daughter of Captain Jump, R. N.—At Kingston, Upper Canada, Captain J. R. Horosby, Royal Artillery, to Eliza Rosina, fourth daughter of the late B. Mackenzie, Esq., of Montreal.—At Roscrea, Lieutenant-Colonel Maberly, 76th regiment, to Kate Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. F. A. Prittie, M.P., for the county of Tipperary.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Captain Kersteman, of Canewdon, Essex, to Mary Ann, second daughter of the late Rev. Rowland Berkeley, LL. D. of Writtle, Essex.

**Deaths.**—In Gloucester Place, Lady Pepys, in the 82d year of her age.—At Le Mans, the Right Hon. the Earl of Beverley, in the 61st year of his age.—At Little Chelsea, in the county of Middlesex, Sir William Augustus Brown, Bart. Lieutenant in his Majesty's 101st regiment of foot, aged 66.—At Conyngham Hall, the seat of the Hon. Sir Francis Burton, Bart. the Hon. Mrs. Whaley, widow of the late Thomas Whaley, Esq., of Strabo, in the county of Carlow, Ireland, eldest daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Cloncurry.
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