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INTERVIEW BETWEEN QUEEN MARIE-ANTOINETTE AND MIRABEAU.

In the number of the Lady's Magazine for February last, we introduced to our readers an extract from a recent French work of fiction, entitled Barnave. To the same work we have recourse for the following illustration of the annexed plate.

The author represents the narrator as an Austrian nobleman, whose mother and cousin, Helen, are confidential attendants of Marie-Antoinette. At the beginning of the Revolution he visits Paris, and, among the various public characters with whom he there becomes acquainted, is Mirabeau. This popular leader, weary of the humiliations to which he is obliged to submit, in order to conciliate the favour of the new and capricious sovereign, the people, is disposed to return to that natural allegiance, which, as a member of the aristocracy of France, he still feels for the King; and he determines to save, if possible, the royal family from the democratic fury which he has himself mainly contributed to arouse. In pursuance of this intention, he consents to a secret interview with the queen, and engages the relator to be his sole attendant on this occasion.

"At eleven at night, we were on horseback. Before we left the street, Mirabeau wrapped himself in his cloak, and drew his hat down over his eyes. At first, we proceeded cautiously, making several circuits to ascertain that we were not followed; and, soon quitting Versailles, we entered those thick woods which lead from that place to St. Germain. The night was dark; the wind waved the tops of the trees; the grass rustled under the feet of the horses; the wild tenants of the forest passed and repassed with a thousand confused noises. Mirabeau led the way, while I followed in silence, with the passive obedience of a soldier following his colonel, and without having ever inquired whether we were going. Never did I behold such profound dejection and melancholy as in the silent progress of Mirabeau through the long forest: his head inclined upon his bosom; his left arm hung down by his side; and the violence with which, from time to time, he stuck the spurs into the sides of his horse, attestèd the vehemence of the passions with which his mind was agitated.

"At length, from a rising ground, we discovered at our feet the palace of St. Cloud, asleep in the midst of its extensive park. We proceeded at a foot-pace to the iron gate. At the watchword, uttered in a low tone, the gate opened to admit us, and was quickly closed. We pursued our way down the long avenue bordering the Seine: no sound was to be heard save the murmuring of the water. On reaching the great basin, we found a man, who asked us to alight, and laid hold of the bridles of our horses: he pointed to a steep path running past the cascades of the fountain to the platform which leads to the palace. Mirabeau had some difficulty to scramble up the hill by this slippery path, and it was only by supporting himself upon my arm that he arrived at a certain point of the avenue, where he stopped.

"It was a perfectly open spot. An Italian vase, crowned with foliage, which waved from its top, indicated the place of meeting. Here Mirabeau stood still. "You
must step aside, my noble esquire," said he to me; 'Go, take your seat on that bench, in yon arbour. I wish to have a witness of this interview; for, to confess the truth, I have too richly deserved hatred in that palace, not to have reason to feel rather insecure here. Go, then, my friend, wait for me there, and keep an eye upon me. Above all, happen what will, not a word, not a gesture, not a motion, that may betray fear.'

"In obedience to these injunctions, I left Mirabeau to his reflections, seated myself in an arbour from which I could see all that passed, and began to think of the perilous chances of a revolution, which, at such an hour, could force the daughter of emperors to quit the bed of her royal consort, in order to implore the forgiveness and support of this man. Amidst these doleful thoughts, I saw three females advancing as if from the palace. They seemed to glide over the greensward, hastening on slowly; they were evidently afraid. I was between them and Mirabeau. I cast a look at him, and saw him walking to and fro, with measured step, like a man who has long paced the circumscribed platform of a dungeon.

"The three ladies gradually drew nearer: two of them passed before me. It was the queen, followed by my mother. The queen was pale; her eyes were cast down, her hands clasped: she trembled, but was yet resolute. Her white dress, blown by the wind, displayed her shape: her auburn hair flowed loosely over her shoulders. You would have taken her, at midnight, with a cloud veiling the face of the moon, for the apparition of a young female, who had died the preceding day, and who had returned in her bridal night-dress to earth, where her steps have ceased to produce an echo, her body a shadow, her breathing a sound.

"My mother followed the queen very closely. She was always cool; her step was always stately, her head motionless, her eye fixed: she walked as though she had been in the presence of the whole court in the great drawing-room of the palace.

"My attention was so taken up by the scene before me, that I was scarcely aware that the third of these ladies had entered the arbour where I was posted. When the queen had passed this arbour, she quickened her pace, as if she had forgotten the errand on which she had come; and presently, finding herself face to face with Mirabeau, she gave a piercing shriek, and started back. It was not till then that I perceived that I had a companion. At the outcry of the queen, she would have rushed forth from the arbour, but I detained her. 'Pardon me, madam,' said I, 'that cry is not a cry of distress; her majesty was startled—nothing more. Let us not disturb this interview by useless interference.' "'See,' said I, resuming, 'the queen has recovered herself, and is accosting him. The conference begins; may it end well!'

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed the young lady; 'what an ugly man! I don't wonder that the queen was frightened.'

"The voice was so sweet, and so touching, that, in spite of the scene which absorbed my attention, I turned my head, and recognized Helen, my cousin Helen, whom I had seen but once since my arrival in France.'

"We pass over the conversation which ensues after this recognition, as unconnected with our subject.

"At length, the moon succeeded in bursting through the cloud which covered her. One of her rays fell upon Marie-Antoinette and Mirabeau. From the agitation expressed in their faces, it was evident that the conversation had been interesting and animated. The queen seemed to have somewhat recovered her spirits; her look was serene; she bade adieu to Mirabeau. On his part, calm and polite, he respectfully accompanied the queen to the end of the greensward; there he stopped, and there, too, terminated the pale moonlight, rendered fainter by the trees of the shrubbery.

"'Madam,' said Mirabeau to the queen, 'when your august mother dismissed a subject with whom she was satisfied, she did him the honour to give him her hand to kiss.' As he thus spoke, he dropped on one knee. The queen, with a slight smile, held out her hand, which he pressed to his lips. She then took the way to the palace, still followed by my mother, who had not seen me.

"'I had but time to say to my fair cousin, 'Tis the Count de Mirabeau.' He was still kneeling. The Countess turned about to look at him. 'He is not so ugly as I at first thought him,' said she. Before I could answer, she was gone, and presently the door of the palace closed upon her.'"
ADVENTURES OF A CONVICT.

RELATED BY HIMSELF AFTER HIS EXECUTION.

In the library of the late University of Caen is preserved a collection of interesting letters, written chiefly by monks, one of which is particularly remarkable. In this letter, Jean Galland, a friar belonging to a convent in the Ardennes, relates to Philip de Harcourt, whom he addresses as his "dear brother : Jesus Christ," the extraordinary adventures of his life in the following narrative.

My parents possessed but little property: still a tolerably profitable business enabled my father to give me an education that was far above my condition. Ambitious plans, which I conceived, Heaven knows how, filled my imagination during my school-years; but when I had finished my studies the realities of life drew me down from the clouds to which my poetic and philosophic dreams had elevated me, and I was forced to pursue my course upon the level plain of ordinary life, and to strip off my enthusiasm like a ridiculous garment. At variance with myself, I returned to the parental house, in which my family had long carried on a trade in silks. Nobody expected me to go behind the counter, nay, I was urged to attend to my studies as closely as before; for my father had particular views respecting me, which were never accomplished, and which, owing to the events that I am about to relate, were never even communicated to me.

Proud as I was of my pursuits, I nevertheless took great delight in passing a leisure hour in my father's shop, where I had opportunities of seeing all the handsomest young females in Caen, who frequented it for the purpose of buying stuffs, ribbons, and all the numberless trifles with which women contrive to heighten their charms, at the same time that they appear to hide them. Among these young ladies there was one, the sight of whom produced an extraordinary effect upon me. She was the only daughter of the Count de Mathan, a young creature who was but just on the threshold of actual life, and whose look betrayed that unaffected simplicity which marks only the short period between childhood and adolescence. Isabelle's eyes were blue as a serene sky in May; her features were delicate and regular; her hair was dark brown, and her complexion so exquisitely fair, as to vie with the cambric which modestly covered her neck. The image of this angelic girl daily sunk deeper and deeper into my heart: in my walks she hovered about me, and she haunted me in my dreams. She was my world; she brought me light and life; both seemed to forsake me with her; and in her presence alone did I feel happy. I followed her everywhere as regularly as night follows day. To be sure, the son of a shopkeeper could not offer himself to her as a partner at the ball; and this consciousness was a thorn in my bosom. But at all public amusements, in the promenades, at church, at the Lord's table—God forgive me, miserable sinner!—I was always near her; I touched her robe, and took care not to lose sight of her. Had she guessed my thoughts? had her eye read the expression of mine? I could not believe it, for not a word had passed my lips. Fortune at length afforded me an opportunity of disclosing my secret. It was the festival of Corpus Christi. I had as usual, entered the church at the same time with her. The air was sultry, and the sky overcast with heavy gray clouds, from which the sun sometimes burst forth fiercely, throwing through the painted windows a dim light under the dark arches. The fragrance of the flower-wreaths around the tall pillars, the penetrating odour of the incense, the tones of the organ, the solemn chant of the priests, all concurred to affect me so powerfully, that my heart could scarcely endure the excess of its love. The Gloria in excelsis was over, when distant thunder began to roll, the heavens became obscured, and the yellow flashes of lightning played upon the stained glass of the windows. Terror was painted in every countenance, while the singers proceeded with the service, but in a lower and more doleful tone: the thought of God was banished from the mind, and the ear listened in apprehension to the thunder alone. My eyes rested on Isabelle, and I experienced a singular joy on seeing her look pale like the rest. Whether this general feeling of anxiety seemed to bring her nearer to me, or to level the inequality between us, I know not. Her face was turned towards me, when a flash of lightning dazzled my
eyes for a few seconds; and when I opened them again, Isabelle was still looking in the same direction. The congregation rose for the Gospel; but at that moment the lightning struck and shattered the roof, and ran through the nave with a tremendous crash, like the explosion of a powder-mine. Screams and lamentations arose from all quarters, and such was the stupefaction caused by the general terror, that no one thought of escaping from the sulphureous effluvia. Most of the people lay, half senseless, on the seats. Isabelle alone stood up with folded hands, and her large eyes wide open. Not knowing what I did, I caught her in my arms, and carried her, almost suffocated with the vapour, and fainting upon my bosom, through the aisle to the street, where the fresh air soon recovered her. She looked anxiously around her, and, without noticing the person who had just saved her, she exclaimed, “My mother, my mother!” Instead of making any reply, I rushed back to the door of the church; but it was impossible to penetrate into the building, for the people were pouring out like a torrent: young men were carrying the aged upon their shoulders, husbands their wives in their arms, mothers their children. At length, the entrance having become clearer, I went in. Gracious God, what a sight!—Smoke dust, heaps of stone and rubbish! The tapers were extinguished, and not a creature to be seen. Here and there, indeed, I heard a slight moan—I approached the unfortunate sufferers—all was silent—they were dead.

Hastily returning to the spot where I had left my treasure, I found, to my surprise, the whole family assembled, and waiting to thank me. They made me get into the carriage with them, and overwhelmed me with civilities and demonstrations of friendship. Isabelle alone said nothing, neither did I address a single word to her, for her every look seemed to say to me, “Be silent!” The Count’s house was then so far open to me, and I lacked not opportunity to disclose to Isabelle the secret which was locked up in my breast: for, though her parents seemed disposed to forget my inferior rank, they looked upon this very circumstance as a pledge that I should never presume to raise my wishes to their daughter. This calculation was not absolutely false: the consciousness of our unequal condition daily increased my respectful reserve, and many weeks elapsed before I one day expressed my passion, and almost against my will received Isabelle’s confession that it was returned. And yet, what bliss lay in this assurance! I was too deeply enamoured to be able to conceal my feelings for any length of time; they were divined. The Count treated me, at first, with coolness, and soon forbade me his house. But it was too late; Isabelle and I understood each other’s looks, and when I durst no longer cross the threshold of the château, we met at a small sequestered farm-house, whither she used to go with a female friend, and where we spent many a happy evening. Her friend returned to her own family, and then it was but rarely, and for a few moments at a time, that I could see her. Both of us lamented this restraint; and my entreaties at length, one day, drew from her a promise that she would meet me in the evening, disguised in boy’s clothes, in the adjacent forest.

It was a delicious evening in September: the sky was sprinkled with small, light, gold-fringed clouds; the air was warm and calm, but at times a gentle breeze swept through the branches, and played with the leaves, which already exhibited the manifold tints of autumn. I waited long in the appointed alley; and so heated was my imagination that in the twilight I frequently fancied that I saw Isabelle issuing from the thickets; and when she really made her appearance, I ran to meet her, as though fearful that it was again only a phantom which I beheld. Unluckily, I was not this time mistaken; for Isabelle had already stretched out her arms towards me, when a man rushed forth from the bushes, stabbed her, and ran back into the forest. All this was the work of a moment, and before I had gone many steps in pursuit of the murderer, he was out of sight.

Beside myself, I raised my beloved Isabelle in my arms; her blood streamed from the wound, and the dagger was still in her heart. Trembling, I drew it out; she stammered my name, and the last sigh escaped her lips. I pressed her to my bosom, and bathed myself in her blood—that blood which afterwards bore witness against me.

Who was the murderer?—what urged him to the deed? Full well I know; for there is a suspicion that lieth not. He whom the justice of men cannot reach,
shall be judged above by God, and if there are any witnesses there, I will bear witness against him. . . . There, my brother, it will be loudly acknowledged that I am free from the guilt of that atrocious murder. I did not follow the perpetrator, it is true; this my judges considered as an evidence of my guilt; but could I leave the dying girl? . . . This paper is wet with my tears: I weep, brother, at the judgment of men.

At day-break some peasants found me near the corpse of Isabelle, with baggad look and the dagger in my hand. They dragged me to the mansion of the Count. It was supposed that I had taken her life out of jealousy, and that conscience had chained me to the body, as the vulture cannot quit the prey which he is consuming. In the madness of grief I felt alleviation in the confession that I had killed her, and certainly I was the cause of her death, for had not the dagger pierced her heart as she was extending her arms towards me? What happened afterwards is known to you, for you were present at my trial. You know that I was sentenced to die, and that in the face of death I protested my innocence.

I had but two days more to live. The world and every thing in it appeared like the quicksand which gives way in a dream beneath our feet, and eternity like a sea without shore, without bottom, rolling forward its waves to swallow me up. Heaven alone knows the tortures that agogized my heart: my senses were confused, till at length I asked myself whether I had not really murdered my beloved in a paroxysm of madness?—whether the man whom I saw coming from the thicket, and plunging the dagger into her bosom, was not the phantom of a brain deranged by remorse? Gentler feelings would then succeed, and afford me a few moments' tranquillity. I thought of our mutual affection, of the delicious harmony which had ever united us, of the name pronounced with her last breath. . . . O, that I could have imbibed death from her sweet lips! . . . But, to perish on the scaffold, like a malefactor—to be hulled to sleep on this hideous death-bed by the acclamations of the multitude—to be consigned yet warm to the grave, and to cheat father and mother of the corpse of their son! . . . My brain, worked up to frenzy by the tortures of death, analyzed all human institutions. With what contemptuous pity I looked forth from my dungeon upon those men, who, in spite of the Christian precepts, think only of physical life, and after they have punished murder by murder, lay themselves quietly down to sleep, with the consciousness that they shall make compensation for the blood which has been spilt by that which they are about to spill.

All the faces that I beheld had a singular expression: I could discover in every one of them that they were fore-armed against any opinion favourable to the accused. Determined to regard me as a murderer, they found a proof of my guilt even in the energetic protestations of my innocence; and the very priest, with his human passions—he, whose duty it was to inquire into the state of my mind—mistook the refusal to confess for the obduracy of the criminal. How much higher in the scale of created beings did the fly then appear to me, which flew buzzing along the dark wall of my prison, and freely enjoyed its portion of that air of which my fellow-men were solicitous to deprive me, as though it were a boon for which I was indebted to them! By degrees I sank into a stupor, from which rose, like a hideous monster, the thought of inevitable death. I believed then in a hell, for I felt, in all their keenness, the unutterable torments by which the human soul can be agonized; and my thoughts sometimes seemed like infernal demons to distract my head, and to be gnawing the brain which had begotten them.

The fearful moment arrived. I was placed in the car. The horses moved off, and the curious who had assembled to see me delivered up to that intellectual machine of the law, the executioner, ejaculated their Ah! Perhaps the real murderer was there, trying to discover whether his victim suffered as much as himself. I recollect that I looked round me twice, but immediately cast down my eyes again, for they met none but countenances on which abhorrence was impressed, and a satanic smile played on every lip, as though each enjoyed my agony. The sun shone cheerily, and
the sky was blue and cloudless. I closed my eyes, and strove to fix my thoughts on the delicious moments which I had passed with Isabelle; for such had been the purity of our love, that I could not take with me any more soothing thought into the presence of God. The car suddenly stopped; I looked up once more to bid a last adieu to that precious existence of which I was about to be forcibly deprived, and perceived the gallows, with the cord and the hangman, and a crowd covering the whole place around me. With bitter scorn I gazed about, and then turned to the priest, for I died as a Christian, and forgave all mankind. I then shut my eyes for the last time, and leant upon the executioner as I ascended. He put the cord round my neck, and when the priest had concluded the prayer with the words: "My son, heaven openeth before thee!" I felt my footing sink from under me.

Death—I have a right to use this term—Death was scarcely anything: a few violent convulsions, a flash through the eyes, a throbbing in the brain—nothing more. At the moment when I lost the consciousness of my existence, it seemed as though I was lying in an immense sea, the waves of which broke with a singular noise over my head. It was as if the weight of the whole world lay upon my breast and my brow; before my closed eyes streams of brilliant light seemed to break forth on all sides, and to shew me the world, but much more beautiful than I had left it. I felt like an atom in that infinite space, like a grain of sand in that ocean, a worm beneath the blue heaven besprinkled with gold; and near me seemed to roll the thunder of everlasting waterfalls, which threw themselves impetuously from lofty rocks, and threatened to draw me into their foaming whirlpools. At length the light became paler, all the forms smaller, and again I began to feel pain. My soul was withdrawn from the magic circle of these visions; consciousness returned, and in extreme terror I half-opened my eyes; for I heard around me horrid oaths and blasphemies, and concluded that I had passed from the other life to hell, and had awoke among the damned. I opened my eyes completely, and found myself at one end of a long room, lighted only by the faint rays of a single lamp, which stood among glasses and pitchers upon a table at the other extremity of the apartment. Round the table were seated men with coarse and vulgar features: they were soldiers, drinking and playing at dice. Two paces in the rear stood another soldier as sentinel, with his musket in his hand, and his head bending down over the table—he wavered between duty and inclination: at length he laid his piece upon the floor, and joined in the play of his comrades. The effort which I was forced to make to distinguish all this, awakened me completely; I found that I was once more living upon earth; and, in spite of all that I had suffered, existence was still so dear that I grasped at it afresh with eagerness. It was some time before I was capable of comprehending who these men were. At length, I concluded that they were guarding my body, and this conviction led me to abandon my first idea of throwing myself at their feet. For the moment, therefore, I contented myself with watching my brutal watchers, and waiting for a favourable opportunity to escape: for I perceived, to my great joy, that their heads were becoming more heated, their imprecations more horrible, and their eyes more confused with every fresh jug of wine. The day had so far declined that it was nearly dark; the faint light of the lamp scarcely extended beyond the table and the gamesters, who only now and then cast a hasty glance at the large and nearly square bed on which I was laid. From its canopy hung ample woollen curtains, open only at the foot, and it was by this end that I hoped to escape. Slowly, and with the utmost caution, I slid down. I had already stretched one leg beyond the curtain, and was just setting my foot on the floor, when one of the soldiers, entering at the door opposite to the bed, with a pitcher in his hand, and seeing the leg of the corpse protruding, screamed, and dropped the jug in his fright. His comrades immediately rose, but their senses were so confused with wine and play, that they could make neither head nor tail of his story, and, having thrown the broken pieces of the jug at him, amidst coarse raillery, they desired him to fetch some more wine, and seated themselves again to play. As the man no longer saw the leg, for during their dispute I had quickly withdrawn it, he conceived himself that he must have been mistaken, and hastily went out, leaving the door open.

I had now not a moment to lose, for every second brought me nearer to the danger of discovery. Quickly forming my
resolution, I glided to the floor, and, thanks to the hangman, who had stripped me of my coat, shoes, and stockings, I slipped out at the door unperceived, without making the slightest noise. I then perceived from the sounds which proceeded from below that I was in a public-house. Following a dark passage, I reached a broad staircase, which I hastily descended, without meeting a creature. Here I looked for a door or a window by which I might gain the street, but to no purpose. Impelled by the fear of being retaken by the soldiers, I was driven to a desperate risk. I went to the lower room, where the noisy company were drinking loudly to the health of the murderer who had been hanged that day, softly opened the door, poked in my head, and looked steadfastly at the topers. Had I been aware of the mysterious power of that head, I should have gone forward without apprehension; for no sooner did the persons present recognize in my pale face and livid neck, the executed murderer, the corpse from above, than the very soldiers were paralyzed with horror, and shook in every limb. There they stood, glass in hand, and with distended eyes riveted on my hideous figure, as if the Angel of Death had just touched them with his wings.

Encouraged by the sight I entered the room, glided like a ghost through the stupefied throng, and out of the house, and disappeared in the street, leaving behind me such horror and consternation as secured me, at least for the moment, from the pursuit of my guards. Shivering, I pursued my course till I came to a ruined house, in which I determined to seek an asylum for the night. Quickly ascending the half-decayed stairs, I cowered down among a heap of rubbish near a window: but scarcely had I settled myself there when I heard in the street confused voices, and saw beneath my window policemen and soldiers, who were talking about my escape and the means of retaking me. From their conversation I learned that, after I had been cut down from the gallows, some doubts arose concerning my death, and I had been carried into the nearest public-house to wait the return of a messenger, who had been dispatched to the governor in the country, and was to bring back his orders respecting the course to be pursued in case of my resuscitation. When all was again quiet, I once more ventured abroad, and stealing through the most retired streets, found myself in half an hour on the road to Bayeux. In a conflict between love and shame, I betook myself of my paternal home. I then ran for a long time, without stopping, through the fields, till I came to a crucifix, before which I prostrated myself in fervent prayer to the Almighty for counsel and succour; and God raised me up, and led me by the hand.

You know, my brother, where I have since buried myself, and where I have found the peace and rest of the Lord. My days now flow smoothly on, and no fearful phantoms disturb my slumbers; for all human passions are extinguished in my bosom. The peace of the Lord be with you, my brother!

JEAN GALLAND.

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THE CHARM.

It was on the eve of Allhallows, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-five, that a party of young people of both sexes had assembled round a bright and cheerful fire in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Dormer. Numerous were the charms and ceremonies that had been performed in the course of the evening; at length, wearied with trying the magic of the wedding-ring, the burning of nuts, and such like expedients, it was proposed by the youngest daughter of Mr. Dormer that they should call upon a lady present to give them the history of a charm which she had tried in her youth. The lady smilingly drew her chair towards the fire, and instantly complied with their request.

"At the age of seventeen," she said, "you, my dear Mrs. Dormer, will recollect that I returned home from school to reign sole mistress of my father's mansion. He was a man of quiet and retired habits, and
THE CHARM.

little suited to become the only companion of so gay and volatile a girl as I then was. I had not been at home many months, before I began to be weary of the dull monotony in which our lives were passed. Sometimes whole days elapsed, and I beheld not one human being excepting the servants who composed our household.

One afternoon, tired of watching my father, who had been sleeping for full two hours, I resolved to follow his example, and was composing myself upon a couch, when I was aroused by the entrance of a servant who had lived several years in the family. She softly approached me, and placed in my hands a slip of paper, on which were written the following words:

"The eve preceding Midsummer-day, precisely as the clock strikes ten, pluck a sprig of myrtle, and, in retiring to rest, place it where the rays of the morning sun will reach it. On rising the next day, put it in your bosom, and, before twelve hours have elapsed, you will behold your future husband."

"No sooner had I read these words, than I instantly resolved to try the experiment; and impatiently counted the hours until the time arrived. At length it came: exactly as the clock struck the hour of ten, I plucked the myrtle, put it where the rays of the morning sun would reach it, and, on rising the next day, placed it in my bosom. On descending to the breakfast-room, I found that my father had been invited to spend the day with an old friend, whom he had not seen for many years. Immediately after breakfast he departed, and I was left alone.

"Dinner-time came, passed, and I beheld not any one who could possibly, as I conceived, become my future companion for life. Wearied, at length, with watching the gate that led to our dwelling, I threw myself upon a sofa, and fell fast asleep, for how long I know not; but, in a most delightful dream, I was suddenly awoke by a slight rustling in the room, and a pet spaniel that had been sleeping by my side barked aloud.

"I sprang upon my feet, and beheld, to my astonishment, a young and handsome man intently watching me. The thought of the charm I had tried rushed across my mind, yet I involuntarily placed my hand upon the bell. As I did so, the visitor advanced: 'I have to apologize,' he said, in a fine and manly voice, for an intrusion, which I trust the goodness of Miss Willoughby will pardon, when I inform her that Arthur Lorimer stands before her.' "Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed; is it possible?—is it, indeed, Arthur whom I behold? is it indeed that gay and thoughtless boy?" and I threw myself into his arms, and wept long and bitterly; for the sight of him brought the remembrance of my fair and gentle mother to my mind. When I last beheld him, she was alive; he had come to bid us farewell before his departure for the Continent, leaving me a child ten years of age. Time had indeed not stood still; for it had changed the boy of fourteen into the gay and handsome man of twenty-one.

"You must not leave us, Arthur," I said, when, after sitting with me for about two hours, he arose to go; "you must stay till my father returns; for little do I know him if he allows the son of one of his oldest friends to sojourn anywhere but under his own roof."

"At this instant my father entered, and added his entreaties to mine, and Arthur consented to stay one week with us. That week and many others flew away; and still Arthur lingered—still lingered to whisper vows of love and truth to me—to me, who loved him with an affection so pure and ardent, that the bare thought of separation made me shrink with horror and dismay. At length the dreadful moment arrived; and Arthur was summoned from my side to attend the dying bed of his father.

"One week, one short week afterwards, I received a letter from him in which he bade me think no more of one who had deceived me; for that, kneeling before his father's dying bed, he had consented to wed another. Great God! the wild agony of that moment! In the bitterness of my heart, I crushed the letter beneath my feet: I almost prayed that he, too, might feel the agony of a seared and blighted heart.

"The anguish of that moment passed; but never was the remembrance of it effaced from my mind: it left me a faded and broken-hearted creature. I wandered about, a pale and drooping thing, without one being to whisper consolation in my ear. Months passed away, and my father, alarmed at my altered appearance, consigned me to the care of a distant relation of his, who resided in London.

"Thither I went, and arrived in Hanover-square two days preceding that of Mid-
summer. Again I determined to try the myrtle-charm; but would it bring Lorimer to my side? No, no; I knew it would not: but still I tried it again. On Midsummer morning, I placed the myrtle in my bosom; but with what different feelings! When I tried it the preceding year, I was a gay, light-hearted girl; no cloud had then passed over me; my thoughts were all bright, gay, and joyous; care had never entered my mind; I dreamt not, thought not, of the morrow. Now, how different! the spectre of my former self! I sank into long and silent reveries, with hands clasped together; I needed not, cared not, for anything.

"While these thoughts were flashing across my mind, I was summoned to breakfast. 'My dear Agnes,' said Mrs. Langton, the lady with whom I was staying, 'try to accompany me in a few visits I intend paying this morning. I really think it will do you good to visit about a little.' I consented, and shortly after breakfast we departed.

"We had just reached St. George's church, when we beheld a long string of carriages at the church-door. 'A wedding, I suspect,' said Mrs. Langton; 'Agnes, did you ever see one?' 'Never,' answered I; but I always had a great desire to witness one.' 'You shall be gratified,' said she; 'follow me.' I obeyed in silence. We entered the church, and reached a pew. 'Here we shall not be observed,' said my conductress; 'but look, Agnes, what a handsome bridegroom!' At that moment my sprig of myrtle dropped from my bosom: I stooped to raise it from the ground. 'Look, Agnes!' again exclaimed Mrs. Langton. I looked: the next moment my wild shriek of agony echoed through the building; for, in the bridegroom I beheld Arthur Lorimer. 'This moment take me home!' I exclaimed, as I sunk senseless upon the bosom of my friend.

"I was conveyed home: for weeks my life was despaired of; but at length I recovered, to thank those who watched around my bed of sickness; and to none am I so much indebted as to you, my dear Mrs. Dormer. The moment my health was sufficiently restored to be able to travel, my medical attendant ordered me to the south of France. Thither I went. Months passed away, and I recovered, in a trilling degree, my former health.

"The anniversary of that day, which had brought so much care and trouble to me, again arrived, and again I tried the myrtle. 'Here, here, at least, the charm will fail,' I said, as I placed it in my bosom; 'for Lorimer, with his bride, is far away. It is madness, utter madness in me to try it; but still I will try it, if it were only to prove how vain and foolish it is. Still it is strange that twice I should have tried that charm, and each time should have beheld Lorimer—beheld him pledging vows at the altar to another.' Covering my face with my hands, I wept aloud.

"The day wore away; evening was fast approaching; I placed myself at an open window, and sat gazing at the surrounding country. 'The charm hath not wrought to-day!' I exclaimed, as I looked at the myrtle in my bosom.

"'Agnes, my adored Agnes!' murmured a soft voice at my side.

"I started from my seat, and the next moment sunk senseless in the arms of Lorimer. When consciousness returned, I found myself upon a sofa, with Arthur kneeling at my side.

"'Gracious Heaven! I exclaimed, 'is it, indeed, Arthur whom I behold? or is it but a dream?'

"'It is no dream, Agnes,' he answered; 'but thine own Arthur, come to claim thee for his bride.'

"'Thy bride!' I murmured; 'then where is Isabel?'

"'In her grave,' he said; 'and in that grave let the remembrance of her faults and follies be buried with her! But, my dear Agnes, listen; for I have much to tell you.'

"I listened; all was explained: to save his father's name from disgrace, he had consented to wed Isabel de Vere. Death had claimed her for his own. Arthur and I became man and wife; and never have I regretted the day on which I accompanied him to the altar, and vowed to become his and his alone.'
RICHBOURGH CASTLE.

BY G. R. CARTER.

These ruins, where the darkly winding wave
Attunes its dirge-like music for the brave;
These ruins, where the wild bird builds its nest,
Glitter'd of old with many a Roman crest;
And here, when summer-dews embalm the ground,
The imaged coins of Cæsar's race are found:
That race whose eagles, with their wings unfurl'd,
Extended Roman sway o'er half the world;
And boldly dared the billows' stormy foam,
To make this isle their tributary home!

How mutable is time!—the gorgeous brow
Of Richborough is enwreath'd with ivy now.
No trumpet, save the last, with thunder deep,
Shall ever break its warrior's dreamless sleep;
Nor song of triumph charm the listless ear,
Unless it rolls from an immortal sphere!
Thus will it be—the plough succeeds the sword,
And Nature's early quiet is restored.
Lo! here the ivy, like a mourner crawls,
Around the mouldering fragments of these walls:
The turf is rich with flow'rs, the lark has found
His summer home upon the balmy ground;
And often, from the whispering field of corn,
He soars, with rapturous song, to greet the morn.
The river flows beneath—its liquid tone
Breathes a sweet cadence, to the heart unknown—
And o'er the tufted grass its current pours,
Where Cæsar's cohorts won the British shores!

REMARKS ON FEMALE DRESS AND FASHIONS.

ADRESSED TO THE EDITOR.

As you are accustomed to give to the article of dress a very distinguished place in your monthly publication, it is hoped that you will not reject a few remarks on a subject of so much importance as a national concern. I call it a national concern, because I believe that the dress and the morals of a nation are very much dependent on each other; that a nation may be partly judged of, as to character, by the style of dress prevailing; and that an excessive desire of decoration brings on a proportionate corruption of morals, wherever and whenever it exists.

Having lived above half a century, I have had opportunity of seeing proofs of the truth of this observation, which I produce, by no means as a new one, but as one apparently forgotten. I was born at a time when the extravagance of absurdity was nearly exhausted; when the ladies were shaking off their hoops, and slowly and reluctantly resuming their natural forms. It may be remembered that our national morals were then at a very low ebb. Many great men and worthy and zealous matrons were roused to take up the pen in the cause of virtue and common sense, in various ways; and the effect of their efforts was in a few years evident, in the restoration of a simply elegant style of dress. The tide of thought was turned, in a great measure, from the decoration of the person to the cultivation of the mind, which in females had been long neglected. Many admirable works were published with a view to direct
the ambition of the sex to worthier aims, to
the cultivation of the mental powers, and
the regulation of the temper and affections,
to fit them for the duties of the mother, the
companionable wife, and the respectable
head and manager of a family.

A happy change in society ensued—nor
was the whole success to be attributed to
these writers; the domestic virtues were
recommended by example and encourage-
ment in a quarter so elevated as to ensure
the success of its influence. And it is with
confidence that the well-wisher of her
sex in the present day beholds the digni-
ified simplicity and disdain of pomp
which now occupies the same high station,
and gives an example of rational enjoy-
ment, in hospitality and condescension,
highly worthy of imitation from one end
of our country to the other. I live in
hope of seeing a second reformation in
our land, and cannot but wish that the
ambition of my own sex may be again
aroused to exercise that influence which
Nature has allotted to it. Did women
know their own true dignity, they would
not give to men so much ground to charge
them with frivolity and childish love of
baubles. It is hoped that nine-tenths of the
followers of the butterfly fashions of the
day have too much taste to admire them,
and are only led by a supposed necessity
to appear like their companions.

I would fain ask, why the office of set-
ting the fashions is left to the French mil-
liner. At the time of the reform I have
before alluded to the leading beauties of
fashion took this office, and the su-
periority of their taste was soon perceived:
the Grecian draperies were imitated, and
the human form was suffered to appear
with grace and decency where the cul-
vated mind was found. Yet every mode
is liable to be abused by the uninformed
and coarse-minded; but in the present
state of fashions, the milliners must be
the only admirers. If any attempt to
please the other sex, by dress, was ever
made, which I would not for the world
assert to have been the case, it is very
certain that the present costume cannot
have that effect; for, in private, men of
all tastes and ages declaim against the
flutter of the times.

It may not be amiss to observe, that a
degree of singularity and plainness is
often ventured on by such as have be-
ostowed much time upon the cultivation of
their minds, and who have raised them-
selves above the comments of the thought-
less; and it is to be hoped that their
examples will be quickly followed by
such as see and lament the absurdity, in
part, prevailing.

I would fain put in a plea for those fe-
males whose age must make them desirous
of some more sober habit. Surely the
taste of the young might be employed to
advantage in devising some less orna-
mental head-dress for their grandmothers,
if their mothers are too young to wish for
such. Surely Nature gives us many hints
on the subject. When the first bloom of
youth is past, and all our pains on out-
ward decoration are vainly lavished to
detain the look of admiration, the truest
art lies in relinquishing it with a good
grace, and veiling, in the thickening folds
of drapery, the changes which we cannot
avert. And still wiser is that fair one
been who, looking forward to this period,
has betimes sweetened the temper, and
laid in a store of wisdom and intelligence,
which shall make her society more coveted
in maturity than it was in youth. The
genial neglect of this has brought on
age so fixed a prejudice, that experience
is deprived of all power to raise the
warning voice, and, consenting to its own
degradation, is doomed to look on in
silence, and see the thoughtless hurrying
into follies, whose end is bitterness and
disappointment. If you will occasionally
give utterance; through the medium of
your work, to the sentiments of the writer
of this paper, it is hoped that the friendly
truths which she would impart, in the
language “more of sorrow than of anger,”
might be well received by some among
your readers. Some might have ambition
enough to rise to higher and more worthy
aims. If it were shown that vanity and
virtue are two adverse mistresses, striving
to divide the sex, and that, as we draw
towards the one, we must forsake the
other, they might be tempted to look for-
ward to the different ends to which they
lead. The poet has described them both:

“See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of folly, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A foil their passion, and a fool their lot;
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.”

His beautiful description of a woman,
such as Heaven designed her to be, cannot
too often be set before the mind's eye; though old, it must ever retain its charms; and so might every female who could be tempted to imitate it. I select a few lines best suited to my purpose:

"Ah, friend, to dazzle let the vain design:
   ToKnown the thought, and fix the heart, be thine;
   To rule the temper, whose unclouded ray
   Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

A woman of this disposition, the poet proceeds to tell us,

"Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
   And has her humour most when she obeys:
   Be this a woman’s fame: with this unllest,
   Wits live a scorn, and beauty dies a jest."

Here the two mistresses before alluded to are well described; and, did the young but pause a moment, and consider which it were wiser to engage with, surely few professing rationality would enter the fruitless service of vanity. When it is farther considered that the subject of personal decoration has been made the theme of admonition, both by the prophet and the apostle, a little consideration will satisfy us that it is of more importance than some are willing to allow. If it engages the thoughts, which should be fixed on better things; if it engrosses the time which is lent us for better purposes; and if it claims that wealth, equally lent to us for the good of our poorer neighbours; it cannot be said to be productive of little evil in the world. It was asserted by a novel-writer of the last century, that “the poor might be clothed out of the trimmings of the rich.” Might not the same be said, and with equal truth, at the present day?

Nor are these the only persons de-

frauded of what Providence designed for them by the unrestrained passion for dress and show. Innumerable cases daily prove that distress and failure overwhelm those who furnish their vanities by a long delayed payment. It is to be presumed that the conscience of every individual so contributing to national distress must have felt many drawbacks from the pleasure of shining the gayest of the gay. A very striking picture of the distress thus caused has been given by Hannah Moore in her “Celebs in search of a Wife”—a work which did much good in its day, by the many strong and faithful delineations of character, though, perhaps, the consistency of the story might not bear a critical examination. It points out many errors to which we are all liable; and, by those who seek instructive helps to the formation of their characters, it cannot be read in vain.

I have intruded longer on your attention than I at first designed: but I find my subject to be a root from which so many branches spring, that each would occupy some pages, if duly examined and set out to view. Should you think these remarks worthy of insertion in your Magazine, I may again venture to enlarge upon the higher subjects arising from it.

As my sole object in offering these remarks is the good of society in general, and experience is all the qualification I can boast, if my authorship should be found defective, I trust to the liberality of the critic, and plead that I am below his notice, having studied nothing but the formation of character in myself and others.

A true friend to my sex.

THE VISIONARY STUDENT.

BY G. R. CARTER.

"It is no marvel—from my very birth
   My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade,
   And mingle with what’er I saw on earth:—
   Of objects, all inanimate, I made
   Idols, and out of wild and lonely flow’rs,
   And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise.—Byron.

   Lovely are the wanderings
   Of the stars, on silver wings;
   Rich the odours of the rose,
   Breath’d at summer evening’s close;
THE VISIONARY STUDENT.

Gorgeous is the cloud which lies
On the brow of sapphire skies.
These bright dreams a glow diffuse
O'er the spirit of my Muse.

Tuneful is the fountain's tone,
Like a voice from worlds unknown,
And the wind that softly sinks
With the bee upon the pinks;
I'm entranced, to hear the lute
Murmur when the heart is mute:
Oh! to me its strings restore
Visions fraught with bliss no more.

When the vernal sky is blue
As the violet's festal hue;
And the lark attunes his lay,
To the sunny dawn of day,
On my feverish cheek and brow
Kindles an unwonted glow——
And the fires of poesy
Renovate their flame in me.

In some haunted wood to roam,
Where the poet finds a home;
And to hear the joyful birds
Mingle notes more sweet than words;
When the sun resigns afar
His grey empire to the star;
Charms my spirit with the spell
Of rapture irresistible!

Surely, there are links that bind
Beauteous objects to the mind;
Thought enshrines its idol long
In the amber light of song;
Or with words, “that breathe and burn,”
Consecrates the pictured urn;
And it gives the mourner power,
As the rain bedews the flower.

Once the summer-landscape seem'd
Bright as she of whom I dream'd;
Once I look'd, with silent love,
On the starry isles above:
Now, where'er mine eyes I turn,
Like ethereal lamps they burn;
All designed the soul to guide
Over Death's oblivious tide!

I am, from my home, estranged,
And my heart is wholly changed;
But, as sunlight gilds the tomb,
Hope illumes my mental gloom.
There are clouds that weep and die
In their palace of the sky;
There are bow'rs that fade in bloom——
They announce my early doom!
DESTRUCTION OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. LAZARE, AT PARIS, IN 1789.

Dazzled by the superior lustre of that popular achievement, the capture of the Bastille, History has overlooked another event of the same kind, which happened only a few hours earlier, and the dramatic circumstances of which are equally worthy of record—the attack of the populace of Paris on the hospital of St. Lazare, in the night between the 13th and 14th of July, 1789.

St. Lazare was an hospital founded by that illustrious priest, St. Vincent de Paul, the only Catholic priest whose image was admitted into the Pantheon of great men. To feed the poor, to afford an asylum to age, and to young females exposed to the miseries of seduction and want, was the object of this institution, founded by the spirit of the Gospel. Sometimes, yielding to the impulse given by their religious education, the orphans brought up in this house refused to leave it, choosing rather to take the veil there, and to bestow on others the benefits of that tuition, which they had themselves received. Frequently, too, young females of noble birth came thither to solicit a retreat from the disappointments of love, and to sacrifice their lives to the relief of suffering humanity or to the ambition of their families.

In this charitable foundation there were schools for the children of indigent mechanics, who, during the whole time of their professional and religious education, were subsisted and furnished with all the necessaries of life. Another department was added by the government of Louis XIV.: this was a place of confinement for young debauchees, whose excesses were likely to compromise the honour of their families; so that one pavilion of the edifice was a domestic Bastille, the lettres de cachet for which were signed by parents and guardians.

Lastly, at the western extremity of this vast edifice, at the further end of a courtyard surrounded by lofty walls, was a pavilion for insane persons, who were attended by the ablest physicians in Paris. The entire hospital was subject to the rules of the Lazarist priests.

From this brief statement it will be obvious that considerable funds were required, as well for the support of the persons of the establishment, as for keeping up the numerous buildings, gardens, and farms belonging to it. Still the hospital not only never lacked that frugal abundance which is a proof of good management, but it was enabled to dispense food and raiment to the poor in the thousand retreats of wretchedness to be found in a great capital.

Containing persons exercising all the arts and trades required by the usages of social life, the hospital of St. Lazare was a town within itself; and, had the laws of Catholicism allowed the admission of families into a religious establishment, this house would have been a pattern of a Christian city flourishing in peace and happiness under the authority of virtuous elders. The memory of Vincent de Paul, of his zeal, his tolerance, and the benevolence of his heart, was perpetuated in this institution which he had founded. At the foot of his statue, in the vestibule of the refectory, might be seen females and aged men on their knees, who seemed to address the image of the illustrious priest in these words:—"O thou, who hast created for us this retreat upon earth, we come to thank thee, and to implore thee to prepare for us another mansion in that heaven where thou now dwellest!"

His festival was celebrated there with enthusiasm and veneration. The hospital would not have exchanged for all the gold in France the articles of furniture and apparel belonging to the founder, which were preserved there. The reader may wish to know what was the stock of this great man, who, for months, nay, for whole years, alone fed towns and provinces. A breviary, a staff to support the
DESTRUCTION OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. LAZARE.

weight of his eighty-five years, serge hose, a kind of long black gown or cassock of the most common stuff, a coarse weather-beaten hat, shoes with thick soles, a single chair, an iron candlestick upon which was left a remnant of the tallow that had lighted his dying moments, the straw mattress on which he slept and on which he expired,—such is the inventory of all the property that belonged to St. Vincent de Paul, the confessor to the king—such were the treasures most carefully preserved at St. Lazare, in the very room where the Christian philosopher resigned his soul to his God.

Those extensive charities, that beneficence towards the needy, which distinguished the house of St. Lazare, caused its ruin. In July, 1789, a great dearth prevailed at Paris. The registers of the market prove that the house of St. Lazare, in order to enable the magistrates to lower the price of bread, had placed at the disposal of the municipality five thousand quarters of wheat, at twelve livres less than the current price. This act of beneficence, when made public, drew towards the hospital the attention of the populace, that stupid portion of the population of Paris, who can never devise any better expedient for making bread cheap than hanging the bakers. They conceived that when the price of bread rose it was the fault of the wealthy establishments, which forestalled, for their sole benefit, all the grain in France. What, then must the stores of a house opulent enough to feed eight thousand poor every day! St. Lazare must evidently have monopolized all the corn in France. It was, of course, the cause of the famine in Paris. This crime called for the vengeance of the mob; and accordingly the mob posted off for St. Lazare.

That crowd of men, women, and children which formed what, under such circumstances, is called the mob, is something very terrible, and sometimes, too, very sublime. The moment a cry of death or destruction is raised, they spring from nobody knows where—from cellars, nay, perhaps, from common sewers, for they are frightfully pale and filthy. They were just the same one hundred and fifty years ago as at the present day. Thus, when the Cardinal de Retz, in his account of the troubles of the Fronde, exhibits his Parisian in rags, insolent, ferocious, generous, laughing death in the face, fierce as a tiger, enthusiastic without aim and without cause, careless of the morrow, I cannot help asking myself if the co-adjutor is not relating circumstances which have occurred within these few months.

It was in the night, between the 13th and 14th of July, that the house of St. Lazare was suddenly surrounded by a mob, armed with muskets, pikes, and hatchets. The government, in alarm, sent to the spot a regiment of the French Guards, with orders to repel force by force. On the one hand, the reckless fury of the armed populace; on the other, the martial air of the troops, the decided step of the soldiers, and the cheerfulness with which they set out on this commission, authorised the anticipation of a dreadful carnage. Nothing of the sort took place. The Guards joined the mob which they were sent to disperse, and the populace, supported by a regiment on the assistance of which they had not reckoned, presently commenced the attack of the hospital. The wretches rushed upon that house filled with infirm persons and children, amidst shouts of fury and war, as to the assault of a fortress defended by soldiers and artillery. Their threats, their tremendous hurras, were intermingled with the sound of axes hewing at the large doors and the discharges of musketry. The barriers were broken down, and the assailants poured into the hospital.

At the extremity of the first court was the house of correction. Four young men of family were confined in it, in order that they might be saved from the contamination of a prison. Cowering in the darkest corner of their habitation, they trembled with affright, not doubting that the wretches who came with swords in their hands and blasphemies on their lips, intended to murder them. Their door was broken open with hatchets. "Liberty, comrades! liberty!" shouted the conquerors, entering the place of their confinement. The four youths looked at each other, not daring to believe their senses. "Make haste! get you gone!" continued one of the mob; "we are come to release you." The prisoners, who seemed to dread their deliverers as much as their keepers, betook themselves to flight without further ceremony.

After this achievement the mob proceeded to the dwellings of the insane, which they had the barbarity to throw open. We shall presently see what was the consequence of their liberation.

At this moment some of the municipal
officers, having sought out the leaders of the mob, inquired what they wanted. "We want bread," cried one of the conquerors. "You shall have it," replied the officers, "come along with us to the refectory." The refectory was an immense gallery, with coved ceiling, adorned with pictures, and running the whole length of the edifice. Three lines of benches and tables afforded accommodation for more than six hundred persons in this magnificent dining-room. The rabble hurried thither, and in a moment every table was surrounded by men and women, crowding, shoving, thrusting, calling to one another, singing, laughing, affecting the haughty manners and consequential tone of the wealthy with their servants. They were supplied with wine, and all the ready-cooked victuals in the house were set before them. Some degree of order was restored, and the repast was prolonged about three-quarters of an hour in perfect tranquillity.

When they were preparing to retire, money was distributed among them, and this liberality raised their satisfaction to the highest pitch. Thus the hospital was saved with but a trifling sacrifice; and, excepting the escape of the four youths, after whom the house was not likely to fret any more than they were to fret after it, and the expulsion of the maniacs, who it was hoped would soon return to their dwellings, no mischief had been done.

At this juncture, there came from the Palais Royal a party of well-dressed men, who mingled with the crowd, and harangued the different groups as they were quitting the refectory. "What, my friends," such was the language they held, "have you come hither to receive alms for the day, and to perish of want on the morrow! The Lazarists must deliver up to us the corn stowed away in their granaries and in their secret cellars. You have suffered yourselves to be bamboozled by priests, whose aim it is to starve the people that they may the more easily enslave them. Those few pieces of money which they have given you are nothing to them: the superstition of the dying and the missionaries whom they send out to Peru, bring them in every year immense sums which are locked up in their coffers."

At these absurd representations a dull murmur pervaded the crowd: shouts were raised; the contagion of fury began to spread; the mob howled with its thousand voices; and the crash of general destruction ensued. The windows and furniture were dashed in pieces. A scramble took place for articles of the smallest value. Here might be seen a man bending under the weight of bed or bedding; another came up and pushed him down: the possession of a sheet or a coverlet was contested by a group of women, like that of a standard in a field of battle: utensils of copper and earthenware were dashed one against another, and clashed with pikes, muskets, and swords. The revolutionary shout of Vive la liberté! was mingled with blasphemies, joyous songs, and exclamations of anger. What the plunderers could not carry off, they broke. Eleven hundred doors and sixteen hundred windows were demolished. A prodigious fire was kindled with the fragments in the middle of the great court. The statue of St. Vincent de Paul was overthrown; the head was struck off, raised upon the end of a pike, carried in triumph to Paris, and thrown into the basin of the Palais Royal. The refectory, where just before the crowd were quietly seated, was transformed into a scene of havoc and devastation: tables and benches lay in shivers, elegant basset-relièves were shattered by the sword; and, in the exercise of its fury on those mutilated images, the mob seemed to indicate the treatment reserved for the living objects of its vengeance. Fifty paintings, masterpieces of the first artists of Italy and France, hung in tatters or were trodden under foot by the multitude. The library was pillaged, and manuscripts sent from Borneo, Algiers, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, were consigned to the flames.

St. Lazare possessed a most valuable cabinet of philosophical apparatus. Franklin, Buffon, Durand, Mongollier, had there made experiments in their respective sciences with instruments brought from China and the East. The instruction of the young missionaries who were destined for the study of the literature of China had been the object of the expenditure incurred in the formation of this cabinet. The first of the mob who broke into it, having laid hold of a Leyden jar, which, no doubt, he supposed to be silver, received an electric shock of such violence as to knock him down. Those who followed him, deterred by his fall and fright, durst not penetrate into the cabinet, which would thus have escaped the ravages of the mob, had not a brazer, more courageous or more greedy
than his comrades, entered for the purpose of securing all the copper which they were about to give up so easily. As his boldness was attended with no unpleasant result, in a moment the machines, tubes, and apparatus of all kinds, were broken, thrown out of the windows, and committed to the flames. The banditti, after setting fire to the hospital, then poured into the gardens, tore up the trees, and penetrated into a retired enclosure where a number of sheep were grazing. These they slaughtered, as if determined not to be outdone in ferocity by the wolves themselves.

Meanwhile it grew dark, and the theatre of this hideous drama was lighted only by the reddish flame of the conflagration. The fury of the victors increasing with their ravages, they began to thirst for human blood. "À la lanterne with the forestallers!" was the cry. This preliminary to murder warned the Lazarist priests that it was high time to seek safety in flight. Most of them escaped by getting over the outer wall, pursued by the cries of women and children, who pointed out their black cassocks to the armed men that were in quest of them.

A confessional, found in the oratory of the superior of the establishment, was brought to the bonfire made with the furniture. The wretches had not damaged this article, designing, no doubt, to give a greater degree of solemnity to their auto-da-fé. It was borne by a party of men with bare arms, who placed it in the midst of the red-hot ashes; and it was just beginning to blaze, when the door was violently thrown open, and out rushed two priests, crying for mercy, and begging their lives. "Burn them! Burn them!" shouted some. Others insisted that they should be tried and executed on the spot.

At this moment the general attention was diverted by another incident, equally unexpected. The French Guards assembled round the fire perceived a priest crawling along the gutters, with the intention of gaining the roofs of the neighbouring houses. The soldiers seized their muskets; the priest heard the balls whiz about his ears; dizzy with fright he fell, and rolling down the roof, there seemed to be no other chance for him than to be dashed in pieces on the pavement of the courtyard, when an iron hook caught his cassock, and held him suspended for some minutes on the lofty summit of the building. In this perilous situation some of the French Guards had the barbarity to fire at him again; while others, running upstairs, and getting out at the garret windows, released the unfortunate man, and carried him down to the middle of the court-yard. Pale with fright, and borne upon the shoulders of the soldiers, he was there greeted with shouts of joy and plaudits by the multitude.

What was to be done with the three prisoners? The mob had found in the lofts a few sacks of flour, necessary for the supply of the establishment. These they seized and put into a cart to be taken to Paris as evidence of the conspiracy of St. Lazare. One of the rabble made a motion that the three forestalling priests should be placed in the same vehicle. This proposal, being approved, saved the lives of the victims. They were hoisted into the cart with the flour, and the populace, harnessing themselves to it, dragged it by torch-light with shouts of triumph to the rotunda of the corn-market.

But this nocturnal procession had drawn away only the least dangerous portion of the conquerors: the plunderers, the men familiar with outrage and with crime, had staid behind, watching for their prey, hoping that under favour of the night and the conflagration, an opportunity of gratifying their wishes might present itself. Accordingly scenes of riot and of bloodshed were justly anticipated, when a voice burst forth from the obstreperous crowd: "To the Sisters of Charity!" Thunders of applause hailed this atrocious proposal. The mob rushed towards the habitation of the Sisters. This was a retreat afforded by the hospital to one hundred female orphans between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years. Some of them were eminently beautiful; indeed, the institution gave the more readily an asylum to such whose personal charms and poverty would have exposed them in the world to the greater temptations.

The anguish of these poor girls, and of the young nuns who superintended their education, during the work of pillage, may be more easily conceived than described. What had they not to fear from an attack of the lawless and licentious rabble? In the chapel where they had assembled to solicit the protection of their patron, St. Vincent de Paul, they heard the blasphemies, the obscene language, and the threats, addressed to them; and in this dreadful
The man, having laid his pistol and the hatchet upon the altar, left the chapel, followed by the whole of the rabble.

And who, think you, was this man of noble demeanour, though disordered dress, whom you are, perhaps, surprised to find in such a scene of riot? It was one of the maniacs whom the people had set at liberty; and who was possessed with the idea that he was the Grand Signor of Constantinople.

The populace, who had retired in obedience to his commanding tone and gesture, were already proposing to return to the chapel, when the national guard, having at length assembled, came up to extinguish the fire and to protect the Sisters.

TO THE MOON.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

Come, beautiful sister of ancient Night,
   Come, come, from thy purple bower;
Thy handmaid stars are beauteous and bright,
   Countless as drops of a shower.
   Child of the Sun,
   The day is done,
Come, come, on thy wings of gold;
   The bee is at rest,
   And the bird in its nest,
And the curtains of Night are unrolled.

Come, through the paths of the far fairy sky,
   Girdled with glory and gloom;
Come, gaze on the violet's deep blue eye,
   And burnish the hawthorn's bloom.
   The rose-bud sips,
   With ruby lips,
The dew of the silent tide;
   And the jessamine buds,
They bathe in the floods
Of thy radiance floating wide.

Softly and calmly o'er forest-clad hill
   Hastens the musical breeze on its way;
How sighs the deep river! how murmurs the rill!
   How they sparkle and flame in thy ray!
   Still is the hour
As beauty's bow'r,
When she lists to her lover's lute;
   Then hither sweet queen
   .Of the starry sheen,
And receive a glad world's salute!
MY AUNT MARY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

My Aunt Mary is a maiden lady of—
but I must not gratify my readers with her
age, as that is a secret—yet, I can inform
them that she talks of twenty years ago as
her girlish days, and styles her youngest
niece, a girl of seventeen, a mere child.
However, it is entirely her own fault that
she has attained such an age without enter-
ing into the state of matrimony. She has
had many excellent offers, but, preferring a
life of what she terms independence, re-
solves to live and die an old maid. “What
a choice!” methinks I hear some of my
fair readers exclaim: but if they will take
the trouble to follow me whilst I trace her
character, they will find many estimable
points, although she may have formed one
erroneous opinion.

At the death of a married sister, my Aunt
Mary took up her residence with her wi-
dowed brother-in-law, to superintend his
household affairs and the education of his
children; and he could not have made
choice of a person better fitted for the task.
She is neatness and economy personified,
and her arrangement of his domestic con-
cerns is the admiration of every one who
visits his house: not one thing is to be seen
out of place; not a particle of dust soils
the polished surface of her furniture; and
not a thread lies on the carpet, though
she may have been many hours busily at
work.

Her garden is arranged with equal care
and precision: not a weed is to be seen in
the path or on the beds; not a shrub is
untrimmed, or a dead leaf withering on the
stall, for she makes it a rule to take a
morning and evening walk around it, to
see that every part of it is in order. She
encourages her nephews to work in it, as-
suring them that such employment is con-
ductive to health, and, as she has some
knowledge of botany, frequently amuses
them with a dissertation on the various pro-
particles of each plant. Show her a flower,
and she examines it minutely, to ascertain
to what class, order, and genus, it belongs;
and then follows a scientific description of
the manner in which its seed is formed,
ripened, and propagated. She has a fund
of anecdote, and although it must be con-
fessed that she frequently, through a failure
of memory, relates the same tale to the
same person more than once, yet there is
so much energy in her manner and variety
in her gesture, for she acts as well as tells
her stories, that the second and even the
third edition does not fail to amuse.

But though her memory in this instance
is treacherous, it is exceedingly good on
most other occasions: she remembers the
exact hour when any thing of the least
importance occurred, and scarcely a day
passes but she recollects that, at this time
five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago, such
an event happened. Indeed, she is the al-
manac to the whole family, and if they
want to know when Easter or Whitsuntide
will arrive, when the sun or moon rises and
sets, or what is the day of the month, Aunt
Mary is applied to, and never unsuc-
cessfully.

In her dress, my Aunt Mary studies
neatness without peculiarity: she likes to
follow the fashions of the day as far as her
ideas of propriety permit, but when they
are indecorous or gaudy, which we are sorry
to say is too frequently the case, she not
only refuses to follow them herself, but po-
positively forbids her nieces doing so either,
and she talks, with a sigh, of her youthful
days, when young maidens were modest,
domesticated, and happy, making good
wives and careful mothers.

In her religious duties she is very strict.
She is a member of the established religion
of her country, but is neither bigotted to
her own opinions, nor prejudiced against
others. She summons her servants, ne-
phews, and nieces, every morning and
evening, to family prayer, and always in-
sists upon their attending some place of
worship on the sabbath, even at an incon-
venience to herself. It is her practice to
make her Bible her study some portion of
each day, and her other hours devoted to
reading are spent in perusing works of
amusement and instruction. Those pe-
riodicals of the last century, the Rambler,
the Spectator, the Guardian, the Tatler, &c.,
are among her favourite works, as they are
descriptive of the manners and customs of
her youth. These she recommends to her
nieces as far more worthy of their perusal
than the “nonsense,” as she terms it, of
the circulating library. Yet she does not
wholly reject works of fiction. The pro-
ductions of an Edgeworth, an Opie, a Mitford, and some few others, she reads with pleasure, and while she does so, points out to them all that is excellent for imitation, and warns them to avoid the errors.

She is fond of poetry, but prefers the beautiful imagery of Milton, the highly finished descriptions of Thomson, the simplicity and piety of Cowper, and the sound theological reasoning of Young, to the frothy effusions of Byron and Moore, whom she finds that many of her fair friends more highly admire. Indeed, she had one day a warm debate with her niece Clarissa, who, having lately read the "Fire-Worshippers," contended that it was the most beautiful poem ever written. Miss Clarissa is a romantic girl of seventeen, who talks perpetually of love in a cottage and disinterested attachment; and she has shewn that disinterestedness is not merely in theory by fixing her affections on a young man far inferior in point of fortune, who, to use her own words, is "all integrity, all honour, all excellence," but whom the prudent Aunt Mary deems wanting in all these perfections. My Aunt Mary is far from avaricious, but it is her opinion that unequal marriages, either as to age or fortune, seldom prove happy, and she has a fund of proofs to bring forward in attestation of the truth of her assertions. Poor Clarissa is obliged to listen to a daily lecture on the subject; and her sister Arabella, who, although two years her senior, does not even think of such a thing as a husband yet, is pointed out as worthy of her imitation.

My Aunt Mary in her youth was pretty, and, in consequence of a life of regularity, has much of that beauty still remaining. She is rather below the middle stature, slight and symmetrical in form, and moves with the lightness of fifteen. She is a useful and pleasing companion, and seldom out of temper. She has a few eccentricities and whims, to be sure; but her family have now become so well acquainted with them, that they always yield, and thus maintain peace where some little opposition might otherwise arise. Indeed, great deference is always paid to Aunt Mary's opinion; and so generally is she beloved that all her visitors claim the relationship of nephews or nieces, and she is Aunt Mary to all.

Among her many accomplishments she has gained great celebrity for her attainments in the culinary art. Her brother, who is something of an epicure, declares that her pies, puddings, pickles, preserves, &c., rival any he ever tasted, and he spreads her fame at every table. The ladies of her acquaintance are continually applying to her for receipts, and she feels great pleasure and pride in giving them away. But there is another thing in which my Aunt Mary is skilled, and for which she is highly celebrated: it is the art of nursing. She is no friend to the medical profession, unless in the case of fevers, &c.: all minor disorders she engages and never fails to cure—but then her patients must be as careful not to take a cold as she is in removing it. She frequently reads them long lectures on the ill consequences arising from leaving a warm apartment for the open air without any additional apparel, drinking cold liquors when the blood is heated, &c.; and frequently does she send a servant after Miss Arabella with a shawl, because the evening is damp, or to Miss Clarissa with her parasol, to shield her from the burning rays of the sun.

My Aunt Mary is a great politician, and has half a dozen newspapers on her breakfast-table every morning, yet she seldom enters into an argument upon political subjects, excepting with her brother, and then she is drawn imperceptibly into it, for, he being of an opposite party, they differ, and, as she dislikes controversy, she prefers remaining silent. She is herself a strong Tory, but as, in the present day, she finds few of her opinion, she thinks it wisest to keep it to herself.

She apportions her time so methodically that one duty never interferes with another, and those around her naturally fall into her plans. Like other old maiden ladies, she has her favourite animals—her birds, her dogs, a white cat, and a marmoset; but these are not allowed to rival her nephews and nieces in her affections. One of the hours of her day is occupied in feeding these pets, for she does not like to leave them to the care of servants, who are apt to forget them.

I have already said that extreme neatness was one of her virtues, and this love of order is carried so far that she cannot be happy if one article is out of place in the apartment where she is. The Misses Arabella and Clarissa had been absent a few days, on a visit to a young lady, a boarding-school friend, who had assured them that nothing was now so vulgar as the pre-
cision with which their Aunt had every thing arranged, and that it was fashionable to have the sideboards, tables, &c., in confusion and disorder. The Misses Arabella and Clarissa were horror-struck at the thought of being unfashionable, and resolved, on their return, to try the experiment of altering the arrangements of the house. Accordingly, the morning after their return, as soon as the housemaid had left the breakfast parlour, they commenced their work of disorder. The ancient china vases and ornaments were taken from the chimney-piece and sideboard and strewed upon the tables; the bookcase was unlocked, and a number of books of different dimensions and on all subjects were scattered about. In one place was to be seen a volume of Shakspere, Tillotson's Sermons, Gay's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, Chaucer's Poems, and Chesterfield's Letters, whilst in another was a number of the Lady's Magazine, Zimmermann on Solitude, Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, an Album, Sir Charles Grandison, and, to please Aunt Mary, a volume of Dr. Johnson's Rambler. The work-closet was next ransacked, and half-finished purses and bracelets, intermixed with work-boxes, silk-winders, thimbles, and scissors, filled up the remaining spaces. The work of disorder was just completed, when the light, well-known step of Aunt Mary was heard in the passage, and the young ladies hastily retired into an adjoining apartment to wait the result.

No exclamation of surprise was uttered, but had they had an opportunity of observing the expression of her countenance they would have discovered astonishment greater than words could have uttered. She flew to the bell, and rang it with violence.

The housemaid answered the summons. "What means this disorder, Sarah?" enquired Aunt Mary, in a tone very unlike her usual gentle accents.

Poor Sarah was petrified. She was sure she knew no more of it than her mistress; she had left the rooms as tidy as tidy could be a quarter of an hour before.

The young ladies, thinking it time to elucidate the mystery, salied forth from their place of concealment. "Do not be angry, dear aunt!" cried Miss Arabella, "Clarissa and I are the authors of this disorder, as you term it, but I assure you it is a fashionable litter."

"Yes," added Miss Clarissa, "it is very unfashionable now to have the rooms arranged with such precision."

"Fashionable or unfashionable," returned my Aunt Mary, "I will never suffer a house in which I reside to be in such a state as this. I therefore request you will put every thing again into the places from which you took them."

The young ladies looked at each other. They saw that their aunt was really angry; but, to deprecate her wrath, quietly set about obeying her commands, consoling themselves as they did so, with the thought that when they were married, and had houses of their own, they would have a fashionable litter in every room.

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NORA.

BY JOHN S. CLARK, ESQ.

I saw the Babe—its eyes of blue were flashing joy around;
I heard it lisp its Maker's name—how musical the sound!
Its little hands were raised on high to Him who gave it birth,
Methought it seem'd a thing of light—a gem too pure for earth.

The Babe grew up—its fairy form assum'd a lovelier grace,
Those eyes grew more divinely bright, more beautiful that face;
Amid admiring crowds she mov'd, the fairest of the fair,
She was the sun, and they the orbs that gather'd light from her.

And joyously the sire beheld the virtues of his child,
And proudly on her Nora's form the happy mother smiled;
They could not dream a thorn would dare to mingle in the wreath—
That e'en the summer bark should sink the wintry wave beneath.
I saw that form in after years—alas! how changed and wan!
Is this the maid that once 'twas joy, nay, bliss, to gaze upon?
I turned aside—I could not bear the vacant look she gave;
Her eyes shone still, but oh! they beam'd like glow-worms o'er a grave.
Around a gay and reckless heart the beauteous girl had thrown
The silver cord of love, and deem'd it faithful as her own.
Alas! alas! that man could thus such confidence betray!
The gem was stolen, the casket thrown in bitter scorn away.
The maid is dead—the friendly tomb hath ta'en her to its rest,
The world hath ceased its taunts, nor more can wound that peaceful breast.
But there is one—oh! ask him not what madness fills his brain,
A raging fire is kindled there, no art can quench again!

JULY,

The seventh month of the year, during which the sun enters the sign Leo. The
appellation of the month is derived from the Latin Julius, the distinctive name of Cæsar,
who was born in it. Mark Anthony first gave it the name July, for it was before
called Quintillus, as being the fifth month of the year in the old Roman calendar estab-
lished by Romulus.

This month is distinguished by the rise of the dog-star, called by the Greeks Sirius,
—by the Romans, Canicula. It is situated in the mouth of the constellation Canis
Major, which is at Orion’s feet, somewhat to the westward of him, so that every one
who knows that magnificent constellation can trace the dog-star. Its rising is not
with the sun, but by emersion from his beams. It is the largest and brightest star
in the heavens. The Egyptians and Ethi-
opians began their year from the rising of
the dog-star, because its heliacal rising
was in Egypt a time of singular note, as
falling on the greatest augmentation of the
Nile. In European latitudes, the dog-days
are reckoned from the 19th of July, when,
according to Pliny and Hippocrates, the
sea boils, wine turns sour, dogs go mad,
the bile is increased and irritated, and all
animals languish. To these effects, seldom
experienced in our island, Cowley thus alludes:

"The sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Sirian star
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky."

In the "Flower and the Leaf," we find
a similar passage:—

"At noon of day
The Sun with fiercer beams began to play,
Now Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
And with his poisonous breath pollutes the sky.
Then drooped the fading flowers, their beauty fled,
And closed their sickly eyes, and hung the head,
And, rivelled up with heat, lay dying in their bed;
The ladies gasped and scarcely could expire—
The breath they drew no longer air but fire;
The fainting knights were scorched—"

When the capricious advents of rain, that
often deluge this Midsummer month in our
island, are mitigated by some happy dispen-
sation of that controller of English
weather, St. Swithin, how magnificent is
its beauty, how enchanting its balmy even-
ings, with their glowing arch of perpetual
day gleaming, even at midnight, in the far
north, telling us tales of those climes where
the sun does not dip below their horizon!
Perhaps there is no species of atmosphere
so enchanting in fine weather as the noc-
turnal twilight of July, during the brief
but beautiful space marked by Moore's
sapient Almanac, as possessing "no
night."

Then the sunsets of the Julian month—
gorgeous, glorious, and voluptuous repose
in the air, immediately following the sink-
ing of the day-star.

"When now grey-hooded even,
Like a sad votress in her palmer's weeds,
Rose from the hindmost wheel of Phæbus' car."
Every gradation of evening is indeed peculiarly lovely in this month, and every geographical degree nearer the north improves its beauty in our island home. Sir Walter Scott says,—

"When Summer smiled on sweet Bowhill, And July's eve with balmy breath Waved the blue-bells on Newark's heath."

But it is our intention, and indeed our duty, always to present to our readers specimens of female poetical talent, which usually excels when employed on these gentle subjects, that, like flower painting, require the most graceful outline and highest finish. Mrs. Radcliffe, whose great merits as a poet are obscured in her superior interest excited by her prose works, gives us these descriptive lines:—

"How pleasant in the Greenwood's deep matted shade Of a Midsummer eve, when the fresh rain is o'er, When the yellow beams slope and tremble through the grove, And swiftly in the soft air the glancing swallows soar."

The following stanzas from the pen of Miss Jane Roscoe are exquisitely descriptive of a summer evening:—

"Good night, good night! for the dews are sleeping, And the moon in the pale blue sky is steeping Her radiant locks; and the birds are at rest, And the cushion sits brooding on her nest; And the shade on the woods is a deeper green; And the dark gray hils are more faintly seen; And the flowers their bells of beauty close; And weary Nature seeks repose. There is rest for all, but none for thee; For thy heart is spell-bound, and thou must flee From the influence of this twilight hour; For it hath a strange bewitching power. Twill breathe of hopes which ne'er will be true, Twill bring thine infancy fresh on thy view, And with its sweet and shadowy light Retouch each vision to thy sight; And, last of all, 'twill breathe of love, And thou wilt start, but cannot remove The heavy weight of that lingering sigh, And the dream of vanished ecstasy. 'Twill fall on thy heart like sun on flowers, Like spring to the birds amid the bowers; And while thou art hailing the vision bright, Thou shalt waken and find—the chill of night."

These lines on summer twilight are from Miss Agnes Strickland's poem of Worcester Field:—

The sun does not gladden a moment so sweet, The moon does not shine on so lovely an hour, As the soft one where light and obscurity meet, And the world is half veiled by its shadowy power. When the dew-drops are glittering so silent and fair, And the waters yet glow with the sun's latest ray, Heaven breathes its respite in the calm twilight air, Unknown to the brightness and tumult of day. 'Tis a moment to bid even wretchedness cease, A charm that can rob gloomy care of his power; How balmy and sweet is the season of peace, How dear to my soul is the calm twilight hour! And soft and slow and murmuringly The lucid waters glided by; The slumbering breezes half awoke, And now in languid whispers spoke; Now on the tranquil river slept; Then waved the trees, which answering wept The radiant dews of heaven—that fell In showers of pearl drops in the dell.
Among the agricultural proverbs of France, we find the observation, that St. Clara's day, the 18th of July, is usually fine, even if the season be ever so rainy. Another of their proverbs announces, on the 22d of July,

"A la St. Madeleine,
Les noix sont pleines."

"On St. Madeleine's day
The nuts are full."  

The garden flowers in July are remarkable for their richness and splendour. They are chiefly the spring flowers of India, Persia, and the Levant, which bloom in high summer with us, as it resembles the infancy of the year in their own climates.

Rain is as earnestly looked for on St. James's day, the 25th, as it is decreed on St. Swithin's, the 16th, in order that the apples may be christened, without which the agriculturists, in the cyder counties, believe their crop will fail. The origin of this superstition may be traced to the Roman Catholic ages, when the apples were blessed by the priest on this day; and a form of such service is still preserved at Old Sarum church. Broad beans are considered sacred to St. James's day, by London epicures, who most religiously observe the feasts of the ancient church, however they may, from good Protestant motives, abjure her fasts.

The following Notes of a Naturalist, by James Rennie, Esq., are extracted from Time's Telescope for 1832:—

**THE DOG DAYS.—** We are never satisfied. Contentment is not the lot of frail humanity. In winter we complain of cold; in spring we complain of rain; in summer, 'when all the birds are faint with the hot sun, and hide in trees,' we fail not to complain of the parching heat and the sultry air. Shall we say, then, that man is a complaining animal? With respect to the oppressive heat of the dog-days, we beg pardon of the laurelled shade of Shakspeare, when we hint the possibility of 'holding fire in the hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus;' for we think it both possible and practicable to cool, in some degree at least, the sultry air and the summer sun by the aid of Faney and of her pretty sister, Asso-

Nor. So thought King Solomon — so thought the younger Pliny—and so think we. The whistle of the mountain breeze, indeed, is not to be commanded, but refreshing fancies and cooling associations may be produced by the gush of fountains, the sound of running waters, or the by-play of a jet d'eau. Such was Solomon's 'fountain of gardens,' his 'well of living waters,' and his 'streams from Lebanon.' The Orientals know much better than we the utility of these delicious accessories to summer comfort and Elysian luxury. We feel cooler from the associations arising out of the mere description of an Eastern fountain.

**STORMS.** — It is beautifully said in the book of Job, that the 'treasures of hail and snow' are reserved against the day of trouble, against the day of battle and war.' When the Lord 'scattereth the east wind on the earth.' Storms, indeed, are the artillery of heaven, designed by an all-wise Providence to wage incessant war upon stagnant air and pestilential vapours; to sweep from the wide desert accumulations of burning air; to purify, by agitation, 'the waters of the deep'; and to adjust the electrical balance between the globe itself and the expanded firmament in which it is embosomed. Were it not for the wind, indeed, which, in the words of Job, 'passeth and cleanseth them,' we should have the 'bright clouds' themselves pouring down upon us pestilential rains, and the sweet breath of heaven infected with deleterious vapours. The mechanism of storms, if we may use the expression, so far as electricity is concerned, may be thus explained:—

Each particle of rising vapour, as it leaves the earth's surface, combines with calorick, and partakes of the electricity of the common reservoir—the earth. It remains in the air in so very minute mixture, as not to disturb the transparency of dry air, till it rises into the colder regions, where it is condensed into vesicular vaporous clouds, the cirri of Howard, but which are better termed wane-clouds. When these clouds increase, their capacity for electricity increases also; but not receiving a fresh supply from the earth, and little from the atmosphere, the resistance of the stratum of air between the cloud and the earth is overcome, and a violent discharge takes place upwards from the earth, producing one of those local thunder-storms so prevalent during summer.

**PECULIAR HABITS OF THE HOP-FLY.**— Towards the beginning of June, or earlier, the first appearance of the hop-fly (aphis humuli) may be observed; but it is not till the present month that its numbers usually attract attention. It may be remarked, that the flies almost uniformly keep on the under side of a leaf, always preferring such as are youngest and healthiest—the older leaves becoming too hard to be penetrated by their sucker. When just hatched, they are so small and so nearly of the colour of the leaf, that they will easily escape the notice of those who are unacquainted with their habits. Dr. Good describes 'myriads of little dots' as the eggs of the hop-fly; but close inspection will convince any one that these
little dots are nothing more than the first cast skins of the newly-hatched flies; for none of these will be found on the under surface of the leaves, all lying on the upper surface, along with the honey-dew, or saccharified excrements of the flies inhabiting the under surface of the leaf above. These positions of the flies, the cast skins, and the honey-dew, are so uniform, that we have never observed them in any other, in the innumerable cases which we have examined. That the small cast skins of the aphides have been mistaken for eggs is not wonderful, when we consider their white colour; but the distinct outline of the feet and other members will at once determine the fact.

**Singing of Birds during a Thunder-Storm.**—Chancing to be abroad in a violent thunder-storm, which burst over the metropolis and its vicinity last summer, we remarked a circumstance that had not before attracted our notice, and that has not, so far as we are aware, been hitherto recorded. The missel-thrush is popularly named the storm-cock, because he is supposed to sing most and loudest previously to the onset of a storm; but we had not heard it said that he sings during the continuance of the storm. In the instance in question, a missel-thrush was perched upon a lofty elm, hard by an ivied pollard, under which we had taken rather precarious shelter from the heavy thunder-shower, and he continued to pour forth his loud, shrill notes, with scarcely a pause, though we do not recollect ever witnessing thunder so near and so tremendous. One peal followed the flash of lightning in less than half a minute, and the very air seemed rending asunder; but the little songster, quite undismayed, gave no intermission to his music, if music it can be called, which resembles, as nearly as we can describe it, the attempts of a parrot or of a magpie to imitate the notes of a blackbird. At the same time, a cuckoo, in an adjacent hedge, kept up his monotonous chant, as if determined that even the unmusical missel-thrush should not want a choral accompaniment. We were more surprised, however, to see a skylark about a hundred yards from our station, mount up amidst the war of the elements, and commence his sprightly strain, for the rain was pouring down in torrents, and the lightnings flashing at intervals of a few minutes, while the thunder-peals were both loud and almost incessant. The skylark, indeed, did not mount so high as if it had been unclouded sunshine, finding it, no doubt, somewhat uncomfortable to sing unsheltered in such a storm, while the missel-thrush and the cuckoo probably were protected by overhanging boughs.

**The Rock-Rose.**—In dry, rocky, and calcareous places, in this month and the next, the rock-rose (Cistus helianthemum) is a very common flower, beautifying the patches of withered herbage with its golden blossoms, and giving an air of sunshine and gaiety to the barren rock. If you take a small probe or a hog's bristle, and irritate any of the numerous stamens of this flower, you will see them fall back from the pistil, and spread themselves upon the petals, exhibiting a very pretty example of vegetable irritability, little less striking than that of the sensitive plant. A similar instance of this spontaneous approach and retreat of the stamens may be observed in another elegant British plant—the grass of Parnassus (Parnassia palustris), which is not uncommon in moist meadows and upland marshes:—when the authors are young they stretch forward till they reach the summit of the pistil, where they deposit their fertilizing pollen, and then fall back towards the petals.

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**Review of Literature, Fine Arts, &c.**


A prettily written novel of the old school, containing domestic scenes, in agreeable and unpretending language. The story turns on the private marriage of a farmer's daughter with a young nobleman: she dies, and leaves a son who is brought up, without knowing the rank of his father, by his maternal grandfather; but when grown up, he is claimed by the earl, in a fit of remorse, as his heir. The rustic lord has formed a strong attachment to the housekeeper's daughter, Amy, who, contrary to the general routine of love affairs in romance, forsakes the young nobleman and marries another nearer her own degree; but the passion of the heir remains unchanged to the last, and he subsequently obtains the hand of his beloved after she has become a widow. The following is a pleasing specimen of the style:—

The parents of Amy were born, like herself, on the estate of Claremont, and were reared at the Hall, as the playmates of the late lord and his sisters. Attached to each other from infancy, they were united at an early age, and continued to reside at the Hall, loved and esteemed by its noble inmates; neither would they quit it, after it
became desolate and abandoned by the family. It had been their home from their earliest recollections, and was endeared to them by many a fond and tender circumstance connected with their mutual attachment; and when the fatal accident which deprived their patron of existence occasioned his family to desert the ancient seat of their ancestors, they preferred the lonely solitude of the Hall, and the tranquil scenes of their birth to new friends and a new home.

This strange avowal, from one so young and handsome, occasioned many a vain conjecture among the lovers of Mary; and as she really showed no preference to any one, they all concluded that she was insensible to the power of love, and soon paid their vows to some kinder fair one.

But Mary was very far from the insensible they deemed her to be; her heart in secret throbbed with a passion which was gradually stealing the last glimmer of health from her cheek, and which robbed her nights of their accustomed light and happy rest. The mother of Mary was the first to notice the change in her bosom friend, and to inquire the cause. What but love, concealed and unknown, could injure the repose of Mary Bloomfield? Tears and burning blushes betrayed the truth of the suspicion; and Mrs. Hargrave felt deeply mortified at what she considered a want of confidence in her friend.

Mary confessed that a secret attachment was underming her health, but that she had sworn never to betray the object. Her friend reminded her of the kindness of her father, and of his anxiety for her welfare, which would prevent his raising any obstacle to her wishes. Mary sighed heavily—'It is for my father that I feel, not for myself,' said she. 'I little thought, while laughing, as I have often done in the strong current of love on some hearts, that mine would so soon feel its force; and that even my affection for the best of fathers would give place to the object of my first love.'

Who this object was, Mrs. Hargrave could never discover; and as she was tenderly attached to Mary, she felt serious apprehensions lest her innocence should fall a prey to the wily artifices of some deep designing villain. Mrs. Hargrave assured her, in the most solemn manner, that she would never have cause to blush for her conduct, though she might have to weep for her misfortunes; and Mrs. Hargrave trusted to this assurance, until the alteration in Mary's figure became too visible for concealment.

In an agony not to be described, Farmer Bloomfield sent for Mrs. Hargrave; Mary was taken suddenly ill, and Doreas, the faithful creature who had nursed her when a child, was dispatched to fetch Mrs. Hargrave to her assistance.

What a scene for a father, now for the first time made acquainted with the situation of an idolized child—of a father who, though in a sphere of life comparatively humble to many, was keenly alive to the sense of dishonour and to the degradation of his daughter!

'Father! dear father!' said Mary, falling at his feet, 'I call Heaven to witness I am not the lost creature you think me to be, but solemnly and sacredly the wife of him whom I dare not name without his consent. Dearly as I love him, he had not the power to make me guilty; he made me his wife, and I swore to preserve his secret, until he came down to claim me openly as his own. This I expected would take place before my situation became too visible, but my sudden illness has betrayed me. Father, dear father! indeed, indeed, I am innocent!'

She fainted in the arms of the honest farmer, who, alarmed for her life, thought only of preserving it. He pressed her again and again to his paternal bosom, assured her of his forgiveness, and implored Mrs. Hargrave not to leave her until she was recovered.

The mother of Amy wanted no persuasion to induce her to attend to the friend she loved, and whom she perceived to be dangerously ill. During her constant attendance, she frequently heard her mention a name which was familiar to them both; but she considered it as the wandering effect of a disordered mind, and never intimated to any one what she had heard. Mary at length gave birth prematurely to a son: in the last struggles of expiring nature, again that name escaped her; life was extinct; and all that remained of the once blooming, once beautiful, Mary Bloomfield was a poor seven months baby, left to the protection of an agonized grandfather, a sorrowing friend, without a name, or even a clue to trace that of his father.

The most prominent defect in this novel is the profuse introduction of titled personages, with whose style of conversation, routine of manners, nay, even their ordinary failings, the author is evidently unacquainted.
POPULAR ZOOLOGY: comprising Memoirs and Anecdotes of the Quadrupeds, Birds, and Reptiles in the Zoological Society’s Menagerie, with figures of the more important and interesting; to which is prefixed, a descriptive Walk round the Gardens, with illustrative Engravings. The whole forming an entertaining manual of natural history, and a complete guide for Visitors. 18mo.

This volume deserves encouragement—it deserves because it is cheap in price, and yet got up with due regard to utility. There are nearly 400 pages of letter-press, with pictorial illustrations. Every page contains information at once useful and entertaining. The work opens with an interesting account of the lamas, natives of America; but we prefer extracting the account of the Egyptian ichneumon, whose value and properties may not be so commonly known to our readers.

The sanctity in which the ichneumon was held by the ancient Egyptians, and its worship as one of their deities, will no longer be matter of surprise when its services are duly considered; these prove it to have possessed more claims than any other animal to the attention of that singular people. It represented a lively image of a beneficent Power perpetually engaged in the destruction of those noisome and dangerous reptiles, which propagate with such terrible rapidity in hot and humid climates. Though the ichneumon dares not to attack crocodiles, serpents, and the larger of the lizard tribe, by open force, or when they are fully grown, yet, by feeding on their eggs, it reduces the number of these intolerable pests. From its dimensions, size, and timid disposition, the ichneumon has neither the power to overcome, nor the courage to attack, such formidable adversaries; nor is it an animal of decidedly carnivorous appetite. Urged by its instinct of destruction, and guided, at the same time, by the utmost prudence, it may be seen, at the close of day, gliding through the ridges and inequalities of soil in quest of its prey. If chance favour its search, it does not limit itself to the momentary gratification of its appetite, but destroys every living thing within its reach, which is too feeble to offer it resistance. The ichneumon exhibits the utmost perseverance in the pursuit of its prey. It will remain for hours in the same place, watching the animal it has marked out as its victim. Thus, to this day, ichneumons are domesticated, and perform the office of cats in ridding houses of the smaller vermin. They acquire an attachment to the house which they inhabit, and to the individuals with whom they are brought up; they never wander, nor attempt to regain their liberty; they know the persons and recognize the voices of their masters, and are pleased with the caresses bestowed on them; but they manifest their native ferocity if disturbed while eating.

When an ichneumon penetrates into a place unknown to it, it immediately explores every hole and corner by smelling, which sense is uncommonly powerful and acute. To this it seems principally to trust; for its other senses, particularly those of sight, taste, and touch, are comparatively feeble.

M. D'Obevonsville had an ichneumon, which he brought up almost from its birth. One day he brought to this animal a small water-serpent alive, being desirous of ascertaining how its instinct would lead it to act against a creature with which it was hitherto unacquainted. He at first appeared astonished and angry, for his hair became erect; but, in an instant afterwards, he slipped behind the reptile, and, with astonishing agility, leaped upon its head, seized, and crushed it between his teeth. This essay and new experiment seemed to have awakened in the ichneumon his innate and destructive voracity, which, till then, had given way to the gentleness he had acquired from his education.

The Egyptian ichneumon is described as considerably larger than the animal in the garden. This specimen, however, agrees with the character and description of the species. The colour is a deep brown, picked out with dirty white; the tail is terminated with hairs entirely brown.

A CLINICAL REPORT OF THE ROYAL DISPENSARY FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR. By John Harrison Curtis, Esq., Aurist to his Majesty.

This institution was established in the year 1816, to afford relief to the poor. The following statement, which we find at page 4, is curious, when contrasted with the published figure report of this society. “The charity alluded to (for the cure of deafness) was set on foot by the late Mr. Saunders, who was, in this country the father of acoustic surgery. Diseases of the organ of hearing, when compared with the vast number of maladies to which the human frame is liable, have seemed to be numerically unimportant, and, if not entirely overlooked, have been blended in the great mass of nosological arrangements. With regard to Mr. Saunders, his scientific and ingenious endeavours to draw attention.
to the study and practice of acoustic surgery, met with such inadequate encouragement, that he shortly found it expedient to relinquish this branch for the more lucrative department of the oculist."

It is reported, however, by the society as under, that in the year 1817, there were 367 patients admitted, 89 cured, and 75 relieved; and the number progressively increased, until, in 1831, 927 patients were admitted, 570 cured, and 236 relieved, —making together a grand total, in fifteen years, of 10,600 persons admitted, 4,876 cured, and 2,952 relieved.

How great a weight of human woe has been already removed by the instrumentality of this society, whose exertions extend to every individual! The deaf man is, unfortunately, not merely a burden to himself, but a corroding care to all around him. It is, however, truly gratifying to us to record, that deafness should be, in so many cases, curable, and to join our efforts in aiding this good work. Doubtless, our readers will search out the poor among their brethren afflicted with this malady, and speedily send them to the institution, "which has amongst its supporters many eminent men of the medical profession." If the deafness cannot be cured, artificial means can be generally devised for enabling the patient to hear with tolerable facility.

We have witnessed the application of these means with as much pleasure as astonishment.

Mr. Curtis has also, in five reported cases, given speech to the dumb, by first of all removing the deafness which prevented the patient from hearing articulate sounds. He argues, at page 31, and perhaps not improperly, that if the power of hearing can be imparted, that of speech will naturally follow. "In fact," adds Mr. Curtis, "where any relief is to be afforded, it must be through successful attempts on the organ of hearing; and where such a result takes place, the process is slow. Parents who have children labouring under this misfortune, are accordingly very apt to be negligent in persevering to obtain the desired relief.

In cordially recommending the institution, we conclude by commending the intelligible and honest tone of simplicity in which the cases are recorded in the report before us: there is no quackery.


We can give this little volume the best recommendation that can be bestowed on any work of amusement. It may be read aloud, from beginning to end, to the delight of any audience who have sufficient perception to relish wit and humorous development of character; nor is there an expression in the book that can give the slightest offence to ladies of real delicacy and refinement. The chief cause of complaint that can be brought against Mr. Croker is, that his novellette is not a novel. Barney Mahoney possesses no little originality of plan as well as execution. The hero belongs to a small family of "tireen," and is selected from the lot by Mr. Stapleton, a benevolent English merchant, who takes shelter in an Irish cabin near Cork,—which accident leads to the final importation of the "raw article," to be fashioned into a footman in Mr. Stapleton's hospitable domicile in Finsbury-square. Barney, who is no hero in fact, but a true specimen of human nature, scarcely becomes accustomed to the luxuries of his excellent master's mansion before he despises "the city," and casts about to "better himself," and, in the course of accidents, arising from this laudable endeavour, we are introduced by turns to Lady Theodosia Levencourt, a skin-flint lady of quality; Mrs. Temple, and her daughters, who have real claims to fashion, but are vulgar-minded and selfish; and the Joneses, who are parvenus, established in Montague-place, Russell-square; besides some other characters, whose delineation is less happily effected, belonging to the caricaturist rather than to the comic writer. However, here is a specimen of the treat we promise the readers of Mr. Crofton Croker's work.

His first essay in the 'valeting line,' to use James's own expression, was not particularly successful, to be sure. He had been deputed over-night by this 'upper man,' to take Mr. Charles's clothes up at nine o'clock, and to call him.

Barney entered the room at the time specified; and, whilst his young master was enjoying a profound morning slumber (never having been witness of the insinuating method in which his predecessor performed the operation), he plunged his head between the bed-curtains, seized the
sleeper by the shoulder, and roared in his ear, 'Get up, Sir!' 'What in the world can be the matter?' cried Charles, starting up in bed. What brings you here, Barney? What can have happened?'

'Nine o'clock, Sir, it is.' 'Why, you dirty Irish vagabond! is that all? Send James to me instantly. What does he mean by sending such a Goth to terrify one in this manner?'

'You're to go up stairs to Mister Charles, if you plase, James. Faix, I dunnow what I dun; but its de devil's own passion he's in wi' me intirely. Oh, murther! ullagone! what'll I do at all to pacify him? Go up at wonst, Mister James, and let me 'och hand him' of repeated Barney, as he rocked backward and forward on a little stool, overpowered with grief and terror.

'I suppose you will send a terrier dog to rouse me some morning, James!' cried the angry youth, on the culprit's entrance. 'But listen to me first. If every one let the shock of that Irish scarecrow pierce my bedcurtains again, I shall complain to my father of your idleness. You impose on his good-nature; and because he allows you help in the pantry, you think proper to turn over all your business upon Barney's shoulders. Have a care, Sir! it will not do with me.'

The next advances of our hero were made with more circumspection, and with fuller instructions; and it soon came to pass that Barney could dress hair, clean plate, and wait at table, as well as (Mrs. Stapleton said better than) James.

The Easter ball, the intended scene of Miss Stapleton's début, was expected to be an unusually splendid one. For this reason, and on such an occasion, it was, after profound deliberation, decided that, although Mrs. Thompson, of Aldersgate-street, was an excellent dress-maker—had worked for the family many years—and, moreover, fitted. Fanny to admiration, still that it would be expedient to apply to the 'west end' for the finery at present in request. Nothing short of Jermy-street is, by City belles, considered fashionable. Fanny, of course, would be admired; inquiries would, undoubtedly, be made on that subject; and Fanny, of Jermy-street, would sound far better than 'plain Mrs. Thompson, of the City.'

An expedition to the 'west end' followed this determination; and the necessary orders were given on the important subject in question, accompanied by express letters from Mrs. Stapleton, that the dress should be sent home the day previous to that of the ball, 'in case,' as the prudent matron observed, 'it might require any alteration.'

So impertinent a suggestion, and from 'City people, too!' was not to be brooked by the impudent French modiste. With many bows, and the most servile smiles, she assured her new customer, that the orders of Mesdames should be punctually obeyed, although it would necessarily involve the disappointment of the Duchess of Longbill, and the Ladies Lackpenny, whose dresses must be laid aside to oblige Mrs. Stapleton. The straightforward and fair dealing merchant's lady was startled, and somewhat shocked at this assertion; which devoutly believing, she even went so far as to offer to employ some other person, rather than reduce Madame to so painful and even improper an alternative. The milliner, upon this, declared she would have 'nothing to do with the matter.' 'Yes! yes! she could arrange. It was only to sit up a night, or two nights! a mere trifle! nothing in consideration of obliging so good a lady, and her so amiable daughter.'

They therefore departed, quite satisfied and confident, since they were excluded from the benefit of Madame's exclamation to her women, as she entered her work-room.—' Eh, mon Dieu! quelles bêtes, ces autres Anglaises; tell me de time, indeed, I shall send dress home! ma foi, dem shall send for it; I not send de oder side Bed-fore-square for ni bal, ni noting.'

'Accordingly, the day on which it was to arrive, passed over in vain expectation and annoyance to both mother and daughter. It then occurred to Mrs. Stapleton, that the dress must have been left at some wrong house, "for Madame had promised so faith-fully." (An expression, by the by, often employed in the service of its very receivers.) And it was resolved to send Barney to Jermy-street, to learn the fate of, or carry off, the prize in question. Barney 'would be sure to find the place, although (as his mistres informed him) it was four or five miles distant; and moreover, he assured her, he 'd be there an’ back in less than no time. —That being the usual period assigned, in his country, to the gooseon, when sent on an expedition where extraordinary speed is required. Furnished with a huge wicker basket, lined with oil-skin, which had, not many years before, held in safe custody the three best bonnets of Mrs. Stapleton, and was subsequently appropriated to the reception of one turban of immense expance, Barney salied forth; and, as nearly as may be calculated, an hour after that time, Miss Stapleton seated herself at one of the drawing-room windows overlooking the square and the street whence she knew her Mercury would emerge. During her sojourn there, she had leisure to translate into plain English the real meaning of 'less than no time.' She decided it to be an ex-
tremely 'long time,' and at last came to the conclusion, that it could mean nothing less than 'forever.' It was, perhaps, a little unreasonable to think that Barney could navigate his basket through five miles of crowded streets with the speed of light. The fact was, he was performing his journey by short and easy stages. The wind was high and gusty, and the load, when elevated on his shoulders, was so wide, and so light, as to catch the full benefit of the gale at every corner, wheeling poor Barney about to right or left, as the case might be, greatly to his own discomfort, and the no less impatience of pedestrians, who buffeted him, without mericous curvets and capers, which, on the opera stage, would have elicited thunders of applause. Now it would pirouette before an attic window; and, again descending, dip its flounces, for refreshment, into the mud that deeply covered the pavement; and, eluding the grasp of some dozens of puny legs, would rise again into mid-air, and resume the twirlings, bobblings, and plungings, so highly amusing to an uncultivated and delighted audience, whose interest and attention were so completely absorbed in the 'performance,' as to have neither sympathy for the piteous ubbaboo sent forth by Barney, or the dismayed aspect of poor Fanny, whose long watching was at length rewarded by witnessing this heart-breaking sight.

In justice to the author's good sense, he does not deal in the nauseating and frivolous exclusiveness of place, that disgusts the reader of Theodore Hook's ill-intentioned novels. His satire is legitimate and moral. He does not laugh at the dwellers in the neighbourhood of Russell-square, because they are not nearer to the West; but because their arts, towards their Eastward neighbours, are often some degrees more intolerable than those of the aristocratic inhabitants of Grosvenor-square. It is not the situation of the pleasant and respectable streets and squares to the east of Tottenham-court-road, that renders their inhabitants obnoxious to the satirist; but because some few of them are 'raised people,' sincerely abjuring their friends and relatives in the City, whence they drew their wealth and fatness.

The characters of the merchant's family, though amiable, are as naturally drawn. Mr. Stapleton is a specimen now, we fear, getting rather obsolete, of a princely British merchant, not ashamed of a City residence, and who is willing to dispense happiness to all around him. There is another City character—the stuttering Mr. Barton, whose introduction is the blemish of the work; if there is any wit at all in stuttering, it must be only practical; and we regret that Mr. Crofton Croker did not trot Mr. Barton, of Lar- ranse Pountney-lane, out into a farce, and consign him, lobster, elephant, &c., to the care of John Reeve, of facetious noto- riety; for his nonsense does not tell well in print. We are not skilled in the Yorkshire dialect, therefore are unable to judge of the comic merits of Misses Nancy and Betsy Pearson; but they appear to us to border too nearly on the regions of caricature. Yet we seem like discontented guests, finding fault with the melted butter, toasted bread, and garnishing of a dinner, after having had a rich repast; so conclude, assuring the purchasers of Crofton Croker's little volume, that they will find a good store of fun and laughter compressed within its small dimensions.

By Robert Montgomery.

"As soon as a critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publi-
cations could have told him—as soon as, from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest trait against the author—his censure immediately becomes personal injury; his sarcasms personal insults. He ceases to be a critic, and takes on him the most contemptible character to which a rational creature can be degraded,—that of a gossip, backbiter, and pasquillant; but with this heavy aggravation, that he steals, with the unquiet, the deforming, passions of the world, into the museum; into the very place which, next to the chapel and oratory, should be our sanctuary and secure place of refuge; offers abominations on the altar of the muse, and makes its sacred paling the very circle in which he conjures up the lying and profane spirit.”

With these words of one of our most gifted sages and sublimest poets full in our view, and with his precepts in our hearts, our readers will not expect from us, by way of criticism on Robert Montgomery’s new poem, a dissertation on his birth and parentage, the manner in which he spells his name, the peculiar cut of his neckcloth, or his mode of brushing his hair. We are proud to know that our readers do not need such an offering; and we pity editors who write for those to whom they suppose such malignant trash would be acceptable. Yet we are not about to champion the poetical faults of Robert Montgomery—indignant though we are at the unlimited, and, as far as we can see, unprouoked, personal scurrility that has been poured upon him; but our motto is, “The book, the whole book, and nothing but the book.”

The plan, then, of the Messiah is thus arranged. The first book is devoted to a recapitulation of the fall, and of the various types and prophecies which shadow forth the redemption. The second is occupied by a comparison between natural and revealed religion, which, we must own, is, on the whole, sustained with little fervour and poetic spirit; and the principal part of the four last books contains a species of rhythmical concordance of the evangelists, in which we note that the paraphrases of parables and scriptural incidents are, almost in every instance, utter failures; while the intermediate passages where Scripture is silent, and the author speaks for himself, are often replete with grace and beauty. He should not have ventured too near the unapproachable and perfect; he has attempted to shadow the poetic glories of revelation, and but presents their sublime essence, weakened and diluted by feeble words, whether he amplifies or contrasts the text. How tame in his language is the Magnificat, that divine hymn, which will proclaim, to the end of the world, the Virgin-mother at once as poetess and prophetess. In the latter character, Robert Montgomery’s lines, by an extraordinary omission, do not acknowledge her, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.” Here is a deep meaning, which a judicious author would have delighted in amplifying, instead of omitting, as he does, in the paraphrase:—

“My soul doth magnify the gracious Lord! The proud He scatters, but the meek regards;
For thus to Abram and our fathers spake
The God of Israel—glorious be His name!
For me, his lowly handmaid, ever-blest
Shall ages deem, and generations call!”

The above is an instance of contraction, although not of condensation; but those who wish to see how diffuse words can mar the majestic announcement of the Saviour’s birth by the angelic choir, will compare page 73 to 75 with the divine original. Yet we only mean to blame the poet comparatively: his hymn is a fine one, although it suffers by collision with the words of the gospel, which unite brevity and sublimity, in a manner that is perfection, in whatever language they are truly rendered.

Montgomery, as well as Milton, approaches too frequently the ineffable sanctuary; and though his corporeal vision has not, yet his mental vision has, like his great master’s, been too frequently “blind-ed with excess of light.” For even Milton himself often falls to earth stunned with the height of his presumptuous flights. Witness his colloquies between the Saviour and the Almighty, which are carried on with the quibblings of school divinity.

But Robert Montgomery’s great defects consist in incongruous and careless metaphors, and in a bungling union of absurd adjectives with impossible substantives; likewise in the production of incomplete images, partly moulded into beautiful poetic features, and partly left unhewn and shapeless in the marble. As an instance of the first, we quote,

“From towering altars an unwearied blaze
Ascends, rolling up with spiral glee
And gladness.”
THE MESSIAH.

Why did not the poet pause in his too rapid career, and ask himself the plain question, "What is spiral glee and gladness?" Examples of the last-named fault are frequent throughout the whole of his voluminous poems. Here are instances. Speaking of the Dead Sea,

Where buried cities lift their ghastly wreck
In tomblike waste.

The first line is both graphic and rhetorical; and we boldly assert, that none but a true poet could have written it: but what idea does "tomblike waste" present to the mind? "Waste," employed as a substantive, gives us the image of an expansive desert; and how can that be "tomblike?" Yet the unprejudiced admirer of poetry can perceive beneath the rubbish that haste or want of judgment has left on such passages an incipient fire and germ of beauty, lying so near the surface, that one would have thought the slightest exertion of self-criticism might have brought it out. Another example, drawn from the passage on the Ascension,

In the empyreal depth
Evanished, mixed with far immensity.

Why use so contrary an expression as depth to illustrate the act of ascension? Observe how this violation of common sense injures real poetic thought, embodied in the line,

"Evanished, mixed in far immensity."

Of this union of epithets, that jar with sense, we find numerous examples: as, "elemental dream"—"unforgiven gloom"—"breeze-like sense." No poetical license can reconcile such incongruities. A great master, both in the art of poetry and of criticism, has declared good sense to be the body of poetry, fancy its drapery, and imagination the soul, that is everywhere.

There is ranting absurdity in this passage, which is truly in Ercole vein.

Despair in stone was not more dumb than he!
Prometheus, chain'd on Scythia's burning rock,
When lightning, tempest, and Tartarean fire,
And thund'ring earthquake, round his martyr'd frame
The tragedy of Nature's wreck began,
In full sublimity of godlike woe
Was less exalted than the silent Job.

Our selections have hitherto been unfavourable specimens of the work, and we could make many more of a similar nature, were we disposed to "boul't it to the bran." Nevertheless, whoever reads the Messiah with more candid purposes than universal fault-finding, will acknowledge numerous beauties of a high order, that overbalance the defects and will afford great pleasure, especially to the religious reader. Montgomery has the best chance of finding in this class unprejudiced perusers of his work; because, out of principle, they will not suffer their minds to be swayed by the evil passions that have been arrayed against this victim of literary persecution; not that a man can be rightly considered a victim who can thus mildly answer such attacks:—

On attacks, personal or otherwise, the Author has nothing to remark; nor does he wish to sully, by acrimonious discussion, pages dedicated, he fondly hopes, to a better and nobler purpose. If his writings and character have been misrepresented by anonymous foes, it is gratifying to remember, that they have neither subdued exertion, nor perverted his mind; much less have they lost him the esteem and friendship of many of the good and great of his country, which, but for his productions, he had never enjoyed.

We now offer to our readers some selections, which will show that it is in the power of Robert Montgomery's genius fully to sustain a high poetic character:—

Let mortals feel,
That man, the infant of eternity,
By woe is nursed and strengthened for the skies.

There is an ocean,—but his unheard waves
By noon entranced, in dreaming slumber lie;
Or when the passion of a loud-wing'd gale
Hath kindled them with sound, the stormy tone
Of waters, mellowed into music, dies.

In the breathless noon of night
All unperceived, the lovely dead he found;
There stood, and gazed, enamour'd of the grief
That, now unfrozen from his spirit, pour'd
Tears fast and free, in all the storm of woe!
Upon that form, so witheringly fair,
Where the lone night-watch flung a spectral gleam,
He look'd,—as though a life were in that look
Absorb'd, and felt, that never more would flash
From that still clay revelations of the soul.
THE MESSIAH.

We gather from pp. 48, 49, that Montgomery is no fatalist:
There are who deem no revelation true,
That doth not, by divine compulsion, awe
The universal mind to grand belief.
But, where the freedom of inviolate will,
If Truth descend with overpowering blaze?
The lines of human character are lost,
No principle can act, no feeling sway;
No passion on the altar of pure faith
Can nobly die, in sacrifice to Heaven:
As heave the waters to a helming wind,
So, led by impulse, would the spirit yield
To fate's high will, without one virtue
bless—

For what is virtue, but a vice withstood,
Or sanctity, but daring sin o'ercome?
Life is a warfare, which the soul confronts,
While good and evil, truth and error clash,
Or, rally round it in confused array;
And he who conquers wins the crown of light
Which Heaven has waven for her warrior saints.

An hour with Nature is an hour with Heavenly,
When feeling hallows what the fancy views;
And thus, oh twilight! may the spirit learn
From thy fond stillness what the day denies.
Now Mem'ry too, divinest mourner, wakes
The soul's romance, till years of verdant joy
Revive, and bloom around the heart once more.

Bright forms, by greeting childhood so beloved!
Maternal tones, and features, of whose smile
In blissful rivalry our own was born,
And voices, echo'd in our dreams of heaven,
Around us throng, until th'un living past
Our being enters, and is life again?

In pale omnipotence of light the moon
Presides, too brilliantly for meeker stars
To venture forth,—save one bright watcher, seen
O'er yon lone hill to let his beauty smile:
The clouds are dead; and scarce a breeze profanes
The blissful calm, save when some rebel dares
On fitful wing to wander into life,
Awhile, and make unwilling branches wave,
Or moonlight flutter through the boughs, and fall
In giddy brightness on the grass beneath;
Then Earth is soundless; and the solemn trees

In leafy slumber frown their giant length
Before them:—Night and stillness are enthroned!

In moods of high romance
'Tis pleasant down the depth of ages past
To venture, re-erect huge capitals,
And hear the noise of cities now no more!
But Egypt, with her pyramids august,
Titanian Thebes, or Athens, temple-famed,
Or Rome, the miracle of mighty arms,
And whatsoe'er gigantic Fancy builds
In visions of the vast and gone,—dissolve
To shadows, when Remembrance pictures thee,
Jerusalem!— alas! the wailing harp
All truly mourn'd: a throneless captive thou!
In dust thy robes of beautiful array
Have wither'd; tears are on thy faded cheek,
And nothing, save a glorious past, is thine!
Those mountains, branded by th' almighty curse,
Ascend, and look down on sepulchral vales,
Where silence by the tramp of desert steeds
Alone is echo'd: paths of lifeless length,
Dim walls, and dusky fanes, fragmental homes,
And Arab huts,—how eloquently sad
The ruin! how sublime the tale it tells!—
Jerusalem! the clank of heathen chains
In iron wrath hath sounded o' er thy doom
For ages; sword and savage on thy blood
Have feasted; fatal martyrdom was thine
From Roman, Frank, and fiery Mameluke!—
E'en now, thy wreck is made Pollution's prey;
And minarets their flashing spires uplift
Where once the palace of Jehovah blazed?

Her lips were moveless, but the buried pang
Which heaved her bosom with convulsive throes,
And frequent shudder of her bending frame,
Were language!—all that Penitence employed.

This description of a garden cemetery is true and beautiful:
A mournful beauty, a sepulchral grace
Doth hallow nature, when the dead are tomb'd
In garden quiet, 'mid the wave of boughs
That often murmur in our living ears,
Like tones ancestral, by the heart revived!
Beneath the twilight of o'erhanging tree
A cave was hollow'd, in whose rocky depth
Affection to the arms of Earth resign'd
Her dead;—in mute companionship, there lay
The babe and mother, sister, son, and sire;
A household, though in dust!—A sad delight.
Behold; how solemnly beneath a haze
Of moonlight, the sepulchral rock appears!
Before it, with a frequent play, the flash
Of steelly armour, as the Roman watch
Doth move and change in circular array,
Is seen; yet, save the night's uncertain sound,
The wizard motion of a rambling breeze,
That stirs the olive, or the tow'ring palm,
And timid murmur of a garden-brook.
The scene is voiceless; while on high enthroned,
Yon firmamental orbs are fix'd and bright,
As though in wonder, that their glory falls
Upon the grave where buried Godhead lies!

When lo! from out the earth's unfathom'd deep
The semblance of a mighty cloud arose;
From whence a shape of awful stature moved,
A vast, a dim, a melancholy Form!
Upon his brow the gloom of thunder sat,
And in the darkness of his dreadful eye
Lay the sheath'd lightnings of immortal ire!
—
As king of dark eternity, he faced
The Godhead; cent'ring in that one still glance
The hate of Heav'n and agony of Hell,
Defiance and despair!

Myriads of colossal Shapes
Unearthly, wild, and dim with ghastly woe,
Rise in the glare!—the ruin'd Angels come
From darkness, and a clank of chain resounds,
Appallingly, above the world distinct!
But One, who, vast above the vastest there,
In tow'ring majesty confronts the sky,
As though the fabric of the heavens would shrink
From the dark light of his unfathom'd gaze,
Behold him!—how magnificently dread!
From the huge mountain into embers sunk,
To the last billow of expiring sea,—
O'er all, the terror of his ruin frowns
Sublime, who battled with Omnipotence,
And will be fearless in the fires of hell!

This idea of the personification of the evil principle may be according to the book of Milton, but is not according to the Bible. To represent Satan with any noble attributes, any other than as “a liar from the beginning,” the most creeping of spies, and meanest of false witnesses, is unscriptural. To represent the evil one as awfully majestic and interesting is a perversion that is deeply injurious to morality, and has done much mischief in the present day. Both of the above quoted descriptions, however, are full of poetic fire.

It is but justice to Robert Montgomery to add, that in every thing else his poem is wholly free from any objectionable principle. The notes are not voluminous, but are full of valuable information; and the religious tenets of the whole, as allowing some exercise of human free-will, are consonant with the Arminian tendency of the Established Church.

REMEMBER ME. A Token of Christian Affection, consisting of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse.

This is a miniature volume, upon the plan of the annuals, containing, in 180 pages, between 60 and 70 different articles of an exclusively religious character. We will not assert that religion necessarily clips the wings and damps the ardour of poetic genius; though, mingled among the anonymous contributors to Remember Me there are some whose names, favourably known by other works to the public, appear there to much less advantage: but we do think that neither the cause of religion, nor the interests of the publishers, would have suffered by the exercise of a little more severity of judgment in the selection of pieces admitted into its pages. As they announce their intention to bring out annually a similar volume, but under a different title, we have been induced to offer this hint for their consideration.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT EXETER HALL.—This collection consists exclusively of subjects taken from sacred history. They are chiefly by the ancient masters, and are announced to the public as having formerly belonged to the galleries of the King of Spain, Charles I., and James II., of England, the Regent Duke of Orleans, and some others of less note. When we state that, among the pictures, 126 in number, there are pieces by Raffaello, Titian, the Guido, Caracci, Domenichino, N. Poussin, Murillo, Vandyck, and many other eminent masters of the Italian, Flemish, and Spanish schools, it must be obvious, that this collection richly deserves the attention both of the artist and the amateur. We must confess, however, that we were more particularly struck by some of the performances of painters less famed than those just enumerated. For example, St. Peter delivered from Prison, by Steenwyck, a most admirable piece of perspective, we consider as one of the finest pictures in this collection—Samson and
Dalilah, by Jan Steen, which most forcibly inculcates a great moral lesson, would, in our opinion, furnish a very successful subject for the graver. A Magdalen Posture, by Elizabetta Serani, whose name we have here met with for the first time, would not be unworthy of the pencil of Guido, all the grace and softness of which it possesses. Our limits will not allow us to extend our remarks; but we cannot take leave of this collection without mentioning A Crucifixion, most exquisitely carved in ivory, by Benvenuto Cellini, concerning which a critic, in one of our most respectable weekly journals (the Atlas), thus elocutiously remarks:—

"The agony of the countenance, expressing pain more severe than physical torture; the lips, which have tasted the vinegar of mockery, and are yet uttering the Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani; the inverted eye-ball; the stained sinews; the sudor sanguinis, which, on the cross, as in the garden, appears to breathe through every pore; the profound anatomical knowledge, which gives almost creative skill to the artist, down to the minutest detail, even the plies of the cord, and the folds of the garment—all distinguish this splendid work, and place it beyond all praise, short of the adoration which, in some countries and ages, it would have been deemed infidelity to have withheld from it."

A collection of sculptures and carvings in ivory and wood, chasings in gold and silver, cameos, intaglios, and other works by artists of the 15th and 16th centuries, the property of the jeweller to the King of Hanover, is exhibiting in Regent-street. Among the carvings in ivory, a reliévo, representing Susanna and the Elders, by Benvenuto Cellini, is an exquisite and astonishing production. The miscellaneous portion of this collection comprises the identical pewter cup of the unfortunate Baron Trench, which was engraved by him during his imprisonment in the fortress of Magdeburg, in 1763. It is a surprising specimen of human industry and perseverance under the most untoward circumstances; for all the minute and delicate tracings are said to have been executed with no other instrument than a rusted nail. A very elaborate carving in wood of the crucifixion affords a ludicrous evidence of monkish trickery: a hole is perforated from behind, through which, by means of a sponge dipped in blood, a stream was made to travel to the front, where it discharged itself from a crevice in the Saviour's side representing the spear-wound, so that the figure appeared to shed real blood, and the drops so discharged were sold to devotees at an enormous price.

King's Theatre.—On the 26th of May, the opera of La Cenerentola introduced, to a very crowded and aristocratic house, M. Tamburini, who made his début in the character of Dandini, with complete success. His voice is a rich baritone, extending very nearly, if not quite, two octaves. He walks the stage admirably, and proved himself in other respects a good actor. Our old favourite, Donzelli, charmed us in the enamoured prince, in spite of a severe cold. Cinti, as Cinderella, warbled most sweetly: her last aria in particular was exquisite.

During the past month, Mr. Monck Mason has redeemed his pledge to the public, in the production of Meyerbeer's opera of Robert le Diable, at an expense, it is said, of £0,000. An opera more completely appointed in every department we never had the good fortune to witness. The plot is very nearly the same as in the versions produced at Drury-lane and Covent-garden; but the performance at those houses gave but a faint idea of Meyerbeer's music, which is characterized by lofty genius and bold originality. Nourrit, whose performance of the part of Robert acquired him great celebrity at Paris, satisfied the highest anticipations of an English audience in that character. His voice is a tenor of moderate compass, which he manages with great taste and skill. As an actor, he displayed vivid feeling and truly attenmed energy. Damereau, the original Raimbaut, also made his first appearance. His comedy is quaintly pleasant, his voice good, and he sings with spirit. Levasseur, as Bertram, is not new to these boards: we never heard his deep rich bass voice to such advantage. Cinti, as Isabella, and Meric, as Alice, were truly enchanting. The scenery, by the Messrs. Grieve, is magnificent. The closing scene in particular, representing the
interior of the cathedral of Palermo, has not been surpassed by any ever exhibited in a theatre.

On the 23d, Bellini’s opera, La Straniera, was brought out here. The only important parts fell into the hands of Signora Tosi and Signors Donzelli and Tamburini. Signora G. Tamburini appeared, for the first time in London, in the subordinate part of Isolotta. The character of the music is noisy and melo-dramatic, and though some of the airs are not deficient in sweetness, yet they are full of commonplace ideas, put together rather with a view to effect than by any higher aim.

Covent-Garden.—On Wednesday, May 30th, Mr. Young took leave of the stage, on which occasion the house was crowded to such a degree, as to occasion a good deal of confusion and some discontent. He performed the part of Hamlet,—the first character in which he introduced himself on the London boards, at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1807. Mathews, who then played Polonius, appeared in the same character, as a final and kindly tribute to one whose talents and conduct have tended to elevate the character of the profession. Mr. Young, in a neat speech, acknowledged the kindness and indulgence which had been shown him by the public for twenty-five years; and attributed his resolution to retire from the stage with all his faculties unimpaired, to an unwillingness to continue before his patrons till he could offer them only tarnished metal.

The season, and with it the Kemble management of this theatre, terminated on the 22d of June. Mr. Bartley, in the name of the new lessee, Mr. Laporte, announced, that the house would be opened, “for a few nights,” in July, with a French company, including the attractions of Taglioni and Mars. Some partial disapprobation was expressed at the announcement of the French performers; but it was succeeded by general applause, when it was known that they were not intended to interfere with the regular dramatic season.

We are assured that Mr. Charles Kemble and his daughter will very shortly embark for America.

Haymarket.—This theatre opened for the season on the 4th ult., when Mr. Kean, after an absence of nearly twelve months from the London boards, commenced a series of his favourite characters with Richard the Third. Though it cannot be denied that the physical powers of this celebrated actor are considerably impaired, yet enough of what he originally was remains to render him, beyond comparison, the first tragedian on the stage. Miss Smithson, who is also a novelty to a London audience, made her debut in the Queen. Though not wanting in dignity, her style of acting appeared somewhat hard, forced, and artificial. Cooper’s Richmond showed more zeal and industry than delicacy of delineation. Of the rest of the dramatis personae, the less that is said the better. In the farce, Killing no Murder, Harley fully sustained the reputation which he has acquired; and Webster was as clever a substitute for Liston as any substitute can be. A new actor, also, Mr. Strickland, made his first bow; he promises, with care and industry, to make a useful performer.

On the 6th, Kean personated Shylock much more to our satisfaction than he had done Richard. Miss Smithson was the Portia.

On the 14th, was produced a new comic piece, called The Boarder, the whole interest of which devolves on Mr. Farren, who personated Mr. Peregrine Plotwell, a character distinguished by much broad humour. Plotwell is a lounging man of the world, who, for the sake of pastime, is ready to assist in any plan, however difficult or dangerous, to serve a friend or acquaintance. His cousin Frampton has fallen in love with a fair lady, and solicits Plotwell to assist him in his amorous approaches. The latter obtains admission as a boarder, into the house of Pendleberry, the young lady’s father, and contrives to introduce Frampton into the family. After playing a variety of fantastic tricks, and creating infinite confusion, he at length accomplishes the union of his relative and the object of his affections. The performance of Farren, as Plotwell, was richly comic; indeed all the principal characters were ably supported; and the Boarder seems likely to keep possession, for some time, of his quarters at the Haymarket.

In the musical entertainment of No Song no Supper, which followed, Miss M. Holl made her first appearance as Margaretta. Her voice is sweet and pleasing, but deficient in force and compass. Her reception was very flattering.

June 16th. The amusing drama of Sweethearts and Wives introduced Miss
Smithson in the character of Eugenia. We were particularly struck by the recent improvement in the performance of this elegant and agreeable actress. Graceful in her action, refined in her expression, and anxiously attentive to every detail necessary to complete the scenic illusion; if she was deficient in anything, it was in arbour of feeling—which was evidently kept down from a solicitude not to over-act her part.

On the 23d, a very clever and spirited comic sketch in one act, called the Wolf and the Lamb, from the pen of Mr. Mathews, jun., was produced at this house. For discrimination of character, it far surpasses, in merit, the generality of evanescent trifles of this kind. Cooper did ample justice to the part of Colonel Bounce (the wolf), one of those military heroes whose war achievements have never extended beyond a duel—whose escalades have been directed against boarding-schools—and whose only triumphs have been over the virtue of some half dozen dissipated women of ton. Farren was an admirable representative of Bob Honeycomb (the Lamb), who, though the cousin of the intriguing hero, is his opposite in every respect. He is the “awkward fellow” of Chesterfield—timid, modest, and bashful to excess. The other characters of the piece are entirely secondary. Its success was complete.

On the 31st of May, Mr. E. L. Bulwer brought forward his promised motion for the appointment of a select committee, to inquire into the state of the laws affecting dramatic literature and the performance of the drama. After some opposition from Sir Charles Wetherell, the motion was agreed to, and a committee appointed.

—Our readers are aware, that the object of this motion for inquiry is, to overthrow the monopoly of the patent theatres, and to allow the minor establishments the privilege of performing the higher class of dramas; and to afford that protection, to dramatic authors, which is denied them under the present system. Any sixpenny publication may secure a protection from piracy; but a drama, which has cost its author, perhaps, months and years of anxious study, may be pirated by every provincial theatre in Great Britain without a chance of compensation.

Fashions.

The violence and carnage of which Paris has been the theatre, in the course of the last month, may shake thrones, and eventually subvert dynasties; but no events seem to give the slightest interruption to the only domination to which the Parisians ever mean to be constant—the sway of the sceptre of fashion. On the Wednesday before Whitsunday, Paris was resounding with the discharge of artillery, and the cries of a furious conflict; the shops were closed, and the most frightful scenes were acted. Paris was in a state of civil war—the Champ Elysées a camp. The next day, the shops displayed their glittering contents, and the Boulevards were crowded with gay, smiling people. On Whitsunday, the public promenades were thronged with elegant women, attired in all the luxuries of the most novel toilettes that have been seen this season. Every person must be convinced, after this, that nothing short of a general conflagration of all the magasins des modes in Paris, and a general auto da fe of all bonnets and caps, can make a charm of three days in the annals of fashion. We are, therefore, able to present our readers with our usual narrative of new inventions and adoptions of fashions, which are important at the Midsummer season, perhaps quite as important as some of the points that the lords of the creation are fatiguing themselves about. Indeed, it is possible that the delicacy of an elegant female, who rejects, as vulgar, the production of lace from the steam-engine, and will only suffer Bedford or Devonshire lace, which employs the industrious fingers of the poor of her own sex, to approach her person, is as beneficial to society as any turbulent commotion in any part of the world whatever; not that we pretend that costly lace and exquisitely-worked muslin are adopted wholly from benevolent motives, however beneficial the results may be; but the lady who studies to give the best effect to her own complexion and beauty knows that veils and peleterines, made of these laboriously-finished laces, are still more becoming than blonde, and far more economical.
because their beauty may be renewed by the laundress at any time. Some common observers may say, “Oh, I don’t see but that the effect of lace produced by machinery equals the other.” Such persons are not aware that it is the high finish of manual labour which gives the value to every species of production, which makes the difference between the gaudy figuring of a Birmingham tea-tray and one of Bone’s enamels—between cut glass and moulded glass—between the exquisite flower paintings of Miss Byrne, Mrs. Pope, and Miss Tomkyns, and the daubings on paper-hangings and Oriental tinting—between the same air played by a grind organ and by Paganimi—and between the machine-made lace worn by the operative at the wash-tub, and the exquisite Honiton pelerine, on which she is bestowing her most assiduous attention.

We defy any machine to equal the delicacy of the human touch in preparing the more exquisite articles of female attire. From this arises the elasticity and beauty of Indian muslin and Holland damask. We have bales enough of Indian cotton; but that cotton is consigned to a steam-engine, and is scarcely touched by the human hand till it makes its appearance in a web—while every thread of India muslin passes through the flexible fingers of the natives, by whom it is spun and woven. It is not generally known that the hemp grown in Suffolk may be manufactured into a web that far surpasses Irish linen, and rivals, in snowy and satiny texture, the finest Holland cloth produced on the opposite shores, whence the manufacture was introduced in England; but since the Lancashire machine owners have deluged the markets with miles of cotton cloth, produced by a few weavers, who are immediately turned out to starve till the glut is over, and then set to work again for a few days, the spinning-wheel of the Suffolk cottage matron has stopped, and the art of producing her delicate Holland thread is actually lost. It is for the poor a good thing that linen can be bought for their use at five-pence per yard; but that is no reason that the rich should not encourage a manufacture nearly wholly produced by women, the material of which grows on English earth, and may be made to rival Holland linen; and who that values softness, whiteness, healthiness, and durability, and can afford such luxuries, would not spare three shillings an ell for Holland linen. If our wealthy and noble countrywomen wish to live in undisturbed possession of their riches and honours—if they view with horror bands of insurgent manufacturers—let them be as nice in the choice of their materials as their grandmothers were before them, and, rejecting the mechanical products of spinning-jennies, encourage that primitive machine from which even the noblest maidens among them are still legally denominated spinsters; let them make the heart of the depressed English cottager sing for joy as she turns her long-exiled spinning-wheel. Great wheels so often depend on the successful turning of the little ones, that it is possible that all the present derangement of State affairs springs from the stopping of all the spinning-wheels in Europe, for a quarter of a century, by which means a few Turners and Peels revel in oceans of wealth, while the innumerable rivulets that caused the comfort of the industrious cottager are dried up. But the ladies can remedy this, as they can almost every other disarrangement of the commonwealth, if they please to act in unison. Let them bring wheel-spin linen into fashion, they will be rewarded by an exquisite and lasting material, in return for their supernumerary shillings. In time, the linens of Holland, and the batistes of Cambray, will be rivalled in our island; for we are not an inventive, but an imitative people in these arts. Then men will seek more manly and profitable employments than spinning cotton threads, and the cottage mother will keep her own family around her own hearth, instead of seeing them driven in herds to those hotbeds of vice and disease, the long rooms of a cotton manufactory.

New Materials.—The industrious classes in Europe look to Paris for the invention of new patterns; and this year (in spite of the internal commotions, and the fierce pestilence that have disturbed France,) has been singularly productive of novel inventions, of which we give the following notice:—The last new muslins are white, with broad satined stripes of the colours of either lilac or blue, mauve or green. A manufacture called batiste de soie, or silk batiste is in favour this summer. A manufacture, in imitation of Chinese crape, is used for shawls, dresses, and scarfs; the ground is of a dark colour, generally bordered
with palms in shawl patterns. Thibet shawls are laid aside during the warm weather, and a new sort of shawls and scarfs of light chali, and those called Norwich shawls, are adopted. Printed zephir crapes are likewise used for scarfs and sautoirs, and for ball dresses.

The new ribbons are made with remarkably thick threads, and called rubans de gros grains; these are worn on straw bonnets, and others of very firm materials, while satined gauze ribbons, with minute checkers, are used on lace or crape bonnets.

Evening Dress. At the season of departures for the country and sea-side, nothing decidedly novel can be expected in evening dress. Clear white muslin, with chevron plaits, white satin on the back and bosom, and vandykes trimmed with the same, worn over white satin, or gros de Naples, is the favourite dress for balls and soirées; likewise painted muslins and figured organdi. The form is flat on the back, and with full wrapping folds across the bust. Dress caps are following the mode of the small bonnets and are on the decrease; they are made of crape of pale colours, and are of the round shape, called à la gloire, which we have fully described in preceding numbers. Lemon and amber-coloured, or pale blue, with white feathers à la sole or willow, are the most admired. Turbans are still worn of the Egyptian form in silver and gold gauze. Dress hats are very new and pretty, made of straw à jours. These are of the gloire form, trimmed with zephir knots of gauze ribbon, or worn with a long plume of Italian may or white hepyricum.

Bonnets and Hats.—No large bonnets are worn but in English straw, which are very numerous in morning dress. Rice straw is used for small hats for carriage or promenade costume. A great number of silk hats are straw colour, with straw-coloured trimmings. No straw bonnet is worn with white or coloured linings; the only allowable lining is of fluted straw-coloured crape. Sometimes the trimmings are straw-coloured rubans de gros grains, brocaded with green, and sometimes the same green figured with straw-coloured and a plume of field flowers. Small bonnets of azure blue, watered or moiréè silk of the Greek capote pattern, with white crape lining, white gauze ribbons, and white flowers, or with one white plume frimatèes, are in request for carriage costume.

The most elegant hat flowers are those of the season: two irises, issuing from a groupe of white gauze ribbons satiné, have a delightful appearance. Branches of the ruby-spotted, white, lemon-coloured, and amaranth cistus, have a charming effect. Hats of cherry-coloured gros de Naples, shot with white on the surface, trimmed with plumes of Italian may and white ribbons, is in preparation for carriage hats for July. The straw à jours is to be worn according to the patterns of beautiful novelty sent, by the first houses in Paris, to the Follet Courrier des Dames and her English partner for that month.

Walking Dress.—The fronts of the corsages are made with full foldings of various patterns, arranged either crossed à la Grecque, or in chevrons, while the backs are made as flat, plain, and tight as possible, for the more convenient adoption of the canezou or pelerine. When a lace or Scotch muslin pelerine is not worn of this shape, a pelerine corsage is worn, like the material of the dress, and has long ends which cross under the belt. Great fulness is still common in the skirt, which is planted round the waist in treble clusters of plaits; but when this style is adopted, flounces are not worn. The skirts of dresses, with the hem turned up with points, is still more worn than last month, when they were first introduced by Le Follet, Courrier des Salons, and Lady's Magazine.

Sleeves.—A great deal of ornament has been lately introduced on the lower arm, in the form of small bands that encircle it up to the elbow, or delicate circles of embroidery. Manchettes are decidedly coming into fashion again; they are made of worked muslin, English lace, or cambric, and are drawn over the wrists of dark silk, or chali dresses; and round the hand is worn a trimming of delicate Valenciennes or British thread lace.

Reticules.—They are made of chali, or of gros de Naples, figured in little squares. The most fashionable form is triangular.
PARASOLS are all made of very dark-coloured watered silks; sometimes there is a wreath embroidered round the edge in floss silk, in graduated shades of the same colour as the material. The handles are made with an ivory ring, to carry on the finger, or with an eye-glass in the place of it.

GLOVES.—This year knitted gloves are more worn than ever: some are of silk; but those most in favour are of Scotch thread. They are all prettily worked on the back of the hand, with little flowers, in coloured silk. Kid gloves are always lined with a delicate new material of prepared white leather. Long gloves, of Scotch thread or fine white cotton, are to be worn this summer. They fasten under the sleeve, and wholly cover the arm, but display its form very becomingly.

COLOURS.—Many beautiful new shades of green, both light and dark, among which we note a pale-blue green, called garden poppy, lemon colour, mauve, and light blues and greys, or a mixture of blue, grey, and pale lemon, are the reigning colours. A bright shade of lavender is often seen, but pale colours pre-dominate.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(187.)—WALKING DRESS, for the Sea-side or Country.—Hat of Dunstable or rice straw, trimmed with striped ribbons à gros grains, in which the silk is very large and thick; collar, bow, and belt to match. White jaconet Spencer, or canesou ; the upper sleeves reach but to the elbow, are exceedingly full, and quartered into a melon-shape, with worked bands; at the elbows vandyked ruffles of clear plaited muslin. Long white gloves of Scotch thread draw over the hands and arms, and fasten under the elbow ruffles, thus fitting the shape of the lower arm more exactly than any tight sleeve can be made to do. This the fair subscribers to the Lady's Magazine will perceive to be an entirely new fashion. The sleeves and corsage of the Spencer are in little tucks; the collar is small and round, trimmed with a band of work and vandyked plaited muslin. The corsage is finished round the waist with the same. The skirt perfectly plain, with a hem of about nine inches deep. Boots the colour of the ribbons. Purple parasol of moire, or watered silk. The second figure is attired in a mauve watered jaconet skirt, which looks very elegant with the white canesou.

(186.)—PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE DRESS. Elegant cottage bonnet, made springing to shew the face very becomingly, but not extravagantly small. The material is straw à jours, or straw of open work, with a delicate vandyked edge. The bonnet is ornamented with a damask rose and buds, and one light bow and long ends, à la zephir, from the top of the crown. No cap or trimming inside the bonnet, and long strings. The dress of light green (vert lumière) gros de Naples, the corsage tight to the shape, without a collar, but a standing frill of Bedford lace. In the place of an epaulette, the sleeves, which are a little in the gigot form, are corded on the shoulder in a very peculiar manner, so as to sustain them without a stiff material beneath. Belt of ribbon brocaded à gros grains. The skirt of the dress round and quite plain, excepting a deep hem. A cravat at the neck, of lemon-coloured chali, exquisitely embroidered: this is called une caprice. Reticule made of triangular pieces of striped silk.

(183.)—AT HOME MORNING DRESS. Cap made of Bedford lace, in deep rich points, with lappets on each side. This beautiful cap is in Paris formed of application of Brussels sprigs on plain net, but dentelle d'Angleterre is preferred when it can be obtained. The shape of the dress and mode of trimming the ribbon is an entirely novel invention, the ribbon being a mixture of cut ends and loops. The dress is of pale blue or lemon-coloured chali; the corsage tight, with gathered epaulettes; skirt quite plain; tight lower sleeves, and full upper. Apron of lemon-coloured, or pale blue chali or cashmere, worked with three rows of embroidery in coloured silks at the bottom, and one row up the sides. There are worked pockets. A double ruff of lace or fluted muslin round the throat. Boots either of lemon-coloured gros de Naples or pale blue.

(183.)—EVENING DRESS.—The hair is in an entirely novel mode of arrangement. A quantity of long ringlets drop from the top of a high bow; they are called willow curls, and have a very graceful appearance. In Paris, this style of hair is sold in the shops, made up on long pins, under the name of Saule d'épingle,
Modes.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N° 2.

Coiffure créée d'une éponge, seule exécutée par M. H.健康, Passage Chausse-M. N° 39.

Vêtement en moire dorée du M. de M. Popelard.

Tablier en cachemire brodé des Ateliers de M. le Danois, Rue des Filles L'Herbacée 7.

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Médis.

On s'abonne au "Magasin de Musique, Bouclier art des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N° 2.
Venteau en paillé, de vix, garni de rubans des Mme de M. de Liverpool, Rue N° des Petit Champs, 31.
Robe et mannequin en Batiste.
L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N° 25.
Published by Tove, 122, Fetter lane, London.
1832.
Miscellaneies of the Month.

Ascot Races.—These sports, whose high character depends chiefly on the presence of royalty, with which they have for many years been honoured, in consequence of their vicinity to Windsor, commenced on the 19th, and drew together a numerous and most respectable assemblage. The ground has rarely, if ever, presented a more pleasing coup d'oeil than on this occasion,—when, previously to the commencement of the business of the day, the course was lined by empty carriages, eight deep; and the company conveyed in them were enjoying the promenade. But the arrival, about one o'clock, of the King and Queen, with their suite, in twelve carriages, furnished a spectacle, as they drove across the course, that was truly frag Lount's, containing the most imposing. The sports of the day were now interrupted by a magnificent poem, read by Lord Brownlow, and proved to be a large flint, with jagged edges. A second stone was thrown, but fell short of its object, and was picked up under the window. In a few moments his Majesty stepped forward again to the window, and showed himself to the people, by whom he was rapturously cheered. The Countess of Errol, when the horror of the first alarm was over, and the King declared that he had sustained no injury, burst into a passion of unrestrained tears. The Queen conducted herself throughout the trying scene with great fortitude. The ruffian, who committed this assault, was instantly seized by two gentlemen, who had seen him throw the stones, and handed him over to the officers of the police, who conducted him to the magistrates' room, under the stand, for examination. His appearance was wretched; he wore the tattered garb of a sailor, and was supported on a wooden leg of the rudest construction.

He said his name was Dennis Collins, and gave the following account of himself: He is a native of Kilgarrah, about twenty-two miles from Cork, and is now fifty-seven years of age. In 1797, he volunteered into the navy, and served first on board the Canada, under Sir J. B. Warren, and afterwards in the Atalanta, under Capt. Dent. After he had been in two years and four months in the service, he lost his leg by accident. He then served for eighteen months as cook in the Kangaroo, Capt. Baker; next on board the Valorous, at first in ordinary, and afterwards in commission, for seventeen months; and lastly in the North Star, at Deptford, in ordinary, for about a year. After losing his leg, he had a pension, at first of 8l. and afterwards of 14l. Two years ago he was admitted into Greenwich Hospital, but in December last was expelled for misbehaviour. Since then he has lived by begging, and was once committed to Tothill Fields Bridewell for fourteen days. Having no means of support, he petitioned the Lords of the Admiralty for redress, and in April last he addressed a petition to the King. This petition he took to Whitehall, and he had reason to believe that it was transmitted to the King at Windsor, for it was sent back to the Lords of the Admiralty, and he was informed, through their secretary, that his claims could not be recognized. He was consequently rendered desperate, and being utterly destitute, he said "he might as well be shot or hanged, as remain in such a state." In this state in a shed near Windsor, the preceding night, and came to Ascot, determined to be revenged on the king. He admitted that he threw the stone which struck his Majesty, and declared that he had no accomplices, but acted solely from the impulse of his own feelings. He produced his papers in evidence of the truth of his story, and when reasoned with on the atrocity of his conduct, he confessed that he was sorry for it. He was not intoxicated, but his manner was perfectly collected and rational. He has on his head a mark of a wound, produced, as he says, by a fall. After the evidence against the prisoner had been taken, he was committed to Reading gaol for further examination.

On the following day, on the motion of Earl Grey in the House of Lords, and Lord Althorp in the Commons, addresses were unanimously voted by both to his Majesty, ex-
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.—
On May 29, At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir John Ogilvy, Bart.—May 31, in Wilton-crescent, the lady of Wm. Fraser, Esq.—At Plymouth, the lady of Major Semple, 36th regt.—June 2, in Park Crescent, the Marchioness of Hastings.—June 7, at Sutton-on-the-Forest, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. H. Howard.—June 15, at Brighton, the lady of the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson.—At Clapton, the lady of J. A. Harper.—At Upper Harley-street, the lady of Edmund Poyss, Esq.—June 17, at Boulogne, the lady of C. R. Hyndman, Esq. 11th Light Dragoons.—In Eaton-square, the lady of Geo. Holmes, Esq.—June 20, in Montagu-street, the lady of Capt. Hart, 94th regiment.

BIRTHS.—Daughters.
On May 29, at Teignmouth, the lady of Matthew Byles, Esq.—May 30, in Bedford-row, the lady of Charles Bell, Esq.—May 31, at Cromer-hall, Norfolk, Viscountess Emnismore.—In Berkeley-square, lady Julia Hobhouse.

MARRIAGES.
May 26, at Naples, D. McCarthy, Esq. to Harriet Alexandria Basset, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Henry Popash.—Feb. 23, at Madras, Major Leggett, of the Madras Light Infantry, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Baker, of Montagu-place, Russell-square.—Dec. 8, at Calcutta, Henry Holroyd, Esq. youngest son of the late Sir George S. Holroyd, to Lucy, youngest daughter of the Hon. Sir John Franks, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.—May 28, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Viscount Boyle, son of the Earl of Shannon, to Emily Henrietta, youngest daughter of Lord G. Seymour.—June 2, at St. Mary-le-bone, J. A. Arbuthnot, Esq. second son of the late Sir Wm. Arbuthnot, Bart. to Mary, eldest daughter of George Arbuthnot, Esq. of Elderslie Lodge, Surrey.—At Clapham, Francis Smith, Esq. of Hastings, to Sophia, eldest daughter of Thomas Crafer, Esq. of Clapham.—June 7, at Tooting, Capt. Foord Bowes, of the 95th regt., to Margaret Sibella, only child of Colonel Rice, C.B., of Tooting.—At Bromley, Kent, Richard Seymour Cock, Esq., to Sarah, only daughter of T. E. Willoughby, Esq. of his Majesty's Customs.—At Great Kissingon, Gloucestershire, Capt. Robert Campbell, of the 46th regt., to Louisa, sister of the Rev. J. F. Baillie, Esq.—June 8, at Longparish, Hants, the Rev. Edward Horne, to Ann Louisa, eldest daughter of the late John Woodcock, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, and grand-daughter of the late Lord Hotham.—June 12, at Hastings, the Rev. Capel Molynex, to Maria, second daughter of Vice-Admiral James Carpenter.—June 21, at St. James's, the Lord H. de Brockton, to Theodoria, youngest daughter of Latham Blacker, Esq. of Newent, Gloucestershire.—By special license, at Irwell Bank, Eccles, Lancashire, Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., M.P. for Cheshire, to Anne, only surviving daughter of the late Joseph Clegg, Esq. of Pepton-hall.—June 25, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. and Rev. Everard Robert Bruce Fielding, to Anne Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Sir John Boughey, Bart.

DEATHS.—
On May 29, at Torquay, Catherine Maria Murray, fourth daughter of the late Lord Henry Murray, son of John, third Duke of Athol.—May 3, at Nice, the Rev. Lord Brandon, rector of Castle island, county Kerry.—May 15, at Paris, Baron Curvier, the most eminent naturalist of the present age.—May 30, in Langham-place, Sir James Mackintosh, M.P.—June 6, in Queen-square-place, Westminster, Jeremy Bentham, Esq. aged 84. He bequeathed his body to his friend Dr. Southwood Smith, with a charge that he should use it in an anatomical school of dissection, in illustration of the late Sir George C. Monron, of the Royal College of Surgeons, June 2, in Great Ormond-street, in his 83rd year, Charles Butler, Esq. well known for his numerous publications in favour of the Roman Catholics.—June 7, in his 81st year, Major Arthur Sullivan, of the 3rd Dragon Guards, son of the late Sir R. J. Sullivan, Bart.—June 9, at Hertford, Mrs. Ann Dimsdale, in her 78th year.—June 11, at Barnes, Mary, relict of Sir Thomas Hyde Page, aged 81.—June 12, in Cleveland-row, in her 18th year, the Hon. Harriet Caroline Lambton, third daughter of Lord Durham.—At Bath, Mrs. Arabella Prad, in her 78th year.—June 17, in Portman-square, the Earl of Scarboroug, in his 76th year.—At Bath, Major-General Sir William Williams, K.C.B.—June 18, in Park-street, Westminster, in his 21st year, Francis, eldest son of Sir William Milman.—June 26, in Berkeley-square, in her 92nd year, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, mother of the present Duke, and of the Duchess of Montrose.
THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND

MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.
What! is the joy more precious than the lark,
Because its feathers are more beautiful?"—Taming of the Shrew.

AUGUST, 1832.

THE RUDDERLESS SHIP.

BY J. GALT.

... Jerry had not an enemy but himself,—even his very faults begot him friends. When he returned from his long voyages in the Indian seas, and remained with us for the winter, recovering his damaged health, he was prodigiously in request, and told us more extraordinary things about the foreign lands he had visited, and the sights he had seen, than the rector, in all his college learning, had ever heard of. But none of his wonderful stories amused us so much as his account of the voyage he made in a rudderless ship; for every time the tale was repeated it seemed the more and more surprising, and always, when he concluded, he assured us that he had unfortunately omitted the most interesting incidents.

"We had come from Canton," Jerry used to say, "a great city in China, five and a half, if not full six, times bigger than London. They have a steeple there, built of punch-bowls and tea-pots, one of the seven wonders of the world; and the dwelling-houses have a golden bell at every corner."

"After having loaded a cargo of cornou and bohea, we dropped down to the island of Macao to water and take aboard provisions for the homeward passage.—When all was tight and snug, we set sail for England with a blessed fair wind."

"For three days and three nights, it never slackened, and we scudded on before it as if a cherub had been at the helm; but the fourth morning was squally. About noon, the gale rose directly in our teeth, and continued to baffle our best endeavours to work to windward in the most unaccountable manner. That day we passed two clumsy Chinese junks steering on before it to the river of Canton, and more of our crew than the captain envied their good luck."

"Towards sundown, it blew a termagent south-wester: we made no way; and the skipper ordered us to shorten sail. 'He'll repent that,' said one of the sailors (old black Tim, who was well acquainted with those seas, having made thirteen passages between Canton and Bengal;) and so, before midnight, he proved a true prophet; for the wind changed, and we found ourselves among rocks and shoals, which we ought, as Tim said, never to have made but with daylight. Long before daybreak, the ship stuck as fast in a mud-bank as a cork in a bottle, and the sea running high, every soul on board expected to perish."

"What was then to be done? There we lay, high and dry, at half-tide, the sea breaking over us like capering mountains, sweeping the decks and carrying off the boats as if they had been chips. Every man on board thought his time come; and I assure you we wanted no parson then to pray for us; for those that could, did it for themselves."

"Towards sunrise the gale slackened; the tide rose, but the ship did not float, and the flood rose higher and higher; just, however, as it reached the gunwale, and we were all in expectation of a watery grave, she gave
The Rudderless Ship.

a groan, like an elephant straining in agony with a heavy lift, and in the same moment bounced out of the mud with a plunk like a clap of thunder. Had you been there, you might have seen her keel above the surface, she gave such a jump. In regaining her freedom, however, like everything that does, she lost her rudder; she left it in the shoal, the irons going way in the strain. Thus it happened that we became rudderless in the mid ocean, considerably to the south-west of Macao; but we had our binnacle and compasses all right, and the wind having abated, we did not at the first heed our loss so much as in a short time we were compelled to do.

"We had plenty of water and provisions, and, although the decks were swept clean of all spare spars as well as the boats, the captain, who was one of the stoutest-hearted that ever trode on oak, proposed to construct a make-shift rudder of the main-top gallant-mast and the royal yards, which we did, and bore away for Macao, to repair our damage.

"But that same night, just as we had rigged out our jury-rudder, another of the ramstam-fou squalls, so desperate in those seas, played old Harry and the deuce with us; smack went the jury-rudder, as brittle as a pipe-shank, and there we were again, in the middle of the unbounded billows, as helpless as the babes in the wood,—not a splinter was left on board sufficient to make the handle of a hammer.

"I saw the captain, at this, lift his hat and rub his hair, and I said to a messmate who was then at my side, 'That's perplexity,' 'Aye,' said Black Tim, who overheard me, 'when a sailor does so, he's not far from tasting Davy Jones's grog; but what signifies piping your eye when all's over.' So I resolved to stick by my duty to the last, which the chaplain often said was the only way to secure salvation.

"Night coming on, no rudder, the winds and shoreless currents that meander in these seas, like streams through the grange meadow, carrying us hither and thither, you guess what we feared. So being disabled from any thing else, we sailed before the wind. Had we not been rudderless, and going in a straight course, we knew not where, we had a noble time of it, never had ship a finer run.

"The variable wind settled in a steady breeze, the waves rushed snoring before it as crisp as crystal; and the captain said, I heard him myself, that if we kept on at the same rate, and in the same direction, he had no doubt we should make the island of Macao in the morning. But morning came, and no land was in sight. Noon came, and every one that kept reckoning was on deck with his quadrant—but where was the land?

"The sun set as calmly as if no harm wasn't a foot—still no land. All the livelong night we bustled before the breeze, and in morning we saw only all around us the vacant ocean.

"Five days and five nights we had sailed by the compass the same course, but where we were, and to what region tending, no man on board could tell.

"On the sixth morning the wind lulled, the sea was as smooth as oil, the ship stood fast; had she been settled in a mud shoal she could not have sat firmer, and so she brooded on the silent sea till the evening, when we expected the wind to waken; but it still slept—all night it slept; and the morning was as solemn as the day of judgment, when all the world will lie dead.

The captain never made his appearance on deck, what he was doing in his own cabin he knows best himself, but Bill, the steward's boy, said he was reading the Bible.

"It was not so with us on the forecastle. The boatswain, a picked-up-along-shore Wappinger, made us set to and tease oakum and spin rope-yarns, which work many thought, if so be it was ordained that we were to go to pot, was all 'my eye and Betty Martin.' However, at last the wind began to stir his stumps; the sails grew as big bellied as if every mother's son of them had been an alderman, and our good ship walked the waters; but where she was bound not a man on board could prophesy. The captain, however, having taken an observation bade us cheer up, for if the breeze held good, we should soon make Japan, which was cheerful to us all, and we began to talk of what we would do; there I resolved to buy a black tea-tray for my mother, with golden birds and flowers on it, which you can get there, cheap and at prime cost, far better than the second-hand geer which the rascally flat faces sell to the sailors at Canton.

"But our run had been short of the captain's reckoning. Day after day for more than another week passed, still no signs of land; and we paid out our patience, till having no more left, we were obliged to splice it with resignation. At last, Jack Martin, a sailor, who had been learning
innocence with Captain Basil Hall among the Loo-Choo girls, went one day aloft, and after hugging the fore royal for more than an hour, he came down and said we had lost our way; which, as some of us began to suspect, frightened the whole crew like a moral certainty. Jack, however, was not so much in the right as we supposed, for that very evening we discovered land bearing south-east and by south; a tier of mountain tops stretching along the horizon, and bending far towards the northeast.

"The captain gave out that this was Japan, and no one knowing better, we took his word for it. Jack Martin, however, said it was no such thing, but the islands of Terror and Cog, the richest in all the world, those which the King had sent Captain Cook to find out, in order to pay off the national debt with the prize-money. But whether Jack or the captain was in the right, no one at the time cared a quid of tobacco, so glad were we to see the green faces of those unknown lands.

"All night we bore straight on towards the shore, with a bright moonlight and steady breeze; at day-break we found ourselves in the middle of a great bay, or rather gulf, with lofty peaks and mountains on either side; the highest on the starboard was a volcano, smoking away like a steam-engine. We were, however, a good deal disappointed at not discovering a single footprint of man on the shore. Here and there, peeping out from among the trees that clothed the land to the water's edge, white and gray rocks could be seen by the spy-glass, but of house, or church, or abbey-tower, not a vestige could be traced; which made us all conclude that we had made a discovery of new lands: but as we neared upon the coast, every one became seriously alarmed; for our rudder being gone, we were driving at the mercy of the winds right upon the coast.

"Fortunately, as the sun rose, the breeze slackened, and, veering a little more to the south, we were carried along close to the shore; and here and there, through several hollows between the hills, we had views of beautiful plains and valleys far in the interior. The watch at the masthead said, he saw in one of them the smoke and towers of a large city; but, as he called on nobody to look at it with him, we doubted the fact: nevertheless, we had a pleasant sail till about noon, when we saw over the starboard-bow a low headland running right across, upon the point of which we soon discovered a lofty white beacon.

"Upon this spit of land it was manifest we must inevitably ground, unless the wind changed; but, instead of changing, it blew out freshier, and presently the breakers were seen dashing on the point, by which we were all convinced it was surrounded by sunken rocks, and that the ship was in the utmost jeopardy.

"We had not, however, been long driven towards it, when the captain declared that there was something very unaccountable in that commotion of the sea.

"'It is not breakers,' said he, 'but the setting of a current against the shore, as if, on the other side of the point, the sea was running like a stream from a lake, and tumbling into a lower region.'

"'In a word, we were fairly between the devil and the deep sea; and, therefore, we named the point Cape Beelzebub, and gave ourselves up for gone decks,—when, strangely enough, as we neared the shore, we felt, by the motion of the vessel, that the current was becoming stronger upon her than the wind, and it increased so rapidly that she was carried along in despite of the breeze, insomuch that the captain ordered all sail to be taken in. Well it was that he did so,—for, by this time, we were drifting among the breakers at the point; when, merciful powers! the ship was whirled by the current round and round, like a plank in a whirlpool: every one could only look at his neighbour in consternation, as she wheeled down into a narrow strait, like a Dutch damsel dancing an allemande. There is not such another hurrying current in the ocean; it runs between the two islands into the open sea. On the east of them, the strait, at the entrance, is not more than a mile in width; but, after you have entered, it becomes wider,—still retaining, however, for more than thirty leagues, the appearance of a river.

"For the first three or four miles after we had been swept into it in that resistless manner, the stream widened, and the current became easier, orders were then given to let go the anchor, which were received with as hearty a cheer as if we had arrived at home; but the anchor could reach no bottom,—by Jupiter, it could not, and we continued to drift along, dragging it
behind us—at last it caught a rock, or the ground, and you may guess at what rate we were driving when I tell you, the shock was so sudden, that it snapped our best bower-cable like a rope-yarn. No matter, another was soon ready; and the ship, in the meantime, having drifted close to the shore, the anchor held fast in a smooth eddy, in fourteen fathoms water.

"Now safely at anchor, the next question was, in what manner are we to reach the shore—every boat and spar is gone? when a pearl diver, whom we had shipped in the outward passage at the Cape, undertook to swim to the shore, with the end of the log-line in his mouth; but no sooner had he plunged into the water, when a fish of the halibut kind, as big as a frigate's deck, or some other monster of the deep, seized him by the leg, and pulled him under the water, like a pike with a duckling.

"'We must not stand on trifles,' said the captain, when he saw this, and immediately ordered the mizen top-mast to be unshipped and brought upon deck, where, with two pieces of the yard fastened across, he sent four men upon it, with paddles. These reached the shore in safety. Two of them were then sent in search of a fit tree, in the woods, to make a canoe, while the other two navigated their raft back to the ship, and brought on shore other two men. These, after landing those who had brought them, came for others, and thus, in succession, a considerable number were brought to land. With saws, axes, and hatches, we had nearly formed, before night, an effectual raft, by which we secured easy access to the ship. Next morning, the carpenter selected some of the handiest fellows, and commenced the building of a boat, and the construction of a new rudder.

"In the meantime the captain, and several of the officers, resolved to explore a little of the country; and, for that purpose ascended the loftiest of the nearest hills, which was but thinly dressed with trees; the top was a rocky peak, and altogether bare.

"During their absence on this excursion, we had a good deal of talk about our discovery, not doubting when the captain would tell the King, that we should all get something handsome. But, in the evening, when the party returned, we were surprised to see them with serious faces, speaking and arguing with each other, and soon heard, with unspeakable amazement, that they had seen, on the other side of the mountain, a beautiful cultivated country, with villas and villages, and mighty cities and rivers, with spacious bridges, and all the other signs and pledges of a flourishing empire. The captain was convinced that we had really reached Japan; and the more so, as the range of mountains that surrounded the cultivated plain, bore, on the side towards the sea, no appearance of inhabitants—a certain proof that Japanese jealousy had rendered the country inaccessible to strangers.

"Next morning, the weather being bright and gay, the captain resolved, with two of the officers and four men, to explore something more of the country. He had noticed, that the great river, discovered from the summit of the hill, ran into the straits about a league from where the ship was laying; and that, along its banks, was the easiest road to the nearest of the cities which he resolved to visit. I being a little handy or so, was one of the four hands he selected.

"Accordingly, after having packed up a small kit of provisions, and taken a break-of-day breakfast, we went along the shore of the strait towards the river. Our path was narrow, and but trodden out by foot travellers; it lay between the sea and lofty precipices, which rose like a wall-like rampart on the left above us. Along this path we walked two or three miles, when we were at once stopped by a stupendous rock, which stood perpendicular before us in the water; we were, however, convinced by the foot-path, that there must still be a road; and accordingly, after looking carefully around, we recovered the foot-path winding up the inland side of the rock. It brought us to a little open space, on the side of which a flight of rude steps led to a wide high road, which, from its magnitude, we had no doubt came from the town. We, therefore, after some consideration, resolved to follow it, and had not proceeded far, when we had reason to think we had done wisely; for it brought us to the edge of the river, a large stream, like the Thames at London Bridge, with handsome wharfs and water-walls, built of marble. The vast blocks were bound together by clamps of polished brass, as bright as gold—per-
haps they were gold—I am sure they were, at least, prince's metal.

"No spot on the earth is so beautiful as the point where we first had a view of that noble stream. The water is as pure as the summer sky, when there is not a flake of cloud to be seen. Country houses, with rows of trees and terraces, ornamented with flower-pots, glisten on its banks; but not a vessel, with mast or sail, was there. We saw, however, many gilded boats skimming at a distance, and ducks and waterfowls of the richest plumage—and, in the river itself, shoals of gold and silver fish glancing to and fro like shuttles in the Chinese looms of embroidery.

"After walking several miles along that beautiful road, with the river on one side, and gardens, and groves, and villas, on the other, we were surprised that we met not with a human being. All was silent as if the country was deserted; but afterwards we heard that this was the time when the natives take their sleep, and that they were all in bed. At last the sound of a gong, or bell, rose from a palace; and, as we passed the gate, a grand chariot, all gold and mother-of-pearl, adorned with precious stones, drawn by four animals, something in the beauty of their skins like the camelpards, but of a genteeler form, and not so crane-necked; and the servants were in state liversies. We could not, therefore, but think that their master was a great man; when, however, we were walking through the city, we found he was only a dealer in sweetmeats and orange-peel. I mention this to give you some idea of the riches and luxuries of that people. Moreover, I should observe, that, as the chariot drove along, the wheels, in turning, set a melodious organ a playing 'Rule Britannia,' to solace the gentilfolk in the carriage.

"The splendour of the confectioner's equipage was, however, soon eclipsed by others far superior, as we approached the city; and we soon discovered that no horses were in the country, and that the costermongers, and other strolling dealers in fruit and flowers, employed, instead of asses, a species of zebra, with long brown and white flexible ears, like those of a pointer dog, at which, in many instances, hung little gold and silver bells, that prettily tinkled as they trotted along.

"Although every thing we saw was most rich and rare, so much that the very beggars had their wallets made of fine chintz, with silver tassels, all our party began to feel a little mortified that not one seemed to take the slightest notice of us, except an old lady, whose head grew upon her shoulders, and she, as we could perceive by the manner of the questions she asked her servant, pointing at us, only condescended to inquire out of what ditch we had crawled.

"Having reached the city gates, built of porcelain, or rather covered with square plates of china, representing the history of the empire, we were about to enter, when a stout sentinel, dressed in the style of an English beefeater (only he had cropt ears), came out and said something in his mother tongue. As none of our party could reply, he pushed us back with his hand, and, calling aloud, immediately a little boy made his appearance with a large drumstick, with which the stout sentinel struck a vast drum three times. It would not be credited, were I to describe the size of this musical instrument; but a broadside is a lullaby compared to the noise it made.

"The whole city instantly started from their siesta, and we were terrified; for they were all armed with muskets and blunderbusses. I need not say we took to our heels. I, however, was the last who got to the raft, as it was pushed off for the ship, and had I not leaped like a frog, I would have been caught, but the skirt of my jacket suffered for my agility.

"Being on board, we instantly weighed anchor; and the carpenter, having shipped plenty of spars in our absence, we instantly put to sea again, and reached the Isle of France, after a pleasant run of nine days.—I have, however, forgotten to tell you one thing concerning our flight, which happened to the captain. But you shall hear it another time; meanwhile rest assured, that there are more things, in the Indian seas, than the bravest blue jacket has yet dreamt of."

In this rambling way Jerry related his adventures, and the rudderless ship, for a long time, was his favourite theme; for, as I have already said, every time he told the story, it seemed more wonderful, and the last repetition had never any remarkable resemblance to the preceding.
THE PREACHER'S STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Mine is no courtly story of romance,
Full of heroic deeds of chivalry;
Of love-lorn damsel, or of elfin dance
Held in the moonlight 'neath the haunted tree,
Or feigned marvels of the far-off sea:
Such lighter themes I leave to younger men;
It would ill suit an ancient man like me,
Whose days are verging to fourscore and ten,

On gay and trivial tale to employ my feeble pen.

Fain would I from my long experience
Teach you, what well becometh all to know,
How good it is to trust in Providence,
Who clothes the lilies in their vests of snow,
And from his high heaven sees our want and woe;
Counts every tear, and hears each secret sigh,
Who bids the floods of righteous vengeance flow,
Yet bounds their devastation: even I

Have seen his love displayed, and of it testify.

Bonds unto death my pious fathers knew,
Tauntings and stripes. The might of bigot power
Even on their hearths and at their altars slew,
Like a fierce Moloch, greedy to devour.
How strong the weak in persecution's hour,
How weak the strong oppressor! Woman stood
Like the mailed champion in his vantage tower;
And tender little ones, through fire and blood

Maintained their holy faith, pure martyrs unsubdued.

God saw his little band in their distress,
And heard their cry rise from the prison cell;
For them he ope'd the pathless wilderness,
And led them from captivity to dwell
In a calm land of summer rest, where fell
On them no bigot fury, no behest
Of king or priest, their conscience to compel.
No; in the wide free forests of the west

Meekly they worshipped God as they believed it best.

Hemmed by the mountains and the forests round,
Beside the margin of a mighty lake,
How quiet was the heritage they found!
How tranquilly each morning did they wake,
Fearless of foes; how thankfully betake
Themselves to rest; and on the twilight air,
What holy sounds of psalmody did break
Forth from the silence of the forest, where

The humble people met apart for praise and prayer!

They laid their dead beneath the spreading trees,
Making the place about them holy ground.
Years passed, and those old men, upon their knees,
Did hold their childrens' children; and the sound
Of happy human life rang gaily round.
No storm had been within their homes of peace,
God's blessing went with them, and they had found
In flocks, and herds, and store, a vast increase—

In daughters and in sons, as though the blessing could not cease.
The Preacher's Story.

I was among the children of those sires;
The forest, in its beauty, was our own;
And the wild creatures and the woodland quires
To us were, as familiar playmates, known;
And every flower, by liberal nature sown,
We gathered in our summer revelry;
For gladness, as a robe, was o'er us thrown,
And our grey grandfathers, 'neath some branchy tree,
Sate in their pleasant rest, as joyfully as we.

More joyfully,—for their tired hearts did measure
Their rest by knowledge all unknown to ours;
But on that long deep calm of summer pleasure,
Broke whirlwind rumours of contending powers,
And quick alarm went through the sylvan bowers,
And the wild tumult of approaching war;
And, in the deep hush of the midnight hours,
The dismal war-whoop sounded from afar,
Rousing the slumb'ring up with its unearthly jar.

And, with the morning light, we sadly traced
Where the red warriors of the woods had gone;
Behind them lay a black and smoking waste,
As carrying fire and terror they went on:
Then passed the Christian army, and anon,
Our flocks and herds were driven from the stall;
The harvests of our summer trampled down;
How were we left in penury, stripped of all,
Yet dreading worse distress and sorrow to befall!

Sorrow on sorrow came—woe upon woe—
And famine triumphed in our sylvan town.
No more the hunters to the woods could go,
For the fierce Indian, ranging up and down,
Or skulking 'neath the dark low boughs, had done
His work of death so frequently and well,
That often, of our stoutest men, not one
Returned unto the desolate town, to tell
How hopeless was the quest, or where their brethren fell.

The winter came. Oh, sorrowful to see!
No longer food within the frozen lake,
Nor corn, nor fruits, nor venison had we,
Nor refuge was there whither to betake
Ourselves from wasting want; and famine spake,
How loudly! in each hale man's feebleness;
But greatest sorrow, when the child did make
Piteous complaint, to dole forth less and less,
Of miserable food,—a mockery of distress!

One Sabbath night—one quiet Sabbath night,
When the bright stars looked from the frosty sky,
And all around the wintry earth was white
With the crisp snow, which all untracked did lie
A silent waste 'neath Heaven's eternal eye,
We met, as was our wont, for prayer and praise,
Beneath the roof that, in long years gone by,
Our fathers in the wilderness did raise,
Where they might bless the God who had redeemed their days.
The Preacher's Story.

My years were few, my youthful spirits wild,
And yet that night I never shall forget;
My father was our minister, a mild
And thoughtful man, upon whose brow was set
The seal of fervent faith. That night he met
His little flock, a pale dejected band;
He stood amid them, and his cheeks were wet
With sorrow, which his strength could ill withstand,
And love that o'er his soul had absolute command.

He prayed, and he exhorted all to hope,
And put in God undoubting confidence;
He took from Holy Writ the glorious scope
Of mercy, miracle, and providence:
Proving how faith 'gainst woe is sure defence;
Of alien Israel through the desert led,
Eating of food that came they knew not whence;
And the seven thousand on the mountain fed.

In humble holy faith by Christ, the living bread.

Strong were his words, mighty and eloquent,
Unlike the calm low tenor of his speech;
And to all hearts a strong conviction went
That God spoke through him, graciously to reach
Our drooping spirits, to console and teach
How He the fountain of all good would be;
Thus did the Apostles to the churches preach!
That blessed night all bowed the trembling knee,
Knowing that God could save, and praying fervently.

Oh, marvellous mercy! for the morning's light
Put doubt and unbelieving fear to shame;
For from the forests, in the silent night,
Herds of the wild deer, trooping onward came
Down to the empty folds, as come the tame
Flocks from the pasture, to the very door;
Those shy, wild creatures, which man ne'er could claim,
Came a free sacrifice, a living store,
Sent by their God and ours, that we might want no more!

Pity it seemed those gentle beasts to slay,
But hunger hath no mercies; and so great
Had been their want, that on their easy prey
They fell and slew, and, thankfully elate,
They and their famished children freely ate.
There was no longer want, no longer fear;
We saw that God, in love compassionate,
Had, in our sorest need, vouchsafed to bear,
And given unto our prayers food to sustain and cheer.

From that day forth, all vain and idle thought,
All cold and sinful doubt, I put aside;
I felt that a strong power within me wrought,
Which changed my foolish heart and purified;
God's power I saw, which might not be belied,
His arm outstretched, as in the ancient day;
Therefore, abating all unholy pride,
I vowed to be his minister alway,
And preach to all His love, which hath no stint nor stay.
OLD SAWS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY ANDREW PICKEN.

It is perfectly admitted, and well understood, that young ladies now-a-days have no sense, and don’t know any thing. Indeed, it would be remarkable if they did; for where, I should like to know, would they get their knowledge? or how should it come to them? Not, I am sure, out of the keys of the piano-forte, on which they are juggling from morning till night; or by pulling at the hard-strings of the harp, with which they are tiring their arms, and hurting their dear little fingers, whenever they leave the other instrument. Still less can they be supposed to imbibe any wholesome knowledge from their everlasting practising (as often as the other exercises will let them) of the figures of the latest quadrilles, or galloping after each other in the mazy movements of the gallopade. As little can they learn to know what is what, by a pedantic jabbering of foreign lingo; or understand how to keep an honest man’s house, by drawing faces all day on a paper,—painting China roses with a little water and carmine, or making ugly tulips by wasting good colours, daubed in splatches upon a china plate. Doubtless, all those employments are extremely fashionable and fine; and besides being exceedingly profitable, (in particular to certain foreigners, who come to live upon the English by teaching these precious accomplishments) are happily calculated for making ladies brilliant and showy, and for emptying the purses of their indulgent papas, as well as for withdrawing their own attention from every thing that may tend to bring out their latent virtues, or to give them a little good sense and mind-furnishing, or aught else that might come to be really useful to them in their years of discretion. The worst of it, however, is, that this brilliancy and cleverness at every thing that is fine, is becoming so common, that it is no longer a mark of much distinction; while, in the mean time, sensible knowledge and housewife mother-wit are gone clean out of fashion,—it having been discovered, in these enlightened times, that ladies are born for no other purpose than to play music all day, and dance gallopades all night.

Not that I would in the least be thought to find fault with this kind of life; for it
fort of a wife; and the ladies are not at all obliged to him for this saying. In late times, our own philosophers propounded proverbs. The great Lord Bacon himself collected them, and so did the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh; Archbishop Lowth wrote a discourse upon them; Cardinal Beaton, in Scotland, published a collection of them, and so did Camden, the antiquarian. Our own Alfred the Great taught his people by these means; and Scottish Jamie, the successor of Elizabeth, was so fond of them, that he seldom spoke but he seasoned his speech with these quaint sayings of oral wisdom. But, indeed, the Scots were always a rare people for the making of proverbs; and whatever sayings the Romans had current, in their own dry and sententious style, the Scots put into a form of excellent humour or quaint illustration, though not always expressed in those delicate terms which would make them look pretty out of the mouths of ladies. In addition to this, my erudite reader does not require to be reminded how largely the continental nations—particularly the Spaniards, the most witty nation in Europe, and the modern Italians—make use, to this day, of those pleasant fragments of condensed observations, and those characteristic scraps of common-sense philosophy, which have of late been so much banished from English colloquism. All this, however, and much more that we could add, may serve to show that we have not taken up a disreputable subject; but it is time that we should proceed to apply a few of those sayings which used to make up, perhaps, the best part of the practical wisdom of our fathers.

Its a pleasant thing, no doubt, to see a pretty maiden, who dances, like moonlight on the twinkling waters, and plays all manner of difficult music, and who has as many superficial accomplishments as would furnish out an opera girl; yet, if she has no great dower to back these agreeable frivolties, she may hang long on the hands of her foolish parents, according to the proverb,

A fair maiden, dowerless, is seen to get more wooers than husbands;

because the men, now-a-days, know well that

A fair wife, without a dowry, is like a fine house without furniture;

and the Italians say, La porta di dietro e quella che quasta la casa—which, being Anglicised, maketh this rhyming proverb,

A nice wife, and a back door,

Doth often make a rich man poor.

And therefore, it is rather a doubtful speculation, for parents to bring up daughters to the mere trade of playing ladies all their days, without any other useful or commendable quality, as is too much the practice of the present day.

I would not be so plain spoken on this delicate point, but that it is pretty freely admitted, that the great end of a lady's education is, that she may commend herself to a good husband; and if so, it is really paying a bad compliment to our sex, to suppose that they set a higher value upon mere fashionable accomplishments, than they do upon more useful or substantial virtues. If the plan is a matter of speculation, as it in general is, which agrees with the natural propensity of man to gamble in his own fortune and that of his children; it certainly may be true, that a pretty flirt, who can do nothing but show off in a drawing-room and spend money, does, now and then, succeed in catching a sickly nabob from the East Indies, or a senseless old man from the wealthy neighbourhood of Cripplegate or Crutched-friars, who has, by long plodding, muddled himself into a fortune; and, adjourning to the West-end in the evening of his days, marries a wife to teach him to be a gentleman. Whether the lady gets any very desirable bargain, who obtains a catch of this kind, it is for sensible girls to consider; but the number of these God-sends, compared to that of the old maids, which this system of unsuitable education entails upon every passing generation, is really becoming quite alarming; for it is not in the nature of things, that many of the ladies, who are merely taught to dance, and dress, and spend money, can obtain proper matches in these hard times. The ladies are not aware how much the men are guarded by their own good sense, and the common maxims of the world, against these merely showy and expensive accomplishments; and how they make dress and exterior finery, the representative of this species of vanities, a caution against their influence. Indeed, caustic truisms upon their nature, run through the proverbs of all nations. Thus the old Spanish proverb was, in our father's days,
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

appropriated for English instruction, and is thus rendered—
If thou choosest a wife, choose her on a Saturday, and not on a Sunday;
that is to say, look at her in her plain dress and every-day circumstances, and judge of her not in her holiday appearance.
The Italians appropriating, and more fully expressing, the proverb, say,
Choose neither women nor linen by candle-light.
And even the thoughtless French have this maxim,
Femme sotte se coignit à la cotte;
concluding, that a foolish woman may be known by her finery. The Scots also, appropriating these proverbs in various forms, add,
A dink maiden aft makes a dirty wife.
And teaching, that the man who marries for such sort of qualities, has little chance of any real affection, say,
He that has a bonnie wife, needs mair than twa een;
and,
He sairly wants a wife who marries mamma’s pet.
And guarding young men in Scotland also, as well as the English, against “whistling maidens and crowing hens,” they say,
Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear, and slow to speak;
which would be requiring an absolute impossibility, if maidens can speak French, Italian, Spanish, and so forth; for what were they taught these foreign lingoies for, but to speak them every hour that they can get men to listen to them? And what is the value of all their elaborate and showy accomplishments, if they are not to be frequently exhibited? And yet the maxim is turned into a rhyme which saith—
A maid oft seen, and a gown oft worn,
Are disesteemed and held in scorn.
Yet the maid must be oft seen, and often heard too, according to the present mode of her rearing, whether she be disesteemed or not; but as to the gown being oft worn, that she will take care shall not be the case, if she can avoid it, as fathers and husbands know to their cost; for she will hold it in scorn herself, for the desire of a new one; although, in addition to all these proverbial sayings, Shakspeare, holding in scorn himself, because the apparel proclaims the man and the woman,—
Silken coats and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
And amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery;
asks, by the mouth of the spirited Petruchio,
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O! no, good Kate!—

But I must not say more on this subject, else the milliners and haberdashers will get up a conspiracy against me. And yet this passion for dress is so strong in young ladies (and sometimes, too, in those that are not very young), that it is necessary to be kept constantly in check; and so I will not be deterred, by the threats of drapers and dress-makers, from doing my duty, and repeating the proverb, for the benefit of married ladies, which saith,
The more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses.
And, besides this, there is the consideration of the expense; for, saith another proverb,
Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.
And though dress is a brave thing, and beauty is pleasant to look upon, yet there is danger in giving too much way to these outside attractions, which are apt to bring the dear ladies into twenty troubles which they little dream of; for, saith the Italian proverb,
A fair woman and a slashed gown, find always some nail in the way.
Besides, there is a constant temptation in it, to cause the ladies to dislike their homes, and to send them a gallivanting abroad; and so, as another Italian proverb hath it,
Women and hens, through too much gad-ding, get lost;
which is a melancholy consummation, and ought to be guarded against.
But concerning love and marriage, and all that sort of thing, subjects which are ever interesting to the ladies, I have many shrewd things to say, if I dared say them; but the proverbs and wisdoms of nations shall say them for me, at least in part, and so the dear and interesting creatures shall not put the blame upon me, for speaking too broadly my mind; or consider me their enemy, because I would tell them a word of truth.

It is wonderful what a difference there is between parents and children, and at least always between mothers and daughters, upon this subject. But, although fathers and mothers are too apt to forget that ever they were young, wilful girls, afflicted with love, never will allow themselves to look an inch before the present moment, or at least beyond the honeymoon—which is, of course, to last all their lives, if they can only get the object of their present fancy. Not that the dear young creature does not ruminate, and consider, and think very profoundly, to convince herself that she is in the right; but the difference is, that she does not know what her mother probably has known, and what William Shakspere, a shrewd man, has written, viz. that

Love reasons without reason. If she is in the midst of her pleasing delusion, to be sure her lover, in whom she sees (at present) nothing but perfection, may make her imagine anything; for, in those delightful interviews,

How silver-sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.
Yet how does she know, although I would not have a young lady suspicious, but that

She, sweet lady, doth,
Devoutly doth, doth in idolatry,
Upon a spotted and inconstant man.
For the men—it is needless to cloak it—are not all so good as the ladies would wish them; and, indeed, it is the nature of some hearts, both of man and woman, to be inconstant. And love is, after all, somewhat selfish, if one dared say it; besides, it is the nature of strong passion to exhaust itself, of which fair maidens ought to beware; for, saith the Scots song, versifying the proverb,

Ripest fruit is soonest rotten,
Hottest love is soonest cold;
Three fair maids are easy courted,
Though they're slighted when they're old.

That, however, is an unpleasant termination of the verse; for ladies, as is well known, never grow old. But concerning what we are on, the worst and most dangerous thing in the case is, the dear sweet secrecy with which these affairs are in general carried on, and the little opportunity there is for advice or warning being even offered. Then, if the heart of the maiden be soft, and the head be without experience, and the lover be rash and foolish, as is all quite likely—not to speak of his being wilfully deceitful and wickedly selfish, as has happened before now—then is the preparation for troubles well begun; and, if the maiden's nature is sincere and affectionate, this is indeed the beginning of sorrows,—for, as Shakspeare again saith,

This is the very estacy of love;
Whose violent property undoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures.

And then some bad thing is done, which brings a long day of weary and unavailing repentance; and parents are sunk in distress and disappointment, and daughters are distraught and broken-hearted, and either go early to an eagerly-sought grave, or become old and soured in spirit before their time; and the tragedian or the novelist, perhaps, tells their tale: for, unhappily, it is the nature of the female condition, as the proverb expresses it,

Make but one false step, and you fall to the bottom;
which is a sad truth; but this is the way of the world. Alas! as Shakspeare saith,

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

However, these things do not happen every day; for it is not every mind, after all, that is capable of love in any high degree, so as to endanger the breaking of hearts, and such tragical doings. Besides, many women's fancy is as fickle as men's can possibly be, and many a national proverb goes to verify this. Let one be taken from the Scots,—

A woman's mind is like the wind in a winter's night, gusty and uncertain; or, as the English proverb hath it,

Winter weather and women's thoughts often change:
Old Savés for Young Ladies.

and so the only danger is of rash engagements, or hasty steps, when the fit is on her. It is on this, and all the foregoing accounts, that the authority and experience of parents is, by all nations, held as of such paramount value in directing the choice of thoughtless youth of both sexes, particularly of females; and although the old people are in general too much disposed to be mercenary, and to regard the matter in the light of a bargain, with too little reference to the feelings of youth, the latter, on the other hand, are, as already hinted, but little capable of judging judiciously with a wise reference to the whole of mature life, and all that is required for rational worldly comfort.

So, then, if I am permitted to be a little prosy and didactic upon so interesting a subject as this, I must say, that parents are likely to be in the right in discouraging their daughters from marrying for love, unless the love be backed by something more substantial and suitable to natural wants and station in life, which, I am sorry to say, is but seldom the case; for, in reality, as the Italians express it,

In anzi il maritare,
Abbi l'habitarè;

We shall also find similar cautions handed down, if we consult the proverbs of other countries. Thus the Scots proverb saith,

A wee house has a mickle mouth;

and that all married people know: so, though love and a cottage is all very pretty to talk about, yet, when poverty comes in at the door, love is exceedingly apt to fly out at the window; and both the Italians and Spaniards have a proverb, which is also appropriated by the English, which saith,

Who marrieth for love, hath good nights
and sorry days;

because, as the Scots proverb chooses to put the matter,

A kiss and a drink of water is but a weesh breakfast.

Indeed, this sort of leanness in worldly substance, so far from being fattened by mere love, is very apt, from the frailty of human nature, to degenerate into very unpleasant feelings; as may be ascertained from twenty different quarters, for really love cannot stand an empty stomach, and does not at all thrive under worldly contempt; and accordingly the Scots, who are very picturesque in their proverbs, say,

Toom (i.e. empty) cribs make biting horses.

an exceedingly wholesome parable, and full of instruction to young lovers. And so the Spaniards further say, as rhymed in English,

Before thou marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

Again, as to the choice of a husband, it is no easy matter to give advice, seeing how little it comes in the way of many worthy and well-looking young ladies to have an opportunity of much selection. Of all places, also, London is the worst for getting a husband; for there the nature of society is such, that it is almost a dead impossibility. How this comes about, is too wide a subject for me to enter upon at this present sitting, but I may return to it again. In the meantime, I would not have sweet, sensible, handsome, young ladies to jump at every fellow who makes decided advances, or that even has the courage to pop the question; for truly, to my certain knowledge, there are many of them that are no great catch, get them who will; and it would be much better to run the risk of dying an old maid, and taking to a tender friendship for the cat, than to take a ring from the hands of many a fellow that is going. It is not for me to speak evil of the lords of the creation, seeing that I am one of those lords myself; but really there are many of all sorts of lords that are no better than they ought to be; and sorry would I be to see my daughter (if I had one) tied to such as they. They are, therefore good and sensible proverbs that say—

Better be alone than in ill company, and

Better an empty house than a bad tenant; because of all things that are easiest to do and hardest to undo, is marriage; and, as another proverb has it,

You may soon tie a knot with your tongue,
that you can never lose with your teeth;
and, as the Scots proverb goes,

It's o'er late to jouk (stoop) when the head's off,
or
It's o'er late to cast the anchor when the ship's on the rock;
so, as the other saying has it,
Better to sit still, than to rise and get a fall,
or even
Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.
At all events, in all matters, it is easier to avoid the thing at first, than to get free of it when too late, or, as the Scots saw saith, Better to keep the de'il without the door, than drive him out of the house.

As for the choice of the man with whom you are to spend the whole of your life, I have not room to tell you all that I would say; but it is a good advice of the proverb, if it could by any means be accomplished,—

If you would know a man, eat a peck of salt with him;

which would imply a good time's acquaintance with the gentleman,—a thing that is hardly conformable with Gretna Green marriages. As to the qualities of him you would make your husband, it is not for me to suggest on so nice a point; besides, saith another proverb,

A woman's because is no reason;

and when a woman takes a fancy, either for or against a man, you might as well sing sonnets to a mile-stone, as try to convince her to the contrary, or to open her eyes to cool good sense, at least in the majority of cases. Nevertheless, he ought to be more than only what his tailor makes him, and be good for more than merely to please the ladies' eye during the honeymoon; for, saith the Scots proverb,

There belongs mair to a plowman than whistling;

which I take to be good sense, and very instructive to thoughtless maidens. All these considerations, however, and many more than I have time to urge, show very plainly that it is far from every man who wears a hat on his head, that is capable of making a virtuous girl happy. I know that there are some who are so anxious to be called Mistress this, or Lady that, that they have no patience, but would actually say "Yes" to the first fool that should ask them the delicate question. Now this I take to be exceedingly ill-judged, which shows how fortunate it is that young ladies have parents and guardians to take care of them; for, saith the Scots proverb,

Better rue sit than rue flit,

and

They must be scarce of horse-flesh that would ride on the dog;

and there are dogs, and puppies, too, going about, which fathers and mothers understand much better than young ladies. But if the young lady should think herself rather neglected compared to others, and that the time seems tedious ere she gets a house of her own, why, this is a complaint becoming so common, that one knows not what to say to it; for it is very clear that it is neither the most deserving ladies that get matches soonest, nor are the married always the most happy, however they may flaunt it for a little while at the first; for it is a caustic old English rhyme which saith,

Marriage is like the foolish rout,
They that are out would fain be in,
And they that are in would fain be out;

and as for having patience, and all that, although it is, I grant, a teasing thing for a young lady to dress and dance, and play pianos, and look pretty, and be gallant, and so forth, for a number of years, without getting one offer (that can be called an offer); yet this has happened to a great portion of the young women, ever since marriage was invented, and it is a good sensible Scots proverb, which saith,

The pedlar often opens his pack and sells sue wares,
which is really a great pity, but how can he help it;—he must just persevere.

As for the reasons why young ladies may be long of getting, what they call settled in life, as I am speaking very plainly, I will add, that nothing frightens prudent young men more than those expensive habits and showy accomplishments which I have already hinted at, and few things are more fatal to a lady getting an honest sensible match, than that high gentility that knows not which end of it is uppermost, and which knows nothing but to show off and spend good money. This is the real secret why there are so many old maids, and why parrots and poodles are so dear, and husbands so scarce; for, saith the Scots proverb,

Send your gentle blood to the market, and see what it will buy.

and send your expensive education to market, and see what it will procure you,—perhaps a governess's place, and a seat at a stranger's table, and half a dozen spoiled children to plague you to death, and make you feel acutely the misery of dependence.

Had I time, I would add a few valuable saws about how ladies ought to comport themselves after marriage; but I can only
Two Passages in a Day's Journey.

add now, that although it is allowable for
dear happy creatures to be a little intox-
icated for a month or two, yet they ought
to sober down and learn to walk circum-
spectly; for it is a sombre saying of old
Ben Syra, the wise man of the east, that
The bride goes joyful to her marriage-bed,
but knows not what shall happen to her;
and it is well ordered that she does not,
for it is not fit that, in the bright and
sunny day, the eye should be able to
discern the stormy clouds afar off. However,
this is not a subject to be dwelt upon here,
for, if it be true that, even in marriage, the
lady surrenders great part of her liberty,
or, as the proverb saith,
She that hath got a man, hath got a master,
it will immediately be seen how important
it is to the ladies' happiness, that that mas-
ter should be a man of sense; for, in any
case, the lady is bound to honour and obey
him to whom she has surrendered herself
for life, and her happiness will be to pay
faithfully her vows; for, saith Shakspeare
solemnly,
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for
thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
While thou liest warm at home, secure and
safe:
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
And so you will do well to remember this
 wholesome preaching. I conclude by a
few verses describing a virtuous woman,
written by one William Knox, an obscure
poet, who died in Edinburgh, a few years
ago:—

Her eye as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting,
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.
The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming—ever going,
Many well the spotless fount bespeak,
That sets the stream a flowing.
Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast
Even like the harp-strings' holiest mea-
sures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest,
And everlasting pleasures.
Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly—
I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

And so doth the virtuous art and soft
beauty of woman ever make holy the
rugged spirit of man; and so doth her
smile solace him in sorrow, and her trem-
bling tears melt his heart and shape it to
virtuous resolution, amidst the hardening
cares and rude jostlings of the world; and
so doth the cold and lonely bachelor pant
for her soothing and sobering society, as
the hart panteth for the quiet and cool
waters;—and so he ought to seek to pillow
his head upon her gentle bosom, and to
clave to her as a wife and an abiding
friend,
Ere youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone!

TWO PASSAGES IN A DAY'S JOURNEY.

At seven o'clock on a fine September
morning I left Manchester—I took my
seat on the back of the coach, not from
choice, but because I found the others oc-
cupied; and opposite to the guard, who,
like all other guards, was a large, jolly-
faced, tolerably handsome man, well
booted and coated, and who played upon
the French-horn extremely well. Beside
him sate two men, both appearing about
forty-five, and evidently brothers, though,
in many respects, very dissimilar. The
one whom I took to be the younger of the
two, had the look of a countryman in
decent circumstances, though of the lower
class; perhaps a village-weaver, or the
cultivator of a few acres; a man who
would go quietly and inoffensively through
the world, yet never advance his fortunes
in it. The other, though not wearing uni-
form, I perceived, in a moment, to be a dis-
banded soldier—who, as his dress appeared
all perfectly new, was wearing, I imagined,
the garb of peace now for the first time since
he had cast it off when he became a young
and thoughtless recruit. The man im-
mEDIATELY interested me; his speech had a
strong foreign accent, and his complexion
was the colour of new mahogany, with thick
black hair, closely cut, sprinkled with grey.
I soon found my conjecture was right; he had been a soldier seven-and-twenty years, and had seen service in the four quarters of the world. When he found that his conversation gave pleasure, he "opened out," as the phrase is, and told me something of every place at which he had been stationed. His accounts of battles and sieges interested me extremely; all was easily, yet well told, and full of picturesque effect. He will be a delightful village chronicler, thought I; and "yet friend," I remarked, "you have come off safe and sound—you bear no outward tokens of your warfare." He took off his hat and showed me a terrible scar on his forehead—"I have been fortunate," he said, "in keeping all my limbs, but I have seven wounds, of which I shall feel the effects, and carry the traces to my grave." I looked upon him with additional respect; and his peaceful, kind-hearted companion turned his eyes upon me with proud exultation, as if he felt honoured by his brother's wounds.

As we advanced among the beautiful rocky, green valleys of Derbyshire, I observed he looked around him with ill-concealed emotion. "This is your native county," said I, inquiringly. —"Yes, sir," he replied, "and it is seven-and-twenty years since I was last in it. Many changes in that time, sir!"—"Not in the aspect of the country, I should think," I answered. "No inclosures; and, excepting a little planting, half a century makes little difference here."—"Not in the country, certainly," he answered; "but our homes are changed, sir." I stood corrected for my dulness. "The children," he continued, "are grown into men and women; many of the friends of our early years are dead; and seven-and-twenty years, sir, change those we left, in middle life, for the worse; they make sad havoc with one's parents."—"But your parents are living, I hope," I remarked. —"They are, sir; but my mother, whom I left comparatively young—tall and strong at least—my brother here tells me is sadly gone down—quite the old woman; but she has had many sorrows—many sorrows," he repeated again, and then sunk into a long silence, which I should have been sorry to break.

At the next village we were to change horses; and, from the anxious interest in the man's face, I fancied then he was to meet his parents. It was so. As the coach pulled up at the inn, there stood a little cart, in which chairs were set; and in advance, looking anxiously forward, stood a decent old couple; they had evidently their Sunday garb on. It was an extraordinary day for them. Sunday comes once in seven days; but this day could come but once in their lives; for, on it, they were to receive back their wanderer, perhaps their prodigal. "There they are!" exclaimed the quiet brother; and, taking up his bundle, leapt down. The soldier I saw was desirous of being a man in my eyes; and, after what seemed to me needless, brushing of his coat sleeve, bade me respectfully "good-bye." In a moment I saw him by his mother's side; but she wept so she could hardly greet him; while the old father, as full of words as joy, took his hand in both his, and bade him welcome a hundred times. I know exactly the state of that poor mother's feelings; she was silent in her affection and great joy. By this time the fresh horses were in the coach, and, a moment after, we were driving off, at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Both my head and heart were interested in this pleasant passage of family history; and I amused myself, for several miles, with continuing it. I saw them jogging quietly on in their homely vehicle—the two sons walking beside them. I saw the hills, and valleys, and woods, which the soldier would hail as old familiar objects; and then the arrival at their village home, with all the greetings and the welcomings. It was a pleasant, happy picture; and I had not come to the dark side of it, when all was dissipated by the coach suddenly stopping. Looking down, I saw another family groupe, which was full of as good effect as the last. There, too, was an old father and mother, a married sister, her husband, and two or three small children, and a young girl, to set off whom all this party were assembled. There was a small paper trunk consigned, with many injunctions, to the care of the guard; and then they all kissed her; and her father helped her up. Fortunately, the guard was engaged in making some alteration in the tackle of one of the horses. "Be a good girl, Mary," whispered the old man, as he stood half mounted beside his daughter, "and remember she is a lady; and write and let us know how you get on there, and
all about them; and give my love to my brother:” — but by this time the guard had mounted on the other side, and the old man descended. As we drove off, they all said, “God bless you, Mary!” and remained looking after us as long as we were in sight.

Here is another little village romance, thought I. No doubt, this young creature is setting out now, for the first time, in life; going out to service, perhaps, from these sweet quiet valleys, to some dreary close street of a large town. The idea oppressed me; for I saw not only a change for the worse in the objects which would surround her, but I saw her heart and manners changed too. She was a lovely, innocent-looking girl, about sixteen, as I judged, remarkably well made, and dressed with some taste, considering the general homeliness of her apparel.

I must know something about her, I determined with myself; and therefore, as gently and as kindly as I could, inquired if she was going to service? “No, Sir,” she replied. “Perhaps to live with her grandfather?”—“No. An uncle, perhaps?”—“Yes,” she replied; but seemed, half dismayed at the idea. “How,” said I, very perseveringly, being resolved to overcome her reserve, “you seem not to like the thought of it.” She looked in my face as if she thought me a conjuror; and then, as if submitting to her fate, she told me that her father’s brother had, in early life, gone abroad, and there made a great fortune; that he had married and returned, but had no family of his own, nor had his lady any connections in England; that they lived near ——, in very grand style, kept many servants and carriages, and ranked among the first people in the country; and that lately, very unexpectedly, because there had been no intercourse between the brothers for very many years, the lady had written, to request that her husband’s brother would spare one of his youngest daughters to be adopted as their child; and that she, as being the least capable of adding to the family means, had been fixed upon; and that she was now on her journey. I saw at once the delicacy and uncertainty of the poor girl’s prospects; it was a lottery in which the happiness of her life was at stake. “But,” said I, wishing to form an idea how chances stood for or against her, “what kind of letter did your aunt write?”—“Oh, an excellent good letter,” she replied, “a very kind one.” “So far,” I remarked, “promises well; but what do you know of your uncle?”—“Nothing, Sir, but what the letter said, that he was often out of health, and often also difficult to please.” “Another good trait,” I replied, “in your aunt; she wishes you to know the worst; and, as to your uncle, it is no more than we should expect from a man who has lived much in India, and made a fortune there.” The poor girl seemed abundantly grateful for the interest I took in her concerns, and appeared encouraged by my views of the case.

We had now travelled together several hours, and were only a few stages from ——, where we were to take tea, and I was glad that I should thus have an opportunity of judging still more what was likely to be this young girl’s fate. “How do you expect to go from —— to your relations,” I enquired.—“As it is market-day,” said Mary, “and my aunt particularly named this day, I suppose I shall go by the carrier’s cart, as the village, where they live, is five miles off.”—“Nay, nay,” thought I, that will never do: if they do not send to meet you, your prospects are very bad, indeed; but I would not have said so to her for the world. “No, Mary,” I replied, “I should think they will send a servant out with a gig to take you forward.” Mary sighed, but said nothing; and I sympathised, from my soul, with the poor girl’s uncertainty.

In due course of time, however, we reached ——; the coach drove up, amid the bustle of the market-day, into the inn-yard; and there the first thing I saw was a handsome, dark green carriage, standing waiting—the coachman by his horses, reins in hand—and another servant, in the same livery, was looking out for the coach. “There, Mary,” thought I, “that carriage is waiting for you;” but I said nothing. The servant in livery looked into the coach, but it was filled with gentlemen; he then looked on it, and, fixing his eye on Mary, inquired if she came from ——, in Derbyshire. I helped Mary down, and gave her into the care of the servant; he touched his hat to the bewildered girl, and bade her follow him. She did so, and so did I, with my eyes. He conducted her to a small
room of the inn; and, taking off his hat, opened the door and ushered her in. There, Mary, said I to myself, your aunt is waiting for you—all will be well I see; and thus satisfied about her, I busied myself with my own affairs. Presently, however, I saw decanters and warm water carried into the little parlour. "She is a good creature, I am sure," said I, "she will not let Mary proceed without refreshment."

Shortly after I saw the door of the little parlour open, and out came a rather proud, discontented, bilious-looking gentleman—a lady followed, the most gracious lady I ever saw, elegantly dressed in black satin—poor Mary timidly came last. But no sooner had they passed in file, through the narrow passage, than the lady waited, and, kindly taking Mary's hand, drew her forward. My heart blessed that benevolent woman, who, in that little act, told me volumes. "She will be a mother to her!" I exclaimed to myself. A moment after, the servant in livery opened the carriage-door, and the three got in; Mary's little paper trunk was put in also. The door was shut again, and off drove the carriage, bearing, I was sure, two, if not three, happy and excellent hearts. M. H.

ON WOMAN, HER INFLUENCE ON MAN, AND THE EFFECT PRODUCED BY FEMALE SOCIETY.

BY "THE HERMIT IN LONDON."

"I may not paint the thousand infant charms, 
Unconscious fascinations, undisgn'd, 
The prayer, repeated in a father's arms, 
That heaven might bless her sire and all mankind."

Campbell's Gertrude, &c.

From the earliest period of infancy is the charm of woman felt and acknowledged by our sex: the holy feeling of paternity towards a daughter is the closest and most sublime that our nature is capable of: we take pride to ourself when a man is born; but the female (minature perhaps of a beloved mother) is more closely, more tenderly, and more firmly woven round our heart. It is like the tendril, which warms and embellishes by its embrace; the ivy which clings, adding its viridity to the oak; or to the mingling of a beautiful stream with the parent river, swelling its proud course, and becoming a part of it. The daughter, whether she be the resemblance of either parent is all the father's; she ought to be so, because her sex is softer, more winning, more gratifying and pleasing to the mind, fairer to the eye, and more consoling to us under the divers vicissitudes of life; In the very cradle, her fascinations begin. Her smile is already felt—her captivations may even then be anticipated. Infancy, in general, excites our affections and wins our love: its innocence, its sweet simplicity, its looking up to us, its dependence on us, all conspire to fling an indescribable beauty over it. Little children! bless them! yes, indeed, "of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

But if infancy in general be thus attaching, how much more so, in particular, is female infancy. How much dearer to the imagination, more promising to future love and happiness, is she who is to be the lovely virgin, adored mistress, enchanting wife, and admirable mother—she who, in every stage of life's journey, is to be seen with the increased magnet of attractiveness about her—she who, in every scene of the drama of man, may be contemplated in a new delightful character? For whether she enchant us by her charms, enchain us by her vivacity, rivet our very souls to her by a mutuality of affectionate sentiment, melt us by her soft persuasiveness, or solace us in our sufferings, still is she the fore-ground figure of the living picture, which characterizes its perfection and gives effect to all that surrounds it—still is she that light, without which all would be dark, heavy, and spiritless. The more clearly to appreciate her superiority over us in loveliness and attraction, let us for a moment examine the early difference between male and female children. There is a similarity in the two sexes in the dawn of their days; there exists, very frequently, so strong a likeness between brother and sister, that the eye does not immediately distinguish the one from the
other,—their dress and their habits being nearly the same;—nor does the immediate change of the former produce a very sensible situation, since a girl wearing her brother’s clothes, of one year younger or older, assumes something like the same exterior; but it is at the second stage of life that the strongly perceptible change takes place—like the progressing of a spring sun, all within its influence is beautified, embellished, and expanded; it is then that the elements of beauty begin to be strikingly prominent in the female: the growing conformation of the bosom—the exquisitely turned throat and neck—the gently rounding of the fore arm and elbow—the small wrist—taper fingers and rosy palm—the whole bust, matching, in whiteness and structure, the finest Parian marble—the slender waist—the softness, regularity, and animated expression of the features—the air of modesty—the gracefulness of the limbs—the first unstudied, and, afterwards, highly proportioned change of countenance, play of features, elegance of attitude, and harmony of action. With these distinctive characteristics of the female, the expression, temper, and the dulcet sound of her voice, keep pace, and constitute that enchanting contrast of beauty between woman, and man who is destined at once to be her lord and slave, superior by the laws of the land and the organization of society, but subject to her by his passions, his enjoyments, and that mutual dependence which the laws of nature has so wisely established between them. It is at this second period of life that the female has an instinctive inclination to be admired, and to inspire this feeling indiscriminately to those of her situation in life,—not having as yet cast her enchantment over one particular object, nor felt the wish to engross the heart towards which her own begins to lean, and with which it more exclusively sympathizes and beats in unison. Now, too, commences a little unconscious coquetry, which is half naïveté, half dissimulation, but which captivates as it gains strength and able direction, and, aided by that warmth of heart which glows in the female bosom, burns in her cheek and sparkles in her eye, marks out the rank for which she is destined,—the sovereign of our hearts, and gives warning of the future empire which she is quickly towards establishing. As woman arrives much sooner at maturity than our sex, she is at this time like the expanding flowers, all blooming and beautiful.

From these remarks we may easily learn, that the desire of pleasing, and the powerful means of effecting that purpose, eminently belong to the gentler sex; that they form a part of its existence, are like a rich thread of a splendid web, from which the greatest portion of its lustre is derived, and that the désir de plaire commences at a very tender age, and precisely at that period when the features of the mind and person assume a permanent cast,—the one becoming masculine, the other preserving her feminine character; when the features of the one promise to be robust and nervous, and the light form and fairy lineaments of the other develop themselves into gracefulness, elasticity, and delicacy. This first wish to please becomes habitual, acquires strength, and is, at length, a matter of necessity; it is then what the French emphatically term le besoin de plaire, to which succeeds (in Nature’s heavenly arrangements) le besoin d’aimer—each of which, like Mercy, is twice blessed; for it blesseth the source from which it emanates, and the happy object on which it falls. On these propensities depend her future conquests, her triumphs in her reign of admiration, the attachments which she creates, and the felicity which she inspires, then are the ornaments which make her, in a few increasing years, what Eve, fresh from the divine hand of construction, was at first, namely, a paragon of loveliness, breaking on the delighted eye of man, and of whom it was truly said, that,

“Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
      In all her actions dignity and love.”

From this désir, et besoin de plaire et d’aimer, does woman study the graces, herself the very object of her study; from this wish to win, does her amenity, her suavity, gentle manner, and harmonious voice, borrow those irresistibilities which tongue cannot explain, pen nor pencil cannot embody. More need not be said, and, indeed, it would be in vain to attempt expressing it, to show the nature of woman, her peculiar perfections, the difference of the features of her mind and body (for the same gentleness and capti-
vation belongs to each), and what are her particular provinces and favourite pursuits, nor does it require any writings nor arguments to deduce from them, the influence which she must necessarily have over that being to whom the hand of the most High gave her to be "his love, his lady, and his wife," to fill up the aching void in his bosom, and to furnish him with a companion in his earthly paradise.

The influence of this love-inspiring being only depends on the mind and heart which direct it; the judgment which, in avoiding tyranny, never ceases to rule—and the unabated tender feeling which, indeed, most generally actuates her in her attachments, friendships, connections, and in all the ties which bind her to our sex,—in her not being intoxicated in power, nor negligent after conquest—not too much devoted to self-satisfaction, nor too little satisfied with those who place their whole happiness in her; on her generous confidence, at variance with jealousy of every description, and on her not quitting that hemisphere, of which she is the brightest light, to figure in another unsuited to the delicacy of her structure, the mildness of her manners, and to the education and habits which ought to have been such as to have fitted her for an object of deepest regard, from the cradle to the very grave; since, in all stages of her existence, love is ever perennial in her heart; and when the mistress idolized, and the wife cherished, like life, are in the decline of years, still does maternal love furnish her with impassioned feelings towards her offspring (with certain gradations), such as she once devoted to the author of its days. Even at the period when the more ardent and stormy passions of youth have subsided and died away—when the love of admiration is silenced and becalmed—and when time has commenced its ravages with her charms, she is feelingly and all alive to the gentle sympathies and inclinations of our nature, which burn with still greater ardour in her bosom, because no other feeling disputes their empire; then it is, that the mother, venerable and venerated, in the midst of her children, sheds around her the enlivening rays of her affection, and receives a new existence, which is all active and effective; then, too, and later, even to the dropping of life's curtain, is she the very soul of friendship,—the confidant and support of the corresponding confiding friend; so that it may be said of her, that Love's torch is never extinguished in her breast; and that whatever form it may assume, to whatever object it may be directed, the whole history of woman is LOVE—whilst (to use the expression of one of the most extraordinary women of the age) "it is only the episode or underplot of that of man, a small portion of his biography."

Having established the nature of woman, the end for which she was sent on earth, and the influence which she must, consequently, exercise over us, it now remains cursorily to remark the effect produced by female society. No one will dispute with me, that the social intercourse with the beau sexe softens, refines, and in the highest degree humanises mankind; that the reflection of their charms and fascinations communicates to us a delicacy of feeling, chastity of expression, prepossessiveness of manner, and serenity of deportment, which would be undervalued, or wholly lost, in a circle composed of our fellow men; that he who is accustomed to female society of the first class, will assimilate his voice, his actions, his attentions, and conversation, to those whom they are designed to please; that the collision with those gems—women!—(as brilliant as intrinsic) will put him on his guard lest the most trifling aspersion should be opposed to them, which might injure or offend; such is his respect for them, that all his attention will be exclusive, his care indefatigable, his means of pleasing will be in an incessant state of production, and re-production, varied ever in form, but uninterruptedly devoted to the same object; on the blush and smile of dear woman will his own happiness depend; and he will never excite the former, except by inspiring tender feeling, nor neglect or fail to prize and to cultivate the latter; his actions will be in concord with his discourse; his respect commensurate with the value which he sets upon woman; his accomplishments will serve to gain him a passport to their welcome; his worth will establish him at once their admirer and friend. Bravery is a masculine quality; but brave men are always devoted to the sex; the victory would be but half won, if the tongue of woman withhold her praise for the victor. Woman, or, in other words, love,
On Woman, her Influence on Man, &c.

is the powerful incentive to chivalrous achievements; so that we invariably see that

"the boldest and bravest in war,
Are the truest and fondest in love."

As a further proof of what I have advanced, we observe daily the distance and dryness—the inelegance, nay, awkwardness—the want of manners and polish—in the man, however able, intellectual, moral, and comely of person, whose avocations and line of life produce his seclusion from female society; with learning he is but a pedant or a book-worm; with a warm heart, he lacks the method of discovering it; with philanthropy, he is but a solitary, and, with handsome person, he is an incumbrance at the banquet or the ball. Woman's conversation and company would have made him another being. He, who has not had the inexpressible happiness of knowing a mother, or who only possesses the recollection of her in infantile days, loses the first impression of exquisite tenderness which nature imprints in our bosom. From the love of a dear mother proceed a thousand gentle emotions, which are afterwards expanded into fine feeling, generous affections, and immutable attachment; for love at first begins that link, the firmest which binds us to existence. Here we first know and are able to appreciate woman, and to acknowledge the superiority of her claim upon us, from all she has endured for us, before we were, and all that she is capable of doing for us when she claims us for her own. In like manner, he who has been sisterless is deprived of the sublime union of hearts which exists, or ought to exist, between the sexes united by consanguinity, endeared to each other by time and habit, yet free from the agency of the passions and the vicissitudes of amatory situations. Lastly, he who passes his time in congregations of his own sex, whether on the briny ocean, or in camps, or in crowds of mercenary men, must relinquish, for the time being, the sweets of woman’s attraction, and, if too long kept from them, will be unfit for their enjoyment. Nevertheless, the polished warrior is fair woman’s pride; nor need we go further than to the pages of history for this; there we shall find, from the crusadical era to the most polished period of courts, that religion, love, and war went hand in hand, and that the valiant chief must necessarily be all three—a Christian and a brave

man—to be the champion and favourite of the chaster and fairer sex. The bard, the hero, and the polished prince would be incomplete without a lady of his love. What would the first Christian Barons be without her?—those whose very motto is love? What Henri Quatre, without the romance and wanderings of the heart? What romance itself, without the heroine of it? Mute would have been Apollo’s lyre, if it vibrated not to the touch of love;—divest Petrarch of his Laura, and Sterne of his Mari, and to what dejection would the poetic fire of the one, and the delightful sentimentality of the other be reduced? The immortal Byron, too, was inflamed by love, which shone forth in all its splendour and violence, however wayward or disappointed his heart might have been—in fine, whatever perfection, and particularly, that of grace, we possess, it would be unavailing if we were not reflected in woman’s eye, the very mirror of the soul.

And here I take leave to assert that the man who has not felt the sensations of filial affection to a mother, brotherly attachment for a sister, impassioned ardour for the object of his admiration and choice, he who in inviolable and selfish celibacy wastes life’s taper, is alike useless to society and to himself, is, at least, a wretched, if not a guilty being; he must be either a mourner, a misanthropist, or a villain—a thing given to consuming sorrow, or bent on darkest crime; if he have passions, they must be cold blooded ones, scarcely can they be called passions, for feeling has no share in them; avarice and ambition, gross appetite, and the thirst for revenge he may have, but the gentler elements of our nature he has none; if he be a recluse, I should pity him;—if he walks abroad and mingles with his species, I should say, in the language of our great national bard,—

"Let no such man be trusted."

But let us turn aside from this distressing picture, and resume the subject of these hasty pages, claiming the indulgence of my reader for this and my other digressions, and for all the imperfections of him who still, with all his faults upon his head, would be the champion of woman.

It has unjustly been insinuated, that those who have devoted a great portion of their time to the society of the fair sex, and whose biography embraces many pages of gallantry, are trifling, superficial, and effeminate; but this
I deny, for, in the first place, a man’s education must be completed, his mind must be cultivated, his profession and habits in life must be established, ere he be fitted for a companion of women, who waste not their time on boys; and, in the next place, brave and accomplished men (and such woman must prize), cannot be enterprize, nor mere triflers. There was a strange spice of coxcombicality in the all-accomplished Lord Chesterfield, but to the fair sex did he owe the high polish which recommended him to its attention and esteem; nay, even at an aged period of life, the fascinating society of Lady Betty Shirley flung a charm over his existence, and produced the second summer of his years, as a brilliant wintry sun recalls our remembrance of that delightful season, and repays us for the rigours which have preceded it. To conclude, female society makes us virtuous as well as agreeable, for it draws us from the grosser pastimes and pleasures which would, most probably, without it, occupy our time; it gives us an attention to our persons which is not only seemly, but healthy also, weans us from the feverish and maddening bowl, and stimulates to high desert in the eyes for

whence we sigh, or to which we are devoted; and, high amongst other virtues, gratitude binds us to those dear creatures who are the objects of it—to her whose life was at stake to introduce us into this world’s eventful scene—who evinced the tenderest care to nourish and support our infancy; whose bosom was the first pillow of our repose, and often is that on which our last breath exhales—whose possession was the ambition of our young heart—whose conjugal or friendly converse and society were the comforts of our increasing and declining years, and whose soothing consolations and tender cares have full often plucked the thorn of affliction from our breast, and blunted the arrow of care ready to transfix us. Let man look round him in the hour of desertion and distress, who would he wish for by his side? Woman—in his joys, who to enliven and increase them? Woman. Who, when sickness stretches him on his uneasy couch? woman—her who deserts him not, stands by him, although too feeble to uplift him, cheers him whilst there is a glimmer in our vital lamp, and weeps for him when hope and life are fled—woman, enduring and devoted woman.

THE OPERA.

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

The season is drawing to a close, and the yearly reign of the Italian opera will soon be over. What a reign! Who would envy the monarch? There is much speculation afloat concerning the fate of the Italian Opera next season. Who will have the theatre? is a question generally asked by the frequenter of that establishment. Of course, people naturally conceive that Mr. Monck Mason must by this time have had surfeit of the pleasures of management, and will feel disposed to allow another the opportunity of enjoyment. Be this as it may, we sincerely hope that the affairs of the King’s Theatre will be conducted on a plan totally different from that which has been followed this season. A more lamentable list of failures of all descriptions is scarcely to be found in the annals of the musical drama.

We spoke, in our last number, of the strange generalship shown by Mr. M. Mason in beating up for recruits; and it will be as well to put down here the results of his exertions. The following singers have appeared at the King’s Theatre in the course of the season:—

Soprani—Madame De Miclo, La Contessa Lazise; Madame Cinti, Damoreau; Madame Pucci; Signore Angelini, Tosi, Grisi, &c.

Contralti—Signora Mariani, Grandolfi; Madame Batiste, &c.

Tenori—Donzelli, Curioni, Winter, &c.

Bassi—Mariani, V. Galli, Lablache, Tamburini, &c.

We have merely placed here those performers who were engaged to act principal parts; the number of the others is really alarming. Add to this the French and German company, some of the members of which have occasionally been called to aid, by their talent, the Italian Company, and one will be strangely puzzled, no less than slow, to admit the belief that the opera this year has given almost general dissatisfaction.

With regard to the new singers introduced to the public, only two have been considered worthy of great praise, and
may be said to have met with real success—Signora Mariana and Signor Tamburini.

Signora Mariana possesses a beautiful contralto voice, and evinces a correct taste in her execution. In some traits the deletantanti are anxious to find points of resemblance between her singing and Pasta's; yet we humbly assume, that this is carrying their admiration for Mariana, too far. Without wishing to diminish the praise due to her, we must differ entirely from this opinion—nay, we are bold enough to express one which may startle the staunch admirers of Mariana—we think her rather deficient in judgment and real passion. Some people, if they see a performer assuming an imposing attitude, and possessing a great command of voice and lungs, are apt to cry out, in their enthusiasm—"What feeling! what expression!—charming!—wonderful!"—Then they mistake the symptom, as it were of expression, for the thing itself; those who pay no regard whatever to the words of an opera (and the number is exceedingly large) will, of necessity, fall into the error above-mentioned. We have said that we think Mariana rather deficient in sound judgment, and must make our case good by mentioning a proof. How did she go through the Introduzione to the "Di Tanti Palpiti," in Tancredi. However beautiful the sounds which she produced, they were almost always wrong, as to the expression in accordance with the word—"Cada un empio traditore,"

i. e.—Let an impious traitor fall, was given out with much the same expression as if the words meant, il mio ben, il mio tesoro, or any other indicative of soft feeling and sentiment.

To institute a comparison between Mariana and Pasta would be idle; to place her by the side of Pisaroni is far more reasonable, although we must premise that the latter lady possesses more musical science. However, all things considered, Signora Mariani has really been an acquisition to the King's Theatre.

The debut of Tamburini was undoubtedly the most successful of the season. His voice is a baritono of a good quality, though neither possessing much depth or compass; but it puts forth a merit which we have never before observed in a bass singer—a flexibility, powers of modulation and facility in execution, which were really astonishing. To the most consummate skill and taste Tamburini adds another advantage, which is seldom met with in a performer who takes that line of business, which must almost unavoidably admit a degree of vulgarity—the buffo singing. Tamburini is totally exempt from this fault; there is a grace of manner, an ease of carriage about him, that justly entitle him to the epithet of gentleman singer.

With regard to Tosi and Grisi, we are sorry to state, that they have not fulfilled the golden visions which the public had formed concerning their powers. But this was not their fault; the work of puffery had been so outrageously pursued, that nothing short of a Pasta or a Malibran would have satisfied the opera-goers. Yet both these ladies are able singers; especially Tosi, who adds to other merits those of a character highly praised for kindness and amiability, which it does really one good to find in a theatrical hemisphere, where petty bickering and jealousies are more likely to rule.

The French opera we may consider a failure. The far-famed Robert the Devil was sent back to his Satanic papa without much ceremony; the music of this opera, though possessing real merit, we must repeat, is far from being that of absorbing power that can justify the degree of madness which its performance produced in the Parisian public. Come we now to the German opera.

We have now an opportunity, and a more agreeable one it is, of giving unqualified praise to Mr. M. Mason. Indeed, the treat which he has afforded the musical world by the introduction of such chefs-d'œuvres as Der Freischutz and Fidelio, would almost lead one to forget, or at least to forgive, his offence, as far as regards the Italian opera.

The performance of these works form an epoch in the annals of the King's Theatre. It is, indeed, a subject of congratulation, that the public taste is so far improved as fully to appreciate and enjoy such a work as Fidelio,—a sterling achievement of genius and science, a work so serene, classical, and devoid of all vulgar allurement! The acting of Shroeder Deventer recalls Pasta to our minds—the rest of the company, if not first-rate, were respectable—the chorus excellent; but, indeed, it would require ten times the space which we can afford to do justice to this part of our subject; and we trust that many opportunities will present themselves for increasing our debt of gratitude.
LINES BY THE LATE LORD ERSKINE.

TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

On Receiving from Her Royal Highness a Lock of the late Mr. Fox’s Hair.

Could reliques, as at Rome they show,
Work miracles on earth below,
This hallowed little lock of hair
Might soothe the patriot’s anxious care;
Might, to Saint Stephen’s Chapel brought,
Inspire each noble, virtuous thought.
As when his echoing benches rung,
Whilst thunder roll’d o’er Fox’s tongue;
Then might old England hold more high
Her proud and matchless liberty,
Her Regent’s and her people’s friend,
Guiding her councils without end—
Alas!—Alas!—the vision’s vain,
From the dark grave none come again—
That spirits wait on human weal
Is but the dream of holy zeal;—
Yet, not for that less dear should be,
Whate’er may lift my mind to thee,
And this shall tell, beyond the grave,
The head that bore, the hand that gave.

Presented to Dr. Shaw by his Lordship;
and copied, in his Lordship’s hand, as
a token of regard, and in memory of
their friend.*

ERSKINE.
Outlands, December 9, 1812.

GREAT EFFECTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

SKETCHES OF LIFE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

All the world knows that Great Ormond-street, and Queen-square, were
very fashionable places in the days of Addison and Steele; and the former, when
its glories, as a ducal residence, departed, still retained, for many years, considerable
importance as a kind of west-end, to mer-
chants of fortune. Probably it may be so
deemed even now, by the present inhabi-
tants; but my tale goes back to a period
when its honours were unquestionably
more flourishing.

Mr. Orville, a Portuguese merchant of
great age, large fortune, and unsullied
character, had paid his last debt, after a
long and painful illness, which rendered

* [These words in italics are in the hand-writing of Dr. Shaw, who died, at an advanced age, a
short time ago. The original is now in the possession of William Shaw, Esq., of the Inner
Temple, a descendant of that gentleman, to whose kindness we are indebted for the above pro-
duction of the talented Erskine.—Ed.]
his release a blessing to himself and two lovely and amiable daughters. Within a day or two, he had desired them to bury him in the country, but without specifying any particular place; only observing, "that he did not like the idea of being interred in London, and could not be laid with their beloved mother, who had died abroad."

When the first shock had subsided, the sisters deliberated on their power of fulfilling this request; and the question was, Whither should the remains of their venerated parent be conveyed? Of the country beyond the immediate neighbourhood of London, they knew nothing; and they were alike convinced that this was not what was intended by the term country as used by Mr. Orville. "I one day," said the youngest, "saw, in a map of Bedfordshire, a village called Layton, which, being the first name of our dear mother, makes me recollect it; though we have no connections there now, it is possible there have been such in days past, in which case it might be a proper place." "At all events," replied the eldest, "it is a country place, and yet not a very long way from town: we will send down Price immediately; he will be able to judge and will do every thing proper."

The old butler went down, became satisfied himself, and gave satisfaction to his young mistresses, who, in the course of the next week, themselves followed the corpse of their honoured father to the grave. They were much pleased with the beauty of the village, the neatness of the church, and that perfect air of retirement all around possessed; and they deemed it such as the good man himself would have chosen; and were gratified as well as affected by the devout manner in which the funeral ceremony was performed by a very aged curate, whose white locks and bending form resembled his whom they lamented.

At this period it was not customary to throw off either the "suit of solemn black," or mingle in the gay world, until the year had revolved in which a parent or husband had died; and our young ladies, though lovely and rich, gave due observance to the rites. Their solitude was relieved by the intimate associates of their late father, and more especially, by Sir William Egmont and his lady, who were childless, but yet much attached to young persons. The gentleman was a great lawyer, his lady a great heiress, and one well aware of her own pretensions; but both became attached to the orphans, who were of open and affectionate tempers, and thankful for the counsel and protection offered by their elderly neighbours.

When the year had elapsed, the elder sister proposed driving over to Layton, "that they might see for themselves if the monument had been properly erected, and the money sent by them to the poor of the parish distributed;" to which Blanche, the younger, readily agreed, adding a desire to stock the carriage with some choice Leipsic wine for the old clergymen, for whom Grace was also devising an acceptable present.

But on their arrival, they heard with a sigh that the good old pastor was no more; and, on paying their affecting visit to the grave of their father, they were accosted by his successor, a young man of singularly fine person, and elegant but perfectly unaffected manners. The fine unobtrusive remarks he made were consonant with his own profession and their situation, and led to the knowledge (on their parts) of its having fallen to his lot to fulfil the commands transmitted by them, as to their charities and the erection of the monument.

Had he not been so very handsome, it would have been more easy to thank him, and to have invited him to the inn; but this Miss Arville found to be impossible. Blanche had more presence of mind, and "hoped to see and thank him in Ormond-street." The young man, whose countenance was expressive of deep thought, slightly started at the word, observing, that he had a relation living there, whom he had not seen since childhood;—"he was little likely to visit London, but if he did, would not forget the permission given him to pay his respects."

As the ladies were obliged to remain at the inn one night, it was no wonder they inquired a little, in a round-about way, who the handsome curate might be? A single word sufficed to open the landlady's mouth, for in days past she had served in his father's hall. She declared "that he was as good as an angel, and, to her mind, very near as beautiful, but, for sure and certain, the most unfornitneste person in the whole world."

"What has happened to him?" said Blanche.

"Why, nothin' exactly to him, you..."
Sketches of Life.

sees, ma'am; but he be one o' them as be born to misfortunes; he be a real barrow-night's son, for all as he an't a guinea to bless himself wi', may be; indeed, how should he? for, you see he has his brother Frank to keep entirely down at College, and"—

"A baronet's son? — a younger son, of course?" said Miss Arville, anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am; there be three ou 'em, poor things, and finer childer the county of Huntingdon never saw; but the Captain don't take his title, ma'am, else he would be Sir David Chichester this blessed hour. Ah! poor young man, his father spent all, mortgaged all, an' what's the use o' being a Sir, wi' never an acre o' land? so he, poor thing, is gone abroad to live cheap; an' he have done his best (Lord love him!) to edicate this here Edward, and sore work it was out of his pay; so, now he helps the youngest. They hangs by one another so beautifully, as it were, that it quite breaks my heart to look at this 'n."

The good woman's tears seconded her words, and, in a voice not unmoved, the elder sister asked "if they had no mother?"

"Oh! no; her poor heart was broken years ago; she died soon after her only girl."

"But they must have relations, who ought to help them, being, as it appeared, very blameless young men."

"They an't, poor things, no relative but one, as ever I heard of; an' as to friends, why, Sir David finished they, when he spent all his fortin. And there's my Lady Egmont, though she was their mother's own cousin, and they were like sisters in youth, you see takes no notice o' they, because she has no mother's heart in her, seeing as how she has no child."

The sisters exchanged looks of surprise, as each ejaculated—"Lady Egmont!"

"I don't go for to blame her," continued the landlady; "for I know that all the young men have a sort of a kind of shyness, and a spirit too, for that matter, as would keep them from ever showing their faces anywhere if they were not sure o' a hearty welcome. Not that they're proud. Oh! no; if you were to see, ladies, how glad Mr. Edward were to see me when he colchten here at first; he said to me, says he, 'God bless un, Rachel, it does me good to see you;' an if I were not in the public line, well I know he'd often look in at me; but all he does, an' all he doesn't do, is just right, just proper, only I'm quite silly like when I talks of un."

A fresh burst of feeling drove the landlady out of the room. The sisters found the subject of sufficient interest to occupy them not only that night, but the next morning; and neither of them were sorry to pass the handsome curate in their route homewards, and exchange mutual good wishes once more. The conjecture, whether his appearance had been by chance or on purpose, furnished a theme for conversation all the way home.

Blanche was eager to mention his name, and descant on his merits, to Lady Egmont, who heard her nothing loth, though she made her little reply, beyond advertizing to her former love for his mother, and her sorrow that she had married a spendthrift, whose father had already half ruined their estate in the South Sea scheme. She was, however, known, after this time, to be very urgent with Sir William, as to his purchase of an estate, which included a rich living in its gift,—a circumstance the sisters noticed with pleasure.

Scarcey had this point been carried, when the good knight died, leaving an immense fortune to his widow, and within a few weeks the incumbent of the living he had purchased died also. At this time the Miss Orvilles had entered into society, and were surrounded by friends in abundance and admirers also, but they had by no means forgotten the man who had interested them so much; and Blanche, the younger, being less timid, though also less interested than her sister, through the medium of the landlady, informed him, "that she thought he was to blame in not visiting Lady Egmont on her widowhood, since no opportunity could occur more likely to render their meeting agreeable, and consolatory to the lady."

Mr. Chichester could not be sorry to find an excuse for going to London, and for traversing the pavement of Ormond-street, though he had said to himself a thousand times, "it would be folly and madness in him to call on Miss Orville;" he knew himself too well to suppose he could be guilty of a such a weakness; but there could be no harm in looking at the house in which she dwelt—he might
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happen to see her—she was an acquaintance of Lady Egmont's; he could inquire after her—he could learn whether she were yet single, whether his duty permitted him to remember her so often, and think of her so fondly.

On entering the splendid drawing-room of Lady Egmont, he found the rich widow, accompanied by several friends of high station, and herself a person of most dignified appearance, but on his announcement she arose with alacrity, and, advancing, held out her hand, saying, "my dear Sir, I rejoice to see you, and to introduce to my friends the new Rector of Norton Ferrers."

"Pardon me, madam, I am only curate of Layton."

"I say, Sir, you are—the gift is mine, and no one can blame me for bestowing it on my nearest relation," adding, in a lower voice, "even if he merited it much less than you do, my dear Edward."

The company paid respects, offered congratulations, and departed; and our poor curate found himself, to his utter astonishment, in possession of a living of eight hundred a year; it is probable he now thought it one of his duties to make another call in Ormond-street, but his long-lost relative had so much to talk of, and dinner was nearly ready—tea time would bring her young neighbours, whom she found he had already seen, and whose excellent qualities must render them desirable acquaintance.

My reader may foresee the rest. Miss Orville bestowed her hand and twenty thousand pounds (then a fine fortune) on this truly deserving gentleman; and as, on their marriage, they were accompanied by the friendly Blanche, she met the youngest brother, Francis (who was at least as handsome, and certainly as good, as his brother), and in due time rendered him equally happy, and her fortune was appropriated to purchasing him an estate in the neighbourhood of a sister, to whom she was attached with more than filial love. The eldest branch of the Chichester family died abroad, a single man, after which Lady Egmont declared the clergyman her heir, and at her death left him no less than seven thousand a year, together with handsome portions to the two children of his younger brother.

Within two or three years, Edward and his beloved lady were living (I trust they are so now), surrounded by their children and children's children, a patriarchal family. Amongst their descendants might be reckoned those of Blanche and Francis, for their earthly race was as short as it was happy. In the morning of life this lady was cut off by a fatal accident, arising from an overthrow in her carriage, and for him was proved the truth too literally—"That when such friends part, 'tis the survivor dies."

For, alas! in less than two months, his children were orphans.

This literally matter-of-fact story would, I apprehend, furnish a good frame-work for the author of "Sayings and Doings," and unquestionably justify any novelist in following his self-created hero through various fortunes up to a happy and prosperous consummation. In it, the believer in an over-ruling Providence may find new cause to rejoice in his faith, and confirm his reliance on that Heavenly Father who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unheeded. The casual glance of the eye upon a map led to the restoration of an ancient family, and placed wealth in the hands of those who held it for the benefit of the poor, and rendered it a blessing to many. Perhaps in no case was the circumstances more to be rejoiced in than that of their being the medium of most happy marriage connections, to two unconnected beautiful and wealthy young women; since it rarely happens that such apparently unfavoured mortals become eventually happy. Beauty attracts every one, but by no means ensures the attachment necessary for conjugal felicity; and fortune has ensured many a woman a tyrant, and but few a grateful husband; and it is worthy of remark, that where females (from having neither fathers nor brothers who bring them into contact with proper society) choose, as it were, partners by chance, in the lottery of life, they rarely obtain prizes. Nine times out of ten, we find the heireness of days past, either wretched wives, impoverished widows, or solitary virgins.
No division of the vegetable kingdom more truly deserves the admiration of the lover of botany than the Flora Aquatica; and, among the many beautiful and curious flowers of the waters, none shines so peerless as the lovely varieties of the Nymphaea, or Water Lily, nor does July display a more exquisite sight than this newly-blown queen of the streams sitting in the pride of her beauty on some still glassy mirror which reflects her charms, as Wordsworth describes St. Mary’s swans,—

"The swans on sweet St. Mary’s lake
Float double—swan and shadow."

One can scarcely wonder at the enthusiasm displayed by Demerson, the French botanist, in the Journal d’Horticulture, when mentioning the water-lily, which is a native of France as well as our own country, he thus expresses himself:—

"Whoever possesses a pool of water in his grounds, and that water is clear and deep, ought to cultivate the Nénuphar, or White Nymphaea, which is more beautiful than the White Camellia, and more fair than the costly blossoms of the far-fetched Magnolia. I have seen at Villedavía, water-lilies whose flowers exceeded five inches in diameter, composed of a union of twenty large petals of the purest white, shaded at the base with the most delicate tinge of gold. The first time I saw this plant in bloom, I was transported in a manner that no one who does not possess the enthusiasm of a botanist can know: I wept with joy. Never had I experienced similar emotions at the sight of all the marvels displayed by our cultivated vegetation. Whoever has the means of cultivating the water-lily ought to give it, for companions, other aquatic beauties, whose lively colours would enhance her snowy purity, such as the Butoma, with its rose-coloured umbels, the Philandra, with its foliage so fresh and elegant, the amphibious Persicaria (of which fine specimens may be seen in the Kensington-garden-lake), the lovely blue of the Mysotis, or Forget-me-not, and the charming Menyanthes."

Thus might a pool of water-flowers rival the most carefully cultivated parterre. A great length of florescence is one of the charms of the water-lily. The white nymphaea begins to bloom in the last week of June, and continues till September.

There are two species of the nymphaea, natives of England; first the nymphaea alba or white water-lily, called by the country people, in various districts, the water-can, can-dock, or water-socks; they love the deepest stillest waters in clear rivers, and likewise grow in great perfection in clear ponds that are fed by springs. They grow naturally in the River Waveney, in the bays formed by its numerous windings near Bungay, just where it ceases to be navigable; perhaps no stream in England can produce lovelier water-lilies than the pastoral Waveney. The River Stowe, near Stafford, is likewise celebrated for these flowers. Every one remembers Cowper’s allusions to the water-lily wreaths of Ouse, in his lively little poem, too commonly known to be quoted here. The other species of water-lily is the nymphaea lutea, or yellow water-can. It is a native of the River Avon, and is a beautiful flower, although by some considered inferior to its snowy sister. Both species of water-lilies extend themselves by long runners which form roots at the end and send up leaf-stalks in deep water. The root is bulbous, and may be propagated by transplanting the bulbs in winter. Botanists often affect to despise the labours of the florist, who wishes, by multiplying the petals, to produce double flowers, stigmatizing them by the name of monsters. They may be monsters, but they are often beautiful monsters. Who does not admire the flowers of the double cherry? And when, as in the white water-lily, the petals are naturally multiplied to a great degree, the botanist who turns away from this splendid object of creation must be fastidious indeed. The petals gradually lessen as they approach the centre of the flower, where the outer stamens, expanding in breadth, gradually assume the form of petals, as is generally the case with the double flowers of our gardens. The roots are used in Ireland to dye a dark brown. An infusion of the roots, taken a pint in the morning and at night, has been known to cure a dreadful leprosy.
Both the yellow and white water-lily have many anthers, and are therefore classed *Polyandria*. The anthers are inserted on filaments fixed to the side of the germen, like a single rose. They have neither pointal nor style, but one round flat germen. The order is *Monogynia*.

When opened, the germen displays many cells, each of which contains a berry. The flowers are on long foot stalks. So far the character of both is similar; they vary in the following particulars: the leaves of the yellow water-lily are heart-shaped, those of the white are oval with a deep notch at the base; the calyx of the yellow is yellow within and green without, five-leaved, and much larger than the petals; the calyx of the white is four-cleft, green, and much smaller than the flower leaves; the yellow owes much of its splendour to the colour of its calyx, as the petals, though numerous, are small; the stamens, when they have discharged their pollen, bend back; the petals of the white are numerous, and even the single water-lilies resemble double flowers; they are of a thick texture, brilliantly white, and full of pores, four of which are very large, with hairs interwoven. The white water-lily is an horological flower, and opens regularly at seven in the morning and closes at four in the afternoon. This peculiarity is thus elegantly described by one of the most gifted females of the last century:

The green-rob'd children of the Spring
Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where, transparent, waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed,
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
*Nymphæa* rests her lovely head.

But, conscious of the earliest beam,
She rises from her humid nest,
And sees reflected in the stream
The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright Day-star to the West
Declines, in Ocean's surge to lave;
Then, folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

*Charlotte Smith.*

Not only has the white nymphaea been consecrated by poetry, but her more brilliant sister has inspired the following stanzas, which are from the pen of Mrs. Moodie, and are extracted from a volume of poems recently published:

**TO THE YELLOW WATER-LILY.**

Beautiful flowers! with your petals bright,
Ye float on the waves like spirits of light,
Wooing the Zephyr that ruffles your leaves,
With a gentle sigh, like a lover that grieves
When his mistress, blushing, turns away
From his pleading voice and impassioned lay.

Beautiful flowers! the Sun's western beams,
Still lingering, plays on the crystal streams,
And ye look like some Nafud's golden shrine
That is lighted up by a flame divine,
Or a bark in which love might safely glide,
Impelled by the breeze o'er the purple tide.

Beautiful flowers! how I love to gaze
On your glorious hues in the noontide blaze,
And to see them reflected far below
In the azure waves, as they onward flow;
When the Spirit who moves them, sighing, turns
Where his golden crown on the water burns.

Beautiful flowers! in the rosy West,
The Sun has sunk in his crimson vest,
And the pearly tears of the weeping Night
Gem your clois'd petals, with drops of light,
And turn to stars every wandering beam

The pale Moon throws on the silver stream.

Beautiful flowers! yet a little while
And the Sun on your faded buds shall smile,
And the balm-laden Zephyr, that o'er you sigh'd,
Shall scatter your leaves o'er the glassy tide,
And the Spirit that moved the stream shall spread
His lucid robe o'er your wat'ry bed.
The curious biography of the nymphaea does not finish with the flowers that are natives of Europe. The Asiatic water-lilies possess a splendour and even utility that has made them renowned from the days of Herodotus; indeed, it is now ascertained that the pulse forbidden by Pythagoras to his disciples was the seed of the nymphaea lotus. It is generally supposed to be the bean; and the prohibition of this common vegetable has puzzled all the learned: but when we remember that Pythagoras brought his philosophy from Egypt and Hindoostan, where the Lotus was an object of religious veneration, and is deeply connected with their worship, we shall not wonder that the mystical Greek forbade it to be devoured by his disciples. It was anciently adored in Egypt, as it still is in Hindostan, Tibet, and Nepal. The natives of Tibet embellish their temples and altars with it; and "a native of Nepal," says Sir Wm. Jones, "made a variety of prostrations before it on entering my study, where the fine plant and beautiful flowers lay for examination."

The Egyptian lotus has two varieties; the one with a black, and the other with a magnificent blue flower. It has heart-shaped serrated leaves, and is thought to be peculiar to Egypt. "When the river Nile," says Herodotus, "has become quite full, and all the grounds around it are a perfect sea, there grows a vast quantity of lilies, which the Egyptians call lotus, in the water. After they have cut them, they dry them in the sun, and, having parched the seed, they make bread of it, baking it with fire. The root of the lotus is likewise edible, being round and sweet, of the size of an apple." The rivulets in the neighbourhood of Damietta are covered with this majestic flower, which rises upwards of two feet above the water, and diffuses around the finest perfume, like the scent of the white lily.

Another species of the nymphaea is called by the Chinese lien-hoa and nen-far: it is extolled, with all the hyperbole of that country, for its excellent virtues, and ranked by their physicians among those plants from which are compounded the water of immortality. The seeds are eaten as we eat filberts in Europe; they are preserved many ways with sugar. Great quantities of the root are pickled to eat with rice, and they make soup with a powder of the stalks, which is excellent. The leaves are often seen in Europe, for, when dry, the Chinese pack much of their produce with them.

In the East and West Indies grows a species of water-lily named nelumbo. The leaves, which rest upon the surface of the water, are smooth, undivided, thick, target-shaped, and a foot and a half in diameter; they issue from the centre of the plant, from which spring, like rays a great number of leaflets, which are divided and subdivided in a feathery manner. The flowers are very large and flesh-coloured, consisting of numerous petals, arranged in two rows, like all the other species of water-lily. The seed-vessel is of the shape of a top, containing several eatable seeds. The stalks, which are of a prodigious length, are used as a vegetable. On this flower the Hindostanee sacred books represent Camadeva, the Indian Cupid, floating on the waters of the Ganges.

"For me,"
Cried Nourmahal, impatiently,
"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night!"
Then rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk roe’s, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew,
Beneath the moonlight’s hallowing beams,
For this enchanted wreath of dreams:
Anemones and seas of gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowrets that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva’s quiver.*

* This tree, the Nagacesara, is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossom justly gives it a place in the quiver of Camadeva, the God of Love.
Review.

Literature.


The Doomed is one of a numerous class of romances, built upon the fiction of a supernaturally prolonged existence. Godwin’s noble romance, “St. Leon,” has given rise to a host of imitators of different degrees of merit; and yet, under their various modifications, an air of sameness runs through the whole, not a little flattering to the critical reader who is acquainted with Maturin’s “Melmoth,” Croly’s “Salathiel,” Mrs. Shelley’s “Last Man,” Miss Webb’s “Mummy,” Mrs. Norton’s “Undying One,” “Alibeg the Tempter,” and several meaner imitators.

The author of the Doomed makes a bold plunge at originality in the person of his hero, whom we verily suspect to be no other than Cain. How he is provided for during the flood, he does not condescend to inform us. Cain marries several wives in the course of time, one of whom is a Brahmin’s daughter; he likewise pays his addresses to the niece of Richard Cour de Lion, but is disappointed, and finishes his matrimonial career by marrying a Miss Ellen Dinwiddie, and they go to housekeeping in a scandal-loving village in Scotland, thereby verifying the uncivil epigram made on the hero two centuries ago,—

Had Cain been a Scot, God would have altered his doom,—

Not forced him to wander, but confined him at home.

Notwithstanding this very odd concatenation of events, passages of beauty occasional occur. The author imitates Croley’s style, and rather successfully, though he gets now and then into flights of absurdity, from which, by the bye, his original is not altogether free. If the remainder of the work had been written with the spirit and genius of the first eight chapters, our opinion of the work would have been more favourable. The following is a pleasing specimen of the style:—

We strayed upon the banks of the Ganges, and admired its wide expanse sleeping in calm tranquility after the raging storm of the preceding evening. The good Amrou took the river for his text, and moralised upon the fluctuating state of all earthly things—the changeable nature of the human passions—the deep deceitfulness of the human heart. “Now,” he exclaimed, “it arises in sullen anger, like the waters in the storm of the past night—anon, it grows calm and tranquil as the softly gliding stream before us; but alas! even like that stream, it remains liable to be again raised to the fury of a storm by a passing breath of wind.”

More he would have said, for the lessons of the good Amrou were endless as the tales of Sadah, but he was interrupted by the loud and joyous shout of a multitude of youthful voices. We hastened to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, and, crossing a narrow wooded promontory, came in full sight of a band of youthful maidens and boys assembled upon the bank of the river. Some middle-aged women appeared among them too, and they seemed to be the mothers of these maidens, who were very young. As we drew nigh, we could easily distinguish their gay dresses, and I saw that some peculiar ceremony, with which I was yet unacquainted, was about to be performed. Of many bright and sparkling colours were these dresses formed, and each young maiden had a veil of the scarlet dye of Bosphorus thrown around her head. Glad young creatures they seemed to be, and the approach of the good Amrou was welcomed by them all with acclamations of the loudest joy. He bestowed his blessing on them, and then I saw that each youthful maiden carried in her hand a grotesquely dressed figure, which might have been mistaken for the plaything of a child. In truth, they were so many wooden dolls, richly but grotesquely adorned, and each had a small string of pearls wound around its neck.

I looked at Rehlima, to try if I could read in her ever-speaking countenance an explanation of the appearances before me. She merely smiled; and when I turned to Amrou, he was absorbed in serious meditation, which, to me, the occasion seemed not to require. Amrou, however, looked on all things with the eye of a philosopher.

On a signal given by the matrons of the party, the young girls advanced, and with one accord threw their gaily dressed dolls into the river. The young boys sprang in after them, and with short sticks, which they held in their hands, beat the waters till every trace of substance floating on their surface had disappeared. Wild and loud were the halloos with which this ceremony was accompanied; and well were these boys encouraged in their work by the exhortations of the matrons of the party. The young girls were motionless and silent, while
Zehlima, in a gentle voice, whispered the words of kindness and affection to each in her turn.

It was a strange sight to see the comparatively old usurping the noise and gaiety of the young, while they remained motionless and still, as so many Fakes of the Desert. But the ceremony was at an end; the boys retreated from the river, and making a low salaam, first to the water—for to every thing, animate and inanimate, a Hindoo makes his salaam—then to the good Amrou, vanished speedily from our sight. The matrons and the young girls, too, paid their respects to the Brahmin; but it was done in a more orderly way, and their retreat was effected in a more respectful manner than that of their young allies. We, too, bent our steps homeward; and I could not resist forthwith asking an explanation of the appallling unmeaning ceremony I had seen.

From the smile on Zehlima's countenance, I knew that nothing of a sacred or a serious nature would be connected with it; but her smile was changed into laughter at the grave and solemn tone in which I asked the question. The natural gaiety of her spirits, however, was somewhat checked by the presence of her father; and she informed me that the young girls were now of an age to be betrothed, and that the ceremony signified, that they henceforth threw away all childish things.

"But why," I asked, "cast so many goodly pearls upon the water, and employ means also to ensure their destruction?"

"The pearls," she answered in her gentle voice, "are an offering to the river god; and were one trace of them, or of the images they adorn, to remain floating upon the water, it would be deemed a most unlucky omen."

"And have you Zehlima," I asked, "have you cast away all childish things?"

There was little meaning in the question, but she blushed and smiled; while the good Amrou, taking every thing in its most literal sense, gravely answered, that it was long since Zehlima had thrown aside her dolls.

But why do I dwell on these moments? This is a question that I often ask myself, but can find no satisfactory answer to it. The retrospection is bitter to my heart, for it recalls days of innocent enjoyment and peace that I know are gone for ever. It is like the feelings of the prisoner, who, in the desolation of his dungeon, still remembers those early days, in the brightness of which he can never, never hope to bask again.

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The Tales and Novels of Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Harvey, Baldwin and Cradock.

We are not about to review Miss Edge-
natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues, and indulgence for their foibles."

Three of the embellishments of this edition have passed under our inspection. The Frontispiece of Castle Rackrent, from an admirable design of Harvey’s, represents the interview between Sir Condy and Judy;—nothing can excel the representation of Judy’s fictitious grief; but as for Sir Condy, instead of broken health, he has spirit and majesty of demeanour enough to be monarch of all Hibernia. The engraving is as highly finished as the most costly of the annual plates; it is by H. Robinson. There is a fault in the vignette that we imagine might be remedied in future impressions by a little work of the graver; it is a want of brilliancy in the perspective of the floor—at present the figures when they first catch the eye appear suspended in the air. The Frontispiece to the forthcoming number of "Leonora" is engraved by C. Rolls in a high style of finish.


A new volume, thrown together, as it were, for pastime, by our old friend, that indefatigable topographer and antiquary, Mr. Britton, whose literary progeny, we verily believe, are almost equal in number to his years. We have no hesitation to assert, that this last production of his indefatigable pen, will be found a useful and agreeable companion to all who wish for information respecting the watering-place of which it treats, and more especially, by such as purpose visiting or residing at it. To the historical and descriptive particulars are added remarks on the temperature and waters, and on the diseases observed at Tunbridge Wells by Dr. Yeats, who has practised there for many years; and a sketch of the geology of the environs, by Gideon Mantell, Esq., of Lewes. The work concludes with a brief notice of places situated around the Wells; and the whole is illustrated with fourteen neatly engraved maps, plans, and views.

**The Mother’s Monitor.** By James Quilter Ramball.

This exposition of "Nursery Errors," is a very valuable little book, not only to young mothers, to whom it is more particularly addressed, but to those who make the education of their children an object of paramount solicitude. The cruelty practised under the hot-bed system of prematurely urging the human infant, so long cruelly pursued, is reprobated earnestly, by that train of reasoning which gives a medical man the right to decide on a question so nearly connected with his own pursuits, and with that feeling for the victims of the system which is natural to him as a father. The book is short, but replete in simple and sound instruction.
Stefto, ou Les Consultations de Docteur Noir. By Comte Alfred de Vigny.

These are various scenes that pass before the eyes of a popular physician; some are written in a flighty, fantastic strain, while others contain clever portraiture. They have been greatly admired in Paris, and form a leading subject in conversation. The sketches, "in Blackwood’s Magazine," that appear to be written on a similar plan, are greatly superior in feeling, talent, and every kind of literary merit. It appears that the idea was original in both the French and English authors, as the papers were published simultaneously.


This is a tale founded upon the Massacre of Glencoe, which is a very fertile subject for the authoress of a series of works, which must now amount to many volumes. Her style is graceful and flowing, and not without merit; but we sincerely advise the fair lady to keep within the bounds of probability for the future;—the day is past for such works as the above: and we warn Miss Rosalita St. Clair, that if she does not follow our advice, she, as a literary lady, will be "The Doomed One."

New Music.

Come to Our Cottage. — Composed by George Linley, Esq.

This is a spirited little Ballad, which has been sung by that promising singer, Miss Inverarity, with great applause. The words are as full of meaning as most productions of a similar kind; but we confess it would give us much satisfaction to find a little more attention paid to the poetry which accompanies music. Mr. Linley is the author of several other songs which are highly approved of by the singing public.


A pretty ballad, which has been sung with great success by Miss Bellchambers; and we can recommend it to our musical readers as a charming production. We need not say, that Mr. Hodson is the composer of the beautiful ballads, "My Arab Steed" and "Alice Gray;" and we flatter ourselves that the song "He reached the Valley," which accompanies this work for the present month, will be an additional proof of Mr. Hodson’s successful prosecution of his profession.

The May Queen. By Berry King.

This ballad deserves our most unqualified praise, and is highly creditable to Mr. King. Indeed, we think it is one of the best pieces of composition which we have seen for some time past, and can conscientiously recommend it to all young ladies who wish for a song which requires to be well sung.


This song is well deserving a better fate than to be wedded to music, which is, without one redeeming feature, very bad.


Another of Mr. Hodson’s songs, in the same style as “My Arab Steed.” A friend of ours heard that accomplished singer, Miss Inverarity, sing this ballad, at Cheltenham, with great effect;—he thinks it will become one of her favourite songs.

Will You Go? By George Linley, Esq.

The above fully sustains the respectable reputation which Mr. Linley’s productions deserve. The music is in excellent keeping with the poetry, a matter which is frequently neglected by composers.

Three Waltzes. Composed by T. Tomlinson.—The Blue Cap Waltz. By the same Composer.

These waltzes are in imitation of a musical snuff-box; and those who are partial to these pretty little performances, cannot do better than patronize Mr. Tomlinson.
Fine Arts.

Notes upon Notes; with Cuts upon Copper, and Music. By Henry Warren. 18mo.

This is one of those jeux d’esprit, the fun of which cannot be duly appreciated without the assistance of the eye as well as the ear. The six coloured plates are so many puns. Thorough-base, for instance, is a portrait denoting the life of a thoroughbred villain, ripe for the prison and the gallows, which are shown in the distance; Col Arco, a courtship scene, where a simpering damsel appears to be listening, with no small self-complacency, to the tender protestations of her beau; Da Capo al Fine, a knight in full armour, cleaving down, with his battle-axe, an unlucky wight of a page, whom he has caught serenading his lady. The artist is also an author; and we were amused with his description of a music party given by Mrs. Higgins, a would-be belle of fashion, to a party of friends, who amused themselves by laughing at every thing their kind hostess had prepared for their entertainment.

Drama.

Covent Garden.—The French plays are filling the coffers of M. Laporte, and the admirable acting of Mademoselle Mars (at a salary, it is said, of 150L per night) is sufficient of itself to produce the effect, without that concentration of talent which the spirited manager has brought together. Paganini’s concerts have been extremely well attended; and our only regret on hearing him was the reflection, that a few more days will close his musical career in this country.

Haymarket.—No theatrical novelty has this month made its appearance here. Farren—the Farren—is excellent as ever, and receives able support.

The English Opera Company are performing at the Olympic, and the season has commenced with fair prospects. The Evil Eye was the first piece produced, and this was quickly followed by a new entertainment, under the title of The Climbing Boy, by Peake. The plot is as follows:—Rosalie (Miss Somerville), the daughter of Sir Gilbert Thorncliffe (Mr. Perkins), offends her father by a matrimonial alliance with the Count de Monerville; and Sir Gilbert, deeming the connection a disgrace to his family, declines any further intercourse with his imprudent child. The husband is killed in a duel, and the Countess, returning to London with her child, the latter is secretly taken from her mother, by order of Sir Gilbert, and given in charge to an old domestic, Jacob Buzzard (Bennett). Jacob sells the boy (without his master’s knowledge) to a poacher, from whose hands it is transferred to a chimney-sweep, and shortly after this, lives with a country squire, Mr. Strawberry (Bartley), who comes to town and occupies the former dwelling of Rosalie. In the meanwhile, the clergyman who had married Rosalie, Mordaunt (F. Matthews), is released from prison, and proves to Sir Gilbert that his daughter is innocent of the supposed dishonour. They are thus reconciled, and Sir G. immediately sends for his grandson. Master Jacob is now rather in a predicament, but speedily hits on the plan of sending his own son, Dick, as a substitute. Rosalie, however, discovers the trick, and shortly regains her child, by a fortunate accident. A little boy, sweeping Mr. Strawberry’s chimney, in her old abode, makes his appearance in the room, and recognizes his mother’s portrait; and the denouement may readily be guessed. Miss Henderson performs the climbing boy very creditably. Harriet Cawse and Mrs. C. Jones have also parts allotted them, which they manage ably; while John Reeve called our rambles muscles into such unceasing activity, that we experienced the effect thereof for days after.

New Strand Theatre.—A comedy called “The Golden Calf,” by Jerrold, has been performing here with success. The admirable hits made at the many vices and follies of the age tell well; and, both in a dramatic and moral point of view, the production may be ranked among the best that the season has produced. Mrs. Waylett, always charming, exerts her talents both as an actress and a singer with her usual success, while Miss Dix acquitted herself throughout to the admiration of an overwhelming house. We are sorry to be obliged to speak of the latter lady in the past tense, for we observe with deep regret that Miss Dix no longer graces these boards. Surely, as has been insinuated, no unworthy feeling of jealousy on the part of Mrs. Waylett could have produced this change—we do
not believe this could be the case. Miss Dix was a great acquisition, and although her vocal powers were decidedly not equal to those of the charming manageress, they were nevertheless rapidly improving, and would, we have no doubt, speedily have been exerted, to the no small advantage of Mrs. Waylett's Treasury.

Queen's Theatre.—Miss Conveney and Miss Bellchambers here employ their vocal talents in giving due effect to Mr. Hodson's charming music, and considering the somewhat unfashionable part of the town in which the house is situated, we may congratulate the Lessees on the number and respectability of their audience. The able services of Madame Vestris and Power have been secured, and negotiations are, we hear, on foot with Miss Shirreff and T. Cooke.

Sadler's Wells.—We do not profess to have visited this fashionable neighbour during the last month, but we observe that our contemporaries make favourable mention of the managers' exertions.

Coburg.—Mr. Davidge spares neither pains nor expense to gratify the frequenters of this pretty little Theatre, and we know no one more deserving encouragement. Miss Pearson has recently completed her engagement here; and her benefit, in which Brahham, Templeton, and other first-rate singers lent their powerful aid, was attended by a full and highly respectable audience. Indeed, we have remarked with much pleasure the number and rank of parties attending this house, built as it is on such unaristocratic ground. The acting of Davidge and Searle would adorn the boards of any Theatre.

Vauxhall Gardens are nightly filled with beauty and fashion," as the newspapers say, although for our parts we have sometimes met with a commingling of far different persons promenading the variegated walks. It is fair, however, to the Proprietors to state that their exertions are unremitting to effect the exclusion of improper visitors, and that Vauxhall is this year exceedingly improved in this particular. A bazaar was held one day during the past month, for the benefit of the Hospital for Diseases of the Ear, and, we believe, with much success to the charity.

Costume of Paris.

Simplicity of attire seems to be the reigning taste in the present summer fashions; the frequent changes from heat to cold, and the natural dread of risking the health by any sudden chill, while the present awful malady is hanging over the western hemisphere, has prevented, in a great degree, the adoption of the light and airy costumes usually worn at this season of the year. The Parisian belles consider it only consistent with safety, to guard against the malignant influence of the atmosphere, as much during the months of June and July as in the fickle spring season; and we would advise the English fair to take advantage of the experience so dearly bought by their neighbours—and, like them, guard against the fatal chillness of the hands and feet, which is the usual consequence of the prevalence of north and northeast winds—the black scud which they bring constantly affecting delicate persons in this manner. The precautions taken by the Parisian ladies are not wholly devoid of elegance; they wear, under their wrought stockings of Scotch thread or silk, lambswool or cachemere socks, which are dyed in delicate hues of pink or flesh colour; these are exceedingly light and elastic—we recommend them to the immediate attention of our manufacturers, and entreat our fair subscribers, as they value their comfort, to adopt some guard of the kind whenever the blasts of Boreas proceed from the north, whether the calendar declares the month to be August or November. We assure those ladies, who must have the aid of fashion to assist good sense, that this mode has, the whole summer, been universal in Paris. Beauty is nothing without health; we, therefore, pay some attention to the latter, before we search the Parisian world of invention and taste, to adorn our native fair.

Bonnets.—For the country and seaside walks, cottage hats of coarse English straw, made to meet almost under the chin, are often worn early in the morning. This bonnet is replaced, for car-
riage or promenade costume, by one à jours, or of open straw. Meantime,"nade or fête champêtres are frequented at Tivoli,
and in the neighbourhood of Paris; and the most elegant style of hats are worn in
the full-dress promenade costumes, which are seen there in perfection. Hats of
tulle, embroidered in rayons of coloured silks, or lamb’s-wool, surmounted by
flowers of the season, as eglantine, gera-
nium, or maravel of Peru, are in great
esteem. Sometimes, small capottes of
rice-straw, or of cherry-coloured silk,
lined with white satin, are draped across
the crown with a blonde or lace fichu,
and tied under the chin; the fronts of
these hats scarcely project beyond the
chevelure. Capottes of whalebone (which
is whiter and more durable than rice-
straw) are now very frequently seen.
Hats of white moire, or of white whale-
bone, are frequently lined with rose-
coloured crape, and have a wreath of
field roses placed, à la ferrerrie, within
the front, over the brow. When the
bíbí bonnets are trimmed with pattes of
ribbon, and worn by a lady who has large
creped curls, the front of the bonnet does
not project beyond the curls, and giving
it the appearance of a cap.

WALKING DRESS.—The sudden changes
of the weather have made châlì and gros
de Naples more generally worn than the
lighter materials that seem more suitable
to the season; and the dread of the cold
pest, that still ravages Paris, will continue
this fashion through the summer months
till autumn. Among the most favoured
of these materials, we quote the gros de
Naples chiné in stripes of various colours,
and the gros de Naples, carrées or figured
in little squares, as pink and white, lilac
and white. The following toute ensem-
bles are elegant and recherché for prome-

"nade or fête champêtres. Three falls of
English face around the pelerine, and
made to fall, en jockey, almost to the el-
bow; the dress is of gros de Naples, of a
straw colour or bird yellow; the cein-
ture yellow and white; the scarf of yel-
low silk batiste, worked in white silk;
the hat of rice straw or plaited whalebone,
ornamented with green wheat placed in
two gerbes, or sheaves, which are sepa-
rated by zephyr knots of green and white
gauze ribbon. Another toute ensemble—
Gros de Naples chiné, on shaded stripes
of blue and fawn alternately placed;
round hat of white watered or moire silk,
trimmed with broad folds, piled on each
other, of broad blue ribbon, branches of
flowers of yellow cistus; a pelerine with
scarf ends, crossed under the ceinture;
worked manchettes, trimmed at the wrists
with a narrow edging; maroon moiré par-
asol and brodequins. Another, worn by
a distinguished person at Tivoli, was a
robe of clear blue mousseline de laine,
figured with Turkish designs, made cœur
en schall; a ruche, round the neck, of
English lace; an open-work, white muslin
scarf, rolled on the shoulders, like a
boa; hat of blue crape, with a long white
plume. Another costume was, a dress of
lilac muslin, embroidered in white cachem-
ire wool; hat of Tuscan straw, with
lilac plumes, scarf of white mulled mus-
lin, worked at the ends with magnificent
palms in feather stitch, mixed with much
open work, or points à jours. For a
young person, the following toute en-
semble was much admired—robe of gros
de Naples, carreaux, figured in large pink
and white squares; a canezon, with
plaited sleeves of Scotch muslin, and
flounced round the waist, long, white
thread gloves to meet the full sleeves of
the canezon; rose-coloured scarf of silk
cambic; hat of white net, worked in
stripes of embroidery in coloured silks,
to represent wild roses, and trimmed with
bouquets of egglantine.

Most of the pelerines we find made
with triple rows of lace; or, indeed, three
pelerines of different sizes placed one over
the other. Canezons, with white gloves,
are more recherché, and the scarf peler-
ines dispute the mode with these. We
see many pelisses or redingotes of gros de
Naples chiné, and very frequently, in
promenade costume, elegant worked muslin
peignoir dresses worn over bird yellow
(oiseau) gros de Naples as open pelisses;
and, in reverse, coloured silk robes over
Scotch muslin, or jacquenette dresses worked
en tablier, or in horizontal graduated lines
en échelle, or ladder pattern. Cravats of
châlì and China crape, with points em-
brodered, are universally worn; and,
among others, some cravats prettily made
of white net, trimmed with narrow edging,
and with a coloured ribbon run in the
part that surrounds the throat; this ties
with the ends of the cravat. Knots of
ribbon, cut with great taste, are likewise
worn as cravats.

EVENING DRESS.—Clear white muslin
over white satin. White organdi and
white gros de Naples are still the costumes most preferred at this season, when evening dress is needed. White chali, lightly printed with gold, and airy lilac and green wreathes, are worn by ladies who require a firmer texture of dress. Round caps, à la gloire, with deep lace or blonde vandykes simply arranged, or round hats of white or lilac crepe, and white plumes frimatée, are worn in evening costume.

Jewellery.—Carcanet necklaces, in the true antique style, are exceedingly admired. Ladies of high family, notwithstanding the abolition of rank, contrive to establish their claims by wearing the family crests and cyphers, worked in gold or silver, linked together on each side of a rich jewelled ornament, on which is enamelled armorial bearings. Bracelets of great massiveness are worn to match. Gold watches are now made so flat, that they are worn beneath the ceinture; the chain that is attached to them is small and finely wrought. A camphor casket, as a guard against cholera, generally accompanies the watch key.

Parasols.—The handles are of carved bamboo, and the top is turned into an ornament, representing the initial of the owner; this is the last new invention. They are of deep maroon or violet wastered silk.

Gloves and Stockings.—New gloves and stockings of Saxon thread, which unite the purity of Scotch thread with the glossiness of silk, are in vogue.

Reticules and Workbags.—The ladies now net themselves very pretty bags of coloured silk or cachemire cord; every mesh is finished by a bead of steel or gold; the forms are various, but they are lined with gros de Naples the colour of the cord, and finished with acorns of steel or gold. The colours are ponceau and gold, or violet and steel. The work-baskets are shaped with circles of perfumed and ornamented wood, which may be purchased, ready pierced, at the toy-shops.

Colours.—All shades of yellow, from straw-colour to oiseau, are the height of the fashion, among these we quote a delightful and becoming tint to brunettes, called by the fanciful title of éclair de lune (moonlight colour.) Fawn, of a buff shade, is fashionable, violet and lilac, and a mixture of buff and lilac. Greens, of various shades, are much worn, particularly in trimmings.

Description of Plates.

(192.)—Walking Dresses.—Hat of pale fawn-coloured moire, lined with white crepe. A fichu cravat of China crepe, of fawn colour, with embroidered ends, is tied beneath the small collar of the chemisette. The dress is of chali, of the palest hue of fawn, figured over with an elegant running pattern, arranged in columns. It is made to turn back on the shoulders in deep-pointed epaulets, which are trimmed with dents; these epaulettes are continued to cross on the bust. This fashion is called, in France, Corsage cœur croisé en schall. The skirt is exceedingly full, and gathered in large clusters entirely round the waist. The scarf is of pale blue China crepe, embroidered at the ends. The shoes are of green Russia leather. The gloves of Scotch thread.

(193.)—Evening Dress.—The utmost simplicity of form at present prevails in evening dress. The hair is arranged with plainness in folded Madonna bands, turned into one large curl, and a few folded bows on the crown of the head; and a small tress or braid is brought across the brow à la ferronnière. The dress is of a plain white organdi, with a straight cape, which falls low on the sleeves, and is continued round the bust the same depth; in the midst of this cape, a regularly fluted frill of organdi. The sleeves are round and full below the elbows, and straight and quite plain to the wrists. No bracelets. The skirt of the dress is very full and without ornament, excepting a hem not exceeding two hands breadth. Scarf of primrose, or veapour cachemierunne, with palms at the ends. Girandole earrings, and necklace of wrought gold, in the carcanet fashion, composed of crests and cyphers alternately placed, and worked in gold and enamel. Bracelets are often in the same fashion, with family arms enamelled in the centre.

(194.)—Promenade, or Fête Champêtre Dress.—Hat of whalebone, delicately plaited, ornamented with plumes of bell-flowers or campanula mirandola; a wreath of the same crosses the brow inside the hat. The ribbons are of the colour oiseau. The pelerine is of a novel and very becoming form, made of net and deep English lace, and figured with application of Honiton sprigs; it is finished with two very pretty little round collars, trimmed with lace, to correspond with the epaulettes. The dress is of oiseau-coloured
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

Lady's Magazine.

No. 292

Merler.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N° 2.

Note en Choix par M. Édouard Rue, l'Homme, 24.

Choix des M. des Dames à la mode, Rue N° des Petits Champs, 65.

L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame-de-Nazareth, N° 25.

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1832.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.

N° 193.

Médes.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N° 2.

Gravées avec autorisation de MM. MM. l'Impératrice Duchesse de Brigade et Donna Maria 2.

Veste en organdy — Vêtu de pièce cachemire.

L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N° 23.

Published by Page 112, Potter Lane, London.

1832.
plain gros de Naples; the sleeves exceedingly wide at the upper arm, but the material that supports them is made to incline more from the shoulders to the elbow, giving a falling appearance to the former, that has been too much neglected since the reign of full sleeves. The dress is without ornament on the skirt. The brocqueins are pale grey cachemire and Russia leather of a shade deeper.

The sitting figure is dressed in plain jacquet muslin. The hat ribbons and belt are of green ribbon, à gros grains. The jointstool represented in the engraving is a new invention, and formed of hollow tubes of iron, that render it light and firm. We recommended the pattern to the attention of our English manufacturers.

Miscellaneies of the Month.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE DE Saxe WEIMAR.—It is at length our painful duty to record the death of this interesting young lady, who, after a long series of unparalleled sufferings, resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, on Wednesday, the 11th of July. Ever since her arrival in England the complaint, under which she was then labouring, an affection of the spinal cord, left no room for hope; but the patient resignation, and humble submission to the Divine Will, which the amiable sufferer unceasingly displayed, will long be remembered by that illustrious circle of which she was herself so bright a star. On the evening preceding the day of her decease, at half after nine, the medical attendant, on being suddenly sent for, perceived that a considerable change for the worse had taken place, and his opinion being communicated to her Majesty, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, they both immediately repaired to the chamber of their expiring relative, where they remained until half-past four the ensuing morning.—At three o'clock (previously to their departure), the Princess was seized with convulsions, which, however, lasted but a few minutes, and she then sunk into slumber, in which state she remained until a quarter before six, when she departed this world, for, we doubt not, the regions of a blessed immortality. Death came, indeed,

"like an untimely frost,
And nipped the fairest flower in all the field."

On the ensuing day, a post mortem examination of the body took place by Mr. Davies, the King’s private surgeon, before Sir A. Cooper, Sir C. Clarke, and Messrs. Keate and Brodie, all of whom had been previously consulted.—Nothing new, however, was elicited; the disease was a softening of the spinal marrow, from the middle of the back to its termination.

The Funeral.—On Monday morning, July 16th, the regiment of fusilier guards marched into the Castle-yard, Windsor, and formed a line, from the grand entrance to St. George’s Chapel; at half-past eleven the procession began to move, in the following order:—

Their Majesties’ Pages, two and two.
The Physicians, two and two.
The Coronet, borne on a crimson velvet cushion.
The Coffin, carried on a bier by ten men.
The Pall was supported by six Maids of Honour.

Lady Howe, Chief Mourner, dressed in deep mourning, with a long white veil, which was borne by a Lady. Then followed

Lady Sidney, Lady Fox, Lady F. Fitzclarence, Lady Falkland, Lady Erskine, and Lady Errol.

The Upper Servants of the Household closed the procession.

At the door of the church, the procession was met by the Dean and Canons of Windsor and the Gentlemen of St. George’s Choir and the Chapel Royal, and passed slowly down the western aisle, and from thence, up the middle of the cathedral, to the interior of the choir; during which time was sung Handel’s splendid anthem, “I am the resurrection,” &c. Lady Howe, as the chief mourner, took her seat at the head of the coffin, which was placed on a bier near the altar. The service immediately commenced, the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiating—the usual psalms and lessons were read, followed by Kent’s sublime anthem, “Hear my prayer, O God! and hide not thy face from my petition.” Immediately on its termination, the procession again formed, and moved with slow and solemn steps from the choir to the vault, where the service again recommenced. “For as it hath pleased,” and “I heard a voice from heaven,” were then sung
Miscellany of the Month.

without accompaniment, after which followed (with the organ) Blake's funeral anthem, "I have set God alway before me." The service concluded with the Blessing, and the chorus to Luther's Hymn for the voluntary. Her Majesty and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar did not leave the Castle, but the King preceded the procession in a carriage to the Chapel. The coffin was an extremely neat one, covered with rich crimson velvet, and studded with silver nails. It bore the following inscription:—

"Her Serene Highness Princess Louise Wilhelmina, Duchess of Saxe Weimar, eldest daughter of Duke Bernhard and Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar, and niece of their Majesties King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide, born at Ghent, 31st March, 1817, died at Windsor Castle, 11th July, 1832, in the 16th year of her age."

On Sunday night, at 10 o'clock, their Majesties inspected the vault; and the Queen, whose attention to her aged mother was such as to occasion the greatest anxiety to those around her, wept bitterly. We are happy to state, however, that the gloom which for a while pervaded the Castle, is gradually disappearing; and we sincerely hope, that time, the great healer of all hearts, will shortly alleviate that distress which must naturally be experienced for the loss of so young, so amiable a relative.

The Newspaper Press.—The establishment of the Times newspaper is an example, on a large scale, of a monopsony in which the division of labour, both mental and bodily, is carried to the utmost. It is scarcely imagined, by the thousands of people in the various quarters of the globe, what a scene of organized activity the factory presents during the whole night, or what a quantity of talent and mechanical skill is put in action for their amusement and information. Nearly one hundred persons are employed in this establishment; and, during the session of Parliament, at least twelve reporters are constantly attending the Houses of Commons and Lords—each in his turn, after about an hour's work, retiring to translate, into ordinary writing, the speech he has just heard and noted in shorthand. In the meantime, fifty compositors are constantly at work—some of whom have already set up the beginning, whilst others are committing to type the yet undried manuscript of the continuation of a speech, whose middle portion is travelling to the office in the pocket of the hasty reporter, and whose eloquent conclusion is, perhaps, at that very moment, making the walls of St. Stephen's vibrate with the applause of its hearers. These congregated types, as fast as they are composed, are passed, in portions, to other hands; till at last the scattered fragments of the debate, forming, when united with the original manuscript, re-appear in regular order on the platform of the printing-press. The hand of man is now too slow for the demands of his curiosity; but the power of steam comes to his assistance. Ink is rapidly supplied, to the moving types, by the most perfect mechanism; four attendants incessantly introduce the edges of large sheets of white paper to the junction of two great rollers, which seem to devour them with unsated appetite; other rollers convey them to the type already inked, and, having brought them into rapid and successive contact, deliver them to four other assistants, completely printed, at the rate of one hour, 4000 sheets of paper are printed on one side; and an impression of 12000 copies, from above 300,000 moveable pieces of metal is produced for the public in six hours.

To this passage, extracted from a useful little work just published by Mr. Babage, is appended the following note:—"The author of these pages, with one of his friends, was recently induced to visit this most interesting establishment, after midnight, during the progress of a very important debate. The place was illuminated with gas, and was light as the day. There was neither noise nor bustle; and the visitors were received with such calm and polite attention, that they did not, until afterwards, become sensible of the inconvenience which such intruders, at a moment of the greatest pressure, must occasion; nor reflect, that the tranquillity, which they admired, was the result of intense and regulated occupation. But the effects of such checks on the current of business will appear, on recollecting, that, as 4000 newspapers are printed off on one side within the hour, every minute is attended with a loss of sixty-six impressions. The quarter of an hour, therefore, which the stranger may think it not unreasonable to claim for the gratification of his curiosity, in a moment—may cause a far more serious injury than the dispatch of 1000 copies, and disappoint a proportionate number of expectant readers, in some of our distant towns, to which the morning papers are dispatched by the earliest and most rapid conveyances of the day."

The late Medical Trials.—A great stir has been caused in the medical world, by the two trials for libel, which have recently taken place in the Common Pleas. Dr. Ramadge, a physician, residing in Ely Place, who distinguished himself as the defender of the celebrated Mr. John Barlow, was tried at the Old Bailey, for libel, in both actions; and Mr. Wakley, the Editor of the Lancet, was the defendant in the action first tried; and the second was brought against Dr. Ryan, the Editor of the Medical and Surgical Journal. It appears, that, ever since Dr. Ramadge published a letter, in
which he spoke favourably of Mr. Long's new system of cure, (which, by the way, if established, would be fatal to the faculty), and expressed his conviction that Miss Cashen's death was not caused by the application of Mr. Long's remedies, some of the most illiberal of the medical men had thought proper to cut Dr. Ramadge, and to refuse to meet him in consultation!

Amongst this portion of the medical men, was a Dr. Tweedie, who, being called in to attend a patient with Dr. Ramadge, took the opportunity of applying some hard words to him; but that gentleman being an Irishman, and, of course, a man of spirit, and being, moreover, still convinced that his countryman, Mr. Long, was exactly what he had represented him in his letter—a man of genius and very great skill in his profession—did not scruple to defend himself, with considerable ability, against the attack of the liberal Dr. Tweedie, and indignantly left the house. It was in giving an account of this fracas, that the two publications we have mentioned, published a libel against Dr. Ramadge, in which the conduct of Dr. Tweedie was highly extolled, and declared to be worthy of the admiration of the profession. And it then went on to state, that Dr. Ramadge had acted unskilfully in his treatment of the patient, and that she recovered under the care of Dr. Tweedie, who pursued a course of treatment exactly opposite to that of Dr. Ramadge; the fact being, that the patient had died under the care of the former.

The libel was first published in the Lancet, and afterwards copied, with the omission of some of the libellous matter, in Dr. Ryan’s Journal; and the circumstance which has drawn the attention of the public to these trials, is, that the Jury found for one farthing damages against the Editor of the Lancet, and another jury gave Dr. Ramadge, the next day, a verdict for four hundred pounds. Now, it must be quite evident that one of these verdicts must be altered, before even justice is dealt out to all the parties; and we are quite puzzled with the two decisions; and perhaps we cannot do better than refer our readers to the opinion of a lawyer upon the subject, which was appended to a report of the trial, published in the Legal Examiner for the 30th of June. It is as follows:

“This case is one of great interest in its details, and nothing like a report of it has appeared in any of the daily papers, which will probably account for the observations made in the leading article of the Times newspaper of this day (June 28). It was the meagreness of the Report which caused the Editor to be puzzled with the decisions of the two juries. In the first place, Mr. Wakley escaped by adroit impudence and effrontery, and the jury happened to be composed of men who could not distinguish proof from assertion, or falsehood from truth; and this would have been evident if a fair account had been given of both trials. We are enabled to avail ourselves of a very correct account of the last trial; and as the speeches of Mr. Sergeant Wilde caused a great sensation in a crowded court, and are equal to any made in past times, and as distinguished advocates ever delivered, we have no hesitation in quoting from future numbers of our Magazine, to give a report of the whole trial, which will include the opening speech of Mr. Sergeant Taddy’s address for the defendants, and Mr. Sergeant Wilde’s powerful reply. Nor is the eloquence displayed by the Counsel the only reason why this trial should be recorded;—the subject of the investigation is novel and remarkable; and after all which has been said and written about Mr. St. John Long, we feel a firm conviction that there is something still at the bottom of his practice, or the medical men of England, headed by Mr. Brodie and the College of Physicians, would not have shown such an anxiety to destroy the practice of one individual, or have refused to meet Dr. Ramadge, in consultation, because he said, Mr. Long was not the author of Miss Cashen’s death. Mr. Long’s career since his trial, has, to a certain extent, shown he was guiltless of the death of Miss Cashen; he has again the practice as large and respectable as ever;—he again uses the much-abused lotion, (which the medical men now admit will produce effects which they cannot produce), and he is again said to have cured Mr. Brodie’s incurables. If we mistake not, the public are duly appreciating the struggles of the medical men, and are beginning to entertain Mr. Long’s pretensions with something like impartiality. We would remark, that Mr. Vance has not yet published any answer to the paper which involved the questions of medical jurisprudence, which we mentioned a week or two ago.”

We regret to add, that, since these trials, Mr. Long has burst a blood-vessel, and that he was in great danger for several days. We understand he is now at Mr. Oughton’s beautiful seat at Roehampton, where he is slowly recovering from his severe illness, which his numerous and distinguished friends cannot but partly attribute to the unceasing persecution which has been most unjustly directed against him, by a combination of certain medical practitioners, which includes some, who have hitherto been considered as filling the highest rank in their profession. It is said, that the medical men of France strongly condemn the proceedings against Mr. Long, and that they express themselves decidedly in favour of his practice of the healing art, which they describe as being pursued on the most scientific principles,—namely, the expelling of mobific humours from the human frame.

**Fete at Holly Lodge.**—The annual fete given by the Duchess of St. Albans, which was attended by all that élite of the fashionable world, took place, at Holly Lodge, on the 3d of July, and was universally considered to be the most charming party of the season.

We are happy to observe this description of entertainment (brought en vogue during the last few years, by her Grace) is becoming more general in this country—they are always sure to please; and, since custom induces every one to remain in town during the fine part of summer, a rural day is quite a relief, and a delightful variety among the sameness of crowded parties in heated rooms.
The beautiful and extensive grounds at Holly Lodge, laid out in the best taste, afford every facility for accommodation and a diversity of amusement: while the well-known munificent arrangements of her Grace, joined to her urbanity and attention to her guests, must ever ensure the satisfaction of all present.

The parties began to arrive at two o'clock; and, passing a parterre of orange trees, reached a tent in which were stationed some excellent musical performers, M. and Madame Stock ausen, Miss Romer, Sir G. Smart, the four Koolas, &c. At intervals the Coldstream band, stationed in the grounds, played, in excellent style, selections from all the best modern operas.

At half-past five, most sumptuous repasts were arranged in four rooms, and the tent; after which we en cotre à la Suisse, decked with flowers, was led to the door by peasants in costume; and a sallabub prepared, while the Koolas sung the Swiss pastorals with the Jodeln. The rooms were then prepared for dancing. About nine o'clock the trees in the grounds, were illuminated with light green lamps; and the contrast between their soft lustre and the brilliancy of the dancing-rooms, was really beautiful. Dancing continued until twelve, which hour terminated this most agreeable fete, that had the unusual advantage (in England) of a fine day, cloudless and cool.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**Births.**

July 16th, Lady Charlotte Lane Fox, of twin daughters.—July 15th, at Brighton, the Hon. Mrs. Anderson, of a son.—July 13th, in Harley-street, the wife of John Forbes, Esq. M. P., of a son.—July 12th, at Cassills House, N. B., the Countess of Cassills, of a son.—July 20th, the Lady of M. T. Smith, Esq., M. P., of a daughter.—July 23rd, at Holkham, Lady Mary Stephen- son, of a daughter.—July 3rd, the Lady of the Right Hon. Thomas Erskine, of a daughter, which died the same day.—July 2nd, in York-street, Portman-square, the Lady of J. O. Hanson, Esq., of a daughter.—July 2nd, at Wellesbourne Hall, Warwickshire, the Lady of Bernard Granville, Esq., of twin daughters.—July 2nd, at Triang Park, the Lady of the Rev. Henry Wilden, of a son and heir.

**Marriages.**

On July 14th, Edmund Clark, Esq., of Lincoln’s Inn, barister-at-law, to Clara, youngest daughter of Joseph Pearson, Esq.—July 10th, at Edinburgh, David Duncan, Esq., of Rosemount, in the county of Forfar, to Miss Landerdale Ramsay, youngest daughter of the late Sir A. Ramsay, Bart., of Balmain.—July 17th, at Inver- g wallie, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Chetwynd Talbot, second son of Earl Talbot, to Harriet, only daughter of the late Henry Charles Aston, Esq., of Aston Hall.—July 23rd, at West Molesey, the seat of the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, George Barrow, eldest son of John Barrow, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty, to Miss Croker.—July 21st, Sir John Mansel, Bart., to Maria Georgianna, only daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. the Champion Dymoke, and sister to the present Champion.—July 9th, at Paris, Sir Ferdinando Richard Acton, Bart., of Aldenham, Sa- lop, to Mademoiselle De Dalberg, daughter of the Duke de Dalberg, Peer of France.

**Deaths.**

July 3rd, at Anteul, near Paris, the Right Hon. John, Lord Rendlesham, of Rendlesham, in the county of Suffolk, in his 47th year.—July 19th, in her 67th year, deeply lamented by her family and friends, Caroline, wife of Mr. Ridg- way, bookseller, Piccadilly.—June 29th, at his residence in Bath, Sir William Chambers Bag- shawe, of the Oaks, in the county of Derby.—June 29th, the Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Earl of Donoughmore, in his 76th year.—July 2nd, in Orchard-street, Portman-square, the Dowager Frances, Lady Hales.—At his house in Pimlico, the Right Hon. Charles Dundas, Lord Amesbury, in his 81st year. The title becomes extinct.—June 26th, Miss Anna Maria Porter, the celebrated novelist, at the residence of Mrs. Colonel Booth, Montpelier, near Bristol.—July 10th, Mr. John Townsend, of Eccleston-street, Pimlico, in his 73rd year. He was, for upwards of fifty years, attached to the Public Office in Bow-street.—June 7th, at Ballybrach, near Cushenhall, Archibald M’Cambridge, at the patriarchal age of 123 years and 4 months.—July 22nd, at his seat, Major House, Suffolk, the Right Hon. Lord Henniker, in his 55th year.—July 24th, in Lower Brook-street, Viscount Dil- lon, in his 55th year.—July 19th, at an advanced age, Admiral Sir Israel Pellew, K. C. B., brother to Lord Exmouth.—July 8th, Emma, only daughter of George Heal, Esq. The mother of this young lady died some years ago. The following beautiful lines, replete with tenderness and grace, were written by a young friend of the deceased:—

Home to thy mother, little one!
This world hath strive and care
Too grievous for a thing so soft
And frail as thou, to bear.
Come to thy grave! a happy home
For those who shrink from grief to come,
Lay down thy little head by her’s,
Who did not live to see
The opening bloom, the smile, the tears,
Of thy sweet infancy.
Home to the grave! a sacred home
For those who shrink from guilt to come.
Tell her what bitter tears were shed
Upon thy cradled face;
Tell her what yearning looks were spent,
Her smiles in thine to trace;
Tell her what anguish seemed to come
When she forsook her mortal home.
Tell her what tender watchfulness
Thy baby cares beguile’d;
Tell her that those she left behind
Still love’d her in her child;
Tell her thou hast a happy home
Ere summoned to the life to come.
Tell her thy little soul returns
As pure to Heaven and her,
As when, abash’d a tempest’s rage,
A dove-like messenger.
From brightener lands it seem’d to come,
And call her gentle spirit home.
Come, sweet one! come—a palmy crown
Shall twine thy sinless brow;
A father’s arms have sheltered thee—
A mother’s wait thee now.
A mother’s arms! ah! happy home!
Ah! happy summons! Sweet one—come!
"HE REACHED THE VALLEY;"

A SONG.

WRITTEN BY J. O'DONOGHUE, ESQ.

The Music

COMPOSED BY G. A. HODSON.

THIS SONG MAY BE HAD AT THE BEDFORD MUSIC REPOSITORY,
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HE REACH'D THE VALLEY.

The Poetry by J.O. Donoghue Esq.  

Composed by G.A. Hodson.

\[ \text{He reach'd the valley where he liv'd, When childhood knew no} \]

\[ \text{p Colla voce.} \]

\[ \text{pain; Within his drooping heart he felt, The chill of sorrows} \]
My father, and my mother too,
Are they all pass'd away;
Is there no friendly voice to greet,
The lonely wand'rer's stay:
Where are the bosom friends I left,
My lov'd one, is she dead,
There was no friendly voice to speak,
But Echo answer'd "DEAD!"

He now was on the world alone,
A wand'rer nought was left,
To cheer him on his starless way,
Of ev'ry hope bereft:
He rested o'er the chilly hearth,
And said "here let me die;"
There was no lip to breathe farewell,
But Echo answer'd "DIE!"
MARIO CINCI
Grand Master of the Carbonari


Published by John H. Parker, London.
THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE  
AND  
MUSEUM  
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.  
IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.  

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.  
* * *  
What! is the Jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful!"—Taming of the Shrew.  

SEPTEMBER, 1832.  

MARIO CINCI, GRAND MASTER OF THE CARBONARI.  
(With Descriptive Embellishment.)  

This tale is from the most celebrated work of one of the most celebrated characters in France,—Charles Nodier, who is not only a great author, but is also a leading man in the political world of Paris. His "Memoires de Maxime Odin" is now attracting much attention; and we present a translated extract from that work. It is whispered in the Parisian salons, that, under the semblance of fiction, Charles Nodier has given the public an autobiography of his own life.  

In 1808, I took an active part in the resistance secretly organised at Paris against the tyrannical encroachments Napoleon had made on French freedom. A sudden exile was the consequence. Venice finally became my place of sojourn; I was there received with open arms by many of the ancient noblesse, who were emigrants in that city. No matter to them that my opinions were still more opposed to their own, than even those of the imperious ruler of France: I was his adversary, from whatever cause that enmity might spring.  

Some of the most ancient courtiers of the old regime, who yet survive all the chances and changes of the last sixty years, may perhaps remember M. de Marsan as one of the most brilliant officers in the military domestic establishment of Louis the Sixteenth. His fine figure, his finer manners, his wit, his chivalric courage, would have made him remarked in a court where these happy personal recommendations were less rare; as it was, his rapid advancement in the royal favour was not considered extraordinary. His daughter, born in 1788, had been held at the font, in the name of the Queen of France, by one of her most intimate friends, who, as proxy for the royal sponsor, and at her request, gave the infant her own name of Diane. This girl was the sole surviving child of M. de Marsan; she had been his companion in exile, and through all his troubles, and on her his warmest affections were concentrated. Her mother, Madame de Marsan, had been attached to the service of the sisters of the king of France, and superintended their household in their sorrowful exile at Trieste, where she died some time before her royal friends.  

Previously to my abode at Venice, I had made a tour along the coasts of Illyria (whose productions are so little known to our naturalists), for the purpose of obtaining rare subjects. Similarity of tastes found me favour in the eyes of M. de Marsan, who soon loved me with an affection so truly paternal, that if mean pas-
sions had ever found a place in the bosom of the noble Diane, she might have regarded me with jealousy.

Mademoiselle de Marsan was just twenty, but she looked much older; her complexion was of an ivory tint, rather than of the lively freshness we often see at that age; her skin was exquisitely soft and delicate, and her pale complexion flushed with the least exercise or emotion. Her figure was majestic, and considerably developed; and this fulness of person gave her expression of face a still more imposing appearance. One knew not whether that lofty brow expressed pride or sorrow, whether the curve of that beautiful upper lip denoted disdain, or some hidden grief which the energetic mind laboured to conceal. Altogether, the whole contour of her person, and the tone of expression was precisely that which the statues of Greece have given to the sister of Apollo, and the coincidence of name and person was celebrated by every sonneteer in Venice, and they protested that the modern Diana was more cold and icy than the marble representations of the goddess that Italy possessed. Diane de Marsan received this poetical tribute to her charms with indifference; she was too proud to be vain; she knew she was one of the most beautiful girls in Venice, and considered such homage as her natural right.

The heart of man, and, above all, that of a lover, is excited by difficulty. I loved the cold Diana with an ardour of passion, that, perhaps, would not have burnt so madly had I ever hoped the icy beauty would have returned my fondness.

Diane did not despise the passion with which she saw she had inspired me: women seldom contain love that they have excited; but I saw that directly she made the discovery, her manner towards me became severe, and her words were guarded. From coldness she passed rapidly to disdain, and from disdain to downright rudeness. I saw she was pursuing the same line of conduct that she had adopted to every lover who had before addressed her, whereby she forced them to give up all hope and their pretensions at once.

I did not show any sullenness, for that would have made me ridiculous as well as miserable. I did not weep; one only weeps when one loses all hope of being united to a woman whose affections have been reciprocal. I swelled with indignation at each new cruelty of the tyrannical beauty, I bit my hands and lips with rage; I feigned indisposition, occupation, took voyages, to account for the rarity of my visits; I became desperate, played fearfully high—fought a duel—and rushed with frenzy into the rash plots which were agitated by the Carbonari. I rejoiced in the risk of dying in a tragic and appalling manner, that she might feel regret at having driven me to such reckless conduct. In a word, I was mad.

I cannot here enter into a discussion of the principles of Carbonarism: suffice it that the elder school of that faction had for its motto, "Unanimous resistance to the military tyranny of Napoleon, and free and entire recognition of the ancient rights and laws of every nation included in the secret alliance."

Our assemblies were held in a dilapidated old palace in the neighbourhood of the Rialto; I will not name the proprietor, for the high station he now holds in the ministry of a German court has probably cured him of the romantic fantasies of his youth.

Our chief was Mario Cinci, surnamed 'the Doge.' He was descended from that illustrious but wretched Roman family, whose execrable crime freezes all the sources of pity. The elder brother of the far-famed Beatrice, banished, for no wrong of his own committing, from the territories of the Church, sought refuge at an old castle on his family estate, situated on the shores of Tagliamente, where, tradition whispers that he was struck dead by lightning. A vengeful fatality pursued his descendants from generation to generation; and their chronological history presents a tragedy containing more acts than that of the Pelopides. A late representative of the Cinci family had died on the scaffold in the Italian revolution, and the last of this blood, proscribed both by the laws of God and man, only remained in the veins of Mario Cinci.

The youth of Mario had been passed under the most inauspicious combination of circumstances, severed from all assistance and aid of his fellow-creatures. He seldom showed himself in Venice, and whenever he did, he rushed through the most retired streets, accompanied by a group of friends almost as mysterious as himself; every person he met, turned back and fled from his presence, fearing to encounter the glances of those dark eyes which seemed to burn with supernatural light. For all this, he was by no means
hated as well as feared; very far from it, the terror he inspired had a most fascinating influence on all the young and enthusiastic; and the dread he raised in the minds of his fellow-citizens was that species of pleasing fear with which one looks upon lions, and was pretty nearly allied to the mysterious admiration which occasioned hero worship in the times of antiquity. No person could reproach the noble and unfortunate Mario with an unjust action, or even a malignant observation; on the contrary, a thousand stories were afloat of generous acts that he had performed without solicitation, but without manifesting the least tenderness or sympathy to the objects of his beneficence. He had saved the lives of many children, who had accidentally fallen into the canals, but he was never known to caress one.

Although Mario Cinci was the real chief of the Vendita, it had so happened that I had never seen him either there or elsewhere, for he had been absent from Venice for some months.

Mario had scarcely stepped ashore in the neighbourhood of the Piazzetta, before the populace were advertised of the event; and never was there a more excitable populace, or one more easily led by characters capable of inspiring them with fearful curiosity. Among the groups that filled the port and the Place of St. Mark, Mario Cinci was the only subject of discussion.

"What brings him here," said one of the politicians; "this bird of ill omen whose advent is ever accompanied by calamities. Does he ever land in Venice but in a tempest of wind? Or, if he happens to come in calm weather, he then brings the first news of a plague broken out in the Levant, or some calamitous naval warfare. I had hoped that, in the last storm, thunderbolts had demolished him and his old tower together; but for these three centuries no Cinci has died any other than a violent death."

"Is there any justice in such a denunciation?" replied one who had been ardently haranguing a numerous group, who were eagerly discussing Mario.

"From a child the noble Mario lived but in the thoughts of restoring the ancient liberty and grandeur of the republic. There is more courage and genius in his little finger than in the whole people of Italy; and if he were elected our Doge, he would break from our necks the yoke of both France and Vienna, then our flag would again be queen of the seas, and our independence and commerce would be revived. You know I love him not, nor I ever heard that Mario Cinci loved one human being, nevertheless I declare, that were he Doge, the prosperity of Venice would be restored!"

Such discussions were renewed from day to day; and the populace, who feared to look upon Mario when they met him, excited by awe, wonder, and esteem, never failed to cry, when he landed, "Viva Mario Cinci! Viva il Doge de Venezia!"

Thus he obtained the surname of the Doge; the government gave itself no concern, for they considered Mario as an atrocius misanthrope, who despised public opinion too much to pay any heed to its voice—and events proved they did not judge amiss.

Meantime the vendita, divided into five or six factions:—one was for the re-establishment of that fierce oligarchy of which Venice has still so fatal a remembrance. One chose to establish an unlimited democracy. Another, which appeared to have the ascendency, was composed of corrupt persons, who had sold themselves to Austria, and were really its spies. A fourth held mysterious intelligence with the government of Napoleon. And the last, least in numbers, but powerful in energy and purity of purpose, adhered to their chief, and sought to restore the ancient uncorrupted Venetian republic, such as she had been in the dawn of her greatness.

When I next entered the vendita, I found two or three of the most corrupt of these factions busy in aspersing the character and motives of Mario Cinci; we, of his party, answered by the cry, that had that day re-echoed among the populace, at his landing, "Viva Mario Cinci."

"It is Mario Cinci you would have to lead you," replied the most furious of his accusers. "Well, you shall at least have part of him—his head."

"Come, and take it," responded a powerful voice, whose deep, clear tone made itself heard distinctly through the uproar. At that moment the man, who pronounced these words, entered the room; and, locking the door after him, secured the key in his bosom.

"Viva Mario Cinci," shouted my party
once more; and we closed round the chief, to form a rampart, in case his furious enemies should meditate an attack. I then saw him for the first time; but I can describe him very imperfectly to those who have not seen him, and still more so to those who knew him. The writer, who declared him to be an incarnate angel of light, embellishing, with all its beauty, the body of a giant, made a fine figure of speech and nothing more. At one moment, I thought him the personification of the god Hercules, adorned with the name of a black lion; for such appeared the profusion of his dark curls; then he seemed to me like one of the Paladins of the middle ages—a queller of monsters, an apparent demi-god.

He made the tour of the room slowly, gazing around with savage coolness, seated himself at the head of the table, and leaned carelessly on his elbow. Then, sending forth a burst of ferocious laughter, he touched his head and repeated, “Come, and take it,” till the vaulted roof rung with his powerful voice.

Soon he returned among us.

“The victims are here gathered together,” he cried. “Never was a sacrifice more agreeable to hell, if the purveyors of demons had but power to take them. Give me thy hand, most dear Paolo! Thine Annibal, my Patroclus, and my Cassius. I greet thee well, Felicio—the Lucio—young and intrepid heroes. Courage, my little Stanislaus, thy martial mustachio thickens, gunpowder will speedily blacken it! Who have we here,” continued he pausing, before me; “I know him by his lofty stature, almost equal to my own; so has he been described to me. You are the French traveller, that our friend Chastelu has so warmly recommended. What part do you design to take, young man, in the approaching crisis?”

“To aid you against all tyrannies and tyrants, or die in the effort,” replied I, proudly; “if you are baffled in your virtuous enterprise. Yet I must declare, that I will break my sword, on the field of battle, should France ever be arrayed against me.”

“Right! right!” said Mario, regarding me intently; “the tie that unites us would not have been of long duration, had you not made that condition. But what does a Frenchman, of your age, in the midst of a voluptuous and corrupting city, like Venice, but to drink deep of the cup of her sorceries?”

We were interrupted by a renewal of the uproar, that had been silenced by the entrance of Mario.

“Silence,” he cried, and they were all still. “If,” he said, “you have ought to accuse me of, bring it before all Venice, in the middle of the Place of St. Marc.”

“On that day, I suppose, shouted the most bitter of his enemies, when thou ascendest the Bucentaur, to throw the ring in the sea!”

“Why not,” replied Mario; “if, indeed, I am found the most worthy, and if such be the will of Venice. Yet deeply should I dread the exercise of my own justice, Tadeo, if given power in a republic, inhabited by men like thee! As to espousing the sea, it is a destiny too illustrious for a Cinci. And has not the prophet of Ravenna predicted, that the last of our line should die on the seashore, strangled by the foaming waters?”

His voice took a softer and more melancholy intonation; and the faction, encouraged by his apparent dejection, began to proceed to those personal hostilities that so often terminate a fierce dispute in Venice, when Mario once more raised his voice.

“Peace,” he cried, “or by St. Marc, and his Lion, I will impose a silence that the last trump alone shall break! I proceed to the exercise of the authority with which I am vested. In my quality of grand master of the vengeance of all Italy, and, above all, of the vendita of Venice, I cut thee off from all alliance with its members; thus I break the hazel wand which served me to recognise thee as a brother.* And I here interdict thee from the roof and water, from the bread and salt of the united brethren, as an apostate and perjured wretch. What, do you murmur at this use of the rights with which you have inaugurated me? I act but according to

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* I know not whether the sign of the elder Carbonari is still in use among the modern party. The hazel wand was cut with a slop, and part given to the member and part to the grand master, and the exact fitting was a token of recognition when he met his confraternity. It is a species of freemasons’ sign.
the rules of the society of the vendita, which has thus authorised me to curse any flagrant traitor among its members—and the proof of your treasons remains in my hands. Can you deny it?"

At the same time Mario displayed two papers, one of which was sealed with the seal of the vendita, the other he unfolded on the table.

"Behold! Tadeo," he continued, "behold that clock, where the hand is now approaching the twenty-fourth hour.† When it next strikes were we to have been delivered to the soldiers, who are even now approaching our retreat. Then wouldest thou, in exchange for our blood, have received the vile coin for which thou hast perfidiously sold us. Here are the written conventions of the Judas-like bargain. Nay, mark it well—it is no copy, but the original deed. The strap of the German emperor has but the copy, and the names, which thou hadst the villany to denounce, have been replaced in it by those of the two cowards I see at thy side. I had pity on the rest of thy misled faction, who I now see blush for the infamy of their corrupter. But alarm not thyself, Tadeo, lest thou shouldst lose the infamous honours of this negotiation—thy signature still adorns the conclusion."

Tadeo made a movement of rage; but desisted when he saw himself abandoned by his party. Mario continued.

"The vengeance that I take on thee will not be proportioned to thy crimes; but no person here has any wish to rid thee of the burden of an unworthy and shameful existence. Go in peace, then, enjoy to-morrow as to-day, the light of air and sun; and in gratitude to that heaven who shows mercy to thee through me, become, if possible, something less vile for the future!"

With these words Mario put the key in the lock, opened the door, and, taking the apostates one by one by the collar, flung them out of the hall, to their great astonishment, no doubt. He then locked them out, and turned to us, who had not stirred a step. At that moment the clock began to strike the twenty-fourth hour.

"My friends," he said, "hear you that sound? We must not be found here. Did those foolish men imagine that I should introduce you into this old palace without providing for a retreat, if disturbed? This ancient pile belonged to my forefathers. I was myself born within its walls; and my amusement, when a boy, was to study all its concealed retreats and windings, at an age when other children are in extacies at the puppets of Girolamo, or raffling in the market-place for sugar-sticks. I have not lost the remembrance of bolt and secret spring, although it is long since I have used them."

He pressed his hand on a particular part of some of the carved wood that embellished the pannelling, and a door, hitherto invisible, sprang open.

The impression that this extraordinary scene made on my mind, was, to fetter my movements: I seemed fascinated, as if under the influence of one of those fantastic dreams which steep the senses in such complete illusion. Whether it was resignation or stupor, I can hardly say; but I heard the soldiers and sbirri try the door, and, finding it locked, proceed with heavy blows to break it open. Another moment, and they would have effected their purp"-purpose,—when Mario seized me with a grasp of iron, and broke my ill-timed reverie by dragging me into into the recess with him, which he closed suddenly, and yet cautiously. Another minute, and the sbirri burst into the vacated hall, with Tadeo at their head, and we heard them expressing the most unbounded astonishment at finding it void. We did not wait the issue of their deliberations, but traversed, with guarded footsteps, the long corridors that laid before us, preceded by Mario's old Albanian servant, bearing a lamp. We descended some winding staircases—we mounted others. Sometimes we passed through galleries that had once been sumptuous, and were still covered with tarnished gilding; but they had long been deserted and solitary. After some minutes' rapid walking, we arrived at a low postern, under which was a wicket artfully concealed amidst the buttresses of the wall and pediments of some columns: this opened on a canal, for we heard the dash of oars and the warning cry of the gondoliers. I entered, at his request, the gondola of Mario, and replied to his question of where he should leave me—" At the auberge of the Queen of England"

* Twelve o'clock at night.
for there I lodged. At the instant of parting, Mario followed me to the prow of the gondola, and, seizing me by both hands, pressed them with a warmth of affection that astonished me, who had merely taken his character of coldness and misanthropy from vulgar report.

"After the events of to-night," he said, "your liberty and life will not be, for some weeks, secure in Venice: therefore, if nothing very important obliges your stay, it will be well if you adhere to your original intention of leaving it for a while. But I trust we shall meet again: you will find me before the end of two months, on the day of St. Honorina, in the chapel dedicated to her name, in the parochial church of Codroipo, at the moment when the priest gives the benediction for the mass."

"I shall require twenty-four hours' preparation to leave Venice, and bid adieu to my friends," I said; "and then the shores of the opposite continent will furnish me with amusement for two months. I will not fail you at the appointed place, if death does not intervene."

"I may die also," replied Mario: "yet this accident need not annul our engagements. Take this bit of hazel wand that I broke in the vendita, and, in case an interview may be necessary before the appointed time, follow, without fear any person who presents you with the other end that fits the piece I give you."

He embraced me when I bade him adieu; I stepped on the stairs that led from the water to my hotel, his gondola floated down the canal like a bat, and was lost in the darkness.

When I regained my apartments, great was my astonishment to find M. de Marsan waiting for me at that hour of night,—not that such visits were unusual in Venice, but they were totally contrary to his manners and habits of life. I stammered out some words of welcome, which he interrupted by saying, "Maxime, I have just learned that, in spite of thy many excuses of voyages to the main land, thou hast never quitted Venice, and I am come to ask thee what has estranged thee from my house."

My agitation became painful at these words; I lowered my eyes, and did not not reply.

"Dost thou not fear," pursued he, "that I should give an ill interpretation to thy silence?"

"May not one," I replied, "feel a painful reserve on some subjects that are most wounding to self-love and vanity? Pity the illusions of a madman. I love Diane!"

"Diane is beautiful, and worthy to be loved; and I see no reason why your love should be interdicted. Why, Maxime, did you suffer your heart to be engaged in passion, without having recourse to my assistance and sympathy?"

From the commencement of this phrase, my courage revives.

"I knew not," I replied, "if the pride of birth would have suffered either of you to listen to my wishes. A sigh or an impatient complaint may have escaped me; but I have never troubled Diane with an avowal of my passion."

"Thou hast not told Diane that thou loveth her: she may, for aught we know to the contrary, love thee. Oh, if she did but love thee! Listen to me: I will give thee confidence for confidence. Despite of mediocrity of fortune, Diane has received offers from men of the most illustrious families in Italy. Diane has rejected them all. Qualities the most brilliant, worth the most apparent, assiduity the most tender, have won nothing from her, but the most obstinate repulse, or affronting rudeness."

"Give me leave, my father," I said, "to interrogate you in your turn: is it possible that this strange caprice may proceed from a prepossession for some object that she is ashamed to acknowledge?"

"That idea has struck me more than once before," replied M. de Marsan, musing: "I know but one suitor of that kind; and when he revealed his passion to me, and demanded my consent, I rejected him at once with horror. I did not inform, Diane, of the proposal,—being willing to spare her the indignation that such a lover would have excited in her mind. Thou wilt not wonder at this proceeding, when I tell thee his name."

"I do not wish to know his name," I answered fiercely: "I feel my blood boil at the very idea of him,—for, my noble friend, the heart of woman is so beset with enigmas, that I believe this abhorrent lover, whom you rejected with such disdain, is the real object of Diane's choice."

"What is it that you say?" cried M. de Marsan, raising his arm, with vehemence. "If it should be so, may this unworthy daughter of mine be accused..."
—may the vengeance of God pursue her as the vulture follows its prey—and may her daily bread turn to a stone in her mouth; may"

He would have continued, but I pressed my hand on his lips, and stifled the halfuttered anathema.

"May heaven avert, both from you and Diane," I cried, "the horrible malediction you were uttering on an innocent daughter, for a mere supposition. I will see the dear object of an unhappy passion once more before I leave Venice, and will, at all events, declare my love, and obtain from her, if not a confession of a return, yet an avowal of her reasons for rejection, if she bestows on me her confidence. I shall, perhaps, be enabled to quell these painful suspicions, that excite so much trouble in your mind."

This assurance calmed my old friend: and we agreed that I should dine with him, and meet Diane, with a party of friends that were to be assembled at his house on the morrow.

The next day I presented myself at his house, where every thing wore the air of a fête; for the good old man looked forward to the events of the day with the hope that I should be accepted, and that he should announce me to his friends as his son-in-law. I was placed near Diane: I searched her looks,—they wore more than their usual coldness: there was an expression of antipathy, and I felt the weight of her deliberate cruelty, weigh on my bosom like lead. I trembled with an emotion mixed with fear, and I sought her eyes no more.

The guests were numerous. For some time the conversation consisted, as usual, in the interchange of frivolous news: at last one of the signori said,

"Have you heard that there was, yesterday, a new attempt to disturb the tranquillity of the town—that the soldati were on foot all night; and, had it not been for this vigilance, we should now have been living under the gracious government of Mario Cinci, Doge of Venice."

"Mario Cinci!" repeated all the guests.

"Do not be alarmed," rejoined the first: "on the first intimation of danger, he never fails to retreat in time to his accursed Tower of Tagliamante, where he remains the bugbear of all voyagers, engaged in the honourable pursuits of coin ing; and fabricating poisons,—worthy em-

ployments for the last scion of a family of parricides?"

"Malediction!" exclaimed I, starting from my chair in a transport of anger. "All these accusations I aver to be horribly false; and whoever has so informed you, is more base than the assassin who hires out his hatred and his dagger at so much a night. I have just paid my visit to take leave of the Governor of Venice; and he assures me that the alarm you mention, was fabricated by some mercenary wretches, who had themselves devised a plot, in hopes of making their market of it. As to Mario Cinci, I know not what youthful wildness may have drawn upon him this repudiation; but I avow to you that I follow not the foolish hatred of the multitude, nor believe in the blind vengeance of fatality. All I know of him confirms me in the idea, that the noble Mario is the most generous of men; and he is endeared in my eyes by the unjust persecution of which he is the victim. Nor will I leave you, Signori, without declaring that the cause of Mario Cinci is mine; and I ask you, Venetians, what true heart will hear an absent friend reviled without raising his voice, or even his arm, in his defence?"

"Thy friend!" said M. de Marsan, apart, "Knowest thou this Mario?"

"I have seen him but once," I replied, "and was in his company but an hour. My affections are always suddenly given, yet I have never cause to repent of my precipitancy."

M. de Marsan replied to me in a low voice,

"Your imagination has duped your heart; but this passionate explosion would have deeply alarmed me, had I not seen the awakened interest Diane takes in you, lead her to the saloon—and remember my future happiness depends on the success of your suit."

My own happiness was plea enough for me to use all my eloquence, and the conduct of Diane was enough to excite hopes in the midst of despair. She had taken an opportunity of escaping from my vicinity, where her father had placed her, at dinner; but, for the last few moments, she had returned, taken my hand, and held it clasped in both of hers. I pressed these hands—they were damp and cold, and her brow and lips wore the hue of death. I led her into the saloon for air;
I seated her on a couch; her bosom palpitated with an indefinable emotion. She was silent for some minutes—the longest minutes I ever knew in my life; for in them were compressed all the troubles and inquietudes of love. She spoke at last.

"Maxime," said she, "how much I love you!"

"Take care," I exclaimed, "that you mean what you say! For know you not, Diane, that my errand here is to demand your hand, and that your father has given me his promise?"

She rose—she paced the room with faltering steps, with arms crossed on her palpitating bosom, as if to keep down the violence of its throbs; she paused before me, laid one hand on my shoulder caressingly, and said, in a tone of voice that extinguished all my joyful hopes,

"Poor Maxime! but I ought to keep no secrets from the friend of Mario Cinci!"

I could not reply—a veil was rent from my eyes; but I did not guess the whole even then.

"Seest thou not, Maxime, that I love him—that he is my life, my soul. If not, why should I have insulted thy tenderness, excellent and worthy friend; but I saw that it was necessary, for thy happiness, that thou shouldest believe that I hated thee. Thou knowest not, Maxime, how much it cost me—I, who loved thee as a brother. Wilt thou pardon me?"

I remained some seconds unable to answer or move, at last I raised my eyes to hers; she wept bitterly—I kissed her arms, and then her cheeks—her dark eyes humid with tears; I mixed my tears with hers, and said,

"Diane, you love Mario,—you have made a worthy choice. May heaven bless you both!"

"Love him!" she replied; "he is part of my existence,—I am his wife!"

"His wife! and your father, Madame, have you thought of what will become of him?"

"My father, my excellent father! Oh, may nature prolong his days at the expense of my own. Yet, when Mario knelt before him, endeavoring to prevail on him to consent to our union, 'Thy wife!' said my father; 'sooner would I see her dead.' Yes, he said so: my kind and generous father would have had me dead. Nay, I would that it was according to his wish, so that Mario lived and was happy."

"Your intellects are disturbed, Diane, or you would not speak thus."

"Well, Maxime, I cannot view my future fate in any very brilliant colouring. Remember me sometimes—not harshly, dear Maxime; for the hour is come that I must bid adieu to my parental roof."

"My father is waiting for you, Maxime; tell him that you are going to lead me to my gondola."

There was but a door to open; he waited me, in his study, with ardent and expectant eyes. I threw myself at his feet.

"In the name of your daughter’s happiness, and your own," I cried, "do not let an unjust prejudice separate you from the spouse she has chosen, the noble Mario Cinci."

"Mario Cinci," said the old man, repulsing me with violence; let her and him perish together. Aye! there will be one more parricide in the family of Cinci—Beatrice and Diane!"

He paused and looked on me. "Get away, traitor," he cried, then relenting, he raised me, saying, "leave me, my friend, I am sorely tried; I know not what I say; but I know that the miserable remnant of my days must be spent in cheerless solitude."

I returned to Diane; I offered her my hand to lead her to her gondola, without saying a word; it was needless, for, in the hurry of my spirits, I had left the door ajar, and she must have heard every word that passed. When I left the gondola, I raised the cold fingers, I held, to my lips—she pressed my hand in return, and we parted, in silence.

I followed, with my eyes, her departing gondola, for a long time; it was distinguished, from all the rest, by a streaming knot of crimson ribbons.

I called again, that evening, on M. de Marsan, but uselessly—his doors were closed against every one. The night and the next day was the most cold and stormy of any in January, 1809; when the tempest had abated, I embarked on board a little brig for Trieste. As we coasted near the mouth of the river Tagliamento, next morning, our captain hailed some mariners who were busy with their fishing-boats, raising a gondola that had been overset, and was floating bot-
The Fatal Trick.

I asked, who it had belonged to?

"There is neither name, nor arms, nor cipher, on it," replied one of the sailors; "all it is distinguished by is this knot of crimson ribbon."

I knew it in a moment; I seized it, placed it in my bosom, which it has never since quitted. Diane had joined her lover: they had endeavoured to cross to the main-land, and their frail vessel had perished in the dark winter’s night. What became of the body of Diane was never ascertained. Mario had been thrown ashore at the foot of the rocks crowned by his own castle of Tagliamente. Life was still within him when he was discovered by some of his own peasants; but his frame was so bruised against the rocky shore, that he expired on the beach, notwithstanding their benevolent cares.

Such was the end of the last of the Cinci family, who, in spite of their malignant destiny, were among the most illustrious of Italy for virtue, personal beauty, and talents. Their last descendant was not unworthy of his Roman origin; for the Cinci traced their line to the Cinnas of the immortal city.

THE FATAL TRICK.

A True Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE POORHOUSE."

I.

One eve, in winter wild and chill,
When blasts came rushing from the hill,
And drove against the window pane
A mingled storm of sleet and rain;
Our circle gathered round the flame,
And talked in voices soft and low,
Of deeds of darkness and of shame,
And murder long ago.
And as each story darker grew,
Still closer to the fire we drew.
Each told his tale, and well I ween,
Full many a pallid cheek was seen—
While ghost and goblin, all in white,
Filled the lone wanderer with affright;
And with their shadowy hands betrayed
The blood-stained spot where they were laid!
While thus we talked, with aspect cold,
Old Margery heard each story told;
With fixed, unconscious eye, she sate,
As if her heart were desolate;
And ever and anon she sighed,
But never ope’d her lips to speak,
’Till, with amazement, we espied
Tears coursing down her pallid cheek;
And we were silent all, to see
The grief of kind old Margery.

Old Margery was kind, indeed,—
And, though ’neath time and care
Her cheek was furrow’d, ye might read
Records of beauty there.
Few were her words, but all she said
Was said in such a quiet tone,
And such a gentle smile she had,
It made our hearts her own.
The Fatal Trick.

And though she never joined our play,
She never frowned if we were gay;
But silent still she read her book,
While loud we gambol'd on the hearth—
Secluded in her own calm nook,
And ever anon she'd look
And smile upon our mirth.
Small marvel we were sad to see,
The grief of kind old Margery!

II.

"Ah, happy things!" she said at last,
"You marvel at my tears—
Alas! e'er many years are past—
For sorrow comes with years,
You'll wonder—not that age should weep,
But rather that its tears should sleep—
You've told your tales; the time has come
That Margery should no more be dumb,
But tell her tale in turn:
No ghost, at midnight hour shall rise,
No phantom fill you with surprise—
No goblin light shall burn;
Yet, 'tis a tale shall wake your grief—
And oh! that grief had pow'r
to tortured souls to bring relief,
And wash, with pity's show'r,
The stain—the abiding stain of sin,
That blots the heart!

— But I begin."

III.

"Twas just on such a wintry night,
When sleet and snow came down,
A fire was blazing clear and bright,
In a small country town,
Within a parlour trim and low,
Which glittered in the cheerful glow.

Four people in that room were met
The four best friends in all the earth; Oh! that this bosom might forget
That dear united hearth!
An aged sire with silvery hair,
A youth, and two young maidens there.
"Twas said they both were beautiful;
But one—oh, what delight
To gaze into her eye so full,
So deeply, darkly bright!
To see her form's surpassing mould,
Light as the butterfly on wing,
Yet stately as the dames of old,
Whom poets loved to sing!—
A creature filled with life and light,
A lovelier never blessed the sight.
The Fatal Trick.

The other was a joyous maid,
    A playful little girl,
Proud the fair Mary's locks to braid,
    And trim each glossy curl;
Prouder, if the whole truth were known,
Of Mary's beauty than her own.

The youth! well pleased, I ween, was he
His bride's rich loveliness to see;
For he had loved her since the days
When they had gambol'd on the braes,
And chased the butterflies, and drawn
Their tiny toy-carts on the lawn,
Contented in their childish joy,
A happy girl—a happy boy.

But now, at length, the time drew nigh
When he could take her to his home,
A spacious house, the village near;
For Mary held her sire so dear,
She would have feared to roam
Far from that happy father's side,
Even to be her Authur's bride.

IV.

Thus happy were they all. The snow
And wind, which fiercely 'gan to blow,
Suggested tales of dread and fear,
Just as they have suggested here.
The features of the younger maid
Her bosom's fearfulness betrayed,—
For still her cheek grew wan and pale
While list'ning to each dismal tale;
But Mary's cheek retained its red,
Her eye its light retained,
And, vauntingly, the maiden said,
Such terrors she disdained:
Nay, she could walk the churchyard through,
And sit beneath the midnight yew,
Tho' its dark tresses it should wave
Above a murdered victim's grave.
"Nay, smile not,"—for she saw them smiling
"It is no idle jest:
If you should think that I'm beguiling,
Come put me to the test.
Try me; my nerves shall never start,
There's nothing timorous in my heart."

That younger maid laugh'd shrill and clear,
Her sister's boastful mood to hear,
And said, amid her playful laughter,
"We'll try your vaunted nerves hereafter."
How little do frail mortals know
What great events from trifles flow;
Oh! had that word been left unspoken,
One heart, at least, had not been broken.
The Fatal Trick.

V.
The sire pursued the surgeon's art,  
And skilled was he, and good of heart;  
And, in a secret room, were laid  
The signs and relics of his trade,—  
Each cranny and each shelf was full  
Of mouldering bone and gaping skull,  
And, grinning from a glassy case,  
A naked skeleton had place.  
Ahas! to many a fearful deed  
Will youth, and youth's wild frolic, lead!  
The younger maid that figure took  
From precincts of its guarded nook,  
And bore it to her sister's bed;  
On her white pillow laid the head,  
—That hideous head!—and spread the sheet  
O'er fleshless rib and ghastly feet.

Ah me! with what a joyous heart  
Each merry sister play'd her part;  
With laugh and song, how gay and light,  
They fluttered through that blissful night—  
'Till the glad hours too swiftly fled,  
And called those happy ones to bed.  
With step elate, and bosom gay,  
The younger sister led the way,  
Bearing the light, and half betraying,  
By mutter'd laugh, the trick she's playing:  
Onwards, with stately steps and slow,  
Behold the thoughtful Mary go;  
Too happy in her perfect love,  
'To mark her sister or reprove.  
That laughing one has op'd the door,  
And Mary treads the chamber floor;  
The instant that the threshold's past  
The light expires—the door's made fast—  
Then rises, from the outer side,  
A long shrill laugh of joy and pride.  
Laugh, light, and sister, all are gone,  
Mary's in darkness and alone!

VI.

Next morning, in the dawn's first gloom,  
The sister tript to Mary's room,  
Unlock'd the door, the curtain drew,  
What was the sight that met her view?  
It seemed that slumber still had sway,  
So motionless and calm she lay;  
Her placid face was turned aside  
As if from prying eyes to hide;  
And, close beside the sleeping maid,  
The ghastly skeleton was laid—  
Sleeping!—oh! would she still had slept,  
Still closed those blessed eyes had kept;  
And never, to the light had brought,  
The misery that one hour had wrought!
The Fatal Trick.

Long gazed the sister, anxiously
Her plots' successful end to see;
And now, upon her cheek, are breaking
Rich smiles, which tell that she is waking,
Those open ribs her arm is clasping,
Those bony hands her hand is grasping.
See!—as if dreaming, she has prest
That head to nestle on her breast!
Then, with a sob—but such as dwells
For ever, fixed in Memory's cells;
And a low laugh—but such as starts
From minds o'erthrown and broken hearts—
Her eye she ope's; but what is there?
Misery! misery! and despair!

Oh! never more shall sense or feeling
Come gently o'er those features stealing,
Like moonlight on a tarn outbreaking,
And loveliness more lovely making.
Still shall the vacant wandering stare,
Tell the sad tale of anguish there;
Quench'd is the light—and darkness closes
Upon her heart's just budding roses;
And even the bow'r's her fancy drew,
Round which Love's sweetest garlands grew;
And even the temple she had raised,
Where Love's pure altars ever blazed,
All to the dust, in ruin humbled,
By one dread stroke are wreck'd and crumbled.

VII.

Ah! little boots it to relate,
The sister's yet more piteous fate.
The father fix'd his eye severe
On her who wrought the deed of fear,
Sternly—as if he ne'er were sated,
With gazing on the wretch he hated!
And Arthur—but I need not tell
The blank that on his spirit fell;
Or how—when his beloved name
To Mary's lips unconscious came—
He turn'd his glance, in savage mood,
To where the conscious sister stood.
She died at last;—but never smil'd
That father on his erring child.
Day after day more stern he grew,
Till she was hideous to his view,
And he would start, as if in fear,
If suddenly her step drew near.
Enough! that father died at length,—
Sorrow and rage consum'd his strength;
But never, e'en when death drew nigh,
Soften'd his heart or beam'd his eye:
Dark, moody, wild, he curs'd his child;
And I—oh! from that hour I've toil'd
My father's curses to forget;
They're burning in my bosom yet!
THE ORPHAN THEODORE.

A Tale of the Olden Times.

BY "THE HERMIT IN LONDON."

Colonel St. Preux was one of the bravest officers of the French army, and was actively employed during the greatest part of his life. Kind, generous, and intrepid, nature had fitted him for all the delights of friendship, and all the advantages which a well-born, noble-minded man could enjoy in society; but an early passion for the noble profession of arms made his young heart beat with ambitious anticipations of glory, and he gave himself to his king and country at an early age, and lived a great portion of his time in the tented field, the cold bivouac, in foreign climes, and distant scenes of warfare. Nevertheless, in one of those intervals which gentle peace affords to the soldier, and which enables him to taste the refined enjoyments of love, he became enamoured of a neighbouring nobleman's daughter, with whom he was happily united in wedlock, but whose fortune was not adequate to keep up the rank in the world (as it is called) which her birth, her beauty, and her habits required; so that the Colonel still looked to his sword for her support, and was incessantly employed, until valour and perseverance raised him high in his profession, and brought emolument as well as honour to reward his toils.

In the intervals of the reign of peace, or the mere cessation of hostilities, he returned to the partner of his heart, and then enjoyed the felicity of having an only daughter, the dearest pledge of affection and fidelity, to bless a father's eyes; nor was she his only care; for, previous to his union with the woman of his choice, he had taken upon him a sacred charge, which exalted friendship called upon him to support, to educate, and to make his own. The comrade of his juvenile years, the intrepid brother in arms, who had fought and bled by his side, and had once saved his life at the risk of his own, breathed his last in his arms on the field of honour, bequeathing to him a motherless child (for she had expired in giving him birth, who was now about to be deprived of his father also;) he was an enfant de troupe, and, at the period alluded to, an orphan; a trifling pittance was left with him, but which the high-spirited brother-soldier destined to be expended in his education, after which the same career as his father's was before him, for he had been a soldier of fortune, of great merit but no interest; nor had the blind goddess favoured him in his skirmish through life's campaign, which had been short, brilliant, and perilous. Theodore, the orphan in question, was a child at the time of Saint Preux's marriage, but so handsome, so interesting, that the Colonel's lady adopted him as her son, and determined to bring him up with whatever family the destinies of Hymen might mark for her. The child grew in beauty, in goodness, and in talent, and he added to natural advantages of person, a certain sensibility of mind, and a pensiveness of countenance, which made him, even in boyhood, an imposing object to the studier of nature, to the philanthropist, and to the man of feeling. The childhst stages of his life differed little from those of other boys gifted with talent, gentleness, and application; but after he came from school, and when he attained the age of emerging from his studies and entering the army, he assumed a character which marked his future life, and endeared him, not only to him who protected him with paternal care, but to all around him, and to none more than to Madame St. Preux, who considered him as her son.

The absence of Colonel St. Preux from home so very frequently, and for such very long periods of time, determined his affectionate partner on living in the utmost retirement; and in this seclusion, which was only departed from when he returned at intervals on leave of absence, she watched over the improvement of the minds of Virginia, her only daughter, and of Theodore, when at their castle in time of vacation, so that the youth felt attached to her as if she had been his parent, whilst what he considered a feeling of fraternity bound him to the lovely child who was now ascending the activity of years, and rapidly breaking into attractiveness of no common cast; her heart was as pure as the most limpid stream reflecting the azure heavens in its bosom; her temper was all gentle-
ness and warmth; her deportment all unstudied grace, unconscious fascination; she was the delight and pride of both parents, but more particularly of her father, of whose heart she seemed to form an inseparable portion; and he was now returned home, covered with honours, to repose upon those laurels of which he had gathered in a rich harvest for his approving country.

It was pleasing for the General (such he now was) to contemplate the growing loneliness and talents of his only child, and to look proudly on the orphan, who, under his fostering care, was the last scion of a noble although indigent family, and whose youth begun with such high promise. The couple grew like neighbouring plants of exquisite beauty, side by side, the male plant supporting its associate, which bent towards and looked up to it, giving and receiving the mutual sweets, which the warm breath of a vernal sun wafted to and fro, in the gentle exchange of reciprocal attachment; they grew side by side, they acquired similarities, their sympathies were perfect, they wished that fraternity had bound them together, the society of the one became absolutely necessary to the other, for there was a gentle perpetual intelligence of hearts; but, alas! this attachment was not brotherly, although they did not, they dared not, examine and analyse it: pangs at short partings, sighs exhaled in solitude unwitting and undetected, joys excessive at meeting after such separation, the interrupted respiration of the youth and the burning cheek of the maiden, when palm embraced palm, or when a greater proximity than usual took place in the rural walk, the light dance, or when Theodore leaned over the shoulder of Virginia whilst instructing her in Italian, or accompanying her in a duet, and when his imprisoned heart beat with such violence and rapidity that it seemed as if it were about to burst its tenement to give itself to the mistress of its soul,—all these were powerful indications that something more than friendship or brotherhood attracted them to each other; but they flew from inquiring reflections, and fought feebly and unsuccessfully against the war of their passions.

This was not perceived by St. Preux, nor by his lady; but the great partiality which she felt for the youth, excited by his orphan state, and augmented by his dutiful and devotedly attached respect and regard for her, made her indifferent as to the consequences, well acquainted, as she was, with the purity of her daughter, and with the honour and high sentiments of the young soldier. St. Preux felt not thus; he truly loved the son of his deliverer and brother in arms, but his affection carried him no further, so that he rejoiced when an opportunity offered for the youth's visiting St. Petersburgh, persuaded that absence and time, a variety of objects, the embarking in the profession of arms, together with the many changes and chances in life, could reduce a growing passion to what prudence and their different views would dictate; thus confident, he presented Theodore with a sabre and a purse, a ring, and a family missal, as his inheritance, on his quitting the castle to take service in Russia, recommending him to follow his brave father's example in his military career, to keep religion and honour continuously and unitedly in view, in all the perils and vicissitudes of life, and in the softer but not less dangerous temptations of pleasure; adding, that he (Theodore) had everything in his favour—youth, fine person, natural bravery, and many accomplishments which nature and science had conspired to bestow on him, and which his assiduous studies had highly cultivated and polished, and concluding by giving him his blessing, and his advice to form high connections, and to look out for a noble and rich conjugal engagement, which he would have a favourable opportunity of doing, well introduced as he was, and equally well qualified to gain esteem and admiration. At this piece of advice, the voice of Theodore lost its manliness, it faltered, his lips quivered, the blood mounted to and forsook his countenance alternately, and the big tear trembled in his full eye. The General mistook this for gratitude (not that he did not possess that just feeling), and pressing him to his bosom, bade him begone, speedily leaving the room himself, lest the infection of weakness might unman the veteran of many a field of fight.

Theodore was formed to gain admiration, and to be a candidate for wealth and title in the lottery of Hymen; he excelled in those graceful and manly exercises which suit the soldier and the gentleman, and to those accomplishments which recommend the possessor to the approving smile of lovely woman. He was a great linguist,
a fine musician, and generally well read; and he had bestowed much pains on his enchanting pupil, Virginia, to perfect her in these last branches of education; nevertheless, he looked not further than for the smile of complacency from the softer sex, save only for one, nor sought to gain an ascendancy over any heart but one, for which his own had long and irrevocably been exchanged. His parting with his benefactor—with him who had been a second father to him, cost him a pang; but it was no way comparable to what he endured by severing himself from her whose enchantment held his captive soul, whose presence was his sunbeam, in whose eyes he read the only interest which he felt on earth, for whom he prayed with fervour, and sighed with agony, who occupied his many thoughts, and had been, up to the present moment, the charm of his existence. It is dangerous and dreadful to love thus, but it is sadly sweet: such is a first and indelible love, or such after passion, which, in the excess of its ardour and the perfections of the beloved, transcends all former feeling, and for ever seals up the heart;—such was that of Theodore towards the object of his idolatry. The precautious parents prevented, as they thought, a final bidding adieu: a ball was given, and the soldier, starting for the first time in the race of glory, was hurried into a travelling carriage, and sent forth from those scenes on which regretful memory and tearful eye lingered when they had faded from reality; but Virginia and Theodore could not part thus; and the latter, when he had been galloped away with for a couple of miles from the temple where his goddess claimed his exclusive devotion, returned on foot to utter a sad farewell, and to plight vows, which the confessions of reciprocal feeling drew from the deepest abyss of the heart, and which died away in a last sob, drowned in a shower of tears, which left silence more eloquent than words, and a last look, lost in the delirium of the moment. Virginia retired to her chamber, which she left not the following day; reigned indisposition was assigned as the cause, which, however, was attributed by both parents to a far more serious source, but they had the good sense and feeling not to probe too deeply the wound which concealment kept from the eye, and to respect the tender susceptibility of her virgin heart.

"Time," repeated the father, "is a great worker of cures; and the less we name Theodore the better." Every kindness, every attention, were bestowed on the suffering maid, and every invention resorted to, in order to wean her from her sorrows, to dissipate by locomotion and change of amusement the early passion with which a very worthy but fortuneless object had inspired her. They were unsuccessful in their efforts, yet not aware of the fact to its full extent, Virginia having substituted placidity for contentment, and smiling gravity for the aridity of a mind wasted by care and consumed by unavoidable regrets. Theodore, it was hoped by St. Preux, was now all alive to the brilliant novelty of a military life, occupied by the pleasures of the Russian capital, and diverted from his first passion by the flattering debut which he made in courtly circles; but he knew not the real state of his mind; absence only seemed to increase the flame which burned within his bosom, and which became more fatal by being thus stifled; nevertheless, he pursued his career with assumed buoyant spirit, and, in his letters to the castle kept within the line of prudence, lest he should offend his benefactor. At first, his letters were named to Virginia, but, in the course of a little time, the symptoms of emotion, which she could not conceal, and the fall of hidden tears, made the General determine not to communicate their arrival any more to his daughter; he thought that apparent long silence might weaken the attachment of Virginia; but, unfortunately, she felt it so agonizingly, that her mother confessed to her this truth, and let her know secretly when she heard from Theodore, observing, at the same time, that she had the husband's commands that in future his name should never be uttered.

Theodore, not aware of this order, obtained, after two years' absence, leave to return to the chateau, where he flew on the wings of love; he was now at a period of life when two years alter the features, by giving what had been of a boyish appearance the greater dignity of manhood; he had now passed his twentieth year—and being more formed, and more confident, he might fairly be called a strikingly handsome man. His manners were still more courtly—his air more dignified—his voice still more persuasive his gestures more graceful, more studied,
more perfected; nor did he need all this accession of means to welcome him, nor to render him an object of high and exclusive interest to Virginia. His arrival at the castle made every heart leap with joy; nor could St. Preux help receiving him with emotion, seeing in him the image of a truly dear friend, strong in the resemblance, but still more striking and more correctly handsome: all former restrictions were now forgotten, and, for a while, the hospitable walls of friendship rang with the sounds of mirth and joy; but bliss is short-lived—true felicity is no inhabitant of earth—brevity are our joys, fleeting and uncertain; what is pleasure? the liveliest, the earliest, and least unsullied,—that pleasure which has the charm of novelty, and the ignorance of future alloy; in a word, what is pleasure? but what the immortal Scottish bard tells us—

“Pleasures are like the poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-falls on the river,  
A moment white, then melts for ever;  
Or, like the Borealis race,  
That fixes e'er you can point the place;  
Or, like the Rainbow's lovely form,  
Vanishing amid the storm.”—Burns.

As transient, as evanescent, as quickly fled, as soon dissolved, were the moments of bliss which love and friendship had hoped to perpetuate; scarcely were the brief days of welcoming gone by, when an altered countenance, an air of business-like care, obscured the father's brow—when the glowing cheek of Virginia looked pale, and the sparkling eye was downcast in languor and dejection, and when guests and household, returning to their former places, an intended union was announced, by St. Preux, for his lovely daughter; a union which, from the wealth and influence of one party, was to build up the future fortune, and to establish the consequence of the family. The father was an old and an able commander, so that he was well aware of the necessity of making a diversion, by removing the grand obstacle first, ere he could hope to succeed in bringing up the suitor to commence his attack.

Theodore was daily gaining on the affections of the object of his love; and it was to him, not to the gentle maiden, that the general deemed it most effective to apply first. Taking him, one day, into his study, and showing him the portrait and cuirassé of his gallant sire, he said, “Theodore, my child, there is the resemblance of him who was the soul of honour, of him who was ever ready to sacrifice his personal interest, nay, even his life, to delicacy and sentiment—gratitude and friendship to chivalrous principle, and to the point of honour in arms, above all to a comrade or a friend; do thou imitate him, for thou hast a great sacrifice to make at the shrine of honour and exalted feeling—a great debt to discharge to gratitude and justice.” The young man's cheek assumed the deepest crimson, his eyes flashed fire, his heart beat full and strong, his voice was subdued, and his articulation became uneasy and almost inaudible. “What can my second father exact of me,” said Theodore, laying his hand upon his breast, “that I am not ready to perform at the risk of my life.”—“A bitter task,” replied his benefactor,—“one that will cost thee a severe pang.”—“Well”—boldly answered the young soldier, “and what is bodily, or even mental pain, to him whose duty calls upon him for this tribute?”—“Wilt thou swear.”—“Ay, my dear patron, by my faith and sword, by all that is dear to me, by all that man can hope for, I swear,” placing his hand on his sabre-hilt, and then disengaging it and grasping that of St. Preux in his.—“Then,” gravely and solemnly accented the latter “thou must fly from this spot immediately, without explanation or adieu; it must be so, or ruin will attend my best anticipations; the prospects of my house, that house which has been thy shelter, will be destroyed for ever.”—“Never”—“What!” exclaimed the old warrior. “Never,” resumed the agonized youth, “shall it be said, that Theodore should disobey the father of the orphan—should return ingratitude for beneficence—should consult self-interest when its immolation was called for by cruel yet imperious circumstances; I go, my benefactor—I tear my heart-strings from this hallowed roof; but I must fly on broken and bleeding wings, deprived of that which enabled me to soar to the regions of hopeful felicity, deprived of a better half of my being, a second self, dearer than my forlorn, imperfect existence; I go at your command; I bless the house to which I once be-
longed; and courting peril in honour's path, I kiss the hand which expels me from your gates; farewell, sir, my die is cast—my destiny is fixed—the summer of my days ends here; farewell—farewell! I seek not an explanation—I dread it; perhaps I am no longer worthy of your confidence, nor ought I further to trespass on your patronage.”

The old man was moved to tears. “Stay, my son,” said he; “accompany me into the wood, and we will talk this matter over: a time may come when thou wilt glory in thus nobly contributing to the aggrandisement of my family; and, although now having nought but thy sword to trust to, fortune may hereafter favour thee in another way.” Theodore felt wounded to the quick at this remark; he took the hint: he knew on what it bore. His poverty, the obligations which he owed to his father’s friend, weighed heavily on him; when, the old man leaning on his arm, he accompanied him, with downcast look, to what was called the holywood, near which a station * was erected. Silence prevailed for a short time, after which St. Preux explained to him the reasons for this painful conduct, the intended union of his daughter with a rich and illustrious suitor, and the necessity for his (Theodore’s) absence ere her consent could be hoped for: he put him upon his honour, brought to his mind his orphan and unprotected infancy, and then asked him if it would be a grateful return on his part to be an obstacle to the welfare of his family? Theodore bowed submission with tearful eye, and tore himself, within an hour, from love and Virginia. His absence was soon perceived: the real cause was unwillingly, but of necessity, confessed,—for Madame St. Preux and her daughter could not believe that Theodore would have left them so, had he not been compelled to depart without bidding them adieu. Lamentations and tears filled the castle walls, and all was mourning where mirth and joy had been. A severe trial now was at hand,—for the gentle maid already bent under the stroke of affliction.

The illustrious lover became impatient to urge his suit with his intended, whose father was as anxious for the accomplishment of an object so important to his interests; he therefore applied at once to Virginia, and used every argument in his power to prevail upon her to accept the hand of him whose alliance was an object of such ambition to St. Preux. A respectful refusal was the consequence of this interview, when paternal authority, and almost violence, succeeded, under the influence of which she shrank motionless on the floor, and was borne away, powerless, to her apartment, where she was confined for many days. At length, her father entered one morning, and, casting himself on his knees, implored her not to consign him to his grave with sorrow and disgrace,—for, he confessed to her, that a recent ruinous law suit, together with added expenses to keep up a retinue becoming his rank, and fitted to receive the noble suitor, had loaded him with debt, and utter destruction, must fall upon him, if Virginia gave not her hand to her affluent suitor. Filial piety prevailed; she consented, and the victim was led to the altar, and there sacrificed. She again fell ill; but soon after recovered. She was the model of conjugal propriety: but the smile of content never lit up her countenance. Her lord perceived it, but was too proud to own it. Still watching in sullen vigilance over her conduct, he could never detect one fault, one indiscretion, one unbecoming look or thought: and now he gave himself up to the pleasures of the table and of the sporting field. Could they be happy? No; but Virginia never complained.

Whilst these scenes took place in Germany, Theodore was a wanderer on his travels,—seeking, from change of place, a mitigation of his heart-breaking sufferings; and, disgusted with the Russian service and the tyranny practised on the gallant Poles, he quitted the former, and repaired to the land of liberty (England), where, for a short space, his active and ardent mind dwelt on novelty, and he became an enthusiast in freedom’s cause; but, ever and anon, love harrowed his bosom, and he saw nothing but active service to take him from himself,—for he had learned that the unhappy wedding had taken place, and that Virginia was

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* There are in Germany, and other parts of the continent, recesses formed on the high road, and other places, in which stands a crucifix. This is called a station, at which passengers pay their devotions.
the mourning bride of a living husband, bearing the worm of secret sorrow in her breast. His finesses were, at the same time, decreasing rapidly; under which urgencies, and with a mind which had caught the flame of freedom, he volunteered his services as captain in the Spanish patriot army. There he fought and bled, and so distinguished himself, that he soon obtained the rank of a colonel, improved his fortunes, and had a most advantageous offer of a marriage with the daughter of a very rich South American. This he rejected with humility, but decision: his faith pointed, like the needle, to the north. Change he knew none; nor could time nor circumstance turn his affections to another object. He loved on—and was miserable: and when the successful conflict was over, he returned once more to Britain, there to devise where next he could direct his enterprising thoughts. Beauties he had seen many,—those sunny enchantresses of Old and New Spain, whose fine forms, silken tresses of raven-black, and whose impassioned eyes of fire, might captivate a colder heart than his: but he found not a Virginia; neither did the soft, melting attractions of British beauty, the eye of heavenly blue, the gently winning of harmonious features, and sylph-like forms, gain upon him. The heart had fled, and an aching void supplied its place.

He wandered about our vast metropolis, alone in crowds, and was at one time about to assist the Poles, and at another to visit North America, when despatches, received from Bohemia, altered his plans, and changed at once his life. The husband of Virginia, recently recovered from a fit of the gout, had imprudently indulged in his favourite amusement of the boar-hunt, heavy rain overtook him in the forest—he returned home wet, and, in a high fever, the gout flew to his head, and soon he was no more. The soldier of fortune had now rank and a competence, fame, and strong claims on her for whom he had borne so much; his courage and constancy had both been tried, and he resolved to lay his laurels at the feet of the lady of his first love. It has been said of fortune, as of a showery climate, "it never rains but it pours." Theodore was a living instance of this; for, on visiting the Imperial states, he was agreeably surprised by finding a considerable legacy, left by a distant relation to him, as the orphan representative of his gallant father; with this accession of strength he made his advance to the drawbridge of the castle, which was uplifted with joyfulness; for an avant-courier had already announced him, in order to prevent surprise and agitation, often so fatal to delicate female sensitiveness. St. Preux met him with transport, and, not leaving him time to accent his errand, he said—"Theodore, my child, I know that thou art come to solicit the hand of Virginia—it is thine; her heart thou long hast had, and happy shall I be to call thee my son." The mute expression of overcoming delight stood on his countenance, and he pressed the old warrior to his heart. Virginia, supported by her mother, soon appeared upon the lawn, and extended her hand, which was eagerly seized by her lover and pressed to his lips. The day was fixed, and arrived. No gorgeous banquet, like the former one, in which the heart of the bride took no part, distinguished the nuptials of Theodore and Virginia; but a modest ceremony, performed at an early hour, and sanctified by ample donations to the poor, united two young and faithful lovers; the weeds of widowhood faded away, and the green laurel, emblem of immortality, and bright colour of hope, supplied their place; the obstacles which had separated those whom love had secretly bound together, seemed like the impediments to conquest in war, or the intervention of difficulties in the journey of life,—rendering success more glorious, and felicity more dearly won. Fortunate it was that neither despair nor the destructive steel, had cut short the thread of existence, on which the very life of one who had been all that daughter could be to a father, and who was now all (and the price is invaluable) that wife can be to the husband, in whom her hopes, her happiness, and her world were concentrated.
MY SISTER DEAR.

BY JOHN S. CLARK, ESQ.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and flew to heav'n."

Young.

There is a spot, a stilly spot,
That seems to sleep alone, forgot;
No kindred heart is beating near,
No flow'rs bedeck the green grave there;
The sod no bending knee hath worn,
No furrow'd cheek doth o'er it mourn;
The heedless stranger casts an eye
On the carved name—then passes by,
And other thoughts engage his mind
Than the cold clay he leaves behind;
He seeks the busy haunts of men,
He enters on the world again;
Nor Love nor Friendship claim the tear—
He knew not thee, my sister dear.
He knew not thee; oh! had he known,
He would not thus so soon have gone;
Could he have told how much that earth
Contained of loveliness and worth,
Of virtue, truth, and piety,
He would not thus have quitted thee,
Without one sigh above the dead,
To think that thou, e'en thou, could'st fade.

My sister dear, my sister dear,
Though many a long and weary year—
Years full of toil and grief—have past
Since on thy form I look'd my last,
How often do I sit alone,
And ponder on those moments gone—
Those moments, oh! so passing dear,
So full of joy, for thou wert here,
When childhood spread the swelling sail,
And down Life's stream Hope's fav'ring gale
Wafted us on: we thought not then
How sadly Time could change the scene,
How firmest friends could turn to foes,
How e'en the hearts of kindred close
To sweet Affection's hallowed ties;—
What knew we then of weeping eyes?
We had no sorrow, had no thought,
But, with one guileless pleasure fraught,
To look around us and to see
All others happy, blest, as we.
And say, sweet spirit, dost thou e'er
Rest thy bright wings o'er yon parterre—
Yon beauteous spot, where oft of yore
We roamed together? Never more
Shall thy soft music charm the ear
Of Nature's warblers list'ning there;
My Sister Dear.

No, never more the rustic throng
Shall stay to hear thy vesper song!
The harp hath lost its tuneful lay,
The garden's charms have past away,
Its former tenants are forgot,
And strangers tread the hallowed spot.
Thy lute hangs on the willow bough,
No hand dare wake its echoes now;
There is such sadness in its tone,
Such seeming plaints o'er days bygone,
Such melancholy murmurs steal
O'er every note its chords reveal,
That knew I not that thou wert blest
In regions of eternal rest,
I still might think, my sister dear,
Thy guardian spirit hover'd there—
That thou around thy harp didst fling
The shadow of an angel's wing,
And wept to think that hands profane
Could move those hallowed chords again.

When last we heard thee sing once more
The song we loved so much of yore,
And dwelt on every note of thine,
Replete with harmony divine;
Though long disease had weigh'd thee down
E'en to the grave, methought there shone
Such richness in each varied tone,
Such power as thou could'st give alone,
It seem'd as though my dream was o'er,
That all was happy as before,
That Heav'n still smil'd upon the scene,
And thou wert still what thou hadst been.
A portrait hung upon the wall,
I raised mine eyes, by chance they fell
On canvass where the painter's skill
Had drawn thy beauteous form when still
Health, beauty, beam'd upon thy brow,—
How bitter was the contrast now!—
I could not bear that look again,
I tore me from thy seraph strain,
And wept, secluded and alone,
O'er the sad wreck of pleasures flown.

Pensive, we watched thy dying bed,
No sigh was heard, no tear was shed;
Why should we sigh, why should we weep,
When smiles were flutt'ring on thy lip,
And thine eye brightened all the gloom
That shadow'd o'er the stilly room?
The last sad pang is over now,
Seraphic glories deck thy brow;
Commingling with the cherub band,
The harp of gladness in thy hand,
Thou turn'dst its chords to Him who gave
Thee power to triumph o'er the grave,
To yield unscar'd thy latest breath,
And pass in smiles the vale of death!
My Sister Dear.

I sought my chamber; still and calm,
Its quiet brought some soothing balm,
For I could sit and think of thee,
And all our past felicity.
'Twas at this hour in other days,
We used to listen to thy lays,
To mark thy fingers gently glide
Where music pour'd its silver tide,
And thy voice answer'd to the strain—
When shall we hear that voice again?
I pray'd; but wherefore to mine eyes
Did that fresh burst of tears arise?
Why did my heart refuse to bear
The flood of woe that hurried there?
I pray'd—imploring, though bereft
Of thee, God's grace on dear ones left;
I nam'd them all—each hallow'd name
Familiar to my ut'trance came;
My father (who in realms divine
Now blends his seraph song with thine);
My mother (she who led thee on
To the bright sphere where thou art gone);
My brothers, sisters, all were heard
In the warm pray'r my heart preferr'd:
I pray'd—and instinct to my prayer
Brought thy dear name to mingle there.

Sweet spirit! how I envy thee!
Oh! what would I not give to be
But one short hour amid the best
Clasp'd to an angel-father's breast,
To tell him of my ev'ry care,
To pour my secret sorrows there;
And as of old his cheering voice
Could make my drooping soul rejoice,
So would it now afford relief,
Dry ev'ry tear, hush ev'ry grief,
Chase from my brow each harrowing pain,
And melt my lip to smiles again.
Oh! if 'tis true an angels pray'r
Remembers friends still ling'ring here,
Then wilt thou pray for us, that we
Like thee may live—may die like thee;
That when at length God's holy hand
Shall beckon to a better land,
We may meet there, on yon bright shore,
The fond, the lov'd, now gone before;
May meet—where care can never stray,
Where all earth's tears are "wiped away;"
May meet—to join the seraph choir,
To sweep with them the hallow'd lyre;
May meet—where dwells the Eternal One,
To cast our crowns before His throne!
PROVERS.

BY DON TELEESFORO DE TRUEBA.

"What ails you, Sir David; you seem uneasy."

"And with reason, my Lord. I must quit this place, or wilfully deliver myself up to excruciating torture. I am in the most imminent danger of becoming the victim of a talking vampire—a pronouncing monster—a walking folly; in fine, there are no less than six prosers in the room now, and it will be very difficult to escape the aggravation of every one of them."

"But are they so much to be dreaded?"

"A prosr I consider to be one of the most awful calamities that can afflict human nature. Helpless mortality is periodically visited with various calamities, such as famine, conflagrations, wars, and plagues. The present moment is rendered dismally important by the menaces of the cholera morbus and a continental war. Public distress, Irish riots, manufacturing starvation, are topics of daily discourse; yet, among so varied a catalogue of evils and misfortunes, is it not singular that the infictions of prosers should be constantly overlooked?"

"You speak so feelingly, Sir David, that I must needs conclude you have been a martyr to the said prosers. Would you favour me with a cursory account of the most prominent features in the characters and habits of these redoubtable beings?"

"Willingly, Lord M.; but let us retire to the corner of the room, to escape the observation of these inhuman persecutors. Fortunately, the most formidable of the gang has fastened upon poor Sir George S. Ha! ha! observe, my Lord, what a look of blank horror the luckless baronet displays in his affrighted countenance. That tall thin man, with red whiskers, slippery pantaloons, capacious mouth, and redundant shirt collar—that eager, anxious, energetic personage, that seems to be labouring under some mental derangement. Bless me! see how fearfully he gesticulates. Poor Sir George! Well, well, that tremendous being is Mr. Loquax, one of the most stupendous members of the whole fraternity of prosers. The man is indeed a perpetrator of deeds against the comfort of his Majesty's subjects, that ought to be put down by Act of Parliament. He is a disturber of the public peace—a moral housebreaker—an insidious thief of precious time. He goes coolly and systematically perpetrating the most violent assaults; yet there is no law to protect a peaceful individual from his cruel attacks. Look at Sir George S. now. Who will pretend to deny that he is retained by force, and compelled to undergo the infliction of this ruthless tormentor? Who will be hardy enough to maintain that the baronet would not rather submit to any species of assault sooner than that of a prosr? Yet our legislature will oblige a man who appears to entertain a grudge against his neighbour, to swear to preserve the peace; and, at the same time, it does nothing to protect individuals from the atrocious attacks of prosers. It is strange! wonderful! marvellous! the anomalies that we find in our laws. They provide against evils of petty importance, in comparison to the crime of prosing; and yet they permit tongue-malefactors to go loose about town, with licence unbounded to exercise their malpractices whenever they think fit. There are regulations against rioters, Tom-and-Jerry sparks, mad dogs, drunkards, flying nymphs, unruly clerks, pickpockets, and thieves; but we find none against prosers. We read, in every corner of the street, "Commit no nuisance:" yet we can see no where an equal injunction, "Commit no prosing." Nay, we hear every day of a man being hanged for murder or highway robbery; we find others transported for sheep-stealing or petty larceny: but has any one ever heard of a man so much as condemned to the treadmill for prosing? A forger, a housebreaker, and a cheat, are looked upon with horror and contempt by their fellow creatures; yet a prosr is allowed to frequent all kind of public places, in open defiance of the laws of common equity. Constables are placed at the theatres to protect your watch and silk handkerchiefs from the light-fingered worthies; still, whilst so much anxiety is evinced for the contents of your pockets, no civil functionary will interfere to defend your person from the cold-blooded aggressions of a prosr. Pardon me, Lord M., if I exhibit an unusual degree of warmth in speaking on the subject,—for it is one
fruitful in painful reminiscences; and I cannot keep my temper when I perceive, as I now do, a valuable member of society, such as Sir George, tranquilly abandoned to the copia dicendi of Mr. Loquax."

"Really, Sir David, your picture is rather highly coloured. I cannot conceive proser to be the fearful personages you describe them."

"Probably, my Lord, you have never been acquainted with Mr. Loquax, Mr. Tattle, Mr. Job Jabber, or any other proser of equally portentous calibre; but if you had been their victim, as it has been my fate to be many a time, I am confident you would bring a bill into Parliament for the abolition. You do not know Mr. Loquax?"

"Only by sight; he comes here very often, and I always see him engaged in earnest conversation with some one or other."

"Of course that is the business of his life—club-houses are equally favourable to the pursuits of proser as they are to reading-cormorants. There is no fun in talking to oneself, and, therefore, Loquax, Tattle, Job Jabber, and Co. are obliged to look out for the means of carrying on their avocation in a proper manner."

"Methinks they might indulge their propensities in their homes."

"Homes! God bless you, my Lord, what are you saying?—home, indeed! Proser have no homes—Loquax, Tattle, Job Jabber, and Co. have long since ceased to possess what is called a family circle."

"You astonish me; explain yourself."

"Loquax is an elderly bachelor, who has taken the affairs of the nation under his care; he has formed the singular project of correcting abuses, and chastising misuse, by the mere dint of talking—a difficult task you will allow, but one which the formidable proser continues with unrelenting acerbity. Now, only consider the difficulties which Loquax has had to encounter—he has failed thrice in his endeavours to obtain a seat in Parliament, the object of his ardent wishes; for he confidently expected to prose ministers into disgrace; that he would be a fearful member, is apparent from his not having become one."

"You utter a paradox, Sir David."

"It is clear that the old members, who were in undisturbed possession of all the prosing, felt alarmed at the prospect of such a man as Loquax coming to poach on their premises. Mr. P——, Mr. ———, and other honourable proser, trembled for their privileges of setting members to sleep, or talking them out of the house. Intrigue was at work, and the formidable Loquax lost his election; defeated in his plans of prosing in the House of Commons, he turned his attention to his own house. He lived with two maiden sisters, who, being of a rather mild temper, endured, with magnificent resignation, the long-winded speeches of their eloquent brother. He spoke to them of the affairs of the nation—explained the corruption of borough-monsters—denounced the vices and follies of the ministry—arranged the budget, and settled the system of our foreign policy; now all this, and much more, which was perfect Greek to the good-natured sisters—but they, kind souls, nodded assent to every thing he said, which was, indeed, the most judicious course they could adopt, since they could not understand a word of what he said, and consequently were unable to answer his arguments. Mr. Loquax was rather pleased with the effects of his oratory; but having once convinced his sisters, he longed to convince some one else, and the more so as he perceived that the affairs of the nation remained in statu quo, despite of the repeated nods of assent which his eloquence had elicited from the maiden sisters. Nor was this all; he soon perceived the inconvenience of repeating arguments to those who are already of one's way of thinking; for the sisters got tired at length of their brother's superfluity of oratory, and regularly went to sleep before he had even opened the questio; this was provoking. Loquax felt the strength of the hint, and sallied to obtain hearers wherever he could find them."

"His acquaintance make it a practice of cutting him when they find themselves with sufficient courage; but he is a man of dauntless perseverance, disdains ceremony, and forgets slight, so that, nolens volens, he will provide himself with an audience."

"And pray who is that diminutive gentleman who has just joined Mr. Loquax; do you know him?"
"Why, my Lord, that is Mr. Tattle, of whom honourable mention has already been made; Tattle is, if possible, a more dangerous prosér than Loquax—and for this simple reason, he embraces a wider range of subjects, he has a furor of words, and he never reads, so that he is always disengaged and ready to prose. Loquax, on the contrary, spends some time in reading the papers. Politics, the affairs of the nation, is his hobby-horse; but Tattle is an ameliorating repository of idle chit-chat—a personification of gossip, and chronicle of vapid talk and nonsense, and retailer of every story going about town. He knows every one and every thing—keeps in constant motion—and to me it appears miraculous, how a man can keep his legs and his tongue moving at the same time with such astonishing rapidity. Tattle will tell you all the new arrivals and late departures, and this, too, without ever casting a glance on the public journals; he knows who is going to be married in high life, and what action for crim. con. will come next. He is acquainted with all the forthcoming novelties at the theatres—the intrigues behind the scenes—and the scandalous biographies of dancers; he will describe all the most celebrated dinners, splendid balls, and suffocating routes, without being invited to any one of them—and he will detail all the proceedings at Almack’s, the manoeuvres of mamma’s, the most piquant faux pas, and every circumstance connected with fashion, without ever so much as pretending to be a member of it. He carries, in his pocket (for the public accommodation), the rent-roll of every rich family in England, whether among the Peers or the commoners. He can tell, to a shilling, the fortune of the most eminent merchants, brewers, manufacturers, &c. &c. He knows the marriage portion of every débutante of the season—the newest fashions for gentlemen and ladies—the movements of the court-circle—and the titles of the latest publications. Such astounding information of idle gossip—such a miscellany of on-dits, such a cataract of talk and repository of anecdote, is not to be found within the precincts of the United Kingdom. However, Tattle is upon the whole, a more amusing and entertaining prosér than Loquax; and one might endure the powers of his tongue for a quarter of an hour or so, but the mischief is, that he never gets exhausted—he never argues, and consequently is always on the offensive; for argument implies proposition, remark, demonstration, and answer. Now Tattle is in danger of nothing of all this. As he merely supplies information, without pretending to enter into the merits of the case—it stands to reason that he keeps all the talk to himself; the worse that can happen is, that he may chance to stumble on a flat contradiction, which impedes his career for a moment; but, by shifting to another topic, he soon recovers from the fall, and is able to resume his task with the same untriuming spirit."

"But, now my Lord, do you observe that dull, heavy-looking person, with the sleepy eye, narrow forehead, and enormous double chin—that lump of flesh slovenly in attire, and possessing an indiscreet rotundity of person—that pensive-looking human ponderosity that sits apart, and is now talking so solemnly and leisurely to that emaciated young man?"

"Yes, I believe he is one of our newest members."

"You are right; well that is the prosér by excellence, the everlasting, eternal, unextinguishable, all-formidable Mr. Job Jabber!—Loquax and Tattle are real blessings, compared to this talking monster—this mass of solid stupidity, resolving itself into words without knowing any diminution in its corporeal dimensions. Loquax is a man of erudition and learning—and Tattle one of information, frivolous if you please, but still it tells something. But what apology can be found for a prosér that talks merely for the sake of talking—a man who, without a single idea in his head, will keep his tongue in perpetual motion? The dulness of the dull, and yet one who, without a single trait of character to recommend him, will persevere, to be the pest of his acquaintance! Fortunately his acquaintance is exceedingly limited; for every one makes it a rule to cut the excessive prosér with all convenient speed. His stupidity being so unreasonable, a pretext is readily found; besides no one cares to stand on ceremony with him. He is, consequently, the most unfortunate of the whole tribe of prosers; his history is, indeed, very curious."

"Pray oblige me with the leading features of it."
Mr. Job Jabber is the only son of a late trader, who acquired an independent fortune, and then died, to let his promising offspring enjoy it. Jab evinced, from early life, such amazing propensities for talking, that the whole family felt a dread of him, and no servant could be induced, by additional wages, to remain in the house above a month. Job's mamma, to cure the loquacious phenomenon, thought of an ingenious expedient, such was that of marrying him to Miss Susan Chatter, one of the most stupendous female talkers that ever did honour to her chat-loving sex. Well then, the marriage ceremony took place; and, from the first days, there were such matrimonial duets, that the neighbours seriously considered the propriety of indicting the house. Such squeaking and squalling was never heard before: man and wife were so well matched, that they kept up a regular set-to of talking from morning till night. Thus they continued disputing the victory till, at the end of a twelvemonth, the field remained to Job, by the death of his unfortunate wife. Yes, he killed her.

"Killed her! What do you mean, Sir David?"

"Yes, yes, he actually talked her to death."

"Well, that is conclusive of the prosor's powers—talk a woman to death."

"Mr. Job Jabber having satisfactorily disposed of his wife, next provided himself with a couple of poor relations, whom he considered would be willing enough to endure his overpowering talk for the sake of a well-furnished table and a comfortable bed. He tried the experiment; but, alas! it failed at the second month. The two needy cousins, despite of their utter destitution, could not support the daily castigation, and they resolutely preferred to encounter the horrors of hunger and cold than the perils of their relative's tongue. Rather than hear him prose, one was swiftly converted into a sailor, and the other betook himself to sweeping the streets."

"Ha, ha! Poor Mr. Job, what did he attempt next?"

"Oh! he was not disheartened at the flight of the cousins; but, with laudable alacrity, exerted himself to supply their place, and, after pondering awhile, he hit upon a very effective plan—a plan which has seldom been known to fail in obtaining an audience—a plan, in fine, which must be admitted of amazing power; id est, giving dinners! Mr. Job Jabber procured with a complete artiste in the affairs of the cuisine—a most profound professor of the science of gastronomy—a wonderful author of ragouts and fricassees—a man, in sooth, who had been once the rival of the celebrated Ude, and who had even the temerity of questioning the orthodoxy of that great master's culinary system. Four hundred a-year, a cabriolet, freedom of the cellar, and two assistants, procured the enviable services of this eminent personage. A dinner was given, then another; the cooking was perfection itself—the fame of the entertainments flew over the town, and guests flocked to Mr. Job Jabber's convivial board in such abundance, that the prosor, with heartfelt pleasure, beheld the success of his plan, and congratulated himself on the prospect of a constant and numerous audience. The cuisinier exerted himself in a stupendous degree. He certainly surpassed the most celebrated achievements of foregoing masters; indeed, there was a report current at the time, that the well-known Lord S. had formed the project of seducing the man of taste by the bribe of a larger salary. Mr. Job Jabber was, however, informed of the conspiracy, and, with great promptitude, betook himself to ward off the danger; for a danger it was of the greatest,—a bribe being a very effective engine, whether applied to statesmen, maid servants, members of Parliament, independent voters, or cooks. Lord S. was defeated in his treasnable project; but, alas! would you believe it, my Lord, at the end of three months, the guests began to slacken in their attendance. At the fourth, the Amphitryon could only procure one or two by dint of importunity; and, at the fifth, he was actually obliged to dismiss the cuisinier for want of persons to eat his dinners!"

"Impossible! Ha! ha! that must have been a severe blow."

"Tremendous! Job Jabber remained confounded, perplexed, for some time; but his predicament was awful, and he was compelled to exert himself. Failing in all his efforts to obtain listeners, he obliged his servants to undergo the infliction of his prosing. The menials at length got tired of the penance, and, one by one, gave notice that he was going to
quit. Being quit by all his servants, he procured new ones, who, in due time, quit him also; so that he soon found himself quit by his wife, his poor relations (a fearful symptom), his guests, and his servants,—quit, in fine, by all. There was never an instance of such furious quitting in the whole parish. What was the luckless prosers to do next? Why he consoled himself by talking to his dog concerning the ingratitude of the world. The dog, of course, listened patiently to his talk; till, one fine day, he too, **mirabile dictu**! took his departure, and left the proser to himself. 'Quitted even by his dog, can an instance of a more complete dereliction be found? Mr. Job Jabber, as a last resource, bethought himself of becoming a member of a club. He stood candidate at one; but, unfortunately, some of his previous guests were members of it, and he was regularly black-balled. The same fate attended him in a second, and he got in at a third by the mere chance of one ball; the weather being rainy, and few members having come to vote. Such is the outline of this fearful proser's history. But see, my Lord, Loquax and Tattle move this way. For heaven's sake, let us retire before we become their prey.'

"Why, Sir David, how nervous you are; if the cholera morbus were close at your heels, you could not evince greater anxiety."

"My Lord, that plague is not half so frightful. Mercy on us! see, Loquax has taken the Times into his hands. Come, my Lord, let us effect our retreat before it is too late. If you have no objection, we will take a stroll down Pall Mall, and, **chemin faisant**, I will narrate an anecdote, which will serve efficiently to illustrate the subject of my animadversion, and to convince you of the justice of my dread for prosers."

"Well, Sir David, let us depart."

*They did so, fortunately, without being observed.*

"Now, my Lord, we are out of the reach of danger, and I may relate my adventure. One day I was obliged to go to my banker's, at Temple Bar—and how long do you think it took me?"

"Why, from your house in Piccadilly, if you walked, I should imagine that twenty minutes—"

"Twenty minutes! why, my Lord, I set about my journey at about half-past ten in the morning, and arrived at Temple Bar just six minutes after five."

"Ha! ha! you joke, Sir David; how could that happen?"

"Nay, it was no joking matter; the thing is easily explained. I chickened, most unfortunately, to meet in my way Messrs. Loquax, Tattle, and Job Jabber, not at once, for that, indeed, would have been a blessing, but separately and in rotation. I met Loquax at the Regent's Circus—he actually pounced upon me—told me he had just read the papers, and was highly incensed at their contents; he abused, in good round terms, the ministry, and swore the country was going to ruin; the Reform Bill would not pass in the House of Lords, and we should see the flame of revolution spreading over the country. I acquiesced in all he said to get rid of his company; but it was no use—it struck eleven when he had just commenced the debate; I groaned in spirit, for I was doomed to undergo the twenty-times-repeated *usque ad nauseam* speeches of Sir E. S. Messrs., &c. &c. When we came to Hunt, I thought to give my oratorical tormentor the slip, by affecting to recognise a friend in a passer-by, but he held me fast. The half hour struck—then twelve o'clock; I grew impatient, and informed Mr. Loquax I could no longer stay—I had pressing business; he offered to accompany me—it was quite indifferent to him which way he went. I shuddered at the thought, when luckily Sir Thomas Trot came up, and Loquax abandoned his old prey for the new comer. I hurried down Regent-street, Waterloo-place, and even arrived at the pastry-cook's, near Spring-gardens, without peril, when lo! to my horror and dismay, I perceived the dreaded Tattle dart from the said pastry-cook's shop, and come directly towards me. It was impossible to escape him.—'My dear, Sir David, how are you? 'tis an age since I saw you last. Such news! really one could scarcely believe it; but it is true, 'pon honour—I have it from good authority: but pray come in—do, and take a bun.'—'Thank you, sir, but I cannot stay.'—'Do now, only five minutes.'—I groaned and yielded—went into the shop and took a cake, which I thought would have choked me. Tattle then related a scandalous story about some lady with some lord; he next told me all the arrangements which the new lessee
was making, for the ensuing season, at the King's Theatre. Such singing and such dancing! Oh! glorious! Singing and dancing very naturally introduced Sontag and Taglioni upon the tapis; and I was compelled to hear the freshest anecdotes related of those ladies, concerning whose lives and adventures some persons have made egregious foibles of themselves. The church of St. Martin chimed the hour of one before Taglioni's last pirouette was disposed of. I started, but my friend consoled me by assuring me, 'twas only one. 'Will you take an ice?'—'No; 'tis too early.'—A jelly, then.'—'Thank you, I don't like jellies.'—'Perhaps you'll have a sandwich.'—No—no—no.'—'Well, I will not press you, but only listen; Lord W. lost three thousand pounds last night, at the fishmonger's.'—'Well, that's nothing to me; now pray, Mr. Tattle, do let me go.'—'I will, but ods, I forgot—such a dreadful accident; a young girl, a beautiful young girl, found drowned in the Serpentine. Inquest this morning: verdict—found drowned; extraordinary news—ha! ha! young girl, a milliner, of street, in love with Lord C—. Shocking! he ill-used the poor thing so! By-the-bye, talking of Lord C—, it is confidently reported he is going to be married; do you know to whom?'—'No.'—'I do, every thing about it; I'll tell you the particulars.'—'No, pray spare yourself the trouble: bless me, there's two o'clock!'—'Yes, you are right, 'tis only two!'—'Sir, I insist on going—I have business to attend.'—'Well, well, adieu; Sir David, stop a moment, I forgot—I must put you on your guard—wary of a certain mysterious personage going about town—a foreign Count. I have just discovered he is a consummate swindler; I'll just paint his person.' He did, and, curse him, I lost another half hour by the portrait; at length I got rid of him by main force, and reached Northingham-house just as it was striking three. I congratulated myself, however, on my deliverance from the prosing,—when, 'angels and ministers of grace de-fend us!'—the formidable figure of Mr. Job Jabber stood before my afflicted sight. I could not avoid the horrid phantom; he literally fixed his fangs upon me—fangs, id est, hands; the astounding superabundance of nonsensical prose, which he mercilessly flung at me, cannot easily be described; but it ran somewhat in this style—'Ah, fine weather—although this morning it threatened rain; the sky was clouded, and, indeed, I thought it would have rained before this: the weather is so changeful this period of the year, although, certainly, the weather has been remarkably dry, all things considered; the climate of England is really shocking when the fogs once come in, one does not know what to do. My friend, Mr. Smallcash, was obliged to use candles at two o'clock in his counting-house, one obscure November day; I think it was the tenth—yes, it was the tenth—yes, I recollect it was the day after the Mayor's day, which, you know, is the 9th, so the day after must be the tenth. I have not been in Italy myself, but Mr. Simpson tells me the climate is enchanting—rather hot through some months, and then the malaria; I should imagine the malaria to be a very disagreeable thing; besides, Doctor Scalp asserts, that a warm climate relaxes the frame; I think he is right—not that I understand much of medicine, but yet I believe that Doctor Scalp is a man of learning, in his way; I know that he has a very good practice—very good, indeed. You don't know Dr. Scalp—I'll describe him to you.'

"I saw there was no safety but in a desperate effort; I started off before the threatened description commenced, and arrived at my banker's a few minutes after five. I had the satisfaction of finding the doors shut, and of performing my journey in vain, thanks to the prosing propensities of Messrs. Loquax, Tattle, and Job Jabber!"

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON REVISITING ETON.

Can ye picture the joys in the exile's heart glowing,
When in slumber, unfetter'd by distance or years—
His soul to that bright, sunny spot back is going,
To the home which he quitted in silence and tears?
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

Yes, I love thee, old Eton!—I joy in beholding
The things that can tell me of pleasure, though past;
Fond memory, I feel, at each step is unfolding
The dreams she has kept, and will keep to the last!

On, on!—for that old chapel-bell is now pealing—
Once more we will kneel in our Henry's low'd fane;
That note, so oft heard, has arous'd a wild feeling,
A thrill of devotion we would not restrain.

On, on!—we will tread through the cloister in sadness,
And spell o'er the names rudely carve'd on its walls—
Our own we mark'd there, in the hour of our gladness,
'Mid others, which memory now fondly recalls!

And anon, we will stray through these fields, or be rowing
The light skiff that floats, as of old, on you wave;
As calmly as ever, old Thames, art thou flowing,
Once more in thy coolness our limbs let us lave!

Laugh on, ye young spirits, who now have your dwelling,
In this happy region—laugh on while ye may;
Ere your years shall be many, a tale ye'll be telling
Of the bliss that ye prize but too lightly to-day!

J. F.

OLD SAWs FOR YOUNG LADIES.—No. II.

BY ANDREW PICKEN.

Finding that these old saws and quaint morsels of colloquial didactics, which I have been able to gather from among the musty records of literature, have been considered peculiarly suitable to the necessities of young ladies at this particular juncture, and that the world is, after all its experience, disposed for a moment to go back to old-fashioned things, and to pull a thread out of the web of our forefathers' wisdom, I sit down to spin out a few more of these pithy scraps of proverbial mother-wit, which, though apt to be forgotten, are never entirely out of season, and to which my fair readers will do well to take heed.

Indeed, I consider it a great charity to do something of this sort at this time; for, as I took the liberty of hinting in my last paper, the making of young ladies clever only (after a manner), and accomplished only (after a system), being the sole object of modern female up-bringing, old common sense, with all her wise maxims and far-seen experience, has no chance whatever against everlasting fine ladyship; and so she has for a long time past been banished out of all genteel society, and sent a begging for her bread into the remote corners of the kingdom.

But as, amongst all this "progress of society,"' there is an universal cry in the land, of want of money among the men, and want of husbands among the ladies, and of other necessaries of life among all classes, it is evident that something must be wrong, after all, which wise men (if there any be) would do well to look into. Upon this subject, I confess I have my own opinion, which nobody perhaps would thank me for expressing; but, in the mean time, I shall proceed with a few more of those old proverbs which used to form the floating literature of former days, merely to remind young ladies and others, that once on a time there did exist such a personage as common sense, whose directing assistance, notwithstanding all their fine accomplishments, they may yet come sorely to need. Not that I would discourage young ladies from being well accomplished, as it is called, in certain matters, under certain circumstances; for, although I could wish that every one of them were able to dance like Tagliomi, or play pianos as brilliantly as Monsieur Jiggyfallaro (I forget his name), the Frenchman, or work as many other
wonders as Monsieur Katterfelto, the conjurer — yet, as the real duties of life consist neither primarily in dancing quadrilles and boleros, nor in playing Italian wonderments on stringed instruments, I am only desirous that the one should not be entirely lost sight of for the other, and that in giving young ladies what is called education, we should not entirely forget that they are rational beings. In all this, it may be seen that I blame more the parents than the children. How can I help this, unless I should deny the truth of the proverb, that

“The church stands in the churchyard,”

which it was never a sin to assert, when it is visible before our eyes. But parents, as well as children, are very apt to be carried away with a fashion; and now the fashion is in to spend all a daughter’s dowry in teaching her to perform a dozen things like a professor, and all in order to decoy a high husband. This is very well known to sensible mothers; and yet the fashion of shaping out every thing in a lady’s rearing for mere expence and show, is become so universal even to the daughters of the meanest tradesmen, that husbands who have not large incomes are banished entirely out of the market, and thus three-fourths of the women are left to be old maids by the gentlemen, merely in self-defence.

Another evil that grows out of this state of things is, that girls are taught, tacitly at least, and by implication, that the great business of life is to catch a husband — to obtain a high, or at least a wealthy match — and that by means, not of the solid virtues of the female character, nor even of beauty, but by perfection in those drawing-room arts, and meretricious and showy accomplishments, which, in many instances, actually tend to corrupt the heart, and bring into operation pride, presumption, emulation, envy, scorn, and strife — qualities which it ought to be the aim of a really judicious education to curb and repress. It is certainly quite natural that, when parents have spent a large sum upon their daughters’ education, both they and she should entertain nothing but the most loftey notions for her, although the lady has not a penny of dowry; for who else is she suited for but a gentleman of high degree, who can keep her dancing gallopades and harping on harps all her life.

Without further introduction, we now go on to preach a needful sermon against this superfine gentility and tinsel of modern female education, by the help of the proverbs of our fathers; being convinced that is the source of many evils, much false ambition, and a world of folly — according to the saying,

Golden dreams makes us wake hungry.

All this, however, shows the necessity of increasing, instead of diminishing, a mercenary spirit on the part of parents in making for their children, the bargain of marriage; for, if the young ladies are reared in a way to increase their wants, and extend their capacity for mere enjoyment, the danger is the greater of their marrying where these wants are not likely to be supplied. Thus, all the maxims which the prudence of our ancestors has erected into common proverbs, tending to impress, upon the young, the necessity of sacrificing the affections of the heart to the considerations of money, for the upholding of fictitious wants, become doubly imperative in a state of society, such as we are now in. I therefore begin by quoting the maxim,

Ne'er marry a penniless maiden who is proud of her pedigree,

unless you wish to take home to your house a regular sinking fund; or, as Dean Swift would say, unless you would put, on your tenderest part, "a perpetual blister." In short, in all cases of highly refined society, or where there are high pretences of any sort, money must ever be the chief and most important desideratum.

In all cases of marriage, indeed, it cannot be too much impressed, upon young ladies, to be wary and circumspect in their choice; and rather to incur the risk of losing a chance, than rushing into so new a condition without good consideration; more than any other act in life the rhyming proverb will apply, which says,

Haste makes waste,
Waste makes want — and
Want makes strife
Between the good man and the good wife.

Still, in marriage, more than aught else, ladies are apt to deceive themselves; and, saith another proverb,

Honey is sweet, but the bee stings.
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

Considering, then, the state of manner, which makes money more necessary than ever, it is no wonder that parents and guardians are anxious that girls under their care should at all events get it by the bargain of marriage, what they may; for it is quite true, that, however worthy or handsome a man may be, according to the proverb,

A gentleman without a living, is like a pudding without suet.

and it is matter of experience, that married people cannot

Live upon love as larks do upon leeks;

for there are a great many things that may come afterwards; and, as the Scotswoman sung,

Wallie, Wallie, burn's are bonnie,—

One's enough, and twa's o'er mony;

at least for the means that many have for doing the poor "childer" justice. In the common anxiety of parents to get their daughters off their own hands also, I cannot but think there is much want of consideration, if not actual selfishness; for they must know, from the number of unwise marriages that they see on every hand, that very often the only really happy time that poor women enjoy is, during the free and lightsome days of youth; and it is a miserable proof of the frailty of human nature, to see parents so ready to make merchandise of their children. If men were all good, and tempers were all fitting, and money were always plenty, to keep peace in the house, then the sooner young women were married the better; but as all these things are not always met with in one person, sensible girls are much better as they are; and so advises George Crabbe, the poet, who died the other day—

A lover lost is not a fortune,

One goes, another comes, and which is best,

There is no telling—set your heart at rest;

and don't let novel reading and nonsense make you, my dear young madam, work yourself into love and discontentment with your condition, as long as you have a loose foot and little to care for. Meditation upon this, and the subjects connected with it, and upon all the sad cases that the world presents, of dear and lovely young women throwing away their whole life's happiness at the shrine of twenty follies, and passions, and fatal mistakes, of themselves or parents, would make any man serious if not melancholy; and induce him to write, line upon line, and proverb upon proverb, if, by any means, he might prevent any sweet, tender, unexperienced creature's tears and sorrows. How prettily and quaintly sings the amiable, and himself unfortunate, author of the Fairy Queen—

Nought is there under heaven's wide holiness,

That moves more dear compassion of mind,

Than beauty, brought t' unworthy wretchedness,

Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind,

I—whether lately through her brightness blind,

Or through allegiance and fast fealty—

Which I do owe unto all womankind,

Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,

When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

But of all the sad 'haps that, in a woman's life, are to be lamented, is that when, under the influence of some of the powerful but less amiable passions for the moment, as resentment, pride, jealousy, &c., she rashly throws herself away, where she knows she never can love; and thus wilfully weds herself to misery and regret. A woman is the victim of her own feelings; and cannot be too often guarded against any rash step, when under their immediate influence; for, saith Crabbe, the poet, again,

When evil fortune works on Folly's side,

And rash resentment adds a spur to pride;

Then life's long troubles from these actions come,

In which a moment may decide our doom.

And where all this may end, forms a saddening tale, particularly as the finest and noblest spirits are most liable to it; for, saith the proverb,

The finest metals soonest break.

I conclude, by recurring somewhat solemnly to my former advice, to cultivate a spirit of rational and virtuous humility of aim, and soberness of views, as to the future, which will both prevent the heart-burnings, so frequently arising from the vain emulations of showy accomplishments. How prettily and wisely old Sir
Henry Wotton, the poet, thus moralizes
the question of personal humility, and
worldly vanity—
I would be great, but that the sun doth
still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see none too unkind,

Dig deepest sorrows in the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes
free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud.
Surely, it was of women, untortured
by ambition or envy, that the proverb
was made, which saith,

A blyth heart maketh a blooming visage;
and long may the heart of the virtuous
female be blyth, and dance in its own
lightness! and long may her lovely vi-
sage bloom! reflecting the calm sunshine
of quiet thoughts; and long may her
eyes sparkle with the lightsome joy of
Nature’s contentment, while they look up
upon the bright sun, and abroad over the
green earth, which rejoices in her joy,
and is made almost holy by her presence;
and no wonder that I am careful to indite
these things concerning her; for truly,
as Otway says in the play,

There’s in her all that we believe of heaven,
Love, beauty, brightness, purity, and truth.

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ORMOND AND BRENDA,
A Sketch.

BY GEORGE NUGENT TAYLOR, ESQ.

Fair are the daughters of Erin—their
breath is sweeter than the blushing rose
that sheds its perfume o’er the dales of
Britain— their eyes outshine the dewy
gems of morning, or the icicles of pearly
snow—their faces are bright as the glit-
ttering waters. Hail! ye damsels of Erin—
whose foreheads are open as the expanse
of air— whose eyes are black as the
plume of the raven— whose eyebrows are
delicately arched like the rainbow of Hea-
ven— whose necks are graceful and white,
as the snow-clad swan.

Damsels of Erin list to me while I sing
the loves of Ormond and Brenda. I
paint no voluptuous scenes to inflame
the ardour of youth, nor shall my voice
cast shadows o’er the pleasures of infancy
—let joy sparkle in your eyes, for I sing
of your country! let delight beam o’er
your cheeks, for I sing of her glory!

Fair was the face of Brenda—gentle-
ness was in her eye—majesty in her ap-
pearance—she stood at her castle cas-
ement gazing on the battle—shout came on
shout to her ear— and crash followed

crash—and alarum succeeded alarum— her
love was in the fight— engaged in the
cause of his country— Erin was victorious.
Bright was the countenance of Ormond—
his flag floated in the winds— but sad was
the brow of Allan— his forehead was
wrinkled with anger— and his face was
as the cloud of thunder.

Craggy was the mountain of Cone—but
brilliant foliage grew lovely o’er its edges
—steep was its ascent— but its top was
smooth and even— Allan stood on its peak
—the time was moonlight— the stars glist-
nered bright in the Heavens; but the
countenance of the lone one was sad and
mournful. He lov’d Brenda, but she
lik’d not him— to see him once again she
had promised—”twas the day before her
wedding; on the morrow she was to be
the bride of Ormond. They met—Allan’s
brow was calm— Brenda’s was decked
with the placid hue of one of God’s be-
loved. Thunder rolled in the distance—
the moon was overcast.

“ Allan,” she said, “ we part for ever—
on this spot we must part— I have for
you poured forth the fervent prayer for
your bliss— bear away this with you.”
The lightning flashed, and the winds arose.

“ Brenda,” said the dark-browed Allan,
“ if the incense of adulation should be
offered up to you by others, let not its
fumes intoxicate the sense of Allan; if
friendship should sometimes whisper to
you his name, let not its voice pass unno-
ticed, like the passing and transient breeze
that touches and scarcely moves the tower-
ing cypress, and is felt no more.”

“ I list to you, Allen,” returned Brenda,
“I list to your sayings, and I know that un-
der them lurks no poison to taint my mind.”
Sweet Lavender.

Brenda waved her snowy hand in the air—and the paleness of death was on it. "Ormond," she cried, "thou art deceived—I die happy, for I am slain by my adored—Ormond thou hast been deceived!" and her spotless soul fleets to the realms of light. The lightnings flashed—the thunder roar'd—the elements were at war with each other—the murderer beheld the vengeance of Heaven—the mark of Cain was on his brow—he was levelled to the ground—the avenging bolt of Heaven had alighted on his head.

"Almighty God," he exclaimed, as his scorched carcass was by degrees deprived of its vital feeling, "Thou hast justly repaid my base, and foul ingratitude!—Blind as is the dark and sightless mole, I dared to accuse thy inscrutable decrees and wondrous light, and in the puny balance which my unknowing will held out, presumptuous weighed the mercies of my Creator."

SWEET LAVENDER.

BY MISS AGNÉS STRICKLAND.

Sweet Lavender!—I love thy flower,
Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the morn and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage maid's parterre thou'rt seen
In simple touching grace;
And in the garden of the queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright and peerless bloom,
Attracteth many eyes;
But while her glories and perfume
Expire before brief summer's doom,
Thy fragrance never dies!

Thou art not like the fickle train
Our adverse fates estrange,
Who in the day of grief and pain
Are found deceitful, light, and vain,—
For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend,
Who, whatsoe'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend,
And, true and constant to the end,
May die—but alters not.
REVIEW.

Literature.


We are bound to give our readers some account of such a book as Mrs. Jameson's, professing, as it does, to treat of a subject so interesting as the moral, poetical, and historical characteristics of women. The title is eminently attractive, and the author of "Memoirs of Female Sovereigns," and of "The Diary of an Ennuyée," seemed not ill qualified for the implied task. Besides this, the book is a pretty book (no small recommendation in these picture-book days); its exterior quite suited for a drawing-room table, and within it is adorned with numerous small cuts, very tastefully designed and cleverly etched by the fair authoress herself. With all these recommendations, ladies, and gentlemen too, will no doubt be eager to possess themselves of the work. How will they be disappointed, however, to find that it is no more an illustration of the characteristics of women, than Lady Charlotte Burney's collection of indifferent tales was a "Journal of the heart," or than Mr. St. John's miscellaneous essays was an "Anatomy of Society,"—and that Mrs. Jameson's book is nothing more nor less than a commentary on Shakspeare, or rather, a series of lectures on Shakspeare's female characters, done very much after the manner of Hazlitt's lectures on the poets, and illustrated (shall we say eked out) with long quotations from the plays themselves, as if she would treat us to something that we never saw or read before. To this series of critical and philosophical essays upon the admirable creations of the poet, interspersed with a few scraps of historical matter, the publisher, no doubt, has suggested the title, after which Mrs. Jameson sits down and writes a no less philosophical and lady-like introduction, wherein in the form of a dialogue between a lady and gentleman, she delivers herself generally on the female character, and points to the said series of lectures on Shakspeare's dramatic pictures, as what is to be understood by the "Characteristics of Women."

Before we come to speak of the merits of the book—for this is really a book of merit, though not of the species intimated by the title—we must say, that authors do not seem to be aware how much they injure themselves and their fair fame in thus mending themselves to the quackery of publishers, by suffering a catching but unsuitable title to be put to their books, and thus creating a prejudice at the very outset against themselves and their treatment of the subjects which they have actually undertaken. From this cause, and the indiscriminate system of puffing, literature has of late, with few exceptions, been the fruitful source of one continued disappointment, so that the discerning part of the public have lost all confidence in the ordinary channels of publicity, and suspicion of titles and every thing promised has with many settled into a general and indiscriminate contempt—a habit of refusing all new works to an extent which threatens literature with absolute ruin. The manifold and crying abuses of publishing, however, is too wide a subject for us to go further into here, nor would it be gallant to enter upon it whilst speaking of a book which is, upon the whole, so meritorious as the one before us.

The first thing to strike the reader upon a perusal of Mrs. Jameson's book, is the tone in which she speaks of woman in general, and of society as it is at present constituted. This tone will at once be recognised as that which pervades the better sort of our late fashionable novels, namely, a mixture of sneering contempt of all things and all men, and more especially women—an acute and misanthropic perception and anatomising of human weakness, with an affected profundity of thought and criticism upon common-place matters, and a philosophising lamentation over the littlenesses of those whom the pseudo philosopher shows a constant anxiety to please. Whether Lord Byron set the fashion of this contemptible affectation, which constantly strains after the things that it professes to despise, it is not worth while to inquire; but Mrs. Jameson shows strong symptoms of being a disciple of this school whenever she speaks of matters of her own experience, and only gets free of it when she revels in the noble idealities of Shakspeare's
creations. Need we say that this despicable affection to which we allude is that which considers no men to exist out of Portland-place or Grosvenor-square, and the great family of women to consist of the small sect, the exclusive clique, who lie on ottomans and couches all day, and are whirled about in diamonds and ostrich feathers all night, for the purpose of seeing each other’s faults and follies, and making themselves miserable whenever pride and envy can be brought into operation. Even in her criticism on the women of Shakspeare’s plays, Mrs. Jameson sees none but the patrician and the full dressed in their very sorrows, and, in characterising women, seems duly unconscious of all the varieties of the sex throughout the vast field of circumstances, from the shepherdess on the plains upwards to the everlasting drawing-room, and seems to forget that such characters as Jeannie Deans, Finella, Madge Wildfire, the Maid of Ferth, Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, and an hundred others, drawn from the days of Virgil till those of Allan Ramsay, ever had any existence. And yet she says, in the aforesaid introduction,—

“The sequel is here, and the event follows,—the sequel is here, and the event follows,—

“I have endeavoured to illustrate the various modifications of which the female character is susceptible, with their causes and results. My life has been spent in observing and thinking; I have had, as you well know, more opportunities for the first, more leisure for the last, than have fallen to the lot of most people. What I have seen, felt, thought, suffered, has led me to form certain opinions.”

And in place of giving those opinions, or an epitome of her experience—“instead of dreaming over Shakspeare,” as she makes her interlocutor very properly say, she excuses herself, from the dread of becoming a female satirist, of which character she has, it seems, a most lady-like hatred. But who should she satirize? or what woman should she at all speak of? Why there are no women in existence, but those that sit for ever in drawing-rooms in the fashionable squares of London. These form the world—that is, the only world worth noticing, or at least worth the notice of such a lady as Mrs. Jameson. And what sort of world is it? Hear her let the following opinion slip out:

“Long experience of what is called ‘the world,’ of the folly, duplicity, shallowness, selfishness which meets us at every turn, too soon unsettles our youthful creed. If it only led to the knowledge of good and evil, it were well; if it only taught us to despise illusions and retire from the pleasures of the world, it would be better. But it destroys our belief—it dims our perception of all abstract truth, virtue, and happiness—it turns life into a jest, and a very dull one, too—it makes us indifferent to beauty, and incredulous to goodness—it teaches us to consider self as the centre on which all actions turn, and to which all motives are to be referred.”
—Intro. p. 10.

This is a melancholy, as it is a true, picture of that world, which Mrs. Jameson affects only to know, and which, nevertheless, she is so ambitious to please, as appears by the style of every line in her book, while yet she knows that she cannot succeed; for even envy will prevent the members of it from acknowledging her merits,—merits which many of them have striven in vain to attain to. We have said that, in common with the fashionable novel writers, she aims only to please this small and exclusive sect. Observe the proof. Speaking of those commentators on Shakspeare, who have asserted that the scenes in his play of Richard the Third, between the tyrant and Lady Anne, is a monstrous and incredible libel on her sex, she says—

“They might have spared themselves the trouble. Lady Anne is just one of those women whom we see walking in crowds through the drawing-rooms of the world—the puppets of habit, the fools of fortune, without any particular inclination for vice, or any steady principle of virtue; whose actions are inspired by vanity, not affection, and regulated by opinion, not by conscience; who are good while there is no temptation to be otherwise, and ready victims of the first soliciting to evil. In the case of Lady Anne, we are startled by the situation: not three months a widow, and following to the sepulchre the remains of a husband and father; she is met, and wooed, and won by the very man who murdered them. In such a case it required, perhaps, either Richard or the arch-fiend himself to tempt her successfully; but in a less critical moment, a far less subtle and audacious seducer would have sufficed. Cressida is another modification of vanity, weakness, and falsehood, drawn in stronger colours. The world contains many Lady Annes and Cressidas, polished and refined externally, whom chance and vanity keep right, whom chance and vanity lead wrong, just as it may happen.”
So, then, the world is only one continued drawing-room, filled with Lady Anne's and Lady Bridget's such, as Mrs. Jameson, who is sometimes admitted to mix in so desirable society, may characterize, as she does in the above admirably just passage. Truly, if our gallantry allowed it, we could wish that Mrs. Jameson had a few months domestication in the place where Mr. Gilbert Wakefield was the other day, which, we assure her, is within the actual bounds of this terraqueous world. She would there find a great many characteristics of women, and of men too, which would wonderfully extend her sphere of knowledge of the world. Yet, if it was not for this little vanity and affectation, which confines the views and ambition of Mrs. Jameson, she is evidently a sensible and an acute woman, and in another place disclaims the idea that the phrase “the world” signifies the circle, wherever that may be, which limits our individual experience! — “as a child considers the visible horizon as the bounds that shut out the mighty universe.”

“Believe me (she goes on to say) it is a sorry vulgar kind of wisdom, a shallow and confined philosophy, if it be philosophy, which resolves all human motives and impulses into egotism in one sex, and vanity in the other. Such may be the way of the world, as it is called—the result of a very artificial state of society; but such is not general nature, nor female nature. Would you see the kindly, self-sacrificing affections developed under their most honest but least poetical guise—displayed without any mixture of vanity, and unchecked in the display by any fear of being thought vain?—you will see it, not among the prosperous, the high born, the educated, far, far removed from want, and grief, and fear, but among the poor, the miserable, the perverted—among those habitually exposed to all influences that harden and deprave.”—Introd. p. 51.

But it is not a matter of individual experience we speak of, in reference to her drawing the characteristics of women, in the world, but a matter of taste, and of aim; and we believe that Mr. Bulwer, whom she instances, had just as little experience to guide him in the drawing of the blackguard characters in Paul Clifford, as Mrs. Jameson has of other characters of her own sex, who belong not to the world she speaks of, and of whose good and bad qualities she seems wilfully ignorant. In reference also to another affectation in the passage quoted, we beg to inform Mrs. Jameson, what she need not pretend to be unaware of, that it is quite unnecessary to go at once from “the prosperous, the high-born, and those that are far, far removed from want and fear,” to the very “poor and miserable, and perverted;” for that there are a great many shades of character between them, extremes, among which may be found females, whom we should be very sorry to class with those high dames of the world, of whom Mrs. Jameson draws so just, and at the same time so contemptible, a picture. On the subject of one great cause of all this, namely, the modern system of female education, Mrs. Jameson has so well spoken our own sentiments, in reference, at least to that class, which she is so fond of calling the world, that we cannot but quote the several passages.

“It appears to me, that the condition of women in society, as at present constituted, is false in itself, and injurious to them—that the education of women, as at present conducted, is founded in mistaken principles, and tends to increase fearfully the sum of misery and error in both sexes; but I do not choose to fling these opinions in the face of the world in the form of essays on morality, and treatises on education.”—Introd. p. 8.

No; nor need she try such Quixotism, for the world she speaks of is ruled by an idol which it worships—namely, ton and fashion—which would not listen to her, nor even an angel from Heaven. So then she makes her colloquist go on—

“Between ourselves, do you really think, that the refinement of manner, the censorious, hypocritical, verbal scrupulosity, which is carried so far in this ‘puked age’ of ours, is a true sign of superior refinement of taste, and purity of morals? Is it not, rather, a whining of the sepulchre? I will not even allude to individual instances whom we both know, but does it not remind you, on the whole, of the tone of French manners previous to the revolution—that ‘decence,’ which Horace Walpole so much admired, veiling the moral degradation, the inconceivable profligacy of the higher classes?

Pretty well, as a testimony from a woman who professes to know what she is talking of, and will scarcely be contradicted. But further.

“Seriously, do you think it necessary to guard young people in this selfish and calculating age, against an excess of sentiment
and imagination? Do you bring cold water to quench the smouldering ashes of enthusiasm? Methinks it is rather superfluous; and that another doctrine is needed to withstand the heartless system of expediency, which is the favourite philosophy of the day. No, no; there are young women in these days, but there is no such thing as youth—the blem of existence is sacrificed to a fashionable education, and where we should find the rose-buds of the spring, we see only the full-blown, flaunting precocious roses of the hot-bed. Blame then the foresaid system of education, the most pernicious, the most mistaken, the most far-reaching in its miserable and miscueious effects that ever prevailed in the world. The custom which shut up women in convenis till they were married, and then launched them innocent and ignorant on society, was bad enough; but not worse than a system of education, which inundates us with hard, clever, sophisticated girls; trained by knowing mothers all-accomplished governesses, with whom vanity and expediency take place of conscience and affection.—(in other words of romance)—\textit{frutto senile in sul giovane fiore}; with feelings and passions suppressed or contracted, not grown with higher faculties and purer principles; with whom opinion—the same false honour which sends men out to fight duels—stands instead of the strength and the light of virtue within their own souls. Hence, the strange anomalies of artificial society," &c. — Introduction, p. 36—42 to 44.

Thank Heaven, Mrs. Jameson's "world" of high-born and hot-bed artificial society, is not the whole world, for we are believers in virtue, and our experience bears us out in saying, that there is much of it among classes, for whom our authors affects not to write. We, however, thank her for these few hints, and think we are justified in our complaint, that a woman who can see so clearly into what is evil, and write about it with so much acuteness and force, should have given us so little of the actual and real, and so much of commentary on the creations of fancy, true as that fancy is to much of a poetical sort of nature.

Although then we blame Mrs. Jameson's book for not being what in its title it professes to be, we praise it in referring to parts which follow the introduction, for what it professes not to be—namely, a very able and elegant critical commentary on Shakspere, and in particular his female characters, into the respective merits of which the author enters with a power and a taste, which shows the true spirit of the higher order of criticism. Though the task must have been easy, for with Johnson and Richardson, and Cumberland and Schlegel and Hazlitt, and all the host of commentators on Shakspere before her, and such texts as her subject contained, it would be shameful if she did not preach from them in such a manner that should give her readers pleasure; yet she has, as it appears to us, supplied something that was in reality wanted—namely, a critical examination of the female characters of the great poet, by one of the sex, capable of an intimate and intense appreciation of her subject. This, though mixed with a little pedantry, Mrs. Jameson has, upon the whole, done so well, that she, in many parts, actually makes us feel more than ever the beauties of the poet, and from the beauty often of her own language, and the acuteness of her remarks, makes us partake of that worshiping enthusiasm which, on subjects of pure intellect and poetry, forms all the best charm of her book. Her observations on the intellect of Portia, the charming abandonment to love in the ever-interesting Juliet, the classical dignity of Volumnia, the "Gothic grandeur" of Constance, the wayward voluptuousness of Cleopatra, and the stern determination, and guilty ambition of Lady Macbeth; with those on all the other terrible or tender varieties of Shakspere's muse and of history, merit no slight praise; convinces us that that world which she unfortunately worships, is unworthy of her, and of the deep feeling for beauty with which she is evidently imbued.


This book is evidently written with much care. The author has not been contented to rely upon the accuracy of the statements contained in the works of his more immediate predecessors, but has sought the fountain head, and gathered tidings of the chivalrous age of Charlemagne from the mouth of the Emperor's own secretary, Eginehard, and the pages,
of those monastic writers of the eighth and ninth centuries, whose thoughts, wrapped in uncouth arrangement and antique Latinity, are inaccessible to far the greater part of modern readers. The information thus collected is disposed in a clear order, and the work is, upon the whole, pleasing and instructive. The embellishments are also highly creditable; and the author has shown taste and good sense in selecting for the ornament of a book professedly historical not a design of modern fancy, but the facsimiles of five undoubted objects of antiquarian curiosity,—the first being a portrait of the Emperor, copied from the original illumination in the monastery of Saint Calisto, in Rome; the others, representations of four of his seals, preserved by Le Blanc and Bianchini; and of the authenticity of which, the preface assures us that there is no doubt.

If we were in a humour to find fault, however, we should say that Mr. James's style is not sufficiently guarded for an historian. Its uniform animation and occasional fervour would be very agreeable in a romance, or other work of fiction; but the muse of history, in her character of one of the sciences, exacts a grave and philosophic address from her admirer. At page 282, we are informed "that Charlemagne himself, at the head of a large army, immediately passed the Rhine, and advanced with the speed of lightening towards the scene of the revolt." Had Ariosto been describing the chivalrous career of the bold monarch, or of some one of his Paladins around the lists, "the speed of lightening" might have been an appropriate expression; but the historian, whose duty it is to speak, like the British juror, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," might have contented himself with accelerating the trot of the imperial war-horse into a gallop. To speak seriously, when an historian indulges himself in inflated metaphors and a poetic style, the reader naturally begins to fear that his report of facts may be equally exaggerated with his description of incidents. This observation does not, however, we think, apply to Mr. James; and we will even confess that we perused his work with greater pleasure than we should have experienced had his style been heavier and less diversified. That our readers may part with him in as placable a humour as ourselves, we will conclude by extracting his description of the celebrated battle of Roncesvalles,—a description which is entirely free from the defect above hinted at, and constitutes one of the most interesting passages in the volume:—

"Mounted on heavy horses, and loaded with a complete armour of iron, the soldiers of Charlemagne returned from their victorious expedition into Spain, and entered the Gorges of the Pyrenees, without dreaming that an enemy beset their footsteps. The monarch himself, with the first division of his host, was suffered to pass unmolested; but when the second body of the Franks, following leisurely at a considerable distance, had entered the wild and narrow valley called the Roncesvalls (now Roncesvaux), the woods and mountains around them suddenly bristled into life, and they were attacked, on all sides, by the perfidious Gascons, whose light arms, distant arrows, and knowledge of the country, gave them every advantage over their opponents. In tumult and confusion, the Franks were driven down into the bottom of the pass, embarrassed both by their arms and baggage. The Gascons pressed them on every point, and slaughtered them like a herd of deer, singling them out, with their arrows, from above, and rolling down the rocks upon their heads. Never wanting in courage, the Franks fought to the last man, and died unconquered. Rolando, and his companions, after a thousand deeds of valour, were slain with the rest; and the Gascons, satiated with carnage and rich in plunder, dispersed among the mountains, leaving Charlemagne to seek for immediate vengeance in vain.

"The battle must have been fierce and long, and the struggle great, though unequal; for, during the lapse of many centuries, tradition has hung about the spot, and the memory of Rolando and his companions is consecrated, in a thousand shapes, throughout the country; part of his armour has there given name to a flower—the stroke of his sword is shown upon the mountains—the tales and superstitions of the district are replete with his exploits and with his fame; and even had not Ariosto, on the slight basis which history affords, raised up the splendid structure of an immortal poem, and dedicated it to the name of Rolando, that name would still have been repeated through all the valleys of the Pyrenees, and ornamented with all the fictions of a thousand years."

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.

The number for the past month contains vol. 2 of the History of the United
States, and a more necessary or more in-structive work for the rising generation cannot be mentioned. The inhabitants of the mother country are under a strange ignorance of the stirring events which preceded American Independence—here they will find a well written and authentic narrative and, as we trust, the two countries will hereafter be bound in the strictest amity: so every youth should be taught the History of English America.

Murray’s Byron, Vol. 8.

The eighth volume of this publication contains Childe Harold complete. There are some omitted stanzas and previous readings, but none of any considerable interest.

The Double Trial; or the Consequences of an Irish Clearing. A novel, in 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We think this work must be acceptable to readers of every class. As a story, it will be read with avidity by those who read but for amusement; as a book replete with lively anecdotes and acute observations, it will delight those who prefer good sense and shrewd remarks to mere amusing novels; but above all, there is a manifestion of goodness of heart and a thorough desire to ameliorate the condition of the poor that must gain the approbation of the philanthropist. The scene partly lies in Ireland, yet the author wisely leaves the comic delineation of Irish character in their own phraseology to such gifted natives as Miss Edgeworth, Crofton Croker, and the Banins. He speaks in plain English to the English legislature on the crying sin of suffering the lords of the soil to drain the hard-earned produce of the labours of the Irish poor, without being forced to supply them with a legal provision. Most earnestly do we join with the author in wishing that any parochial laws may be established in Ireland, and for a judicious and benevolent reform to be effected in those already established in England. We hope this book will be generally read.

Remember me: a Token of Christian Affection, 2d Volume. Tiler and Totham, Colchester.

The first of these little volumes, though published nearly a twelvemonth, did not attract our attention till lately; we consider the “Remember Me,” for 1832, a considerable improvement on its predecessor; it has the great advantage of being the only really religious annual in existence. The price is low, it is neatly bound in dark watered silk, and we recommend its purchase as an acceptable gift-book for young ladies; it is ornamented with a good portrait of the Rev. W. Marsh. Our chief praise must be bestowed on the poetry, the prose is decidedly of a talentless order, but fortunately for the success of the book, there is a very small proportion of prose.

The Graphic and Historical Illustrator. Edited by E. W. Brayley, Esq. F.S.A. Published weekly. James Gilbert, 228, Regent-street.

We scarcely know whether the study of antiquities is sufficiently cultivated to ensure this publication a circulation which will repay the spirited publisher for his exertions. Here we have before us a number of pretty wood-cuts and 16 pages of very instructive letter-press for threepence—It is certainly the cheapest work we have ever seen, excepting, always the ‘Penny Magazine.’ If future numbers are equal in merit to No. 1, we doubt not but that a large impression of this work will be sold.

Fine Arts.


This attractive number contains a beautiful engraving of Markwood Mere, by Finden, from a design by Barret; the study at Abbotsford, Stirling Castle, and Donn Castle. However, we may be charmed by the appearance of vraie ressemblance, in the portrait of the pretty girl that Leslie and Mote chose to designate, “Rose Bradwardine,” our regard for truth and reality urges us to represent, to the publishers, how much more valuable their illustrations would be if they offered the public authentic portraits of the most striking among the true historic personages, whose characters and modes of action are so splendidly interwoven with the magic fictions of Sir Walter Scott. With what earnestness would the reader turn to gaze upon the elegant features of the young Chevalier, on the beautiful
head of Dundee, the charms of Mary of Scotland, the august brow of her regent brother, the chivalric Montrose, or even on the ugliness of the wily Argyle! But the present series of make-believe portraits, will lead those readers, who learn history after the fashion of the great Duke of Marlborough,* to fancy that Rose Bradwardine, Di Vernon, Jeanie Deans, and their fictitious sisterhood, are real persons.


The Byron Gallery deserves our highest commendation. The object of the work is to produce a series of engravings, to accompany and to illustrate the various editions of Lord Byron's Poems. Our readers are probably aware, that Mr. Murray is also publishing illustrations, simultaneously with his new edition of the noble poet's writings; but these entirely consist of portraits and landscape views, whilst the Gallery soars into the higher regions of the painter's art, and aims at embodying the "imaginings" of the poet in graphic representations. The present number consists of five engravings, all from Richer's designs. One print, illustrating a passage in "Heaven and Earth," engraved by Portbury, is a beautiful specimen of art; and the figures, in this engraving, strongly remind us of the graceful forms embodied by the talented Flaxman. No doubt, Mr. Richer, like Mr. Howard, has availed himself of a close imitation of the works of the great sculptor. The present number also contains two or three other engravings of no ordinary merit.

**New Music.**

*The Apollonicon, or Musical Album; Nos. 1 and 2.*

The two numbers before us of the *Apollonicon* breathes a spirit of fair and sound criticism, and evinces a determination to uphold the honour of the art to which its pages are devoted. It comprises original musical essays, biographical notices, and a register of passing musical events; as well as four pages of music and as many of poetry. The work appears every alternate Saturday.

*Canzonet, "O Memory, torture me no more!"

This very delightful composition is published without the name of its author. It is beautifully arranged; and wants only the attention of some good public singer to obtain for it the notice it deserves.

**Drama.**

*King's Theatre.*—The Italian Opera House closed for the season on Saturday, the 4th ult. with Paer's *Agnese* and *L'Anneau Magique.* Of Mr. Mason's success or failure we shall here say nothing; we leave the question to be decided between himself and his treasury.

*The Theatre Italien* opens, at Paris, on the 2d of October. Many journals announce the marriage of the sylphide Taglioni with the son of a peer of France; the family of the young man opposed it, and it has been supposed that it was contracted in England.

Madame Malibran has left Rome to return to Naples, with the celebrated violinist, M. Beriot, whom the *Gazette d'Augsberg* mentions as her husband.

*Covent-Garden.*—The French performances are also terminated, and we understand that M. Laporte has no reason to repent of his undertaking. The engagement of Paganini was a spirited but highly hazardous affair; nevertheless, the public duly appreciated the manager's liberal efforts on their behalf, and amply rewarded them. We have already bestowed so much encomium on Paganini's extraordinary talents,† that we need only observe, that he has, to the last, sustained his reputation. His splendid variations, on "Leo ci darem," on the last night of his engagement, we shall never forget.

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*He once owned with much naïveté that he never learned history but from Shakspeare's plays.
† In the "Lady's Magazine" for April, 1831, and subsequent months, the biography of this extraordinary and talented individual appeared; and the whole was subsequently published as a pamphlet, together with a portrait—a few copies of which may still be had of our publisher.

Price 1s. 6d.
Haymarket.—Fanny Kemble has spoiled us—else, should we designate the acting of Miss Phillips, as the heroine of the Hunchback, imitable; we may safely pronounce it, however, as highly successful. The chief fault, in Miss Phillips, is, and always has been, the peculiar whine, or rather drawl, which she invariably assumes, whether personifying a tragic or a comic character. It is not natural; and we well recollect that, on the first night of her appearance (in Miss Mitford's tragedy of Rienzi), her voice was entirely free from this defect, and we consequently never heard her to more advantage. We are sure she will take this hint in good part; we consider Miss Phillips one of the brightest living ornaments of the British stage. Cooper was a poor substitute for Kemble in the character of Clifford. Farren's Hunchback was clever, and his pronunciation favouring the contrast, we thought him in every way equal to the talented author himself.

Strand Theatre.—One or two new pieces have been produced here, of which the best is decidedly Ladies at Court; albeit, we have no room this month for the plot. A musical tripe, entitled The Loves of the Angels, has likewise made its appearance, the composition of a Mr. Rede, which, without bearing any similitude to the poem of that name, is, nevertheless, of the same caste. A party of angels descend from heaven, and attract the hearts and affections of sundry terrestrial damsels, who are already engaged to creatures of earthly mould. Divers pranks are consequently played, and vows broken and renewed; and, at the close, the celestial visitants reascend to their heavenly habitations. Now, although bitter enemies to all cant and hypocrisy, we put it to Mrs. Waylett, whether, in times like these, such materials ought to form the groundwork of a dramatic performance; whether they will have the effect which the drama was originally intended to produce—of improving the morals, and rightly directing the judgment of the people. True it is that, at the larger houses, by a strange perversion of taste, the public have encouraged the performance of dramas in which the evil one has been introduced as a prominent character. To this, however, we do not altogether object. Make the author and instigator of sin as hideous and repulsive as you will; but the best inhabitants of a better world should surely never be depicted as practised libertines or workers of mischief. The idea is as ridiculous as it is wicked.

English Opera.—The Olympic Theatre is nightly crowded to an overflow, and never was public patronage more deservedly bestowed. The indefatigable manager has produced several admirable new pieces of late, one of which, and decidedly the best, is from the pen of Don Telesforo de Trueba, entitled Call again To-morrow; and, in truth, we have called again and again, and each time have discovered some new ground for praise. We have also witnessed a pantomime, called The Magic Pipe, of which much cannot be said. John Reeve, as usual, is the heart and soul of every piece in which he appears, and replenishes the beautiful opera of The Evil Eye with “lots” of fresh “fun,” on each night of its repetition. The Climbing Boy draws as much company as ever.

Vauxhall.—A fancy fair has been held here, for the benefit of the much-talked-of Ladye Chapel; and we seldom remember to have witnessed such a galaxy of beauty and fashion as the gardens exhibited. Their Majesties' birthdays have also been observed with becoming honour. Altogether, this has been a splendid month for the frequenters of Vauxhall. We sincerely trust the exertions of the proprietor will be abundantly repaid, although we regret to add, report speaks otherwise. Should a falling off occur, we are sure it is not the fault of the polite, inimitable Mr. Simpson, whom we observe nightly shining in all his usual unclouded lustre.

Costume of Paris.

The corbeille de mariage of her Majesty the Queen of Belgium has occupied the thoughts of all the Parisian belles for the last month, whether the said corbeille is an object of equal importance in the eyes of the fair and royal bride, as it is generally in those of her countrywomen, we do not pretend to ascertain, but all happy bridegrooms in Paris content themselves with being only the secondary object of their fiancé's affections, the all-
important corbeille is, by the immutable law of fashion, first and dearest to the heart of a Parisian elegante. We must take a peep into this magical appanage of royal and bridal beauty for the benefit of our fair readers.

First, the jewel-casket, the ground enamelled black, damasked with silver, and inlaid with pearls in an exquisite pattern. Among the other jewels which it contains is a superb diamond necklace. A comb, set with a guirlande d’epis, which are capable of being taken to pieces and arranged in new forms according to the taste of the wearer. Diamond buttons of a vast size and value accompany this parure, likewise massy bracelets and armlets, and rich agrafes, to retain draperies and coiffures.

A magnificent suite of jewels, of all shades of coloured gems, so mounted with heads fasted on pins, that they can be arranged in flowers, diadems, and any form that taste can dictate. A splendid carcanet necklace, bracelets, agrafes and brooches accompany these ornaments. These are for state occasions and court-days.

Other elegant ornaments are to be worn when full dress is not required; these are very beautiful in workmanship: some of the chains are remarkable for the utmost lightness and delicacy; others for exceeding massiveness; both species shew the perfection of finish.

There is a parure of small sea-shells set in gold, which equal jewels in beauty and rarity. Another of antique cameos, fit for the cabinet of a sovereign; another of the most delicate enamel.

Among the court dresses one attracted great attention. The ground white silk muslin, round this robe was worked a rich wreath of lilacs in silk, the bunches of flowers were formed of amethysts.

Another court-dress was of gros de Tours, painted in the most exquisite groups of flowers. This costly dress is kept in a Chinese case richly figured in gold and flowers.

Three robes of Mechlin, Brussels and Alençon point lace, several point lace scarfs and lappets.

Eight cachemeres of the highest value, four in the scarf form, four in shawls; they are in the most splendid designs and colours that the east can furnish.

Many other scarfs and shawls in blonde and in India muslin embroidered in colours.

Several Chinese cases full of paradise plumes, esprits and fancy feathers of all sorts.

The promenade and morning dresses and hats of the princess are distinguished for delicacy of material, novelty of fashion, and great taste, one of the most elegant is represented by a print for this month. *

This royal marriage has given great impetus to the mode, and occasioned the invention and adoption of more elegant novelty in dress than usual at this season of the year. Of which we proceed to give the detail.

Hats and Bonnets.—Small morning bonnets are very pretty, made of clear muslin, and trimmed round the edge with a ruche of delicate Valenciennes or English lace, they are finished with a muslin bow and band bordered with the same lace, and tie under the chin with strings edged with lace, they are just the shape of baby bonnets, and are delightfully becoming to a face with small features, giving it a look of infantine innocence.—

Many bonnets are edged with ruches of tulle or lace. Transparent hats of cherry-coloured crape, surrounded with white ruches and finished with white flowers or plumes are still quite the rage. For cottage bonnets, the paille a jours, or open work straw is now in the highest favour; the trimming is very light and airy, and yet so very firm, that it lasts handsome a long time, it is of ribbon made of a mixture of gauze satinette and an open work edge of straw wreaths. Tuscan straw is often seen made up with open work.—

White crape bibis bonnets, with a thick ruche round the edge, have been worn within the last days of August. The bonnets are so small that the ruche approaches close to the face, it is the whim of the day to shew no hair with this species of bonnet, and to some faces this mode is singularly becoming, that is when the complexion is clear, the eyes large and dark, and the eye-brows black and finely marked.

For promenade dress, hats of rice-straw

* See Promenade Dress.
are much worn, ornamented with branches
of apple blossom, bouquets of anemones
of all colours in groupes, and different
coloured sweet peas. A pretty light trim-
ing was invented for September, formed
of open work of small ribbons woven to-
gether, and trimmed as bows and wreaths,
it is called ruban a natté or braided rib-
bon.

For dress hats in promenade and fête
champetre, the bibis and hats are generally
made of white moire or watered silk, a
very long plume frimée, and rubans a
natté, or with white guaze ribbons and
flowers of the season. In place of a
bonnet-cap or mentonnure, pulls of ribbon
are often worn. Wreaths of flowers simi-
lar to those without, are worn inside the
hat, à la ferronnerie.

Walking Dress.—As this is the high
season for the sea side and bathing places,
many elegant and light costumes suitable
for walking are constantly adopted at the
several places of fashionable sojourn in
France and England. White dresses are
usually in the best taste for this purpose,
with the ribbons of the hat, ceinture and
scarf, of some bright and delicate colour.
Nothing can appear more pleasing than
this style of dress, when there are groupes
of young ladies by the sea side; the chief
variety in their dress being the different
colours of the parure of ribbons. Coloured
muslin and chintz dresses are not so much
worn as in the commencement of the sum-
mer. Striped muslin of this pattern, one
stripe quite clear, and the other thick, and
the third worked in white India cotton,
are much worn for peignoir robe dresses.
One of the newest fashions was a walking
dress of this striped muslin, the corsage
up to the throat, chemisette à la vierge,
crape crossed and folded over the bust,
and the ends appeared under the ceinture.
Muslins and ginghams are gathered round
the waist; chalis, forelards, and gros de
Naples in plaits. The fête champetres at
Tivoli display the most exquisite variety
in full promenade dress. Of course there
is the most marked distinction, in richness
of materials and gaiety of appearance, be-
tween this style and the simple walking
parure; and an elegant woman knows it
is in the worst taste to confound these
style,—being as great a solecism as to re-
ceive morning visitors in full evening dress.
Embroidered organdi robes, in coloured
cachemire wool—pale buff gros de Naples
dresses, worked at the hem in wreaths
of purple convolvulus—painted foulards
—and silk muslins, are worn with white
moire hats, and bibis trimmed with plumes
or flowers. Silk muslin scarves of two
shades—one end of apple green, and the
other of mauve, worked with palms—are
often seen in this costume. Indian muslin
shawls, worked with palms of gold, black
and green, are very distinguished. The
triple pelerines so much worn this sum-
mer, are chiefly confined to walking dress,
in which they are very often seen. In full
promenade, or fête champetre dress, a
small collar, or the dress cut round the
throat in standing scollop, or drawn to
shew rather more of the bosom, as a che-
mitette à la vierge. Little cravats of rose,
or blue moire scollop, and worked in white
floss silk, are elegant.

A tout ensemble, of peculiar elegance,
is as follows:—A plain muslin dress,
trimmed at the head of a hem of two
fingers' depth, with a Mechlin lace
flounce; a light Grecian scroll pattern,
worked, en tablier, up the front of the
dress. A robe, à la polonaise, was worn
over this, likewise of plain Scotch mus-
lin, bordered with a Grecian scroll and
Mechlin edging, a cherry-coloured scarf
of silk muslin; a bibi of rice straw, or-
namented with white and cherry-coloured
plumes, much curled.

Another tout ensemble is, a very
charming fête champetre dress. A robe of
white organdi, painted with a pattern of
sweet peas, blue, rose, brown, and mauve,
with green and bronze foliage. A scarf of
cachemirienne of green and green-
dine; a hat of white crape, nearly covered
with bouquets, white daisies, with brown
calyxes, heliotrope, and Bengal roses.
Another toilet, for carriage-dress, very
fresh and original, was, a hat of maroon
watered silk, with a plume of maroon
curled feathers; a robe of English organdi
damasked, half clear and half opaque; a
figured ceinture of maroon, and a scarf of
zebri cachemire of apple green, em-
broderied with maroon palms.

Evening Dress.—Printed foulards
and painted organdi are chiefly made up
for evening dress. White muslin, em-
brodered at the knees in cachemire wool,
of the most soft and brilliant shades, is
frequent. A most elegant parure, for a
young lady, is as follows:—The hair
parted in a point on the forehead, mi-
Fashions.

donna bands on each side, terminated by long spiral curls that reach the shoulder; one low bow on the top of the head, to conceal the receptacle to sustain natural flowers, which is a minute glass, made so that the water, which will keep the flowers fresh, cannot spill. The flowers mostly worn, in this manner, are the splendid species of geraniums, heaths, and carnations. A tunic robe of white silk muslin, a little wrapping under the ceinture (and flying open to show a mauve satin slip), is bordered entirely with a narrow scalloped blonde, three times and with three pipes of satin; a chemisette of the same blonde, amadis sleeves, finished with the manchettes of the same blonde; no bracelets; no necklace; shoes of mauve satin.

Caps.—These are made rather high, and narrower than has been seen for some time; five or six points of plaited or fluted gauze, edged with vandyked blonde, arranged so as to incline a little forward with bows of mauve ribbon, is the newest style seen for some time.

Jewellery.—Enamelled chains of massive gold, lozenges and roses placed alternately are much worn; they hang to the belt and are very becoming; antique carcanet necklaces for full dress are preparing for the winter. A species of buckle to fasten the wrist, called a grafe hygieniques, which keeps the belt perfectly tight, and yet, by a mechanical elasticity adapts itself to the respiration, has been lately invented.

Pelerines and Shawls.—The pelerines, in worked muslin or net, are always in three pieces; the lowest extends in deep epaulettes on each shoulder, with lappets that cross under the ceinture; the one above is a cape open in front and a little waved; the upper a very small collar, somewhat in the cape form; a very narrow worked gauze scarf, of some bright colour, is worn under the last like a cravat or a little fichu of printed china cape. Pelerines of organdi, embroidered in coloured silks or cachmere wool, are worn in fête champêtre costume. China cape shawls, of rich brown, mulberry, or mooroon colour, are worn with rich embroidered wreaths in coloured silk, and baskets of flowers worked in the corners.

Inventions.—The stiffness of the under sleeves that support the great fullness of long sleeves, and the noise they make at every movement, has caused an inventions to be perfected for the use of the ladies that is both curious and philosophic; small balloons, of a soft impervious material, are filled with compressed air, and put beneath the sleeves, which they sustain with admirable comfort and grace, and the fair wearer, by pulling a little string, can inflate or depress her sleeves at pleasure. For instance, when she wears a shawl or cloak she can depress them, as the present fashion makes the slenderest lady appear of an enormous magnitude in these garments. It is believed this ingenious invention will be universally adopted directly that one alarming objection exists, namely, that these balloons may act as wings, and that if a lady is of a light syllab-like figure, she may, by some rude gale at the equinox, be snatched from the arm of her lover or husband, and carried off beyond the clouds, or, perhaps, if she has not presence of mind to depress her sleeves she may, after a fatiguing flight, be landed in some far country (when she only intended a morning walk in Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne) to the agony and consternation of her friends. On the contrary, an advantage is very evident in case of voyages, as a lady wearing these sleeve supporters can never sink in the water if shipwreck was to befal her. We should be wanting in duty to our fair subscribers if we were not to state both sides of the question.

Colours.—It is not very easy to state any whole colour that is worn. French lavender, pale green, and buff, are, perhaps, the most prevalent.

Description of Plates.

(200.) — Fête Champêtre Dress.

The bonnet is one of the smallest of the Bibi form that has yet been seen, made of white crapa, and ornamented with three white plumes. The bonnet has a curtain or bavollet at the back of the neck, a bow behind, and brides that hang loose. The dress is of white organdi, with a small square falling collar, bordered round, and closed in the front of the corsage with bands of worked lamb's-wool, embroidered in shades of the same colour. The skirt is plaited fully on each side, closed in front to the feet, but folded back à la tablier, worked in a beautiful pattern in coloured lamb's-wool; the same wreath is continued round the skirt, at the head of a hem about two hands' depth. Bands
Modèle

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique Boulevard des Italiens Passage de l'Opéra N° 1.

Tablier en gros de naples brodé des MM. de MM. Armand, Rue du Cloître St. Jacques l'Hôpital 7.

Robe en muselene — Robe d'enfant en Jarcennas.

L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, s.5.

Published by Pinge 112 Fetter lane London.

1832.
of the same embroidery at the wrists, in
the place of bracelets. Ceinture brocaded
to match the colours of the embroidery.
Carved mother-of-pearl buckle; black
satin shoes, worked in the same shades
and pattern. White silk gloves and
stockings.

(201.)—At Home.—The front hair
arranged in bands and ringlets. Two
folded bows at the crown of the head,
sustained by a high gallery shell comb
richly cut, and tufts of cinnamon-coloured
gauze ribbons, with cut ends; a delicate
gold chain and lozenge crosses the brow,
at la Ferroniere. The gown of pale blue
jacolet muslin, with full balloon sleeves
somewhat above the elbow, and tight lower
sleeves. This plate represents a very dis-
tinct pattern of the new manchettes, made
of French cambric or fine Scotch muslin
delicately worked. These manchettes pro-
mise to be as fashionable as such ornaments
were three years back. The shape of the
present are a new invention, exceedingly
becoming to a lady's hand. Each is in two
mitre-shaped pieces: one falls over the
hand, nearly to the knuckles; the other
over the sleeve,—the latter is cleft. The
bracelets to be worn with the new man-
chettes are complete contrasts to the heavy
false jewelry seen at sallies in the last few
years. A row of real pearls, of moss
agates, or of exquisite enamel, clasped
with a small gem for full dress, with lace
or blonde manchettes. For such as the
costume under discussion,—"a home
dress," a light chain of gold or of hair, is
placed at the parting of the two pieces.
The corsage of the dress is quite plain,
and tight to the bust, cut rounding to the
bosom. The skirt likewise plain, gathered
round the waist, and a low hem at the
bottom. A chemisette of very clear plain
net, finished at the throat with a lace ruff,
beneath which is tied a cravat of cinnamon-
 coloured gros de Naples, with the ends
worked in floss silk of a lighter shade. An
apron of silk of the same colour, sur-
rounded by a cord of the colour; and
it has corners and pockets, embroidered
in lighter cinnamon silk of an acorn pat-
tern in foliage. The apron is tied with a
thick cord, and tassels of the same shade.
The scarf is of silk muslin, printed in rose-
coloured sprigs and pattern, and finished
with deep rose-coloured and white fringe.
The brodequins are cinnamon reps silk
and bronze leather. Our fair subscribers
will see that we have been elaborate in
this description, because it presents many
new inventions, and because, after all, the
test of an elegant woman is the propriety
and delicate finish of an "at home cos-
tume."

Child's Dress.—Dress of nankin-
coloured jaconet. The corsage at la vierge.
For walking, a round cape of the same
material, with plaited cambric frill and a
pink gros de Naples cravat. Sleeves tight
to the elbow, and round and full above.
The trousers are tucked lengthways, and
drawn round the ankle with tucked frills.
Brodequins, stone-coloured prunella and
black.

(202.)—Promenade Dress.—Small
hat of watered silk, ornamented with
plumes of fern and branches of white
hawthorn. The hat is trimmed very
tastefully with striped gauze ribbons; four
puffs of ribbon are put a la ferroniere
within the front, and a mentonniere of lace
meets under the chin. The hat ties under
the chin on one side. The dress is of Scotch
or India muslin, sprigged in a pattern of
palms in India cotton. It is made high to
the throat, round the bust are put two
cape-epaulettes, of a very new and peculiar
cut; no alteration in the sleeves, ex-
cepting in the effect that is given them by
the new fashion of shoulder trimmings.
The skirt exceedingly full, and gathered
round the waist; but it has no trimmings.
A rich ruche of lace at the throat. This
simple but graceful parure is one of the
morning dresses of the royal bride—the
young Queen of Belgium.
had been allowed to bring their carriages into the Park, and they would then be enabled to see the military movements, without forming a part of a dense crowd which formed the lines. As it was, we saw many a fair lady shrink under the passing remarks of the low blackguards, who pressed their unwelcome presence without regard to politeness, or even common civility. We were almost tempted to knock down a fellow in a straw hat, who even insulted the ladies, in the royal carriages, as they passed us; the by-standers giving him encouragement rather than otherwise.

SIMPLICITY.—At the marriage of the Queen of the Belgians, the French King, Louis Philippe, announced, that several sums were to be given to portion off young women; and proper testimonials of good character and conduct were required, in the damsels, who were candidates for the dowries. A very plain but respectable young woman presented herself, and laid, before the committee, the most unexceptionable references of praiseworthy conduct; and, when requested to name her intended, that he might be registered, she made a low curtsy, and replied, with the utmost naïveté—"Oh, gentlemen, I thought the government found everything."

DEPARTURE OF THE DUCHESS OF Saxe Weimar.—On Wednesday, the first instant, her Majesty accompanied her sister, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, to the Tower, who embarked shortly afterwards on board the Attwood steam-packet, for Germany. The Queen and the Duchess left Windsor as early as seven o'clock, and returned, the same day, with his Majesty, who had held a levee at St. James's.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**Births.—Sons.**
July 20th, at Lord Wharcliffe's in Curzon-street, Lady Ermelline Stuart Wortley. —July 21st, at Hope-town House, the Countess of Hope-town, of twins; one was still-born, and the other only survived a few hours.—Aug. 12, the Marchioness of Lothian.—Aug. 15, the Countess of Guilford. Aug. 15, the lady of Sir George H. W. Beaumont, Bart.

**Births.—Daughters.**
July 31st, the Lady of John Currie, Esq., M.P.—July 20th, Lady Susan Lygon.—Aug. 15, at Stockpole Court, the Countess of Cawdor.

**Marriages.**
July 26th, at Berechurch, near Colchester, Thomas White, junior, Esq., of Weathersfield, to Charlotte, the only daughter of Sir George Henry Smyth, Bart., of Berechurch Hall. —July 31st, at St. Martin's Church, Donald Cameron, Esq., eldest son of Donald Cameron, Esq., of Lochiel, North Britain, to Vere Cathe- rine Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Hon. George Hobart, and sister to the present Earl of Buckinghamshire.—July 31st, at Rushbrooke, Suffolk, Major Eden, of the Connaught Rangers, only son of Lieutenant-General Eden, of Ham, Surrey, to Fanny Georgiana, third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Rushbrooke, of Rushbrook Park. —July 25, at More Critchill, Dorset, Wm. Denny, Esq., fifth son of the late Sir E. Denny, Bart., of Trace Castle, County Kerry, Ireland, to Marianne, youngest daughter of William Truman, Esq., of Prospect Terrace, Exeter.—July 19th, at Steeple Aston, James Moncrieff Melville, Esq., of Priestden, Fifo, to Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Wm. Liepmere, of Steeple Aston, Oxford.—July 1st, at Marylebone Church, John Hopton Russell Chichester, Esq., eldest son of Dr. Chichester, to Grace Mary, daughter of the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, of Meresham Hatch, Kent. —July 31st, at South Stoneham, the Rev. Charles John Crawford, second son of William Crawford, Esq., of Dorking, to Eleanor, fourth daughter of Vice Admiral Sir Edward Foote, K.C.B., of Highfield House, near Southampton.—Aug. 15th, at All Saints Church, Southampton, Beauchamp, third son of the late Charles Beauchamp Kerr, and grandson of the late Marquis of Lothian, to Caroline Eliza, youngest daughter of the late James Irwin, Esq.—Aug. 16th, at Brighton, the Viscount Bernard, son of the Earl of Bandon, to Catherine Mary, eldest daughter of Thos. Whitmore, Esq., of Apley-park, Shropshire.—Aug. 16, at St. George's Church, Edward Thomas Foley, Esq., M.P., to the Lady Emily Graham, daughter of the Duke of Montrose.

**Deaths.**
July 21, at her country seat at Bruchval, after a short illness, her Royal Highness the Dowager Margravine Amelia-Frederica of Baden.—July 23rd, at his house in Drogheda, the Most Rev. Dr. Curtis, Catholic Primate of all Ireland, in his 95th year.—July 28th, in his rooms at Mag- dalen College, Oxford, the Rev. William Andrew Jenner, D.D., Senior Fellow of that College.—July 26th, at Eyfield, Berks, of malignant choler,- the Rev. Edward Parris New, B.D. Fellow of St. John's College, and Perpetual Curate of Northmoor, in the county of Oxford.—July 28th, Lady Hannah Ellice, wife of Mr. Edward Ellice, Secretary to the Treasury. Her Ladyship was sister of Earl Grey.—July 20th, at Knightsbridge, in his 31st year, William Robinson Holmes, Esq., First Page to his late Majesty George the Fourth.—July 15th, at the house of her bro- ther, at Chelsea, of bilious fever, in her 26th year, Mary Ann Clark, eldest surviving daughter of Mr. Ewen Mackintosh.—July 16th, at Totteridge, in his 68th year, Mr. Ewen Mackintosh, the father of the above, after an illness of only three days, produced by excessive grief at the alarming ill- ness of his daughter. — Aug. 13, at Hall-place, St. John's-wood, Major-General Sir Chas. Ashworth, K.C.B. and K.T.S.—Aug. 17, in his 70th year, at his house in Portland-place, Samuel Peace, Esq., of Iddlecote, Warwickshire.
"THE WILD GAZELLE;"

A SONG.

WRITTEN BY J. O'DONOGRUE, ESQ.

The Music

COMPOSED BY G. A. HODSON.

ENGRAVED EXCLUSIVELY

FOR

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

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MY PRETTY GAZELLE.


Come higher my pretty Gazelle
With thy footsteps light and free
There's a dimness in thine eye
Since last I gazed on thee, since last I gazed on thee,

The airy bound of thy step is gone
And
I love thee my pretty Gazelle
For the hand that lov'd to deck,
And weave the cinnamon wreath
Around thy tender neck;

She pass'd away like a summer cloud
And whither the grave can tell,
And left the light of thine eye to glad
My sorrow my pretty Gazelle,

Then come &c.
FORTUNE TELLING.

Engraved expressly for the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Published by John E. Pass Lard. 1794.
About a hundred and fifty years since, a soothsayer or fortuneteller was a public functionary in every town and city in Europe; and many cases on which a lawyer or physician is now consulted, were disposed of by these persons. In all love affairs such counsel was especially requisite, and in this department, a most flourishing trade was carried on by these conjurers or conjurers, for sometimes the profession was undertaken by the ladies as well as the lords of the creation.

A young lady, who lived in Paris at this era, had adorned herself for the marriage of her eldest sister, and was anticipating, very joyfully, that her turn to play the part of a bride would be very near at hand; unfortunately, she chanced to glance at herself in the mirror, and the conviction suddenly struck her, that she was not so handsome as her sister, and as she had not yet a lover, it was just possible that she might never have a husband. In an agony at this direful foreboding, she flew to her mother, and poured her doubts and fears into her friendly bosom. The result of the consultation was, that Angelique should, forthwith, proceed to the Sieur de Remy, a notable conjurer, who lived in the Marais, and after giving the proper fee, lay the case before him, and hear what steps were proper to take in such a dilemma.

Angelique proceeded to the abode of the wise man. He was fortunately alone, and the simple Angelique was ushered without delay into his awful presence. The beating of her heart was almost too violent to permit her to observe the odd costume of the Sieur de Remy, or the extraordinary furniture of his magical apartment. Yet she felt frozen at the glances of his capacious spectacles, terrified at his long beard and flowing black robe, and ready to swoon when he took her by the hand, and seated her in his consulting chair, just under a very queer dried fish, which she firmly believed had some high concernment in her destiny. With a trembling hand the lady presented him with a lous d’or in hopes of receiving, in return, a large proportion of good fortune, but the Sieur was not only a wizard “who could peep and mutter,” but a man of strong insight into character, and he forthwith perceived that the very simple, and rather plain Angelique, would stand little chance of being married in a city, where wit and espeugerie were then, as now, valued before beauty, where beauty stood a poor chance without these indispensable requisites for a Frenchwoman, and a dam-
sel possessing neither, stood none at all—and the Sieur, who set a higher value on the accomplishment of his predictions, than on pleasing his customers, actually told the earnest Angelique, “That from the inspection of the lines of her hand, he saw reason to believe that she would die single.” Despair overcame her fears, and she demanded, in a faltering tone, whether his great learning could furnish no spell or charm that might avert so cruel a destiny?

“Such a thing, perhaps, could be done, and if exceedingly persevered in, it was possible that success might follow;” replied the Sieur de Remy.

Angelique implored the gifted sage to teach her the charm, as she was determined to leave nothing untried.

The Sieur assured her, that spell-teaching was a distinct branch of his profession, and could not be practised without a fresh fee.

Angelique had but a thirty sous piece remaining in her purse, the sorcerer hesitated—but finally, professed himself satisfied, seeing no more was to be had.

“Before you retire to rest,” said he, “repeat the following matrimonial litany, in which all the saints who have any interest in these matters in heaven’s chancery are invoked:”

“Kyrie—I would—Eleison—be married—Kyrie—I pray all the saints—Eleison—that it may be to-morrow.”

“I shall never remember all that, Sieur Remy!” cried Angelique, despairingly—for her memory was something like that of Starveling, the tailor, in the “Midsummer’s Night’s Dream,” who wanted the lion’s part written out for him, because he was slow of study.

“That is not half the spell, thou foolish maiden,” said the Sieur; “nevertheless I will write it out for thee, on a piece of fair virgin parchment, if thy mother will send me a fat turkey for a fee.”

Angelique struck the bargain in her mother’s name, and the Sieur proceeded in the litany.

“Saint Mary, all the world would be married; Saint Nicholas, do not let me be forgotten; Saint Merri, let me have a good husband; Saint Micheal, let him be faithful; Saint Severin, let me live at my ease; St. Rose, let me keep my coach”—

“And can she give me a coach?” interrupted the wondering Angelique.

“Certainly she can, if she pleases,” replied the Sieur, (par parenthése.) “Saint Boniface, give me a handsome husband; Saint Augustine, let him come to-morrow. That is all.”

Angelique conned her lesson so well, that forty years afterwards, when a lonely maiden, she laid on her death-bed, she was heard to repeat, among the prayers for the dying, the Matrimonial Litany she had learnt of the fortuneteller: “Saint Rose, give me a coach! Saint Boniface, a handsome husband! Saint Augustin, let it be to-morrow!” So invincible is habit, strong even in death.

Many a modern fair one will smile at the enduring faith of the simple Angelique; but let us not boast ourselves too much. Credulity is a weed very difficult to eradicate, even from the intellects of strong-minded men. A lingering belief in omens and predictions seems left in the human heart to lower and confound the haughty self-sufficiency of the great.—Napoleon notoriously believed in fortunetelling. Lord Byron used to relate, with all the earnestness of conviction, that his future destiny was foretold him by a young lady, who playfully told his fortune, with a pack of cards in one of his college vacations. These instances show that this folly is not confined to weak confiding women, and in the times of poor Angelique, kings, statesmen, and heroes shamelessly consulted fortunetellers. Cromwell and Charles the First alternately sent to Lilly, the conjurer, to know the disposition of the stars on their several enterprises, and the impudent impostor, who adverse to the king’s party, and personally hated Cromwell,* sent the most insolent messages to them both, and thought himself a greater man than either. A little earlier than this epoch, Sully, the great and wise minister of Henry Quartre, records a curious scene that befell him with

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* Lilly greatly prided himself on having told Richard Cromwell and Fleetwood, who came to consult him in the disguise of two cavaliers, that Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, would come to the gallows—a prediction he considered verified when his body was taken up and suspended thereon.
a fortune-teller, before he arrived at the eminence he afterwards attained. The passage is a curious one.

"Entering an inn at Maubisson without any attendants, when I was on my road to meet the king, I went into a large chamber, where I found a man walking about very fast, so absorbed in thought, that I supposed he did not observe my entrance. Looking at him with more attention, every thing in his person, manner and countenance appeared to me very uncommon, his body was long and slender, his face thin and withered; his beard white and forked; he had a large hat on his head, which shadowed his face, a cloak buttoned close at the collar; boots of an enormous size; a sword that trailed on the ground, and in his hand a large double bag, like those that are carried at saddle-bows. I asked him whether he lodged in that chamber, and wherefore he seemed in such profound contemplation? My man, affronted at the question, without deigning to look at me, answered me rudely, that he was in his own chamber, and that he was thinking of his affairs, as I might do of mine. Although surprised at his impertinence, I desired him very civilly to permit me to dine in that chamber, a proposal that he received grumbling, and rudely denied. At that moment three of my gentlemen, my pages, and some footmen entered the room in quest of me; my brutal companion then thought fit to alter his looks and words, pulled off his hat, and eyeing me with a fixed regard, asked where I was going? I told him to meet the king.

"Pray tell me," he said, "the day and hour that the king sent for you, when his letters were written, and the precise time you set out?"

It was not difficult to discover an astrologer by these questions. I was further obliged to tell him my age, and to allow him to look at my hands.

After all these ceremonies were over—"Sir," said he, with an air of surprise and respect, "I resign my chamber to you very willingly, and before it be long, many more persons will quit their places to you with more regret than I do mine." The more I pretended to be astonished at his great abilities, the more he endeavoured to give me proofs of them; he promised me riches, honours, and power, (astrologers are seldom niggards), and added, that if I would inform him of the hour of my birth, he would tell me all that had ever happened to me. He never asked my name, but suddenly bounced out of the room, and I saw no more of him. I diverted my wife with an account of this little adventure in the first letter I wrote to her."

In the nineteenth century generals and prime ministers do not submit to have their fortunes told thus openly, but there is more folly of this kind rife in the world than is generally believed. At the close of the eighteenth century, an Astrologer's Magazine had a great circulation, and our enlightened and sceptical metropolis contains believers, even now, in judicial astrology. Aye, at this moment, and for many previous years, one of our best landscape painters in water colours, casts nativities, in which he firmly believes. He has many visitors who require specimens of his skill, some out of curiosity, and many more from credulous motives.

The etiquette of his studio is, that if a nativity is calculated, a small drawing is purchased, for which, from one to two guineas is paid, and the worthy purchaser departs, highly satisfied, having obtained an insight into futurity, and a valuable ornament for album or scrapbook, at a low rate, considering the merit of the performance.

It seems singular that the most absurd species of divination should have lingered thus long among us, for a moment's reflection will show that these nativities are still more ridiculous than even a pretended spirit of prophecy. They depend upon the position of the planets, according to their astronomical places in the heavens in the precise moment of an infant's birth, and from these positions the astrologer foretells the events of the child's life. Now, as there must be, in a large city, a number of children born at the same moment, and as the planets must be in the same state for all in the same latitude of situation, it would follow that, perforce, the destiny of all the children would be precisely alike; they would marry the same persons, meet the same accidents, and die the same kind of deaths, in short, be living doubles of each other. Dryden calculated the nativity of his son Charles, and foretold that he should once be nearly drowned; once wounded nearly to death by a stag, and at last drowned abroad; all this came
true, and revived, for a quarter of an age, the general belief in judicial astrology. Yet all the male infants born at the same minute must have met with precisely the same chances, or where is the justice of the science?

How many make their own fate through a belief in some idle prediction; the extreme delicacy of the nerves of females, renders them often victims to follies of this kind. A lady was lately passing through Greenwich Park with her husband, to take a boat at the hospital-stairs, when she was followed by one of the gipsy hags who are suffered to haunt that beautiful place. The gentleman tried to drive the woman away, and refused to hear her gibberish; but she, out of spite, because he would not give her money, pertinaciously persisted in her voluntary predictions. He knowing how nervous his wife was, hurried her forward, but not before the gipsy had insisted on telling her to beware of the birth of her third child, for she would never survive that event. The lady recovered the birth of her first and second child, and everything promised a happy recovery from the birth of the third, only, during a state of convalescence, she suddenly remembered, one day, this prophecy, and died, not because it was her fate, but because it was foretold; the apprehension frightened her to death, when every symptom promised a speedy restoration to health and strength.

If we trace causes deeply, we shall find that the origin of belief in fatality, springs from the excuse it offers for folly or misconduct. How soothing it is to human pride to say, "it was my fate that such an event happened," rather than to look back with regret to a chain of errors that led to such a result. Fatalists believe that a peculiar destiny is marked out for them, which no conduct of theirs can avert, and because this is not absurdity enough, they even crave to know what these events are to be beforehand—

"And if weak women go astray, Their stars are more in fault than they."

Thus prejudiced, they consider self-denial, prudence, and virtuous principle as useless, they follow their own wilfulness, madly making their fate, and unjustly declaring it is made for them.

In the ancient ballad of Fair Rosamond, the heroine is represented as indignant at the dishonourable proposals of Henry the Second, and bitterly reproaching her brother, for having drawn the monarch's attention on her, by his indiscreet praises of her beauty—

"Why did you boast beyond your bounds, When Oxford you did see? You might have bragged of hawks and hounds, And not discoursed of me."

But all this virtuous contempt of flattery fails to preserve the fair Clifford, when she imagines it is her fate to be lost. According to the superstition of the times, she had had her planet read, or her nativity calculated. It was the fashion then to have this precious document sealed up unread, and opened with great solemnity in any moment of difficulty, in order to aid the judgment in the decision of the most important event like to befall the person. What wild work such blind counsel must have made in many cases, may be imagined from the ballad. Rosamond, greatly perplexed in mind, resorts to this method of decision. She bids her bower-maid

"Go fetch me down my planet-book, Straight from my private room, For in the same I mean to look, What is decreed my doom. The planet-book to her they brought, And laid it on her knee, She found that all would come to naught, And poisoned she should be."

Rosamond then obeys the king's mandate, repairs to court, and from despair, fulfils an evil destiny, that her unbiassed judgment would have taught her to avoid. Many a victim would be saved, much sorrow avoided in the world, if all who earnestly crave to look into futurity, would take for their motto,

"Conduct is fate."
SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

AN OLD MAN’S COURTSHIP.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Absence is, unquestionably, the touchstone of love, and happy would it have been for many a couple who are “paired, not matched,” if they had been subject to an ordeal which rarely fails to confirm and increase that affection which is founded on congeniality of disposition and sincere esteem, whilst it “melts into thin air,” the wanderings of fancy and the dreams of passion.

Yet, as the world is now constituted it is, perhaps, rarely wise to nourish even praiseworthy love; but I will not moralize; it is at this moment pleasanter to narrate, although my story a good deal resembles those pictures of life, which Crabbe has painted with inimitable truth, and most painful reality, and which may be seen too often by those whose hearts incline them to look with sympathy around them.

Amy Greenhill was an orphan, and grudgingly endured, rather than benevolently brought up, by a bachelor uncle, who yet considered her obedience and gratitude implicitly due, and whilst he exacted services from her which would have purchased reward in any other family, yet persisted in retaining her in his own, where she was kept in a state of such poverty, as to her personal comforts, as to repress, effectually, all pride of appearance. Miss Amy Greenhill was pointed out by all prudent mothers as the picture of neatness, and the example of good management, in many cases which awoke only a sickly smile from herself; for well she knew how much necessity contributed to her merit in these particulars.

But she did not know how very lovely she was under all her privations, nor was aware that in her twice-turned gown, and plain bonnet, every eye detected the characteristics of a gentlewoman; but the time did come when Amy desired to look well, and would have been thankful for the power of appearing smart, for the eyes of one she regarded tenderly were frequently upon her, in the only place where she was permitted to mix, in any sense of the word, with her fellow creatures.

Yet she well knew, that whatever might be his wishes, Frank Selby had no right to speak of love; no power to think of such a thing as marriage, for he too was an orphan, and, like herself, had the misfortune to be a kind of a gentleman.— “Could they have lived in a cottage, and worked together like their poor neighbours, surely they might have been happy?” but this was forbidden by education, by habits, as much as by the persons who called themselves friends.—

There was no disparity of any kind between them, not even that of poverty—one difference alone subsisted in their case, Frank was dependant on a kind, but impoverished grandfather; Amy, on a rich, but covetous uncle; the former could not, the latter would not, assist them.

So evident was this heart-rending fact to both that, although neither could be ignorant of the feelings of the other, (since love tells its own tale in many ways, when innocence and virtue are parties in the dénouement), there was a tacit suppression of the truth, until Frank, who had vainly sought all possible means of helping himself, and thereby relieving his venerable relative, received, suddenly, a summons to the West Indies. This was given by a cousin of his mother’s, who offered him a situation of no great promise, but one of importance to him, and promising reward to an active man, as it was connected with naval affairs.

Nothing could exceed the anxious turmoil, and deep solicitude of poor Selby’s impassioned, but honourable, and well-judging mind. To work for Amy was happiness, to live on hope, even for years was possible, despite the pangs of separation; but then to woo her, and to bind her, to one whose hold on fortune was so slight, and in doing so to insure her the anger of her uncle, and, perhaps, eventually be the means of injury to her, could not be thought of; with her beauty and merit, she could not fail to attract the
wealthy when any circumstance threw her more into the world, and although the thought was madness, could he consistently ask her to resign the situation she was fitted to adorn for his sake?"

Every emotion of his heart, every argument of love, or honour, that passed his mind, was thrown with all the ingenuousness of youth before that aged man, who, in his love for him, could retrace his own past feelings, and allow for all the fond agitation of one so severely tried.—He, felt persuaded that Amy must love one, who, in his own estimate, was peerless, but he was not less aware that the avowal of her love, even under present circumstances, would subject her to reproach that must increase the pangs of separation at the present moment, and subject her to ceaseless persecution at some future time, if it should so happen that her solitude was broken in upon by a lover. Under this perception of their mutual situation, he earnestly besought his grandson to persist in the wise forbearance he had hitherto shown, and emphatically promised not only to watch over the welfare and conduct of Amy, but when the proper time should come, to make her the tender of his distant, but still faithful heart; and, "in short," he added, "dear Frank, I will court her for you, for I am sure she is as good as she is pretty." At any other time poor Frank might have smiled at the idea of such a proxy, but he was not only too full of grief and solicitude, but also of hurry for such an effect. He departed, happily for them both, under such a pressure of time as to preserve him in the good resolutions inspired by his venerable relative, but not without the lucky circumstance of exchanging a look with Amy that never could be forgotten, and making her a parting obeisance so full of tenderness and sorrow, that it seemed to lay his future fortunes at her feet, and solicit from her at once the smile and the tear, which succeeded each other rapidly on her ingenuous countenance.

Notwithstanding the silence of the lovers on that subject which, in their conception, combined all on earth most dear and interesting, old Greenhill had entertained suspicion on the subject, and for some time held himself in readiness to discharge, on the head of Amy, those arrows which circumstance might have enabled him to tip with poison. He had got every old saw, which tells of poverty coming into the door, and love flying out of the window, ready, together with reflections on the good blood of the Selbys, and its insufficiency to make good puddings. All this treasured malignity was unfortunately lost, when it was discovered that Frank set out after a few hours' warning, and neither sent a note, or requested an interview, and merely kissed his hand, as to an old neighbour, when he drove past her in the lane.

Luckily, however, the power of tormenting her arose from a different medium. She was for a time constantly consoled with, and joked on wearing the willow for a young fellow, who, it was plain, never thought of her, "one who would, probably, in a short time, find the face of a mulatto preferable to her red and white, since many women of colour had got that gold which she wanted, and which sighing after absent swains was little likely to procure."

As poor Amy, with natural dignity and delicacy repelled these insinuations, and maintained (unfortunately with more zeal than truth) that, "indeed, Mr. Francis was nothing to her; she wished him well—very well—(here it was necessary to suppress a sigh), but as for any thing else, it was out of the question, and she had rather bear no more said on the subject"—"much rather."

For this very reason the good-natured uncle determined she should hear it continually, for which purpose he hobbled over to old Selby's, praised his garden and his nephew, invited him to his house since he was lonely, and as he could rarely walk so far himself, promised to send Amy, his niece, to see after him, and get him up to the hall.

It was with a beating irresolute heart, by turns experiencing hope, for which she could not account, and fear, for which she could—together with alternate doubt, offence, forgiveness, anger and tenderness, that Amy entered the cottage with a message from her uncle, of invitation. Her emotions compelled her to accept a seat, notwithstanding the old man gave an immediate negative (though a civil one) to the subject on which she spoke. Having done so, he proceeded to speak of his loss, to point out its melancholy, yet dear memorials. Every thing around spoke of
Frank—his fishing-rod hung in one place, his gun on another—"those were his drawings on the wall—that was the last book he read in—these, the last words he wrote in his pocket-book. The seeds folded in such neat parcels were of his gathering, and if she would please to look into the garden, she would see the walk he had gravelled, and the peas he had sown."

Amy returned with a full impression in Frank's favour very reconciling to herself—love, and almost adoration of the good old man who loved him so dearly, and whose experience justified the preference she had indulged, seeing that the graceful exterior which might have had its influence on a girl of nineteen, was not likely to affect him. She returned not in fact, unhappy, for her vexed and anxious spirit had found consolation, but she was very pensive, her thoughts were on the deep and its dangers; therefore she appeared sad in her uncle's eyes, and he sent her again and again to increase her sorrow.

In a short time these interviews became so sweet to both parties, that the old gentleman condescended to visit the 'Squire for the sake of his niece, and in his company the latter found some alleviation to his advancing infirmities, and the strangers became as far neighbours as the great distinction in their characters admitted of; the time came when the receipt of a letter from Frank made almost as great a sensation in the hall as in the cottage.

The first of these had formed a reason for the old man's speaking candidly on the state of Frank's affections to Amy, and descriptively eloquent on the virtue and the difficulty of silence; and with many blushes he received, in return, an assurance of her esteem for his grandson, indeed, "the possibility of her affection."

The old man possessed that power which "can waft a sigh from Indus to the pole," and although it was a long and wearisome travel, in due time, Barbadoes received it, and hope and power rose in proportion to the kindly assurance it conveyed.

So pleasant, and even so necessary to Amy's peace, did her visits to the cottage become, that absent looks, and abstracted answers, could not veil their general effect, and when Frank Selby had been gone about a year, Mr. Greenhill discovered, "that the old rogue his uncle, had made an impression on the heart of that silly girl his niece, and comparing his own sickly state with the hale old age enjoyed by himself, absolutely meant to marry Amy, survive him and enjoy his fortune." On the strength of this surmise, he renounced his society, prohibited his niece from daring to call at the cottage, and established such a system of surveillance in his household, as to render it a matter of great difficulty to escape detection.

It is yet certain, that the reported lovers sometimes met, and as often did they weep together. Poor Frank remained toiling to little purpose, and age and sorrow made many ravages in the sinking frame of him, who had been formerly sustained by the tender attentions of her, who had become to him as a daughter.—Wearily did the days pass to both, and hard did they find the burden so causelessly imposed upon them; but, alas! for his sake, in whom their cares mingled, neither dared to break it. As life advances, the necessity of providing for its wants presses the more upon the mind, and poor old Selby was not more desirous of securing a competence to his grandson, than Amy of bestowing riches on him who had hitherto never, personally, avowed his passion.

Amy Greenhill was a very handsome woman of twenty-five, when the first profession of love met her ear. It was breathed by the ci-devant captain of a frigate, about the age of her uncle, who had been his school-fellow, and having amassed abundance of prize-money, had lately bought an estate in his neighbourhood. He was, probably, a very brave man, and had the general characteristics of his class, both as to the virtues which remain, and the vices which have ceased to the profession. He drank abundantly, and swore abundantly, both of which qualities were singularly disgusting to Amy, because the old man, whom she half idolized, had no such errors; a comparison with him gave her courage to refuse the Captain in the most decisive manner, despite of her terror at the probable anger of her uncle.

Well might she be terrified. Never had she dared to have a will of her own, even as to the food she eat, or the dress she wore: therefore her assertion as to this right awoke astonishment and rage, which
was so unbounded as to render her in apparent danger of her life. The pallid face, the trembling limbs, the glaring eyes, and the uplifted crutch threatened her with annihilation; while the bitter curses proceeding from the parched lips of her uncle, froze her very blood with horror. Yet still farther was that horror increased, when, in the very act of striking her, the instrument of his wrath fell from his powerless arm, and in another moment he too lay prostrate.

Gouty gentlemen should avoid all strong excitement, for it gives the enemy great advantages; and a very few minutes served to prove, that Mr. Greenhill's flying tormentor had been suddenly enabled to seize the citadel. In his anguish, Amy forgot all but his danger, and his dependence on her for immediate succour; but it was neither in her power, nor that of the medical attendants whom she summoned, to avert the stroke which, in a few hours, laid the 'Squire on the bed of death.

His well-known caprice, which had veered by turns to many dependants, and to various public charities, together with the miserable state of personal poverty to which he had condemned his niece, had prevented any one considering her in the light of his heiress; but every one trusted that, as a matter of common justice, he would be found to have rewarded her services, especially as, in his last moments, he expressed desire to destroy a will which was in the hands of his attorney. On that gentleman producing the document in question, it appeared that, although cramped with various peculiarities of disposition, all the property of her uncle descended to his patient, long-suffering niece, who was left his sole executrix.

Conjecture was very busy as to the effect this unlooked-for, though not unmerited, good fortune would produce, and alteration of every kind prophesied by the envious; but in no one's heart were such lively emotions experienced, as that of him whose hoary head bespoke the arrival of that wintry season when such feelings rarely interrupt its calm frigidity. "Would she revisit the cottage? and, by that action, prove, that her heart beat as heretofore; or would she, by continued estrangement, evince that change which long absence, not less than present acquisition, rendered but too possible? She was, indeed, of a noble nature—but was she not also singularly retiring; who could say which way her mind might be affected by a situation so peculiar?"

This peculiarity was increased by the sudden influx of admirers that now buzzed round the heiress, whose beauty, it appeared, could only be discovered in mourning. From one of those who attended her, per force, Amy took refuge in the cottage, the first time after she left her own house. The surprise and pleasure of this sudden meeting unlocked the hearts of both; yet the old man mingled painful surmises with sincere congratulations, saying, "that all human beings were liable to change, and, therefore—"

"Your nephew, Mr. Francis, is, I suppose, married?"—"You shall see his letters, Miss Amy—you shall read for yourself."—"Ah! how long it is since we read them together."

"By no means long since we spoke of them, since we caught minutes of inquiry, and exchanged looks of intelligence, which were all that I could command; but it is, indeed, long since I could visit you, and inquire after your ailments, dear Mr. Selby, and I see you have been very poorly?"

"Never mind the old man's infirmities, dear Amy, but read the young man's letters—you will then find the language of a heart no absence can change—no circumstance render false to past vows, or cold to past hopes; you will see how hard he has worked, how resolutely he has served during his seven years' bondage, and how fondly he is now looking to its termination—how bitterly he has lamented the loss of your society through our past separation."

Amy read, and blushed, and wept; again she read—and when the old man turned away, we will not say that she did not press the name of Frank to her lips. No wonder she was agitated—the very liberty of weeping and loving had to her an irresistible charm; and so fully could she rely on the friendship and delicacy, the indulgence and the comprehension, of the only human being who had ever taken the pains to understand her, and who had loved her "in her low estate," that she literally luxuriated in exercising the delicious sensibility suppressed so long. The timidity of her nature—the dignity of
Sketches from Life.

maiden modesty—even the consciousness of
wealth, and the fear of censure, to
which it led, alike gave way before the
hope—the dear ecstatic hope, of blessing
him who had so long and ardently sought
to be to her a blessing.

The acuter feelings of Amy might
abate after this memorable interview; but
the tenderness of her nature was still
more exemplified in her future intercourse
with the good old man, who was to her
father, friend, and almost lover. Unfortu-
nately, at this very time the object of
their united solicitude was on a voyage to
the south of America, as a purchaser of
valuable wood; and during the long
period of his unavoidable silence, the old
man pined in disappointment—and with
the misgivings of age, prophesied a thou-
sand evils, which too frequently spread a
contagious influence on the fond, anxious
breast of Amy. Yet even then, she
sought, by the tenderest assiduities, to re-
store his spirits, and by all those cares, so
long lavished on her uncle, to invigorate
his frame; though no longer refusing so-
ciety, or affecting any disrelish of the
blessings of life, no company or amuse-
ment could wear her from those attentions
she held as duties; and the apparently
precarious fate of her far distant lover,
formed to her gentle heart a new reason
for adopting, as her own kinsman, the ve-
nerable parent he had so long held ines-
timably dear.

During the succeeding winter, no en-
treaties could win Amy from the Hall;
since it was there only that she could in-
spect the cottage. And, ah! how many
comforts, how many elegancies, sprung
beneath that humble roof under her in-
spection; but not one article of Frank’s
was removed, not one suggestion of his
was deemed capable of improvement.

It was the custom of Amy to send from
her table whatever could tempt the languid
appetite of Mr. Selby at the hour of din-
er; but his cup of tea she shared and
made herself, after which she generally
read to him in the Bible, but sometimes
varied the scene by passages from authors
who wrote of the countries Francis was
visiting. At a stated hour, her servant
brought her clogs and a lantern; since the
distance called not for a carriage, and
rarely could the old man be prevailed on
to sit still when she departed. No! he
must go at least to the gate of his little
garden—he must ascertain the state of the
weather, and bid her again and again
“Good night with such sweet sorrow:
As he would say good night until ‘twere
morrow.”

This was passing one night after a most
protracted stay, in a spring evening, when
their adieux were interrupted by the rapid
approach of that unusual vehicle, a post
chaise. The old man tremulously insisted on
their return within the pales for safety, and
the footman warmly seconded the entreaty.

Scarcely had she complied, when the
 carriage stopped, and in another moment
a stranger sprang out of it, and seizing
only the white head and bending form of
the good old man, eagerly embraced him
and hailed him as grandfather.

“Tis Frank, my own poor Frank! Amy,
my own dear Amy, where are you? Oh!
thank God you too are here.”

Selby in the uncertain light was puzzled
by the appearance of the lady, who now,
unable alike to speak or withdraw, retreated
towards the parlour. Could she be
the dear Amy, towards whom his wishes
had so long pointed, and for whose sake
he so ardently rejoiced in the successful
bargain which now brought him back to
England a prosperous man? She was
elegantly dressed and attended. She was
surely handsomer than the fair girl on
whose early charms his memory had
dwelt so long? His heart asked only for
the same.

But it was not difficult to reconcile him
to the lovely woman whose virtues had
improved not less than her person, though
there was perhaps some trouble in proving
that the rich Miss Greenhill could love
him as well as the poor dependant Amy
might have done; for the pride of man’s
nature resists all sense of obligation, and
delights to give, while it shuns to receive.
A short time sufficed, however, for expla-
nation and declaration, since the good old
man was impatient to prove the extent of
his affectionate cares, and to expatiate
alike on the merits of her who was to
him already held as more than kindred.
He yet allowed, that since Frank had ar-
ived, it was right that he should plead
his own cause, and complete his own love
affairs, as became a young, though weather-
beaten man,—observing, that good as Amy
was, and successful as he had been, the
dar girl had certainly had more than
enough of an “old man’s courtship.”
THE BRIDAL.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

There are offences against rank, in their consequences, almost as fatal to the offenders as crimes of law or sins of nature. They only differ from them in not entailing remorse; but, in its stead, they are followed with a grief and anguish scarcely less painful.

In one of the midland counties, which, for obvious reasons, it is not fit to name, a nobleman, to whom the title of Earl Le Saxon may be given, possessed a magnificent ancient seat, where he generally resided, save a few months in winter during the session of Parliament. His estate was suitable to his rank; but, in different election contests, he had impaired his income—not, however, to such a degree as to trench on the circumstances suitable to his station, though sufficiently so to render him desirous of relieving his family from the embarrassment. Accordingly, as it is only by marriage that the nobility can restore their dilapidated fortunes, it had, for many years, been the business of his life to discern a proper match for Lord Wickham, his only son. Perseverance nourished his earnestness in this pursuit, till it became a passion; but fortune alone would not satisfy him. Himself of ancient pedigree, among the oldest and greatest in England, birth and connection were essential; but his choice, among the fortunate who enjoyed these enviable distinctions, was limited to few. At last, in a northern heiress, a countess in her own right, and mistress of a spacious domain, he found a lady with all the indispensable requisites; but she was still too young. Youth, however, is a defect that daily lessens; and had she not, in other respects, been blighted in her person, Lord Wickham, still under age, would perhaps not have repined.

The Earl, notwithstanding his anxiety to accomplish this match, was not insensible to the objections which an elegant youth might make to weakness and deformity; and it became a part of his Lordship’s policy, to keep those apart whom he had destined for man and wife —while, at the same time, the intended union was always spoken of as a predetermined arrangement, which a year or two would complete.

The same policy made it also a matter of studious endeavour to attach his son to the country. He knew the dangers and allurements of London; and to preserve him from its fascinations, he encouraged his natural taste for field sports, and the recreations of the turf and chase. But there is nothing in the art or craft of man that can withstand the determinations of fate.

One day, while Lord Wickham had sauntered abroad, with his gun, alone, he entered a plantation near the castle, by a foot-path, which he had never observed before. The day was bright and calm; and though the leaves were then fading, a balsamic fragrance, as delightful as the refreshing perfume of spring, was diffused throughout the wood. Every thing around, on the earth and in the air, invited; a little brook, that crossed the path, seemed in its flowing pilfer to sparkle with gladness, as if in its gambols there had been something akin to the playfulness of childhood.

He continued to follow the path, which gradually meandered through the plantation until it entered the aisles and arches of an ancient forest, where the old and ponderous trunks of mossy trees lay here and there prostrate victims of tempests in the olden time; some, of more recent ruin, were hoary with moss and lichens, but the greater number were covered with a mouldering soil, and the loose embroidery of autumnal plants, suggesting reveries of an undivulged antiquity, the graves of giants, and a pleasing awe of the whispering spirits, that have their being and their domicile amidst the predominance of leaves and boughs.

He had often heard that, in a remote period, there had been a forest in this place, crushed and unrooted by a storm, and that the younger trees had been planted by one of his ancestors in its place; but he had formed no idea that any remains existed of a character so primeval.

It was a scene of which he had formed no conception. All around lay the crista of age and decay—obscure and solemn, it reminded him of druidical groves, and the bowers and antres of idol-
try; and as he roamed through the
labyrinths, he was as one within the
haunted precincts of old enchantments, in
the region of the hyppogriff; for he was
a youth of a poetical imagination, who,
in his excited temperament, delighted to
fill solitude with intelligence, and to hold
communion, like the ancient worshippers
of faws and dryads, with the local influ-
ences of nature.

In his enthusiasm he went astray. He
could not recover the path; but, on the
contrary, the more he wandered in quest
of it he became the more bewildered; till,
having reached the margin of a mountain-
stream which was leaping from rock to
rock, he resolved to follow its course,
knowing that it had not far to run till it
would issue from the forest.

In the course of a short time he
emerged from the trees, in the bottom of
a small green valley, in which he dis-
covered a cottage, and two females, a
matron and a girl spreading and watering
a few articles of linen in the sunshine.
On inquiring his way, the old woman
directed him to a rustic gate, near the cot-
tage, and he walked towards it; but, in
passing along, he paused to look at her
daughter, who seemed to him, at that
moment, the loveliest creature he had ever
befriended. Her occupation was in beautiful
harmony with her own bright appearance,
and her natural elegance. As she replied
to his observations, she seemed to derive
an indescribable grace from the modest
simplicity of her manner.

He was induced to stop; but not to
prolong the only little sunny portion of
their sad tale, he became deeply en-
moured, and in the course of after visits
their love became mutual, and soon ripen-
ed into a passion fatal to them both.

His visits to this secluded spot were
noticed at the castle; and his mother,
Lady Le Saxon, soon learnt from her
maid the cause, but would not interpose.
It suited the scope of the early machina-
tion to detach the ill-fated youth from
London; and though direct encouragement
could not be said to have been given
to the attachment, it was connived at with
such indulgence as to produce the same
effect. In the course of a few years, two
children were the consequence; and,
within a few months after the birth of the
youngest, the time arrived when the mar-
rriage with the northern heiress was to be
celebrated.

Lord Wickham had been so long ac-
customed to look forward to this event,
that he regarded the approaching day
without emotion. Once, indeed, he did
expostulate with his mother on the subject;
but she reminded him how steadfastly his
father’s heart had been set upon the
match, and silenced him by representing
the firmness and inflexibility of his char-
acter. Aware of the true reason which
made her son averse to the marriage, she
however could not withhold from him her
sympathy; at the same time, with that
sentiment of indifference towards even the
dearest domestic ties which occasionally
sully the best affection in all ranks of life,
she advised him to make an early arrange-
ment that would remove his dangerous
connections, as she described them, from
the vicinity of the castle.

It was not until her ladyship proposed
this that Lord Wickham awoke to the full
sense of his situation. He saw that the
marriage required from him a sacrifice for
which he was not prepared; but, educated
in the country, and having no intimates of
his own rank and age to consult, he was
overwhelmed with perplexity. He had
never told the gentle May O’Dale his exact
circumstances, nor, although she knew his
rank, did she ever appear to desire any
change in her own humble sphere. They
were mingled up in all their feelings and
affections as one, and, until this disastrous
period, the thought of separation had never
darkened his mind. Their children were
to them as such pledges are to those that
truly love, and it is no exaggeration to
affirm, had the option been allowed to
him to live with his love at the expense
of his inheritance, he would have preferred
the alternative. But, in the sternness of
his father, there was the spirit and the
inevitable purposes of destiny.

The preparations for the wedding pro-
cceeded; but the secret was withheld from
the fond and gentle May. She saw at
times that her beloved was troubled—
that a cloud hung on the brightness of his
open brow, and that, when fondling un-
observed their children, a sudden gush of
tears betrayed a wounded heart. Her
innate delicacy restrained her from in-
quiring the cause, and he could never
gather courage to divulge it.
At last the fatal day arrived. The appearance of Lord Wickham was strikingly affecting to the household. He rose early, and walked round the grounds with a wild and vacant look. His father noticed his agitation, but avoided him; and his mother, melted with sorrow, followed him with her eye, but trembled to approach.

It had been arranged that the bride should, before coming to the castle, drive at once to the parish church, and that with the ceremony there, should commence the acquaintance of the husband and wife. It was so fixed by the Earl, and the easy frame of the bridegroom's mind offered no impediment.

Within a short time before noon, the carriages, with the bride, and her friends, and maidens, were discovered from the castle approaching; and Lord Wickham, with his mother and the Earl, were summoned to embark in theirs; but when they reached the steps at the entrance, a consternation saddened the visage of all present. The bridegroom was in his morning dress; his look was wan and wild; he stood apart from the company, and his mother, seeing his dejection, wrung her hands and urged his father to interfere. But the Earl, no less disturbed, entered at once his carriage, while one of the servants led Lord Wickham listlessly to his own chariot. The cavalcade then drove off, and every one, save the Earl and the victim, was in tears.

On reaching the church, the scene was no less affecting. A crowd of the villagers and tenants were assembled at the porch. Many of them knew the story of May O'Dale and the attachment of her high-born lover. They looked with silence and sympathy on his desolate condition, and when he went into the church, the silent crowd followed as to an interment.

On reaching the altar, Lord Wickham looked around for the bride, and he beheld her standing near his mother, a dwarfish hunchback, yellow and meagre, but clustered with gems. He then cast his eyes hurriedly over the assembled spectators, and, stepping forward, cried to the clergyman, with a voice of indignation as he firmly clutched the bride by her unshapely hand, "Say on!"

The rites being performed, the whole party hastened to the carriages. Not a word was expressed; the peasants, who had come to enjoy a holiday, stood silent, and with their eyes downcast. No sadder guests ever returned from a funeral, down that churchyard. By the time they had reached the castle, the Earl had however in some degree recovered his self-possession, and gave orders for the rejoicings to begin, amidst the bustle of which Lord Wickham escaped to his own room, and was not seen till the wedding supper in the evening,—a sumptuous banquet, prepared with great cost and magnificence, to which all the gentry of the neighbourhood were invited. It was held in the saloon, and all that art and luxury could produce to augment the splendour was displayed, while music and trumpets swelled the pomp; but, in the midst of this revelry, a loud knocking was heard. The minstrels paused, and the folding doors flew open. Every eye was turned to them, and the bridegroom stood erect.

At that moment the wretched May O'Dale entered, leading one of her children by the hand, and bearing the other at her breast. She was dressed in white—if dress it could be called that was but a sheet winded about her. She advanced to the upper end of the room, with the intention to speak to the bridegroom; but in the act she gave a shrill scream, and instantly expired.

STANZAS.

Where is the hand that woke to love,
The music of that lute?
Where is that lip of melody,
"Tis now for ever mute?
Where is the eye, and bounding step,
To rival the gazelle?
Go—ask that little grove of palms—
That spot can only tell!
Married for a Song; or, Paddy and the Princess.

She died—they say, she died of love;
But ere the slow decay
Of sorrow ceased upon her cheek,
And swept the hues away,
She bid them lay her lonely there,
Where last they spoke farewell—
And where Selina slumbers now,
That spot can only tell!

MARRIED FOR A SONG; OR, PADDY AND THE PRINCESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE POOR-HOUSE."

Who has not heard of the lovely Camaralzaman, princess of Jiarmodzar, whose father had five hundred elephants, twenty thousand horses, and a pint-pot of real Birmingham pewter? The earth never trembled beneath the tread of a greater monarch; his slaves bowed to the ground whenever they encountered his glances, and the very ottoman, on which he threw himself to enjoy repose from the affairs of state, tottered in every limb, partly from joy at receiving so great an honour, and partly because the potentate weighed nearly twenty stone. A princess, the daughter of so great a sire, was in no want of admirers. All the kings of the universe sent envosys to demand her hand in marriage; had she been gifted with as many hands as Briareus, there would still have been five or six suitors for each of them; and no wonder she was so greatly in request, for, besides the magnificence of her birth, she was blessed with more beauty than any princess, since it had been the fashion for princesses to be beautiful. She was of an age fit to marry; it is of no material consequence to mention whether she was sixteen or forty-six; but the fame of her loveliness had increased with each succeeding year, and it had now reached its climax. All the princes of the habitable world had already confessed their adoration, there were, of course, no more wooers to be hoped for; and it was agreed in full diwan that the princess should be respectfully entreated to make choice of a husband, and relieve the whole universe from this state of uncertainty and suspense.

The chancellor of the exchequer, great as were the resources of Jiarmodzar, found it rather difficult to provide ways and means to support, not only five hundred elephants and twenty thousand horses, but also nine hundred and forty-eight sowe-reign princes who remained to prefer their suit, besides two hundred ambassadors from the more distant powers, who had come in behalf of their masters. The princess was embarrassed by the very number she had to choose from: she went over in her own mind the advantages of the respective offers which had been formally made her; but still she was anxious to obtain a view of the wooer himself, as that would be more likely, she thought, to influence her judgment than a description of his territories and power. For this purpose, she determined to fix her choice in a manner worthy of so magnificent a princess, and follow her own inclination at the same time: she consulted her father on the subject, and obtained his consent to the method she proposed. In a few days a majestic tent was spread in the boundless plain around the city, and it was announced by public proclamation, that all the suitors were to present themselves before the princess on a certain day, and recite a poem to win her favour. Whoever pleased the princess most was to be the successful candidate for her hand, and, in addition to twenty elephants presented to her by her father, was to receive, as part of her marriage portion, the wonder of wonders, the glory of Jiarmodzar,—the pewter pint-pot out of the imperial treasury! Never was such a beating of royal hearts and jingling of verses since kings and poetry were invented. The ambassadors were sorely puzzled, and did not know what to do to plead their master's cause; they had studied other matters than rhymes and similes, and protested, in the name of their respective courts, against this unusual method of proceeding. But the stately father of Camaralzaman swelled out so portentously with indignation when he heard their complaints, that they
retreated, terrified lest his indignant soul should take flight altogether, for he gasped for breath, he was so furious, and so fat—and was within half a minute of going off by an apoplectic stroke. The princes, in the meantime, highly applauded the plan of their enslaver, for each was confident of success. They had each of them, from their earliest infancy, been told by the best judges of their respective dominions, that their poetical talents were unparalleled, and that their personal charms were of the most superlative order. In the full anticipation of their triumph, each pursued his usual avocations till the appointed time—they slept, and took the bath, and were perfumed and dressed, and sometimes amused themselves by beating their slaves with the wooden heels of their sandals—and, in short, they employed themselves in the most royal occupations, and in everything set the best examples to their subjects and the world.

But time passes on, even when a wife is in expectancy; and the sun burst at length in full splendour on the cavalcade as it left the city to proceed to the place of trial. His portentous majesty the king of Jiarmodzar was in a gorgeous tower on the back of one of the largest of his elephants. The animal seemed conscious of the dignity of his office, and walked as if the weight of empire were on his back. At his side marched another elephant, and by the closed curtains of the hoodah, and the palpitation of every heart as it drew nigh, it was evident that within it was the beauteous Camaruzamun, the idol of nine hundred and forty-eight sovereign princes, and first cousin by the father's side to the sun and moon. Around it, as a guard of honour, rode all the suitors for her hand, some elevated on the camels of the desert, some on the powerful shaggy horses of the Ukraine, and some on the wild horses of the sands of Yemen. Every variety of costume was there, from the half-naked fashions of Camboa to the furs and flannels of Cape Taimura and Bolchaja.

Amongst all this stately multitude of the great and powerful, a stranger, who had not hitherto made his appearance at court, attracted universal admiration. His stature was immense, compared to the princes by whom he was surrounded; fiery red whiskers gave a warlike expression to his countenance; and a mouth of uncommon width displayed, when he laugh-
address, and answered in the language of his
country, with which his questioner, un-
luckily, seemed to be unacquainted. "Och
bother, man—a pretty joke, that a likely
young man like you, should not be able to
speak like a decent Christian—tell us
what's all this about, and what's the
manin' of the jug before the young lady
with the veil on?" Again the Prince of
Yupt attempted to reply, but with the
same bad success as before. "Well,
faith, this is a queer consarn. Here have
I found my way on foot, all the road from
Bombay in the East Indies, and hasn't met
with a sensible fellow all that time as can
spake a word of English."

But at this time silence was ordered
throughout the vast assemblage—and after
it had been proclaimed that the Princess
would declare on which of the Princes
she fixed her choice, by lifting up the pint-
pot to her lips at the conclusion of his
song; a young potenteate of Tshin-fau-
chi, on the borders of Cathay, sprang up
the steps of the pavilion—and his name
being shouted out by the herald—"List-
en, oh, nations, to the magnificence of
the majestic Lieu Fum!") He bowed
gracefully to the Princess, and accompany-
ing himself with two long hollow bones,
he commenced in the following words —

I.

I know not if thy cheek be fair,
That envious veil precludes my view;
Yet I will fancy thee whate'er
The heart of loving minstrel drew—
I'll fancy thee with long flat nose,
Love's shadows o'er thy face to fling!
And red, thick lips, that guard two rows
Of teeth—dark as the raven's wing.
Maiden, come!
Listen to Fum;
Fum from defending thee, never would flinch—
Maiden, oh!
With teeth like a crow,
Nose of a foot in length—foot of an inch!

II.

I'll deck thee with whate'er thy taste
Shall call for in thy future years—
The teeth of foes to bind thy waist,
And wooden rings to load thine ears!
Each hour thy wishes shall obey—
Oh! think how peerless the delight,
On horses' flesh to feast all day,
On yamyam to be drunk all night!
Maiden, come!
Listen to Fum;
Fum from defending thee never would flinch—
Maiden, oh!
With teeth like a crow,
Nose of a foot in length—foot of an inch!

The minstrel, as he allowed his voice to
die away in a cadenza on the last word,
kept his eyes steadily fixed on the move-
ments of the Princess. Alas! the pot re-
mained untouched on the table before her;
and, hearing a deep sigh, Prince Lieu
Fum put the two long bones under his
arm and stept down from the pavilion.

"Faith and sure, the little gentleman
made a divil of a noise with them marry
bones and clavers; but he's an ugly little
gossoon, and the young woman has made
a good bargain any how." This obser-
vation was directed, by the individual we
so particularly described, to a tall young
man on the back of a dromedary, a prince
Married for a Song; or, Paddy and the Princess.

of Bulgaria, but without eliciting any intelligible reply. "Well, may I never see Balliporeen again, if I ever heard such a set of chattering brute bastards; never a one of them can speak a sentence any gentleman can understand: thin furriners is detestable shure enough." By this time the steps of the pavilion were mounted by another candidate. He stood proudly before the lady of his love; drawing himself to his full height of at least four feet six inches, and as he swelled out his chest with the conscious dignity of high birth and indomitable courage, and the arms of various kinds glittered in his belt and at his shoulder, he seemed like the very god of war seen through the small end of a telescope. His voice was weak and shrill, which his courtiers had informed him was more animating and ferocious than the deeper tones of inferior men; and after the announcement of his name, "Prince Achmet of Ferosipoor," he sang as follows:

I.

My wives, in their anguish, forbade me to roam—
Two hundred and ten are now tearful at home;
They wept, as I left them, and some of them strove
To keep me by force from the Princess I love;
But I flung them aside, and flash’d on like a star,
To shine on the Princess of Jiarmodzar!

II.

Though vast is my grandeur, and boundless my fame,
And earth rocks with horror at sound of my name;
To thee I’ll be gentle, and cause not a tear
To that beautiful eye—to that bosom a fear.
And all will confess, that the lion of war
Is a lamb, to the Princess of Jiarmodzar!

III.

Come, yield then at once, for a treasure thou’st got,
More wondrous by far than the pewter pint-pot.
My wives shall obey thee—or, if they rebel,
They know I’ve a bowstring and whip—very well;
I’ll scourge them myself—their endeavours to mar,
All for love of the Princess of Jiarmodzar!

IV.

The Koom Panni’s* armies are slaves of my throne,
And tremble with dread at my lowest tone.
They pay me, in tribute, huge crores of rupees,
Or this sword would expel them across the wide seas;
Then come, with great Achmet, to regions afar,
And no longer be Princess of Jiarmodzar!

On finishing his warlike and impassioned song, the Prince stept confidently forward, as if to receive the pint-pot from the hands of his yielding mistress; but the Princess, whether through humility, considering she was unworthy the hand of so great a monarch, or through fear of so ferocious a warrior, gave no sign of acceptance to the Prince of Ferosipoor; and, knitting his brows into a frown, and raising himself on tiptoe, that magnanimous potentate disdainfully descended from the pavilion, and took his departure for the city. Many princes, undeterred by the bad success of their predecessors, now rushed impetuously up the steps; but it would occupy too much of our time to describe each individual, or to transcribe their songs, which were taken in short hand on the spot, and are still preserved in a splendidly bound volume, called the New National Melodies of Jiarmodzar.

* Querky Company’s!
Married for a Song; or, Paddy and the Princess.

On the 12th day from the commencement of the trial, the princess had still left her choice undecided. Her majestic father began to fear he was not destined to have a son-in-law at all, and after every poem, he scowled most portentously on the immovable pint-pot. The cavalcade of princes was now greatly diminished, as the unsuccessful candidates had betaken themselves to their own countries, greatly to the satisfaction of the chancellor of the exchequer. Regularly every day the unknown individual with the enormous stick in his hand, had taken his post in the front row of the candidates, and even the dignified father had raised himself once or twice upon his elbow to take notice of the stranger. The princess also, it was evident, had been struck by his appearance; for her face was generally turned to where he was standing, and her eyes fixed upon him through the loopholes of her veil. It was manifest from the independence of his bearing, that he was some mighty monarch; and though the style of his dress differed greatly from that of the country, still they thought it was his national costume, and particularly admired the bright brass buttons which adorned his coat. Some of the courtiers had even been sent to address him, to demand his name and rank, but from their ignorance of his language they failed in obtaining the information they required. At last an ancient nobleman, who had met, in the course of his travels, with the inhabitants of a country far to the west, as he described them, who crossed the ocean in ships as large as a mountain, and spoke a language similar in sound to that of the mysterious stranger, went up to him as he stood admiring the proceedings, and said, "How do, massa?" "Och, and how are ye, ye nigger," exclaimed the stranger; "I'm prodigious happy to see you—ye're the only Christian gentleman I've see'd this many a day." "Massa, go sing?"—"Sing! like a martingale; but what for? What were all these piping furriers chanting for, afore that young woman there with the mug afore her? and she never had the civility, bad luck to her, to ax any of them to wet their whistles."—"Massa sing; massa get great princess to marry."—"Och! an is it marriage they're all singing about? I'm the boy for a song, if there's any marrying in the case."—"Where massa come from?—where massa be king?—what massa name?"—"What! the fat ould gentleman, my father-in-law as is to be, wishes to know where I come from. Save your honour! and the top of the morning to you, ould man!" he exclaimed, addressing the king of Jiarnodzar; "and you also, my lady, though the veil keeps me from seeing your beautiful countenance; my name's Pat Calligan, and I've come all the way from Fernboy." After a little conference with the interpreter, the herald exclaimed, "Listen, O kingdoms of the earth, to the glorious song of the high and mighty Prince Pati Kouli Khan, emperor of the sublime nation of Feroomawhee.

While his titles were thus being proclaimed, his highness walked leisurely up the steps, and made a low bow first to the princess and then to the king. "Now the devil take me, ould gentleman, if I could ever sing with my throat dry, though I was thought a main hand at a wake or a christening either, next best to Phelim Brallagan, and my cousin, Paddy Shaw." The interpreter, whose knowledge of the stranger's language had already raised him into great reputation, now spelt respectfully up to the ear of his royal master, and whispered that the prince before them was not only prince of Feroomawhee, but cousin of the imperial Padishah! At this intelligence the monarch of Jiarnodzar raised himself from his throne, and bowing profoundly to the astonished Pat Callaghan, thanked him for honouring his court with the presence of a relation of the mightiest sovereign in the world, whose fame stretched from pole to pole, the sultan of Persia, the unapproachable Padishah! Patrick turned round to the princess, and flourishing his staff round his head, roared out his song of love till the pavilion was shaken by his vociferations.

I.

Och, uulaloo whack! you may look where you please
Among all this huge rabble of monarchs and princes;
But faith, it's myself is far better nor these,
I'll appale to yerself and yer whole siven sineses;

Vol. I.—No. 4.
Roman Generosity.

Choose from them all!
The short or the tall,
Circassians, Bulgarians, and all the Barbarians,
And none you shall see
Hould a candle to me!
For at wapping the whole of them, Paddy's the boy,
Och! ullaloo whack! for the fair of Fermoy!
Chorus! owld gentleman—
For at wapping, &c.

II.
The Spalpeens, that chanted their pitiful songs,
Would have come better speed had they Pat for a tutor;
But I saw very well what enlivened their tongues,
They were all so amazingly fond of the pewter.
But pewter I hold
Not so pretty as gold,
So the pot you may roll them, poor lads, to console them,
But on Paddy bestow
A few thousands, or so;—
For, at spending the guineas, your Patrick's the boy—
Och! ullaloo whack! for the fair of Fermoy!

III.
Och! faith, if you'll fix on Pat Calligan, dear,
We'll soon make a change in this region so funny;
For its you, and myself, will keep wakes all the year,
And this wheezy owld gentleman fork out the money.
Then you shall see
Such frolic and glee,
Such laughing and glancing, and fighting and dancing.
And hedges we'll sow
The shillelah to grow,
For at fight or at frolic your Paddy's the boy,
Och! ullaloo whack! for the fair of Fermoy!

Scarcely had the last note ceased, or
Paddy concluded his accompaniment,
with many flourishes on the shillelah,
when the Princess put forth her hand
and raised the fated goblet to her lips! Shouts,
that were heard almost as far as the moun-
tains of the moon, immediately proclaimed
to the awe-struck world that the Princess
had made her choice. Gongs and cymbals
added to the universal acclamations; and
before they were concluded, his serene
majesty, Prince Pati Kouli Khan, was
mounted on the back of an elephant, with
the stately king on one side, and the
beauteous Camarajizaman on the other,
and was conducted on this way to go
through the marriage ceremony in the
magnificent city of Jiarmodzar. "And
won't this be a capital tale," he muttered
as he marched along, "if I ever gets back
to Fermoy, that Paddy Calligan is going
off to be married to a king's daughter,
and niver saw the tip of the nose of his
sweetheart?"

ROMAN GENEROSITY.
by "THE HERMIT IN LONDON."

We marvel when, looking around us,
in splendid Rome, that queen of cities and
mother of genius, the cradle of heroes
and of men of talent—Rome, the mis-
tress of the world for a long and stu-
pendous era, and now the richest scene
that time and heavenly inspiration have
gifted and embellished with those monu-
Roman Generosity.

of her hemisphere, and was contemplated with admiring eyes by the young nobility around her—followed, desired, and esteemed. Amongst a host of admirers stood, eminent in worth and personal comeliness, the cavaliero Antonio, illustrious in birth, high in connections, but narrowed in worldly means. He loved and was beloved; but honour, which forbade him to wish even to sacrifice her prospects to his own feelings, whilst it imposed silence on the ardent desires of his heart, namely, to make her his, devoted him to that melancholy which disappointed and unsatisfied passion so often engenders. He loved, he suffered, and was miserable. There was not a ray of hope that his suit, if made known to the father of Angela, could prevail; for he knew the old Count's ambition, and that all his anticipations of worldly happiness centred in his only child—his brave sons, three in number, having breathed their last in the field of honour, and he having lost another daughter very prematurely. She was therefore his all; and he was resolved either to ally her to one that was rich, noble, and influential, or to keep her, like the miser's treasure, for himself, to contemplate, as the miser does, the wealth which can only fill his eye, and is unproductive in every shape. Her admirers were, however, too many not to have, in their number, some one uniting birth, riches, and power; and all these requisites existed in the person of the Principe Carolo Caramante, a nobleman in the brilliant autumn of life, and in the mid career of splendour and prosperity: nor was he long in selecting for the object of his choice the loveliest maid that the country could boast. The Prince was a little too lofty in his demeanour, a little too self-confident of success in the field of glory and in ladye's bower; so that the idea of a refusal never entered his brain. Female favour and approval followed his steps, or, as the French song says, ‘Mars et l'amour suivaient par tout ses pas,' on which account, although nothing deficient in the arts, or assimilations of pleasing, he

* The Roman ladies are peculiarly beautiful. They have a noble air, a high bearing, an elegance of manner, a proud walk, a captivating smile, accompanied by manners truly national. The Romans of both sexes are proud of being such; and I remember a beggar (who, by the way, had a very fine picture face) quarrelling with a Neapolitan, and giving him to understand that he was not his equal.

"Come," said the former, with a snort of contempt, "sono in un nobil Romano" (I am a noble Roman); and, suiting the action to the word, he thrust him indignantly from him.
was less devoted and impassioned than other suitors; and he began by obtaining the father's consent to visit his daughter, in the character of an intended, ere he set about winning the heart of her whose hand he almost demanded,—convinced that his own importance would ensure its possession. This kind of summary process might gain the day in war; but, in love, was likely to produce defeat. Nevertheless, he proceeded thus, and, as he had expected, was received in the most flattering manner by the old Count, who actually promised his daughter's acceptance of his welcome offer. The Prince now courted Angela in an off-hand, courtly, but unhesitating manner: balls were given, gorgeous banquets prepared, music and poetry were put in requisition, costly presents offered, and great pomp and parade were displayed. His handsome person was covered with ornaments and decorations, badges of nobility, knighthood, and military services; and he trusted to the dazzling show of his horses, equipages, and attendants, to his palazzo and to his possessions, for the rest. These fill the eyes, but satisfy not the heart, and more especially when it leans to another object; so that the Prince, with all his greatness, was nothing in the sight of the Roman maid. An humbler suitor might have discovered disinclination, or rather the pre-occupation of her affections, in the features and manners of the maiden; but pride and self-love, the habit of being admired and courted, blinded his view: and he mistook these for retiring modesty, virgin diffidence, and the confusion which his imposing grandeur might produce. The smile of humility and of kindness under suffering, was mistaken for concealed reciprocity of sentiment: the changeful cheek, now crimsoned over with deepest die, now lily-pale, inspired him with the certainty that love had already been kindled in her breast; and, to confirm these opinions, she accepted his arm, walked with him, was his partner in the dance, and received his presents and attentions. But why was this? A father's imperative commands dictated this line of conduct: she loved, she feared her parent, and she determined, whenever a direct proposal was made personally to herself, to confess to her suitor the real cause of her not being able to accept an alliance, which, under other circumstances, must have been of the highest value. She hugged this juncture to her heart; meantime Antonio burned with consuming agony, and she herself did daily violence to her feelings. Upon one occasion she had, in the mazes of the dance, to give her hand to her real lover; when the glow of affection painted on her cheek the stormy struggling of her bosom: a tear half-checked, and a general look of tenderness on him, and of repulsiveness on the Prince, transported the former with apparent exultation, and was detected by her watchful father. Triumph intoxicates; but not so with the man of her heart: he possessed himself after the first emotion, whilst his rival overlooked this circumstance altogether, and continued to display her on his arm, as if already his own. When the ball ended, the old Count's gloomy looks proved his displeasure; but he postponed, until the following day, delivering his sentiments on the subject; then, after visiting the church, he led her to his apartment, and thus addressed her:—"Your conduct last night has brought back to a father's bosom the pangs which first tore it asunder, when I suspected that you had bestowed your heart, without consulting your first friend, the author of your existence, on whom I will never consent to receive in my family. I thought, notwithstanding, that duty and honour, the ties of nature and common prudence, would have weaned you from that piece of insanity; but I perceive that it is otherwise; and I now must explain myself. It is not enough that you should resign the idea of wedding with Antonio: you must accept the Prince's hand; the honour of our house demands it, the magnificent prospective which it offers, and the comfort and happiness of my declining years. Do not break a father's heart by a rebellious refusal; my curse would accompany such an act, and it would force me to immure you in a convent, as I did your sister, who is now no more,* for a similar transgression of filial piety." Here the old Count wept tears of rage and remorse. "Reply no," continued he; "but away to your chamber, prepare to receive the

* Her sister died of a broken heart.
Prince, and whenever he shall make the final arrangements for your nuptials, receive his solicitations with modesty, and obey my commands in agreeing to them." With this, he motioned her to withdraw, which she did into an adjoining saloon, where she sunk upon a sofa, and remained unperceived, for some minutes, in agony unutterable. Hope, at this moment, held out a ray of comfort, and she resolved to disclose the real state of her mind to him who wooed her for his bride, and to throw herself upon his generosity. The Prince's avant couriers and rattling equipage arrived, and he was formally announced. Her father, giving her a menacing look, entered with him, and then left them together. Their interview was short; and when he withdrew, she looked more cheerful. The Old Count thought that this augured well; for they were to meet again the next day. The fact was, that the lover had made his proposals, and she had begged for the delay of one day, to give her answer. In the mean time, she summoned up all her courage, and formed the resolution, by tears and entreaties, to prevail upon him, when next they met, not to demand the hand of her whose heart was already another's. The little prospect of happiness, or rather the certainty of glittering misery, in such case, she hoped would deter him; and his magnanimity, she trusted, would induce him to give up the sacrificing of her at the shrine of ambition, on her father's part, and of mere vanity and passion on his own. Sleep was a stranger to her eyes that night, and now the important hour of meeting, on which almost her life depended, had arrived. The Prince was punctual to the hour, and led her to a summer-house in the beautiful grounds of Rosalba Castle. Here, after some prefatory matter, in which utterance almost expired on her lips, she unfolded to him the true state of her mind, and, on her knees, besought him to break off the tie now ready to unite them, and to take pity on her who must, if she allied herself in marriage to him, be unhappy for life; and, if the refusal was acknowledged to come from her, would be immured for life, like her sister, and perhaps share the same fate. She besought him to form some excuse for delay, and by time, and some after arrangement, to save her from ruin. He listened to her attentively, but with agitation; he bit his lip from wounded pride, his eyes flashed fire, and his colour turned to the deepest scarlet; he hesitated and sighed, pondered, and then looked indignant again. At length he informed her that he was resolved on forcing her to marry him—well assured that his after kindness would win her to him, and that the style in which she would live, would recompense her for the loss of one wholly unfitted for her. With this, he left her, and left her to despair; frantic, she sought her bed-room, whilst her waiting woman had orders to inform the Count that a sudden vertigo, or fit, had overcome her, and that her repose must not be broken in upon until the next day. The family physician corroborated this account, and, from the fever in which he found her, it became the literal truth that repose alone could snatch her from a severe fit of illness. In the meanwhile, the Prince, concealing the repulse with which he had met, informed her father that he had obtained her consent, and should, in a day or two, fix the happy hour which was to unite them. Another day passed, and Angela refused food, and would not see even her father; when the following letter was put into her waiting-woman's hand, by a servant in Antonio's livery, with strictest injunctions to deliver it without loss of time. It ran thus:—

"Il mio tesoro:

"I have flown to rescue you from the tyranny of an unnatural father; but stratagem is necessary. Let the preparations for your nuptials go on; fix the day, go to the altar, as if ready for the sacrifice, but trust to me that, ere the fatal ceremony commences, a faithful hand shall bear you off. The means of escape shall be at hand, and I will lead you in triumph to a spot where a priest shall unite us for life. No violence shall be committed, nor shall a hair of your respected parent be touched, nor shall any treachery or assault be practised on the Prince, who will be forced to resign you to the most powerful party. Until then, adieu. Life of this faithful heart,

"Thine Antonio."

She read, she trembled, she examined the letter. The postscript added: "I have sprained my right wrist by a fall from my horse in hurrying to save you; but my faithful comrade, who writes this, will make himself known by giving you my
signet ring, and will conduct you from the altar to the arms of a lover, who will respect you as his idol and his all. Again she read and trembled, fainted and recovered again. At last strength and resolution came to her aid; when, confiding the secret to her attendant, she sent a message to her father, who was overjoyed at hearing from her lips that she was ready to meet the Prince again, and to fix, in the presence of her parent, the wedding day. The scene took place under much mutual constraint, and the day was determined on. We must here add, that the publicity given to this affair, naturally apprised her lover thereof; besides which, a signal had been agreed on, in a second brief communication, that the day and hour should be marked on a large tree, standing opposite the northern turret of the castle. Antonio had been twice seen near the spot; but no notice was taken thereof: and now the nuptial procession, with all the pomp and pageantry of family pride, was entering the holy roof. The bride and bridegroom entered together; she turned deadly pale, and her steps faltered as they approached the altar. An awful silence ensued, she looked around her for a deliverer, but saw none. The dread of being deceived now convulsed her frame, and the greater fear of the fatal words being pronounced were her rescuers appeared. The conflict of her feelings was perceived by her anxious parent, who urged the priest to hasten the conclusion of the ceremony, when the Prince, quitting her hand, thus spake:—"My noble intended father, be not moved to wrath against me. I cannot marry this lovely virgin. Doubts have arisen in my mind, and changes have taken place in my affairs, which render it impossible for me to make a conscientious husband to her; and I here release her from her promise, and resign her hand, although she will ever be dear to me." Furious with indignation, the father and all her kinsmen started up in menacing attitude; and the former, pointing to his sword, swore that he would be revenged for this insult offered his house and name; whilst Angela breathed freely, and uttered blessings on the Prince who so magnanimously resigned her. The storm was about to rage, and the temple to become a scene of warfare, and perchance of blood, when, the Prince requesting to be heard again, the priest insisted that peace should be restored. He added, that although unable to fulfil the promised contract, he had in attendance a noble cavalier, who would worthily represent him; and, on a signal of a wave of his hand, Antonio appeared, bearing the signet ring, and having thrown off the disguise which he wore, "This youth," continued the generous Roman, "has pretensions to her hand, which want of fortune has alone kept from him. These I have amply provided for; and I shall ensure him a regiment, and a lucrative situation as ambassador at a foreign court. I have gained the greatest victory that man can gain: by conquering myself, I have prepared for myself the purest felicity that mortal can enjoy,—namely, that of making others happy. Angela did well in making me her confidant, who too ambitiously aspired to her love, thus she disarmed me, and put me upon my honour. I have not proved myself unworthy of the trust. I wrote the fictitious letter, as no time was to be lost; and I then found out this gallant cavalier, and, from his rival, have become his friend." Amazement and admiration struck the beholders dumb, and now Antonio and Angela, each held by the Prince's hand, were on their knees before the father, whilst the priest's looks solicited the paternal blessing for them. "Give it," said the true Roman, "and it will fall on us all; mine shall accompany it, and Angela must receive a brother in him who has proved so to her faithful lover, whom I have thus sought to make happy, thus preferred to myself; on this interesting occasion." Smiles and tears, shouts of joy and benediction, here mingled together. The father was won over by this magnanimous act, and the Prince stood like an exalted pillar towering above himself. The nuptials were celebrated, joy beamed in every countenance, the promises of provision so nobly made to the cavalier were substantiated, he went on a foreign embassy, and the love-sick Prince travelled for some years. At length all returned to Rome, and formed one family.
OCTOBER.

BY BRYANT, THE AMERICAN POET.

Aye, thou art welcome, heaven’s delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the autumnal leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying in long serenity away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, ’mid brooks and bower,
And dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men—as thou dost pass.

THE WIDOW’S REQUEST.

A Tale of the Dominie.

BY ANDREW PICKEN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF “THE DOMINIE’S LEGACY.”

It was no wonder that I always rejoiced in spirit when the sweet spring drew on towards the honey months of the year, and the daisies began to whiten the green fields before my window, and the hawthorn hedges sent forth their fragrant blossoms, and I could see the heather bells begin to bloom red on the purple knolls, that rose behind my rural domicile, at Balgawnie Brae; for, truly, teaching is a weary employment, and the buzz of a school-room but a moiderment of the head, which never was half so pleasant a sound, to my fancy, as the booming murmur of the industrious bee, which used to startle my ear, and refresh my meditations, as I plodded by the wayside in my summer wanderings. Truly, summer is a pleasant time, and that blessed interregnum of health and liberty, a happy season that occurs to all impatient school-boys and their masters, just between the youth and age of the year. How delighted I hailed that auspicious morning, when my school and I used fairly to break out; and the hills and glens of Scotland, where I was wont to wander, already began to dance before the eyes of my mind. Then how I did kick up my heels at all restraint, and shake, triumphantly, a loose leg at the world, when I once more found myself ten miles from my own door—all the world before me, and five golden guineas in my pocket; which, with due management and Scots circumcision, I knew would carry me, if needful, as many hundred miles—considering the rations that awaited me on the road, by my own ad libitum acceptance of as thankfully offered hospitality.

It is no wonder, also, that I now reflect, with pleasure, upon these errantries; for, to them, I am indebted for almost every thing that has interested me in the humble opportunities of my life; and if, during these peregrinations, I sometimes fell in with circumstances wherein I was enabled to do a little good to those who needed the help of man, truly these services, for others, were their own reward—and ill would it become me to speak of them with the least boasting or braggadocio.

It was one summer’s day, when I was travelling in the east country, that I came to a place where two roads met; and having set out, as usual, without any settled plan, I was now forced to consider which of the two it might be my own pleasure to choose, at this present crisis. As the roads before me led to two very
different parts of the country, I saw this must be a matter of some deliberation, and so I sat myself down on a stone by the way-side, that I might duly argue the case with myself. Presently I found, as I had often done before, that I was a person of most extraordinary stupidity; for how I could so long forget a circumstance, that occurred to me the last time I came home by one of those roads, was perfectly unaccountable! Truly, the circumstance was of no great import; but it having drawn my curiosity at the moment, and caused me to make an internal resolution, it was a shameful want of virtue, on my part, to forget it till this blessed moment, when it was called up, like a vision, by the crossing of the two roads.

In the month of July of the former year, I had strayed athwart the country until the last day of my time, and was hastening home, by forced marches, across the hills, when, far in the afternoon, weary and exhausted by the summer's heat, I wished exceedingly for a little rest and a drink. Presently I mounted the knoll, which bounded my near prospect, and immediately after found myself descending towards a pleasant holm, where I could see gentlemen's pleasure grounds and plantings on the verge, and a few clean little cottages cowering cosily in the hollow, by the side of a stream. The nearest of these positively smit me with affection as I came up, from its neat and pretty appearance, and its delightful position upon the sloping bank. One or two children played by the door, and a few strips of yarn and linen, bleached white, on the sward by the side of the brook. As I neared the place, I perceived that one of the figures, viz., a tall, handsome young girl, but dressed more in the style of a better sort of Miss than a common Scots lassie, was occupied in watering the linen on the bank; a fair, curly boy, still younger, ran about and gave occasional help; and a dourly matron, with a widow's mutch, came now and then out to give her orders from the cottage. As I contemplated, from the opposite side of the brook, this respectable woman, I felt towards her as if there were between us somewhat of the affinities of nature; it affected me to observe, that, with three such pretty children, she was in the widowed state; and making up my mind, as I looked—I will, said I, have my short rest in this cottage, and my drink from none other but this widow-woman. I set my foot leisurely on the stones, that served for a bridge over the brook; I made my evening salutation, with the air of a pilgrim; and, in five minutes, I was seated in the cottage, and the widow and her children crowding round to show me hospitality.

If it be more blessed in general to give than to receive, in this case the truism was at least doubtful, if I could judge by my own feelings when receiving my bowl of cool milk and my morsel of crusty oatmeal bread from the hands of this decent woman. In observing her and her polite bairns, I felt infected by a strong involuntary curiosity. It was evident by her talk that she was much above a common cailagh of the glens, if not a real born gentlewoman. As I touched upon various moralities over my afternoon's refreshment, that might have induced her to speak, if she had chosen, of any part of her history, I saw the reserve that drew her upon her guard—I saw the womanly pride of her eye; and being a stranger and a passing pedestrian, I of course desisted. I saw, however, that the woman by no means took ill my distant surmises of her state, and indeed seemed pleased with my inferential sympathy. But the time would not allow us to get further acquainted; I saw by the sun that the evening was approaching, and with a kindly congé to the serious widow, and a white sixpence thrust into the boy's hand, who showed me to the door, I crossed the brook again and went on my way. Internally I resolved, however, as I wended down the glen, that another summer should not pass without my paying a second and a more ample visit to the lone woman of the cottage.

It was this simple circumstance of a former journey that now came to my recollection as I sat deliberating on the two roads, and at once enabled me to decide which I should take. Up I started, and being now furnished with a motive and an errand, away I trotted cheerily and interested to seek again the green little holm of Netherburn.

It was far in the day ere I reached the spot, and as I came close I feared I was about to encounter a disappointment; for no yarn or linen now bleached on the
green beside the brook, no child welcomed me at the door, and a small faint smoke
only issued slowly and dull from the chimney of the cottage. I knocked stealthily at the door; I found it shut, and
it was opened demurely by the little maiden who formerly had watered the
linen on the green. I asked her softly
if her mother was at home. She turned
towards the sunny side of the door, and
her young face lighting up with a smile
of recognition, she called me "Sir," and
bade me "come ben."

I followed the little girl into the spence.
I found her mother sick in bed; and
when I had addressed her, and apologized
for my freedom, to my surprise, the sick
woman named me by my name, and,
welcoming me heartily as a messenger
sent to her by Providence in the hour of
her trouble, begged of me to seat myself
by her bedside.

"Affliction softens the heart, and it is
the nature of sorrow to seek for sympathy;
so, after a little communing, wherein I
found that by some means she had become
well acquainted with my name and char-
acter, Mrs. Mailing at once began to open
to me the particulars of her story.

"It was different times with me from
what I once knew," she said, "when you
found me bleaching the thread by the
burn-side; for I was once a braw laird's
wife. It is now different with me even
from what it was then; for Heaven hath
laid his hand heavy upon me: the times
hath changed even in the short space of
a year, to take the last bit of bread out of
the mouths of the poor widow and her
children. The world hath also forsaken
me and mine, and now I am sore sick
upon my bed, even unto death."

"I saw by the poor lady's countenance,
however, that her disorder was not of the
body, but rather of the heart's anxieties,
and that giant despair had for a moment
taken captive her spirit, and shut her up
in the dismal cells of doubting castle. I
intimated this to her with tenderness of
speech; for I knew the danger of taking
a strong hand with the bruised reed; and,
assuring her that God never shut one door
but he opened another, I bid her try to
be of good cheer, for doubtless better
times were at hand. The woman watched
my countenance as I spoke, and a gradual
light seemed to come into her eye, like a
soul awakening from the depths of the

 grave. "Surely," she said, "the Lord
hath sent me a deliverer; but yet I think
if I were taken away, what would become
of my three barns." Here a cloud came
over her face again, and the tears began
to steal from under her closed eyelids.

"Do not let that thought distress you,
Madam," said I; two of them I see arg
boys, and if you can see a way of disposing
of that pretty lassie, if such a dispensa-
tion should take place, I will take the
others, and give them food and education,
(poor as I am, I will never miss it) until
Providence enables them to do for them-
sew." I will not repeat what the woman
said to me when I uttered this speech, or rather
what she address'd to Heaven with the
voice of thanksgiving; for the associations
of despair were now changed into the
pleasms of confidence, and, calling to the
little maiden, who wept tears of joy by
her, she said, "Minny, my love, reach
me my cordial, and prepare my dress, for
I will rise—I feel myself better."

I retired to wait for further discourse
with the lady; for she said she had some-
thing particular to say to me. "As the
Lord has sent me a friend in the hour of
trouble," she said when we were again
seated, "perhaps you may be made the
means of bringing about deliverance for
me, in a way you may not have expected.
You observed a house, no doubt, with an
ancient Gothic gable, that stands in the
midst of a pleasant planting, on an an-
gular spot between the hills far up the
burn, just at the head of the glen. That
house, and many broad and green rigs
that surround it, once belonged to me
and my late worthy husband, and still is
mine and the property of these destitute
children, if they and I could obtain our
rights. It were too long to tell you how
evil and covetous men took advantage of
trying and untoward circumstances to get
into their clutches the trusting man's pro-
erty, and to drive the widow and the
orphans to beggary. But something may
yet be done, if not by the wily stratagems
of the law, at least by the exercise of
shrewdness and sagacity, if a man can be
found who knows how to look a wicked
man in the face, and who is willing, with-
out present, fee, or reward, to take the
part of the helpless widow and the or-
phan."

It was a strange story she told me in
reference to this; and sadly instructive it was to me, as to the zeal of wicked men in the service of Satan, and the languid timorousness of those who had a remnant of virtue. “I tried the law,” said she, “when every other means failed; and many were the weary journeys I took into Edinburgh to plead my case before the judges of the land. But I found that the lawyers, while they could by no means make me certain of my rights, would do nothing in the orphan’s cause, unless they were made certain of their own fees, which by this time I was unable to pay. I was then advised to sue in *forma pauperis*; but I found that everything that is attempted in a *pauperis* way, is like trying to move the lever by the wrong end. Indeed it is like asking men to do a thing for God’s sake, which is the last and lowest plea that man or woman would think of using in a Christian country. But if you are willing to do me this service, and can find out two, or especially one man, and I will give you every clue in my power, and send to accompany you, if necessary, this boy, who is the heir-at-law of his father’s property, and will encounter the fox in his own den, and deal with him with that mixture of energy and craft, on mine and my children’s behalf, which is necessary with wily men of the world, surely some good will yet come out of it, and the widow and her bairns may not be left to perish in sorrow and despair.”

I took every circumstance down that Mrs. Maitland disclosed to me. I thought I saw the whole matter as clear as a bead. I knew that it was a dark and a dangerous job, to try to wrest the prey from the fangs of the wolf; but it was not an undertaking entirely without hope, to beard the knave when aware of his knavery—to face the villain in his own lair, with the sacred claims and symbols of honesty. I put the papers, she gave me, carefully in my pocket, and treasured in my memory all she had told me. I took charge of her boy, as my evidence and my hostage. I received her blessing, on the part of the widow and the fatherless, which gave a sacredness and an elevation to my mission—and away I set forth on my new errand.

For several days the boy and I travelled along by the east coast. Poor fellow! the best little soul he was that ever walked with bare feet; and so delighted he was at the sight of the sea, and so enthusiastic he became on approaching the mountains! O’er hill, and down dale, the poor lad trotted by my side, like a pedlar’s dog; and when we came to long moors of black heath, and I grew dull and weary, he beguiled the tediousness of the road by repeating to me tales of his grandfather, the fighting knight of Roxwallon; and then he sung me a Jacobite stove, and “whistled aloud to bear my courage up.”

At length we came to a spot where we behoved to turn inwards towards the hills; for we were anxious, in the first place, to find out two men, with whom our business should chiefly lie. I now recollected, as I plodded along, the sagacious instructions, and satirical remarks of the suffering widow.—“If you succeed in getting speech of the ruiner of my family, the wicked David Dourhead, Laird of Durn新冠疫情,” she said to me; “be this the cue to guide your own judgment. The Laird never had any fear of God; but he had always, like the Indians, great fear of the devil. He never did any just thing but from threatening; and he never was so effectually threatened, as with Thomas Quirk the lawyer, of Edinburgh, when he is living—and a certain ill-spoken-of place, when he is dead. His right-hand scoundrel is Robert Carson, the writer, usually called greedy Rabby, who lives in a village somewhere near his own dwelling. Ye’ll be a clever man,” she continued, “if ye rouse the greedy ravens without their dabbing at your e’en; or if ye thrust your finger into the toad’s mouth, and get it safely or pleasantly out again.”

These instructions and warnings were certainly alarming enough, as I meditated upon them by the way; but I remembered, that I had undertaken a good cause, and so I girded up the loins of my mind, and took courage. At length we entered the country bordering on the Highlands of Angusshire, and I had precise information of the spot where David Dourhead now dwelt. I also had reason to believe, that I had some slight acquaintance with the minister of the parish. If this should prove to be the case, which I could not know until we met, I saw the advantage that it would be to my present undertaking. My first object, therefore, was, to proceed to the village of Kirkstow, and, no doubt, I should be enabled to
move the public servant of God, to take part with me in the cause of the orphans and the widow.

It was a sober dropping Saturday night, when the boy and I rested at a small Highland town, about thirteen miles from the village of Kirkton, I never liked to travel of a Sunday; for, besides the unseemly breaking of the fourth commandment, which it partly implied, unless for works of necessity or mercy, no blessing could follow the man’s undertakings who lightly made himself a Sunday vagrant, and eschewed the Lord’s house. I was, however, so anxious, the same Saturday night, and so involuntary a pressure was on my mind, that it seemed as if I had an inward warning of something that was about to happen; and so the spirit was upon me to urge me forward.

Accordingly, on Sunday morning, I called up the sleeping boy, and away we set out again upon our journey. The country was wild and lonesome, and the road was dreigh, and so it was far in the day ere we got to Kirkton. Every thing there had a Sabbath-day appearance—not a place was open; and, hearing that the people were still at the kirk, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to catch a passing remnant of the day’s worship; besides, I knew that, by going there, I was likely to see the minister. At the church I no sooner got my eye on the clergymen, than I instantly recognised him as an acquaintance of many years before. Thus was one point gained; and when I set myself down, among the congregation, though he preached in Gaelic, and I could not understand a word that he said, the very sound of the word of truth, the earnest gesticulation of its deliverer, the sight of the upturned faces of the simple hearers round me, and the quaint yet wild psalmody in which they joined, proved a soothing solace and a refreshment to my spirit. As I listened, however, to this unknown tongue, the heavens became overcast, the rain began to drive in torrents against the windows of the chapel, and the loud claps of thunder, which followed, showed me that I was little likely to get farther on this night.

As soon as the service was finished, the minister, whose eye had been on me during the discourse, came forward, and renewed with me our old acquaintance. I had not got time to explain my errand into this part of the country, when a coarse Highlander came up as we stood in the church porch, and whispered something into Mr. McKnight’s ear.

“This is unlucky in a night like this,” he said to me, looking up to the lowering sky. “A rich heritor, of my parish, is now on his death-bed. I thought to have had the pleasure of your society at my house; but Mr. Dourhead’s servant brings me word that the old man is now in an alarming condition. The Laird has lived no very sinless life; and, though the road is long, and the night is unpromising, I must see him before I sleep.”

“Surely, the hand of Providence is in this!” I exclaimed when I heard the name, and then I recounted, to the minister, the nature of my errand; and said that, be the night ere so wet, or the road ever so long, I was determined to accompany him.

Mr. McKnight did not seem greatly surprised at my tale; but, taking a moment’s time to consider, he said—“unless that wicked limb, Robin Carson, the Laird’s writer, comes in the way to mar us, I have good hopes of what we may do with the old man, should he prove to be in reality on the edge of eternity.”

A slight refreshment was all we tarried for, when mounting two stout shelties, or Highland horses, which Mr. McKnight provided, the widow’s boy seated behind me on the crupper of the saddle, away we set out upon our evening’s journey. A wet and stormy night it was; the rain at times lashed upon us in torrents, or drifted in our faces in drops like bullets, carried by the squalls that blew occasionally through the gorges between the hills.

What with this, and the crossing of several streams now swollen by the rain, by the time we had travelled fourteen long Highland miles, truly we were in no very enviable predicament. At length we came to an old-fashioned bold-looking mansion, standing gaunt and solitary among wild hills, which I was told was the residence of David Dourhead, the dour Laird of Dundrin.

“Is your master still sensible?” inquired the minister, of a serving-man who received us at the door.

“Sensible enough for Highlandman’s wit,” said the man, with a dry gru
The Widow's Request.

"The Laird has sense enough left to hand a guile grip o' the siller."

This I thought was but little encouragement; and, passing a crowd of whispering dependants, we were ushered, on tiptoe, into the sick man's chamber. An iron-featured man started up from the bedside on our entrance, as if surprised at the visit, and recognised the clergyman with a cold salutation. From the papers and parchments that lay by his side, my heart instantly told me that this was greedy Rab, the lawyer.

"How is it with you, Laird?" said Mr. M'Knight, addressing the sick man.

"Better, I think," was the faint and feeble answer.

"He is much better, sir,—much better," said Carson, taking up the speech; "are you not, Laird? I should be sorry," added the man of law, in a bitter half joke, "that he was yet as ill as your presence here, Sir, would seem to indicate."

"Did you not send for me, Laird?" said the clergyman, sternly addressing the sick. "Have I travelled for fourteen miles, in a night like this, to be flouted from my duty by the profane jeers of the hardened?"

"If you mean me, Sir," rejoined the lawyer, "I am certainly hardened enough to wish that, as your duty is generally the last a man requires in this world, you would put it off, in this instance, until it is more necessary. The Laird, I have no doubt, will live many a long day yet."

The clergyman cast a look of meaning round to me, as we stood dripping wet on the floor. We now fully saw how little hope there was for us, or even for the soul of the dying man, while this wretch continued in his presence.

"Unhappy man!" said Mr. M'Knight, looking sternly on the lawyer, "and you would persuade the sinner to defer repentance until the last pulse of life were beating to a close, and put off the making of his peace with Heaven, until insensibility had begun to overpower his faculties, and the rattle of death was already in his throat. I shudder to look at you, and to think upon your own doom."

"Who is that, that you have brought to my bed-side?" said the sick man, his sunken eyes glaring wildly on me.

"A stranger from the Lowlands," said the clergyman, "to remind you of some of the acts of your past life."

"My past life?" exclaimed the Laird, casting on me a look of strange expression.

"Yes, Laird," continued the clergyman, "and there is space for repentance even at the eleventh hour. You are worse than I think you, if you would willingly appear before your Maker, with the wrongs of James Mailing and his family upon your conscience."

"What do you mean," croaked the sick man, "who told you that?"

"I told it," said I, now stepping forward, "for the tears of the widow that you have brought to beggary, and the cry of the orphans that hath none to help, hath reached the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and he hath sent me to your death-bed, as he sent Nathan the prophet unto David the King, saying, 'thou art the man!'"

The Laird turned a cold and stony look upon the sweet countenance of the poor boy that stood shivering by my side, and asked in a sharp tone, "Who is that?"

"It's James Mailing's bairn," said I, "come from the Lowlands to be at your death-bed, and see if you will restore his mother's wrong, and his own, before you go hence, to your great account."

A relenting change came momentarily over the countenance of the sick, as he continued to gaze on the boy; and drawing up his bony hand, and covering his eyes, he uttered a stifled but inward groan.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the gloomy lawyer, now interrupting the minister, who was beginning to speak some words of exhortation and comfort. "Are you Laird a man, that you are to be preached and prayed out of your property now, after all my pains?"

I never shall forget the look with which the minister, turning to the lawyer, said these words: "O servant of unrighteousness, and child of the devil, that interposes between man and his feeble reachings after virtue; thy own dying hour is not far off, and well will it be for thee, if, in that moment, thou hast even the hopes of mercy, and the yearning after justice, of the sinful man before us, whose progress towards the recording angel, thou art now doing thy best to prevent!"
The Widow's Request.

The lawyer relaxed into an expression, indicating a waft of remorse; but, resuming his stony look, he said, "It is the business of the black crows, that gather round sick men's beds, to croak like corbies about death and doom, and persuade or frighten men into hasty acts of womanly weakness. The Laird, to be sure, has taken a turn o' sickness, but he's not just ready to lose his grip of the world. Minister, ye'll have to come some other day."

A convulsive twisting of the countenance of the sick, however, gave a palpable contradiction to the lawyer's words. The minister, drawing close to the bedside, conjured the dying, in the most awful words, to seek reconciliation with Heaven, while sense remained, and, in particular, to do the act of justice that I required before it was too late. "Will you now deliver up to the widow's son," he said, "the rights of Dalmaling estate?"

At the bare mention of this proposal, the old man gathered up the last energies of his faculties, and, rising half on his elbow, uttered a loud and bitter "No!"

"Then God have mercy on your sinful soul," said the minister, "I leave you to your sad and fearful fate!"

"Will you not say a prayer for me then," said the sick man, "after you have come so far?"

"I come to pray with the repentant spirit," said the minister; "I came not to offer a sacrifice of mockery to Heaven for him who is determined to die in his sins."

It was in vain that we thus argued, and I showed the papers given me by the widow; his soul was wedded to the unrighteous mammon; and, though he seemed to struggle, he allowed us to depart, without a word being uttered, such as is suitable to the bed-side of a dying man.

When we got to the outer room, I demonstrated with the minister, saying, I feared he had been too precipitate, for that I had still something more to say. "Let the leaven work," said he, while we tarry here. It is in better hands than either yours or mine."

We had waited about an hour, drying our clothes at the peat fire, when the servant brought us word, that an altercation had taken place at intervals between the lawyer and his master—that the former seemed to have overdone his part—that the Laird had seemed disgusted by some proof of selfishness, and, wrought upon by the effect of his own compunctions, and under the belief that we had left the house, he, the servant, had received his orders to take horse and follow us instantly. We were, therefore, ushered back to the bed-side of the Laird.

The few words that he now spoke in a whisper indicated a rapid approach towards dissolution, and were changed in tone, and showed the internal struggle that he had undergone. "Deep, deep," said he, as he glanced at the lawyer, "is the wicked selfishness of man's heart. Naked we came into the world, and naked we must part from it. I would speak a word with that stranger."

I drew near, and, with the earnest union of death-bed solemnity, urged the cause of the destitute widow and her children. My words fell not like water split upon the sand, but evidently pierced to the joints and marrow of his conscience. Covering again his face with his hand, the dying man was only able to utter the affecting exclamation, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and then addressing the servant who stood by, he added, "Murdoch, fetch me that box, and open it with this key."

The box was opened. It was full of papers and parchments, and heavy with several bags of money. With a miser's look, and trembling hands, the dying Laird, weak as he was, fumbled a moment among the papers, and then called me and the boy closer to his bed-side.

"There are the rights of Dalmaling property," he said to me, putting a bundle of parchments into my hand. "If you are Mrs. Mailing's friend, carry them to her, and see her reinstated in her own; and if she can forgive me for the wrong I have done her, tell her to pray for my sinful soul. Now come near me, my bonny man," he said to the boy. "Give this bag of siller to your mother, 'twill help to convince her that I repent me of the evil I have done to her and you; and when you grow a man, and are living on your ain fair estate, remember aye to do the right, and then ye'll die at last, wi' a lighter heart than me! Murdoch," he added, reaching the servant another paper, "put that in the fire, and take care that it is thoroughly consumed."
The man took the paper, adroitly placing himself between the lawyer and the fire. The latter glared upon it as it began to burn, "Curse the hour," he muttered like a fiend, between his teeth, "it is his will, and I have lost everything."

"You have been my evil angel these twenty years," said the dying man, as he shot a meaning glance at the lawyer; "here, Murdoch, bring me the box again."

The box was brought, and taking out one of the bags of money, he beckoned the lawyer to take it from his feeble hand.

"Now, this," he said, "will fully square accounts between us, but God help you, when ye come to your death-bed, like me," he added, observing the eagerness with which the unhappy man clutched the money. "World's gear will do you but little good, when the things of time are rapidly passing from your eyes."

He cast now a look towards the fire, and then towards the boy and me; and observing that the last corner of the paper was consumed, he gave a long sigh, as if a heavy burden had been taken from his breast, and muttered something which we could not hear. I saw that life was now ebbing fast. A few words now were spoken to him by the minister, and though they seemed to give him comfort he was scarcely able to reply. At length he articulated, in a sharp whisper, "Oh, minister, pray for me!"

The clergyman lifted up his hands and continued in prayer for some time. The rattle was now audible in the dying man's throat, and his countenance had assumed a death-like placidity. The minister wrestled in prayer with great earnestness for a considerable time, and before he had concluded, the Laird of Dundrin was no more.

Transferred now from the chamber of the dead, and left for a little to my own meditations, I cannot describe the happy and even sublime feelings, which followed the long and solemn excitement of this scene. I saw, in my fancy, a human being rescued, at the eleventh hour, from something unutterable, and now, as I trusted, wandering in those blessed regions of light, which it belongs not to the earthly mind to conceive of. These delightful visionings hallowed my dreams of the night, as I rested in my clothes by the chamber-fire, and the daylight found me refreshed and joyful.

A pleasant and a shining morning sky had now broke upon the Highland hills round us; the boy, when he looked out, absolutely skipped with joy, and my mind was filled with pleasing anticipations of the meeting I should have on our return to the Lowlands, with the revived widow of the cottage. I have something more, however, to tell.

The decencies of death being in progress in the mansion, we issued forth quietly in the early morning, if possible, to get by noon to the village of Kirktool. How the lawyer was occupied we know not, but we thought it strange that no sight of him appeared. We had not gone farther than about two miles on our journey, however, when proceeding through a wild and gloomy pass, beneath dark rocks and hills covered with black heath, we heard the distant tramp of feet, and a horseman came hastily galloping up behind us. When the figure drew near, who should it be but Carson, the lawyer! His face was pale, if not haggard; he wore a look of strange inward excitement; he rode on in great haste, urging his horse as if some unseen power impelled him forward; and to my surprise I observed, when he came up, the bag of money that he had received from the late Laird, grasped firmly in his hand.

"Where go you in such haste?" said the minister, as he came up. The reply made by the profane man, is not fit to be repeated, but it positively made me shudder."

"There is some fiendish power over that man," added Mr. Mc Knight, "let us follow him close." When he heard us pursuing him, he reined in his horse, and looking back with a bitter scowl of something I cannot express, said, "You served me a supple trick last night, Mr. Minister; but if I live four-and-twenty hours longer, and get twenty miles beyond Kirktool, I'll gar you bite the bicker yet."

"How know you what may happen, within that short space," said the minister, solemnly; "and if you are calculating on an evil deed, how do you know that you will ever be permitted to see Kirktool itself? near as it is."

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed the lawyer, with a suspicious stare—"but you are nothing but a pro-
phet of death and doom. I might have known what would happen to my friend, the Laird, when the croaking ravens of the black-cloth compassed the sick-man’s couch. No man ever rises from his bed after they appear. They are the sure forerunner of the mort-cloth and the shroud, as is well known to the doctors. It was wise of Dr. Fitaam, who attended my father, he never would allow one of them to come near the sick, if he could prevent them, for he swore they killed all his patients. But they shall never come to hasten my end!” added the wretch, with a ghastly chuckle, “I would rather die like a dragoon-horse, with my shoes on my feet.”

“I only wish you may be prepared for that hour,” said my companion, with increased solemnity; and bidding me follow him as I looked after the lawyer, he put spurs to his horse, for we both felt an involuntary curiosity to keep in sight of this profane man.

By this time the wild pass, in which we had been riding, had widened out; and as we looked a-head, one of the streams which we had crossed easily the preceding night, swollen by the rains, had spread into a little sea, and towards the centre assumed rather a formidable appearance.—“Is there any danger?” I asked, observing that the lawyer was riding right into it. “None, whatever, if he only keeps well up towards the rocks,” said the minister; “for it is quite shallow—I have crossed it many a time when worse than this. Follow me without fear!” and so we plunged in.

“Is the man infatuated?” exclaimed Mr. M’Knight again, as he observed the lawyer before us now near the middle of the current, floundering zigzag through the water. “It is deeper than I thought,” he added, as the current now rose to our own horses’ breasts, and swept rapid and threatening past us. I now began to be really in fear, for though the ponies went on steadily, the boy behind me, as he looked up and down the stream which rolled around us, became alarmed, and beginning to cry, grasped my waist with a death-like grip. The moment was awful. I thought every instant we should be carried down with the flood, that now tumbled under our horses’ necks; and as the poor beasts snorted and held up their heads, I felt their limbs shake under us, and would have given worlds to be with my charge safe on the green-bank on the other side. Still the beast kept perfectly steady, and I admired the coolness and courage with which my young companion faced the danger; when, turning my head, I saw that the lawyer had swerved from the tract, had got in our rear, and was struggling like a man who was already drowning. “Come on for mercy’s sake,” cried the minister, taking hold of the rein of my horse; “I wish I had not been so venturesome.”

But, to us, the worst of it was now evidently over. The minister and I were getting into the shallower part, but so absorbed had we been with our own danger, that we had completely lost sight of the lawyer; when a terrible plunge and a scream almost behind us, filled us with instant consternation. We looked round and all we could discern was the head of the lawyer’s horse, snorting above the stream; the animal plunged and laboured dreadfully, but the unfortunate rider was no where to be seen. A head came up however shortly after, and we could see the unfortunate lawyer gasping for breath, and struggling with death and the pitiless current. Appalled with horror, we were hardly able to make our own way to the bank, when we saw the lawyer sink again; and though the spot was not more than five feet deep perhaps, he seemed to be fast carried down by the current, to where the stream swirled into a deadly pool. The clergyman prayed audibly, as we watched the event on the bank, for now the horse had come safely out without his rider. The drowning man came up again, but sunk instantly, and as we feared for ever. In a few moments more, however, we saw something shoot up above the water. It was a man’s arm—something was grasped in the hand—I declare it was the bag of money which the unhappy man seemed to seek to save, at the moment when he was going to face his Maker. The other arm next came up for an instant, for the struggles of drowning soon terminated, and the man and his gold were overwhelmed by the rushing waters. A few bubbles came up in the settled pool as we watched, and it was evident all was over.

What shall I say about this? We stood for a time on the bank like statues of stone, for the judgment of Heaven.
had been executed before our eyes, and, from our hasty anxiety to follow the pre-
destined man, we ourselves had nearly shared his fate. Our very thankfulness for our own deliverance, was almost swallowed up in our horror at the hasty doom of the wicked. We rode in again someway into the stream to try to save him, we rode forward in haste to seek for help; but all was in vain. The man was a drowned man; his body was found next day at the bottom of the pool, with the bag of money grasped firm in his hand.

I may not dwell upon the feelings with which the minister, the poor alarmed boy and myself, returned that night to the village of Kirkton. This striking dispensation, induced seriousness mixed with awe. After tarrying a short space, the boy and myself, in better spirits, at length pursued the remainder of our journey. Neither may I describe the pleasure with which in the sequel we reached the pretty holm of Netherburn, the joy with which we were welcomed back by the serious widow, or the tears of thankfulness that streamed down her cheeks, as we told her our tale of complete success, and delivered into her hands the bag of solid money, with the parchment rights of her late husband’s property.

I lived to see her reinstated in that property; I lived to see her daughter, a pretty bride to a virtuous youth; and I never passed that way again, but I had a social meal and a kindly blessing, from the grateful lady of Dalmaling.

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**OVID IMITATED.**

*Lib. 4th, Elegia 8th.*

Chill age now thins the honours of my brows,
And showers his wintry snows upon my head;
My frozen blood in feeble current flows;
With firm, elastic step, no more I tread.

’Twere fitting now, in tranquil ease to live,
From worldly care and long-plied labour free,
And the short remnant of my days to give
To studious leisure, ever dear to me.

Unto some rural cot I long to fly,
With garden trim, and honeysuckle bower,
And store of books, O sweet society!
And peaceful there await my final hour.

Stern Fate denies the modest boon I crave—
And, as the shattered vessel, tempest-tost,
From parts remote, finds in the deep a grave,
Abandon’d to the storms of life I’m lost. J. W.

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**LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.**

**TO MISS CAROLINE R——**

Oh! born to soothe distress and lighten care,
Lively as soft, and innocent as fair;
Blest with that sweet simplicity of thought,
So rarely found, and never to be taught,
Of winning speech, endearing, artless, kind,
The loveliest pattern of a female mind;
So pure, so good, she scarce can guess at sin,
But thinks the world without like that within. C.
REVIEW.

Literature.
The New Gil Blas; or, Pedro of Penafiel. By Henry D. Inglis, Author of "Spain in 1830, &c." Longman & Co. 3 vols. 1832.

In these transitory times of literary dullness, when what with the late political excitement, the natural effects of the puffing system, which has withdrawn the confidence of the public from all advertising means of publicity, and what with the penny papers with which the shop-windows are crowded, the trade of publishing is nearly ruined, and booksellers are at their wits' end; it is something to get hold of a good book of pleasant light reading, and as such we welcome the one named at the head of this article. When any publication comes forth, also, which serves to throw further light upon the manners and feelings of women in any country, we owe it to our fair readers to give it that share of our attention which is proportionate to the interest we take in the subject. It was upon this principle, that, last month, we offered our remarks so fully upon Mrs. Jameson's Sei Disant characteristics of women; and it is the same that now induces us to say a few words upon the comparative situation of the ladies in Spain and in England, as suggested by the perusal of the book before us.

It is somewhat remarkable that, over all the world, the liberty of females is abridged almost in proportion to the heat of the climate. In all the northern nations of Europe, down as far as England, France, and Germany, the women are allowed as much freedom of life and of social intercourse as any rational mind could desire. As we proceed south, however, and cross the Alps, or the Apennines, into the Spanish peninsula, or Italy, or cross the Danube to the Turkish territories, or proceed eastward all over Asia, or south along the coast of Barbary, women become more and more enslaved to the will of man, and a selfish jealousy almost deprives them of the common privileges of animal nature, and, in some cases, to use the words of Thomson's celebrated picture of misery, they are

"— shut up
Even from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs."

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Though in Spain and Portugal this confinement is not quite so rigid; and, though even in the harams of Constantinople, if we are to believe Lady Wortley Montague, the ladies, by means of their muffled disguises, often contrive to evade the tyranny of custom; yet, in no country in the world, perhaps, is there so much true and rational liberty enjoyed, by well-reared women, as in this our own country of England, nor is there any other nation wherein there are fewer moral causes for increasing their restraint. In Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, and even in some degree in Italy, there is among the men an active and seductive spirit of what is called gallantry, and a disposition to secret intrigue, which is exceedingly fascinating to youth, and very pleasant to see represented on the stage, but which is most destructive to social morality, and always deeply injurious to the happiness of families. This state of manners is greatly aided in Catholic countries by the conventual system of education and seclusion—the picturesque mysteries of popish worship—the demoralizing effects of private confession—and by the admission into family confidence of a distinct order of men, living in professed celibacy, as ministers of a religion, which addresses itself to the weakest points in the human mind.

It is an old saying, that locking makes thieves—and may not the prying watchfulness of the duenna over every look and motion of her youthful charge, the careful concealment of the latticed window, and the insidious mystery of the veil or mantilla, contribute to raise and to foster that spirit of intrigue and deception, which begins at the adventure-loving period of youth, from the natural fascination that there is in the idea of drinking stolen waters, and which never leaves the Spanish senora or senoretta, while she is able to elude the vigilance of a duenna or a husband. Be that, however, as it may, it is very certain, that the constant restraint imposed upon the Spanish and Portuguese ladies, by their female guardians, parents, and husbands, may sit lightly upon them, from the power of habit and example, but would be all but intolerable to the ladies of England. Here, it is unhappily becoming too much the practice for pa-
rents to make a degrading merchandise of their daughters; but there, in particular, young females of condition are bred up exactly like birds in a cage, and their marriage to a man they have, perhaps, scarcely seen, is little more than a transference of them from one cage to another.

But, it is time we should say something of the book before us. With the Old Gil Bias, though not a very proper book to be put into the hands of young ladies, we dare say most of our readers are more or less acquainted. The excellence of Mr. Le Sage's work is considered to consist chiefly in its surprisingly accurate delineation of manners to be written by a foreigner; the rapidity and domestic character of its incidents, and the deep knowledge of the world, and sly satire upon human nature, displayed throughout its pages. When a book is old and celebrated, and has received a sort of canonization from its popularity, it is extremely hazardous for any author to adopt for his new work a name already made sacred to fame, and provoke in his readers a comparison, in which he almost bespeaks a prejudice against him. The new (in literature at least) is never so good as the old, at least it will not be readily admitted to be so, for men are never so sure of their own judgment, as of the united judgment of the world, and it requires time to make that fully known. Notwithstanding this prejudice, however, we have no hesitation in saying that the New Gil Bias is an exceedingly clever book, and more worthy of perusal than any work of fiction that has come before us for a considerable time. Though it has much less of that domestic incident, quiet individuality of character, and sly satire of common follies, that makes the old work so charming, it has more romance of incident and situation, and more, in fact, of that species of interest which is calculated for the taste of the modern reader. The author has also, with much success, induced his hero, with that fair calculation of his own interest in all he is engaged in, usually termed selfishness, for which Gil of Santillani is so conspicuous among heroes, and he makes his Pedro confess it all throughout with a laudable degree of candour. The knowledge of the human mind, also; of its workings in different circumstances, and the selfish nature of the motives of men, are all well displayed in the various stories which the characters, brought in, tell to the hero; and there is a condensation of detail, and a liveliness of remark and story, that keeps the interest agreeably alive to the last page of the last volume—a praise that we cannot always award to writers of more name than the author of “Spain in 1830.” Some of these stories, indeed, are not over probable, no more than are several of the adventures told by Le Sage, with which, of course, nobody must offer to find fault now. They are, without exception, however, exceedingly well told; and the story of the confinement of the hero and a lady in the towers of Tarifa, a town in the straits of Gibraltar, of their miraculous escape from solitary confinement there, and their subsequent adventures, are given with a power and a poetry of description, of which any author might well be proud.

We could wish to transfer some of these clever stories to our pages; but this being neither fair to the author, nor commensurate with our limits, we content ourselves with extracting the following curious sketch, as it contains a very original idea, as well as a statement and a moral, which will probably interest our fair readers. Pedro, like him of Santillani, is often out of employment, but like all heroes, he is exceedingly lucky in the services he gets into. Being asleep on a bench in Madrid, he is aroused by a message from a noble lady, who sends for him to her house. Pedro is charmed with her appearance, and the splendour that surrounds her. She, with little persuasion, gets him to relate to her his adventures, and invests him with an office, which, we suspect, is not very consistent with Spanish female restraint. Thus it is told:

"When I had made an end of my relation, the lady was so obliging as to say, that for the services I had rendered to some of her sex, I had a right to the good offices of all; at the same time, she commended my courage, and disinterestedness, and lamented only my recent misfortune. "Now," said she, with the utmost engaging smile in the world, "listen to what I propose. I am pleased with the frankness of your character, and have long been in search of a person possessing that quality. Can you promise me sincerity in the performance of whatever duty you may undertake?"

"Senora," I replied, "if there be any quality of my mind predominating over the
others, it is sincerity—for this I have always been distinguished, and for its exercise have sometimes suffered,'

"Be assured," said she, 'that in my service you shall find no such injustice. I believe in your profession, so now listen to what I am going to say. There is one passion which I possess, in common with all my sex, but, I believe, in a more exorbitant degree—it is love of admiration.'

"Ah, Senora," interrupted I, 'that all our desires were as reasonable, and as sure of being gratified?'

"I perceive," said she, 'that you already begin to administer to this passion; let me then hasten to tell you, that, in the duty I design for you, it must be forgotten. I know that years have already wrought some alteration in my looks, and that the perfect freshness of youth is gone—do not interrupt me; this, I say, I know, but I would that no other than myself should perceive it. As yet, indeed, time may not, perhaps, have wholly obliterated the traces of what I have been; but the hour will infallibly come, when the passion, upon whose gratification I have staked mine any longer been ministered to, that hour I am determined never to survive. I could not bear to see the influence I have wielded wane, and it is accordingly this humiliation I am desirous of being spared. In this city, where politeness is carried far into the dominion of falsehood, a woman, who has once had her empire, and who still retains her rank, finds nothing so hard to be come at as truth; will you, then, accept the easy task of being sincere? Into your hands I am ready to confide that reputation which I have so long enjoyed, and which I so fondly prize. Let it be your duty to warn me of the approach of that day, when I may find I have outlived the reputation I believe—perhaps, foolishly believe—I still enjoy. Your service will be easy of performance; every night I go into society, or have my tertulia at home; and all I require of you is, that, before I hazard my reputation in public, you shall say, whether I dare stand the test. This I have to propose to you; tell me if you are willing to enter my service upon this condition—your time shall be entirely at your own disposal, with the reservation of the few moments every evening required for the performance of your duty; you shall also have a Due allowance, and be well provided for in my house.'

"This was a proposal which no one in my circumstances could reject. My whole duty consisted in scrutinizing the figure and countenance of a beautiful woman; and as to the condition of sincerity upon which my services were accepted, it seemed to me, as far as I could yet judge, that I might yet speak the truth, and yet keep in favour. I therefore hastened to express my willingness to enter into the service of so charming a lady, and to profess my entire concurrence in the condition required of me. Behold me, then, installed in my new office of censor of a lady's looks! A post certainly in some degree derogatory to the dignity of one who, within a few days, had figured among the gayest Caballeros in Cadiz. Still my preferment had its advantages; it had ease and plenty, and when the charms of whose reputation I was the guardian, could no longer maintain the empire in the world, who could tell if their depreciated value might not then be about an equivalent (with other more substantial adjuncts thrown into the scale) for the faithful performances of my services.

'The very first evening upon which I was installed in my office, I also entered upon its duties; and I found them, as I had anticipated, not only easy, but agreeable. Shortly after the interview I have detailed, the Marquesa retired to her toilet; and after a reasonable time had elapsed, in the performance of its duties, I was called to pronounce my verdict. Mine was truly an occupation that thousands might have coveted; and I prolonged my scrutiny so long, that the object of it began to manifest some impatience. 'Senora,' said I, 'sincerity, in my judgment, was the only condition you required of me; and where the admiration of all mankind is due, mine is surely to be excused. This was my manner of delivering my judgment, and the Marquesa seemed not to be displeased with it.'

Our hero continues in the service of the lady for a time, and thus the details of it are described:

"I found that pleasures are not confined to one sphere, and that independence is not synonymous with living upon one's own resources. In short, the day passed away to my liking; and I looked forward to the duties of the evening with nothing but pleasant anticipation. After having dispatched an olla, that would have done credit to the genius of my preceptor, or his pupil the archbishop, and a bottle of nectar, that reminded me of the elixir vitae, I was again summoned by the Marquesa, and found that this evening my services, though of a rather more complicated nature, were not the less agreeable: there was a tertulia at home; and when in the usual exercise of my duty, I was required to pass judgment upon the Marquesa, she informed me, that some of the most celebrated beauties of Cadiz would that night be present; and requested a new proof of my sincerity, in comparing her claims with theirs—and, as she spoke, I could remark how entire a sway the love of admir-
ration had obtained over her mind. When she requested this favour of me, her voice faltered, and it was evident that she was confiding to me, the decision of a question upon which the happiness of her life—perhaps even life itself—was suspended; nor could I help fancying, from the earnestness with which she spoke, and the agitation she betrayed, that this night was meant as a trial of her power, and that, feeling in her own mind, some misgivings, she was resolved to know the worst.

"I promised strict obedience to her commands, and that I might execute my duties with the greater freedom, the task of serving refreshments was confided to me, and never, I believe, was there a company more assiduously served. Many were the delicate hands that were extended to accept my profers; many a charming little head that bowed their thanks; many a sweet "gracias," was pronounced by sweeter lips; nor could I help remarking, that the direction of the eyes was more frequently favourable to my scrutiny, than seemed at all necessary towards a choice of the fruit and cakes that were presented. Whether these things could have any effect upon my judgment, I will not undertake to say; but certain it is, that when, after the guests were gone, and I was called upon for a verdict, and was made to ratify my words, by invoking all the saints to witness my faithfulness, I made a mental reservation of the saint I had stolen from my father; believing, that if I had spoken falsely (of which I had some suspicions), he would otherwise have infallibly avenged the insult I had once offered to him. The Marquesa, however, had no misgivings of my sincerity; and in this manner nearly twelve months glided away. I passed my time in the most agreeable manner possible; and had every reason to be satisfied with my poet, the duties of which had, indeed, long since ceased to afford me much pleasure, but which were easily discharged, and never failed to give satisfaction.

"Some months had, however, elapsed, during which my sincerity was put more and more severely to the test. The empire of beauty, over which the Marquesa had so long presided, was tottering—new claimants to it had arisen; and I plainly perceived, that some decided mark of rebellion would ere long force upon her the conviction, that her reign had ended, and bring that day of humiliation which she assured me she could never survive. Should such an event take place, my services would no longer be needed, nor could I expect them to be rewarded if they failed at the very point where they were most valuable. The same night, accordingly, when it was called to the presence of my mistress, I resolved to take to myself again, that virtue which was now my own best policy.

"Madam," I said, "you have often reminded me of the condition upon which I entered into your service—perhaps even life itself—was suspended; nor could I help fancying, from the earnestness with which she spoke, and the agitation she betrayed, that this night was meant as a trial of her power, and that, feeling in her own mind, some misgivings, she was resolved to know the worst.

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"It is enough," interrupted she, in a tone of the deepest dejection; "I know it—the freshness of youth is gone; my reign is over, and life is no more of any value to me. Accept of this," continued she, taking from her finger a diamond ring of great value, "you have faithfully performed your duty—now, your services are no longer required; and remember, in your after-intercourse with the world, that the virtue which by me is the most highly prized, is not that which the world holds in the highest estimation." With these words she left me, and I never saw her more. Next morning she was found seated before her mirror lifeless; her fan was in one hand, and a miniature of herself, taken some years before, in the other. A phial, in which were the dregs of a swift and deadly poison, stood near; and upon a piece of scented paper her hand had traced these words: "During twelve years I have known only one enjoyment, the consciousness of exciting admiration; in the possession of this enjoyment, I have been the happiest of women, without it, I should be the most miserable. I have no reason to complain; my reign has been long, and I have been spared the humiliation of seeing my throne occupied by another: I have had the courage to descend from it, and live neglected."

It would be hardly fair to expect in "The New Gil Blas," the terse beauty of language, and penetrating wit of remark and inference which will always distinguish the original French work; and certainly, there are many cases in which the author has made strange slips, in respect of that knowledge of manners and customs which might have been expected of him. Nevertheless, the style is condensed and in good taste; there is often exhibited considerable beauty of composition, and, upon the whole, we heartily recommend Mr. Inglis's Romance, as much superior to many of the novels published at the West End of our City, and exceedingly likely to amuse all classes of English readers.

Isle of Wight, and other Poems. By
ANN MARIA SARGEANT. Seguin,
1832.

Miss Sargeant has described, with much taste, and a true poetic feeling, the distinguished beauties of the Isle of Wight, and we recommend our subscribers, who may visit that interesting spot this autumn, to
make her pretty volume their companion,
as we think, the poetic sketches will add
to the pleasure of ascending St. Catharine's Hill, and the commanding points
of view in "the fair Isle." But to recommend
the book merely as a guide is not
by any means doing it justice—it is well
worthy of a place in every well-selected
library, and will bear a frequent perusal.
Indeed, we think Miss Sargeant's poetic
talents are of a very high order. We se-
lect a few stanzas from her principal
poem:

A sight so varied bursts upon my view,
I know not where to rest my roving eye,
At every glance it catches objects new,
Which with the others seem in charms to vie;
My voice can ne'er express eulogium due,
But rather sinks into a mute delight;
Rapture is often taciturn, and few
Of Nature's most enchanting scenes unite
Charms so diversified as thine, Oh! lovely
Wight.
Here towering cliffs in awful grandeur rise
With colours numerous—chalyk whitenees here,
Or brightly glowing brown of blended dyes,
Or deepened shade, approaching black-
ness there;
While others gay and verdant foliage wear,
And Summer's blooming flowers lend a grace,
These when contrasted with the wild and bare,
Delight the eye, and pleasure yield to trace
The varied aspect from the summit to the base.

Ah! were this land as beautiful and fair,
In moral as in Nature's bounteous charms;
This Isle a paradise would then appear,
And oh! the day is hast'ning when the arms
Of deadly War shall cease: his rude alarms
Shall fain be no more, but when in bowers green
The lamb and lion meet; my bosom warms
With rapture at the thought of such a scene,
So fraught with love, so tranquil and se-
rene.
Then, quit my thoughts, this frail and fleet-
ing sphere,
Where all that's beautiful must fade and die,
Where not a flower blooms, but thorns ap-
pear,
And clouds obscure a scene of brilliancy.

In Heaven, that world of blissfulness, the eye
Shall never dim, nor tire, but ever beam,
And happiness shall banish every sigh;
The ills of life we then shall trifling deem,
And everlasting love shall be our endless theme.

Some of the minor poems are written with exquisite feeling—the following
sonnet breathes a true spirit of
to The Morning.

How beautiful to watch the opening mom
Break in the east, and beam with bright-
est hues,
Beauteous to see, upon each leaf and thorn,
The sun reflected in the pendent dews,
Cheering to hear the sky-lark's early note,
And view him rising from his lowly bed,
And watch the busy insects 'gin to float
In the cool air, and the quick jocund tread
Of peasants to their various employ,
Fastening with songs of cheerfulness and joy.
Oh, who would not, to taste these sweets,
From downy pillows raise. Without alloy
Are all thy charms, sweet Nature, and my lays
Shall ever pay to thee their grateful praise.

Our space will not allow us to make
further extracts; but we trust we take
leave of Miss Sargeant only for a season,
for we should, indeed, be sorry if this lady
does not follow up the pursuit she has so
well commenced—her poetry does not
consist of a mere jingle of words, but
there is a depth of feeling, and power of
description occasionally manifested, which
assure us that we read the conceptions of
a mind capable of soaring still higher in
the realms of thought and fancy. Let
Mrs. Hemans be Miss Sargeant's guide,
and she will arrive at a distinguished
place in public favour. She has already
our suffrages.

The Rectory of Valehead. By the Rev.
Robert Wilson Evans, M.A. Sixth
Edition.

The spirit of holy Mr. Herbert, and of
Izaae Walton, seems have inspired this
beautiful book, which traces in touching
and pleasing language the progress of a
large family brought up in religious habits,
according to the apostolic discipline of our
primitive reformed church. Those who have dwelt with heart-felt satisfaction on the perusal of "Walton's Lives" will recognise the same principles in the "Rectory of Valehead." George Herbert's "Temple" has been deeply meditated before the composition of the excellent poetry with which the work abounds; perhaps the occasional ruggedness of the original cleaves a little too closely to the poems. "The Captive let Loose," "The Rambles up the Stream," "The Bride," and "The Ruin," meet with our unconditional admiration among the poetical pieces.

The prose is written in a spirit of sweet cheerfulness. The chapter entitled "The First Number sent out into the World" is exceedingly valuable, as inculcating the imperative necessity of a religious and conscientious education, even for the temporal happiness of man. A short specimen will show the poetical talent with which this excellent little book is adorned.

**THE RUIN.**

I made for Buildwas—o'er her graves
Her shattered tombs, her rifled tower,
Her shafts, where the tall ivy waves,
To pass a contemplative hour;
And as I journey'd, in my mind,
A picture of old days design'd,
Forgotten rites renew'd;
And I beheld, assembled there,
From porch to chancel, bow'd in prayer,
A countless multitude.

The vase with holy water teem'd,
The pealing organ shook the nave,
Hear clouds of fragrant incense stream'd;
Bright lamps a flood of radiance gave,
And from their chairs of sculptur'd stone,
Three gorgeous priests, each from his throne,
Survey'd the prostrate train;
Image on image fir'd my breast,
And with the dazzling show possess'd,
I stood within the fane.

There all the consecrated ground,
Nave, chapel, choir, and aisle,
Throng'd by a bleating flock I found,
Quite crowded was the pile;
The holy vase with waves was fill'd,
From Heaven's own sacred breast distill'd;
And in the stony chair,
A shepherd's boy, with cord and crook,
Kept watch with contemplative look,
Upon his fleecy care.

**Poetic Fragments from unpublished MSS.**

C. Chapple. London, 1832.

The author of these fragments deprecates criticism from the male sex, and would fain take refuge with the ladies, to whom he has dedicated his unpretending little volume.

Perhaps he remembers the old saying, that "women are more just than men all the world over;" and, therefore, he goes into what he considers a Court of Equity, and avoids the Court of Review altogether. However, we think he will pass the ordeal of either Court, as his poetry is elegant, and free from any glaring faults. Indeed, there are some passages of considerable beauty; take the following as a specimen:

"She loves!—how much is there express'd
In those short words, she loves!—how best,
Or curs'd, those thrilling words may be,
Teeming with joy or misery!
She loves:—her young heart owns the sway
Of spells, that have not all been joy,
The brightest smiles of Heaven, may
Be clouded by the earth's alloy;
And Love's fair morn, tho' clear and bright,
May lose the beaming of its light.
She loves:—aye, well and warmly loves—
With passion's purest, brightest flame.
That fades not—fails not—but which proves
In storm and darkness still the same;
A beacon o'er life's troubled stream—
A ray that lights youth's early dream—
The life-spell of the soul and heart,
From which their brightest moments start!"

The following lines, entitled "Sin," are also worth a place in our notice:

"Link'd to the soul the thought you'll find,
That claims existence with the mind,
Which prompts the heart to cast aside
The good, and in the ill confide.—
We know that misery and death
Breathe from Sin's pestilential breath,
Deep sorrow to the soul while here,
Death to its joys in higher sphere—
We hear—we feel the warning voice,
The way is free, and must our choice
Twixt heav'n and hell admit of pause?—
Awake! awake! 'tis Heaven's cause
That calls your aid, and claims your care;
The cause of God!—then, mortal, dare
Ye dash the hope of Heaven by
Without one tear, without one sigh!
Say, could'st thou over all control,
*What* would'st thou be without a soul?—
It is the very sense that streams
Across thy mind's bewildered dreams—"
Review.

It is the spell that spreads around
Thy fame, wherever fame is found—
It is thy being—giv'n to be
A blessing, or a curse to thee!
Drink deep of dark Guilt's madd'ning bowl,
Thou canst not drown, for aye, the soul!

The Young Crusoe.—Elizabeth and her Beggar Boys. By Mrs. Hofland. Newman and Co.

We feel ourselves called upon to notice new editions of these little works from the pen of Mrs. Hofland, one of the best approved writers who have condescended to devote their talents to the amiable task of contributing to the amusement and improvement of the rising generation.

Which of our fair readers does not remember with delight the hours of blameless relaxation which she devoted to the perusal of one or other of those excellent and interesting little volumes with which Mrs. Hofland has so liberally enriched the juvenile libraries, once so devoid of works of merit and moral entertainment? To say that the Young Crusoe and Elizabeth are written by the author of the Son of a Genius, would be to afford them the highest recommendation; but these volumes possess merits of their own, which require not the aid of borrowed reflection to adorn.

The Young Crusoe is a tale of powerful interest and originality, such as cannot fail to delight and instruct the youthful reader.

Elizabeth, with less of the fascinations of fancy-painting, is no less admirable in the class of compositions to which it more peculiarly belongs. It is a lesson of practical benevolence in an individual of humble station, and is an animated tale founded on authentic facts, which, we are informed, fell beneath the author's own observation in early life.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction.—Smith, Elder, and Co.

A useful little book for the hands of children chiefly relating to Natural History, and embellished with some good cuts.


This is a very amusing and instructive periodical, devoted principally to the discussion of such matters as interest those who desire news, especially literary news, from France. There is, however, another class of readers, who would do well to notice the pages of Le Cercle: we mean those who are desirous of cultivating their knowledge of the French language, which is every day becoming more useful. We sincerely trust this work will prosper—and long may the olive branch flourish in both countries.

Friendship's Offering, 1833.—Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have been favoured with a sight of the embellishments of this work; and much as we admired those of the former numbers, we can safely assure our readers, that they infinitely surpass all previous efforts which have been made to ensure public favour. We shall mention the work again, when we can speak of its literary contents; but the following engravings exhibit so much beauty and delicacy of execution, that it is due to the respective artists to call the attention of our readers to them; they are, Female Pirates, painted by John Wood; engraved by T. A. Dean. Unveiling, by H. Richter, engraved by J. Goodyear. Affection, engraved by T. A. Dean—painter's name obliterated. We will mention one more, The Morning Walk, drawn by E. R. Fas-torini, engraved by W. Ensom.

Prospectus of the Missionary Annual.

This new Annual is devoted to subjects connected with religion, and will furnish descriptions of manners, customs, superstitions, and idols of the various tribes among which Christian Missions have been established. It is edited by the talented and estimable author of the "Polynesian Researches." It is embellished with engravings on wood, and promises to be highly useful, as well as attractive.

Comic Magazine, No. 5.—Gilbert, Regent-street.

It will, we are sure, be considered most candid in us to notice a monthly contemporary with any degree of favour; but standing, as we do, on so exalted a pinnacle, it pleaseth us to look smilingly on the little barks which flap their sunny
sails around us. "There is room enough in the world for thee and me," said my Uncle Toby, as he released the captive fly. The Comic Magazine, then, is a most indispensable companion for a November day; its engravings, by Seymour, and copious letter-press are replete with broad humour.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The oldest of our annuals, "Forget Me Not," will, we are assured, possess, this year, very strong claims to public favour. The names of the artists, including Martin, Leslie, Prout, Barrett, Rueter, Buss, W. and F. Finden, Rolls, Carter, etc., vouch sufficiently for the high character of the embellishments; and the literary department embraces, as usual, those of many of the most popular writers of the day.

Don Telesforo de Trueba has a farce, which will be amongst the earliest of the forthcoming novelties at Drury-lane.

New Music.

I saw her at the Fancy Fair. Composed by John Barnett.

This ballad has been advertised and puffed to an incalculable extent, which, by-the-by, is a newly invented mode of making a song popular. The nauseous puff begins, "It is impossible to describe the sensation created in the fashionable world by the production of this song." We beg to say, the song has neither caused, nor deserved to cause, any sensation whatsoever.

Vocal Music. By C. W. Banister.

Published in Monthly Parts.

The admirers of the late Mr. Banister's musical productions are here presented with a cheap and well-executed edition of his works. Our readers are aware that he has long been a favourite in the choir of many of our dissenting chapels.

Fine Arts.

The Landscape Annual, by T. Roscoe, Illustrated from Drawings by J. D. Harding.—Jennings.

We know not whether we have given the proper title to this beautiful work; such however do the letters on the back designate it, while in the title-page it is called "The Tourist in Italy." This volume fully bears out the high character of the former numbers, an opinion which we intend proving in our next.

Landscape Illustrations of the Works of Sir Walter Scott. Part III. Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels, Part I. Chapman and Hall, Strand.

The publishers of the above works have adopted a plan which will enable purchasers to follow their inclinations in the purchase of these illustrations. Those who wish for a complete set, containing the whole of the embellishments to Scott's works, will purchase the series first mentioned; whilst the second series only includes the portraits, which, by-the-way, comprises none but the principal female characters, and are all proof impressions on royal paper.

Now, as most young gentlemen are apt to form in their minds the prototype of her he could love, it will be very hard if some of the artists who are engaged upon this book do not please the tastes of the most fastidious of such imaginary lovers; and therefore, for such we think the arrangement is a very desirable one. Of course, the moment the dear portrait meets the eye of the fond one, it will be speedily purchased, and presently appear, in a handsome gilt frame, in the study of its enamoured owner. We have now lying before us, four highly-finished portraits,—Flora Mac Ivor, Rose Bradwardine, Mary Avenel, and Mysie Happie; and, if we dared to aver that one lady is to be preferred to another, we should say that neither of these will put us to the expense of the gilt frame. Flora is too haughty, Rose too simple, Mary Avenel too sorrowful, and Mysie far too roughish, to become the subject of our dreams. However, the clever artists designed that these characteristic expressions should be depicted on the countenances of these fair creatures, and therefore the more praise is due to them. Amongst the Illustrations, the Waste of Cumberland, by Copley Fielding, and the Frith of Forth, by Stanfield, are beautiful specimens of art. Either of these is worth the price of the whole book. Indeed, these illustrations are so beautiful and brilliant, that the embellishments given
Review.

are appended to the subjects illustrated. The present number includes, The “Happy Mother,” by Westmacott; The “Dancing Girl,” by Canova; and “Mercury and Pandora,” by Flaxman; all of them chef d’œuvres of the respective artists. We are rather surprised to find that the list of forthcoming illustrations does not contain any of Mr. Sever’s works, and only one of the highly-gifted Flaxman.

ACKERMANN has just brought out a beautiful improvement upon the old crayons, which he calls his Pastiles for Tinting. Its material is a mixture of grease and wax, similar to lithographic chalk; and it is made of every requisite variety and shade of colour. The tints produced by these crayons are transparent, and the colours therefore are peculiarly brilliant; they also adhere to the paper with great tenacity, and will retain their brightness much longer than those formerly in use. Their greasy nature remedies the inconvenience of crumbling and liability to smear, which caused the disuse of the old crayons, and rendered the drawings made with them so easily obliterated. In sketching from nature, these pastiles are especially convenient, as an effect of colour may be dashed in with a few touches; they are well calculated, too, for miniature portrait sketches, as a coloured drawing may be made as quickly as one in black and white, and the effect be equal to a water-colour painting.

Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—This theatre will open for the season on the 1st October. During the recess various and important alterations have been made in the interior, but whether with any advantage to the public remains to be proved. Six of the front boxes have been converted into stalls; a magnificent chandelier has been introduced, at a cost of £1200, which, with the exception of the stage lamps, will form the only light to the house; and M. Laporte has spared no pains or expense in the general embellishments of the theatre. The ornamental department is copied from designs of the celebrated Court Theatre, of Versailles, the arabesques being picked out in white, crimson and gold. Madame Tagioni is engaged and will appear early in November.

DUBLIN.—This House opened on the 22nd ult. with “the Soldier’s Daugh-
ter," and a more brilliant galaxy of dramatic and operatic talents, we have seldom witnessed than that now afforded us by the gallant and enterprising lessee. Brahman and Mr. and Mrs. Wood form in themselves a host, and when to these we add the names of H. Phillips, Power, Harley, Blanchard, Madame de Meric, Miss Betts, Mrs. Nesbitt (late Miss Mordaunt), Mrs. Glover, Miss Cause, &c. &c., we think we have said enough to prove Captain Polhill's claim to public patronage. Monday introduced a new aspirant to dramatic fame in the person of Mr. Stanley, as Romeo, although we do not assert that the attempt was an entire failure, we must nevertheless in candour state, that Mr. Stanley has entered somewhat prematurely upon his perilous undertaking. Considerable practice will be necessary before he can attain anything like perfection. He should learn that a sudden elevation of the voice, to a pitch that amounts almost to a roar, a few set attitudes in which "the action" is anything but "suited to the word," and one or two other similar antics, are not exactly the qualifications for a first-rate part. In many portions of the play, however, we were happy to perceive occasional gleams of better things, and we strongly recommend Mr. Stanley to persevere; we think we may promise him success hereafter.

HAYMARKET.—This Theatre has proved a losing concern; but Mr. Morris is still persevering, and we trust he will yet regain the ground he has lost. A Mr. Collins has been very favourably received as Captain Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera, and we think he will prove a valuable acquisition to Mr. Morris, who has engaged him for three years. Pretty Miss Vincent is also engaged. Few novelties have been produced. Indeed, the house was so poorly attended, that we need not wonder at the disinclination which has been manifested to run the risk of incurring more expenses than were absolutely necessary. Mr. Kean is now performing at this house for a limited number of nights, and notwithstanding the novelties which are promised at the larger houses, we think that the Haymarket will yet obtain a considerable share of public patronage.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.—It is become a trite remark, that, the support of the better educated portion of society is withdrawn from the legitimate drama, and we are rather disposed to attribute this charge to the conduct of the managers of the theatres, who seem very perversely to attend only to the tastes of that portion of the public which still continues to frequent their entertainment. We cannot better illustrate this remark than by referring to the series of entertainments which Mr. Arnold has offered during the past season, to the patrons of the once favourite house called the English Opera House; there has been a very praiseworthy feeling of late displayed in favour of English music and native singers, but we regret to say, that, during the past season, the English Opera House has completely forfeited its title to the name. Even Mrs. Waylett, in the New Strand Theatre, has done more in support of national music than Mr. Arnold, who has not produced one genuine opera the whole season. The Climbing Boy has undoubtedly had a very great run, but it is no more deserving the name of an opera than Tom and Jerry. There is a pleasing song introduced by Miss Somerville, and a tolerable chorus of poachers, but, with this exception, there is no approach to aught which denotes in a production for the English Opera House. But what shall we say of the piece called Cupid, which, as the bills say, was received with "shouts of applause." It is one of the most vulgar and contemptible productions we ever beheld,—the plot is without a beginning or end, and the whole affair is totally inexplicable. John Reeve represents Cupid with the god's bow and arrows, and a pair of wings,—his mother, Mrs. C. Jones, is supposed to be Venus, and is ministered to, by the three Graces, who are chosen for their beauty, which, by-the-bye, is the beauty of ugliness. Venus has an intrigue with a soldier, (Horn), which is carried on in after a most extraordinary manner; but we will not offend our readers with the series of low remarks, and coarse jokes with which the piece abounds; we cannot, however, but express the regret we felt to see so respectable an actress as Mrs. Jones, obliged to take a part which so ill became her; it offered quite a counterpart to Keeley's Shylock, except that Mrs. Jones seemed to feel the degradation she suffered in appearing in this execrable farce, whilst Keeley, either did not discover or
Review.

perhaps enjoyed the ridiculous figure, he cut, in his somewhat hazardous experiment on the good-nature of his audience. Mr. Reeve has so much merit and is so very amusing, that we feel little disposition to find fault with him; but at the same time, we would remind him that it is as unbecoming to offend against decency by word or deed on a stage, as in a drawing-room; he, and two or three others we could name, should be a little more careful in this respect, and then prudent ladies would not be obliged to say as they now do, “I must give up taking my family to the theatre.” Mr. Reeve in particular abounds in the act of pleasing to perfection, provided he would not exceed the bounds of decorum; he possesses many qualifications for comic characters, which far exceed those of any other performer we are acquainted with; the richness of his humour, added to the correctness with which he represents low life renders him inimitable, and John Reeve may now be considered to have taken the place of Liston. We regret to add that this theatre has proved a losing concern, and the farewell address attributed this result to the early commencement of German performances, at one of the large theatres. We must, however, be allowed to say, that it could not be expected that the English Opera House, as at present conducted, would be frequented, when even German performances could be heard at another house.

Had Mr. Arnold been representing genuine English Operas, supported by the talent of Braham, Phillips, Mrs. Wood, and Miss Inverarity, he might defy the efforts of M. La Porte, and all his establishment, with Pagamini to boot. However, we do not forget that the affairs of the houses are enlarged;—that the size of the Olympic Theatre was inadequate to contain a remunerating audience, so as to warrant a very large expenditure by the manager. It is said a new theatre will be erected before next season; we trust, it will then again prove itself worthy of its name, and be appropriated entirely to English operas; that improper company will be kept from the boxes, and indecent conduct will no longer be allowed on the stage: then, and not till then, will the theatre be resorted to, as a place capable of affording rational amusement and instruction to polite and well-educated people. The necessity for a well-conducted theatre is becoming every day more apparent, and if Mr. Arnold chooses, he may perhaps have the satisfaction of taking the first step to re-establish the Theatres in the estimation of the public.

NEW STRAND.—One or two novelties have been produced here, the best of which is a little extravaganza, entitled, “Captain Stevens.” The piece rests chiefly on the adventures of Harry Splatson, (Forrester) a spark of fashionable exterior and good family, but of slender means, who having had, his only coat desperately torn in the defence of a young lady, to whom he is afterwards united, borrows one of his friend, Captain Stevens; bow the Captain is over head and ears in debt, and in hourly fear of duns, bailiffs, and all their pleasing accompaniments. He nevertheless supplies Splatson in his necessity, but unfortunately with a suit out, the poodle collar of which is so well known, that the appearance of it in the open street causes its possessor to be followed by the aforenamed adherents, and led into so many scrapes and difficulties, that he is at last obliged to throw away his poodle disguise, and make the best of his way home sans habit. The characters are well supported: Tim Timkins (Oxberry) servant to Captain Stevens (whose ingenuity in keeping off the creditors of his master afforded considerable amusement); Tom Stag, (Mr. Manders) a noisy, good-humoured bailiff, (who however rather over-acted his part, and would make the audience laugh more if he laughed less); Blonde, (Miss Cooke) a poetical Abigail, fond of quoting, but egregiously mistaking her authors, once or twice avowing her partiality for “Cobbett’s Lalla Rookh,” one and all, deserves our high encomiums. The Loves of the Angels is still performing here, but while we admire the music we must nevertheless protest against the stupidity of the plot, and the blasphemous tendency of the language.

THE ADELPHI.—Opens on the 1st instant, with a new Drama founded on Irving’s Rip Van Winkle, in the Sketch Book.

THE CORBORG.— Goes on swimmingly, notwithstanding the illiberal opposition of its now boasting, but far less talented rival.

THE SURRY.—Which we perceive is at length induced to take “the orders,”
which its proprietor has so much deprecated; and whether to save the expense of printing we know not, it issues no orders of its own, but takes those of other minor theatres on payment of half the admission money. This may draw a few more shillings to the treasury, but the Coburg company possesses decided talent, and while it can claim this merit it need not fear the puny opposition of its envious adversaries.

Astley's.—We have not had leisure to “drop in” very lately, but shall shortly pay a visit to Mr. Ducrow's beautiful stud of Zebras, of which reports speak highly. It is the first time, we believe, that the ingenuity of man has reduced these animals to any thing like tractability.

Fashions.

Costume of Paris.

October brings in the first approach of autumn fashions. Colours begin to supersede the white dresses that have been so prevalent this season in Paris; and, towards the end of this month, the modes of autumn will be confirmed. We therefore must communicate intelligence of what will be worn, as well as the modes that at present are reigning.

Materials.—Chalis are as much in request as ever for autumn and winter. This material is too serviceable, as combining warmth, lightness, and elegance, to be hastily laid aside; but its novelty and fashion are retained by the constant intervention of new patterns. Embroidery is now the favouritefiguring of the chali dresses; the grounds mostly pale chamois, green or primrose colour. The patterns are in bouquets, arranged in columns. Foulards, painted or printed, are much worn, and wool and cachemire muslins richly worked. But these will disappear as November approaches, and gros de Naplles and chalis dresses take their places.

Hats and Bonnets.—Few transparent hats and bonnets are now prepared for walking dress. Moire and satin have succeeded crape and gauze. White is usually worn at present for these hats, although cherry-coloured moire and white feathers are still considered an elegant arrangement, especially for the fall of the year; they have succeeded the same mixture of colours in crape. The bonnets are somewhat larger than last month,—the fronts brought horizontally over the face. The crowns are again often of the cap or caul form. The chapeau bibis* takes the most graceful and charming contour that can be imagined, and is a little enlarged, and rendered very becoming to the face and complexion by being trimmed round the edge with ruches of dentelle d'Angleterre. Sometimes falls and demi-veils of English thread lace are seen; but the ruches will be the general mode this autumn, as they prevent the somewhat exposed state in which a very small bonnet leaves the face, and they soften and improve the complexion. Without some such auxiliary, small bonnets will be considered very destructive to beauty, as, where the features are large and even handsome, little bonnets are too apt to give an air of boldness to the expression foreign to the character of the wearer. Hats of dahlia-coloured moire, trimmed with white plumes, ruches, and ribbons, are preparing for autumnal walking dress, and are even now worn by fashionables. Straw hats of every sort are disappearing from public promenade. Dress hats, for Tivoli, or fête champetre, are often thus formed. A broad rich figured ribbon is plaited between two thick quillings of lace; one surrounds the head, the other the wire of the brim; a few puffs of ribbon and lace make a caul; and thus a fashionable small hat is formed, of great richness of appearance, in a very short time. The ribbon that composes the brim ought to be chosen with two faces, and then the lining is proper. Ruche bibis is the name given to these charming head-dresses. When first invented, in September, they were composed of

* See Carriage Dress.
Fashions.

Various directions. Application of Brussels or Honiton sprigs, on English net, is the material at present in vogue.

Pelerines and chemisettes are all made of the above application of sprigs, in rather large detached bouquets, but arranged so as to form a regular pattern round the throat beneath the little collars, which are raised by a fiché cravat of China crêpe, or an embroidered collar cravat of Gros de Naples or chalì. The cape of the pelerines are festooned or scolloped round the bust, and always finished by ends, that cross just beneath the belt. With robing pelisses and tunics, chemisette are more worn than pelerines, and they finish at the throat with a ruche instead of a collar.

Walking Dress.—A few weeks since all the bulletins of the mode agreed, that, if you cast your eyes over the fashionable groups in the favourite promenades, out of ten ladies, you were sure to see eight dressed in white; a change is at present effected, and tunic pelisses or robes, cut high to the neck, finished by a fallen collar of small size, the whole of plain Gros de Naples; or in fuller costume of coloured moire, have superseded white dresses; yet, where the pelisses are tunics, or open before and robing back into epaulette capes, the white dress is seen beneath, appearing en chemisette at the throat. The rule is, that the tunic pelisse is worn to fly open at the skirt, and is open at the bust, wrapping to the side and displaying the chemisette; while the whole pelisse, made to the throat, is always close to the feet; these are equally fashionable, but the first is more devoted to carriage dress, while the latter is worn in walking morning dress. The whole pelisses are made as robes; but the robing turns back on the dress, with dents of various shapes—some of the ogive or trefoil scollop—some diamond-shaped dents parted by a circle; but the most elegant, the plain vandyke. These whole pelisses promise to be general in the winter; the robing of the skirt is broad at the feet, and narrow at the belt; the fashion has been universal since the publication of the La Follet.

* See At-Home Dress for September.
for September.* A very charming toute ensemble has been prepared for October, as follows:—"Ruche bibis of brocaded satin ribbon, lilac and verditer green equally faced, trimmed with three lace ruches; and a ruche within as a manteauver. Whole pelisse of pale verditer green, watered or moire silk, a little collar, lapel robings; on the chest, robings, en tablier, on the skirt, fastened down in front with small knots of ribbon; no epaulettes, but the plaits of the sleeves confined, at a distance, with a little band, and fastened with a small bow on the top of the shoulder, the whole of the robings edged with dents. Very little variation in the sleeves of walking dresses. Pomme vert chamois, sea-green, verditer green, and pale lavender, are the colours in which the gros de Naples, and moire October walking dresses, are to be composed.

Evening Dress.—Very full dress is seldom seen at this season. Organdi dresses, embroidered in cachemere wool, are most admired. English net, or tulle de fil, which is much the same, worked in lambs'-wool, is a new fashion, that promises to be generally worn as autumnal evening dress; these are worked in sprigs of two opposite colours, as pink and brown, lilac and green, or blue and purple. Breast knots (that ancient fashion of our grandmothers) are universal, although natural flowers often supply the place. Sleeve-knots, with long worked ends of the same material as the dress, are pinned on the front of the full berret sleeves, and somewhat gracefully break the round shape; but the sleeve-knots, with long ends, are no longer worn, at Paris, on the top of the shoulder, but in the middle of the sleeve. When evening dresses are embroidered, the breast bow, and sleeve-knots, and lappets, are worked to correspond, and edged round with scollops of the brightest colour of the dress. A mixture of bows, braids, and curls are arranged very tastefully in the coiffure; loops of braids are often seen, and the back hair is sometimes dressed very high to the right side of the head, while the left temple is ornamented very full with curls and braided loops. Esprits, cut in ribbon and ribbon loops, are again very prevalent in evening dress, for the hair. As to ornaments, necklaces and bracelets of cut jet, long worn in Paris, are perfectly the rage; they are worn with pink moire evening robes, and are becoming to a cream-coloured skin, set off by dark eyes and hair. This parure is, likewise, beautiful, with buff or chamois crape over satin of the same colour. Silver chains and bracelets are often seen; but the most delicate workmanship is required in these ornaments—anything whole and massive is too apt to remind the beholder of plaited furniture and harness. Pearls embroidered on black velvet, for bracelets, armlets, and throat-bands, are very elegant. Plain shell-combs, of a moderate height, are again worn—sometimes bows and braids are brought over the gallery of these combs. Where full evening dress is required, application of Honiton sprigs, on fine thread net, is usual, over white satin or watered silk of mauve, primrose, or pale apple green. When the under dress is in colours, tunic transparent robes are worn in preference to whole dresses, then they are bordered and scolloped, and a wreath of sprigs within; but the whole dresses are finished at the ham with a magnificent wreath of lace foliage of the Brussels or Honiton point, laid on while the ground of the dress is plain; the sleeves are in bias wreaths of the same. Sleeves, in evening dress, are seldom tight to the lower arm; but cut in the various forms of imbecile gigot, Amadis and Venetian.

Colours.—Whole colours are again seen in moire and gros de Naples. Apple green (pomone vert), sea-green, and verditer green, are almost universal. Chamois and cinnamon are likewise much worn. Many new colours will be named under the fanciful titles of Dahlia, Silene, Opale. These are all modified and paler shades of violet, maroon, and apple-green.

Description of Plates.

(206.)—Evening Dress.—This dress is rather appropriate for plays and concerts than for full costume. It is of

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* See Fete Champetre Dress, Lady's Magazine, Sept.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.
N° 206.

Modis.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevar des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N° 1.
Coiffure exécutée par Marion, Breveté, Coiffeur de Mme. Mme. l'Impératrice. Ampée Duchesse de Bourgogne et Dame Maria II. (Rue F. Honoré, 248).
Robe en corse avec garniture et jupon de dessous en satin, de la façade de Mme. Lucie, Rue des Marmousets, 14.

Published by Page, 163, Fetter Lane, London.

1813.
Mardis

Ou s'abonne au Magasin de Musique Boulevard des Italiens Passage de l'Opéra N° 2

Capote en velours viole d'une queue en tulle et de Marabout
Redingote en mousseline de laine brodée.

L'administration du Journal Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth 25.

Published by Page 152, Pett'r lane London

1812
Mariee.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique Boulevard des Italiens Passage de l'Opera No. 2.

Créé par Martin breveté Créeur de Mme. 11. M. l'Impératrice, Emélie Duchesse de Braganza et d'1.d Maria. 2. (Rue St. Hénon 144)

Rue du Château de Mme. de Mervry Rue de l'Héronerie 283.

Robe en application de Broderie de Mme. de Mervry Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle 4.

L'administration du Journal Rue Notre-Dame-de-Nazareth 31.

Published by Page, 112, Fetter Lane, London

1832.
pale chamois crêpe. The corsage surrounded by a full of the same, cut into dents, which widens on the shoulders into deep epaulettes. The lower part of the corsage plain to the shape. The sleeves of the full gigot form. The skirt is cut into meeting vandykes, bordered with piping of satin of the same colour; these form diamonds, which are very large at the bottom, and are gradually smaller to the belt. They show beneath a dress of satin, or gros de Naples, exactly the colour of the crêpe upper dress. The hair is high at the back of the head, with a few chamois gauze bows, curls on each side of the face. The ornaments are a silver cordon chain, silver and white enamelled bracelets and buckle.

This dress is called, in Paris, the Robe à la Leontine.

(207.) — Promenade and Carriage Dress. — Small hat, somewhat approaching the bonnet form, called by the French modistes cheapeau bibis. It is of white satin or white watered silk, trimmed with apple-green and white gauze ribbons, and surrounded with three full, but narrow ruches of white lace, and surmounted with two marabout plumes.

The dress is made of apple-green gros de Naples, turning back as low as the bust and over the shoulders, with two deep pelerines, which fold to the left side. The skirt of the dress and the pelerines are entirely embroidered round with a scalloped pattern, in floss silk of a darker shade. The sleeves of the usual form, finished with worked manchettes of silk or cambic. The skirt opens in front; the dress beneath is white jaconet muslin worked at the bottom with delicate scallops and wraith, and with another wraith at the knees. The corsage of the white dress is made à la chemisette, and worked in a rayed pattern, that meets round the throat to correspond with the skirt. At the throat, a ruche of British lace. Fine cotton, or thread open-work stockings, with pink lamb’s-wool socks beneath. Shoes of shot reps silk. Belt, a gros grains shot green and white; buckle, green enamel.

The marabouts are sometimes of a pale green, and frequently tinted at the tips with green or rose colour.

(208.) — Bridal Dress, or Full Evening Dress. — The hair in two high bows, wreathed together with a braid. Madonna bands on the forehead, and long ringlets at the side of the face. A lace scarf is arranged at the back of the hair, and falls on each side nearly as low as the hem of the dress. The robe is of white net, with application of Honiton sprigs, arranged in a beautiful pattern on the chest, sleeves, and skirt. The corsage à la chemisette, cut to show the neck, somewhat lower than the throat, and edged with narrow lace. The sleeves are not only of great fulness above the elbow, but are very large at the wrist. Scarf sash of white gauze satinée, tied in two bows in front with long ends, finished with silk tassels. Under dress of white satin, with very large round sleeves at the upper arm; the corsage low at the bust. Bouquet of white roses and orange blossoms. Silk stockings of open work, shoes of white moire. Four rows of large opals round the throat, opal bracelets and ear-rings.

As full evening dress, this beautiful costume is worn with jasmine or tuberose flowers.

LETTER FROM MADAME LEONTINE DE— TO LADY ANNE C—.

Never, my beloved friend, did fate come out with more perverse destinies than those of your fair self and of your correspondent. I, the only daughter of a French philosopher of rank, thoroughly imbued with the Anglo-

mania, was, by his express desire, educated among your dear island fogs and island comforts; my affections, my tastes, my pleasures, are truly English. While you, an élève of the court of the restoration, are a Parisian belle in every thing but name and birth; and when the Earl, your father, in a fit of aristocratic indignation, withdrew you and his family from his brilliant residence in Paris, at the ascension of the Citizen King, you were, at least, as much exiled at your native court, as the royal fugitives are at Holyrood. You sigh, you say, for the dear delights of the Theatre Italian—for the atmosphere of the salons, the enchanting gardens of Tivoli—for the modes of Paris—for Parisian literature—gossip, even
scandal, if it is but Parisian. You envy me, whom you are pleased to call a radiant bride, shining in the metropolis of the world of taste and fashion, and implore me, at least, to send you from that dear sojourn news that I know will interest you—that wish, lovely Lady Anne, shall be complied with, on condition that you return these letters with details of every thing that is passing in the world of London, that dear abode of comfort and rationality. What would I give, what would I submit to, if fortune had destined me to be the mistress of an English fire-side, instead of living in an out-door whirl of Parisian life. I think (to speak in your style) I would even wear the clumsy fashions invented in London, and dress after fashion prints designed and finished by Englishmen!!! Now, you know I adore English genius, venerate English literature, prize English materials; but as to English taste in dress, alas! alas! when left to their own devices, it is lamentable, indeed. I am perfectly of Lord Mulgrave's opinion on that point; and, of course, I am sure, you, and the whole elite of the British nobility: here our tastes agree. During our short domestication together at the Convent of ———, where I went to perfect my French accent, almost forgotten in England, and you to recover your island language, among some noble pensionnaires of your own country our friendship was formed, I believe, by those little amicable disputes that naturally arose between an Anglicised French girl, and a Parisian English belle. Each possessed amor patriae enough to be pleased with the other, for the love she bore her country; thus has our love been cemented, and, I trust, will strengthen with years and expanding intellect.

Send me, my friend, queries of lively English gossip; if your little petulant discontent makes you somewhat satirical, no matter. Give me your opinion on literature, the fine arts, the adoptions of dress in your capital (for I will not allow you any fashions of your own)—any floating news among your courtly circle. There is more than one you will delight by this exertion of your lively talents. Remember, my dear girl, I have my husband's heart to win; my father, or rather my illustrious grand sire, bestowed my hand on Count Alfred de ——— as a reward for his patriotic bravery in the three days; the man is handsome and good-tempered, has a strong Anglo-mania, which manifests itself by keeping a kennel full of English dogs, and a stud of English horses; he is very proud of my perfect pronunciation of English, and, considering (according to the custom that still prevails in France) that we were perfect strangers when we married, my lot might have been worse—but I wish to gain his friendship by reciprocity of tastes, therefore, my friend, aid me by giving me all the English intelligence you can. I mean to be bold enough to give you my opinions of all the books, pictures, and spectacles, of your beloved Paris.

This season has been fertile in works of genius. Burnove, Notre dame de Paris, Stello, and the Memoires de Maxime de Odun, have justly raised the fame of Jules Janin, Victor Hugo, de Viguy, and Charles Nodin, to a great height; these works are all of the romance species. I believe your Magazine, and its partner, the La Follet, has given you specimens of most of these both in French and English. A variety of celebrated novels and dramas have made their appearance this spring, founded on stories exceedingly repulsive to English morality. "Le Mariage sur l'Empire," by Mademoiselle Sophie Gay, "Indiana," by Sands, and a novel with the affected title of "Sous les Fillets" delineate passion for married women, or a lapse of duty in the ladies; these morals, I am happy to say, are not generally approved, even in Paris. Still, I must allow that the popularity of Alexander Dumas' malign drama of "Antony" led the way for this inbreach of evil principle in our literature. Thank Heaven, we are better than in the age of Louis XV.; in spite of the horrors of the revolution, a clearer moral atmosphere has arisen on France, and there are Frenchmen of the present day who would feel as much horror at the system of eicisism than Englishmen. I am sorry to see that one of your cleverest English authors, in his admiring manner of our manners and customs, has fallen into a similar error. Lord Mulgrave's new work, "The Contrast," which you sent me, is thoroughly imbued with it. Can his Lordship find no English loves worthy his attention, excepting those who violate the sacred tie of married faith? Now, in English writers either from the pure love of vice, or from a servile imitation of the most worthless part of our literature—yet we have, at last, some excuse, considering the manner in which our marriages are contracted. A single girl is still in France a non-entity; her inclinations are seldom consulted in disposing of her in marriage, and if she succeeds not in gaining the heart of the man to whom she is given, it is more than probable she will dispose of her own to some other person; hence arises the tendency in our French novels to depict interdicted passion, which is only too natural, considering the blameable manner in which marriages are contracted between young people. Do I not speak feelingly? I had a sedate English education, and, with an unoccupied heart, was given to an
Lettet from Madame Leontine de — to Lady Anne C—.

amiable young man, who seemed exceedingly willing to fall in love with me at first sight—all this was by good luck, not good management; and I must say, I should have liked better to have given Alfred the taste of a twelvemonth’s hopes and fears, according to the fashion of an English courtship. I think I should have had a much better chance of becoming, through our wedded existence, “his lady and his life” as one of your old poets expresses it.

Dear Lady Anne, do not put up your pretty lip and become discontented at my thus dully discussing morality, and my own chances of wedded happiness, according to your insular fashion. Lay all the blame on Lord Mulgrave and his book. You know I was forced to give you my opinion, or you will not send me another fashionable English novel. Oh, I had forgotten something I meant to have mentioned first: send me all the songs you can find by Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, particularly those whose words are written by herself. “Art thou displeased, my Mary, say,” has created quite a sensation in Paris. The words are greatly admired by the English residents, and the melody is so fine, which is acquainted with your (I was going to say our) language, while the music delights everyone who has ears to hear. And now I am on the subject of music, the transition will be easy to the Theatre Italian and the Académie Royale. The great attraction at the latter has been the ballet opera of La Tentation. While the London world has been marveling at the failure of our Robert le Diable on the English boards, the Parisians have been concocting still more extraordinary scenes of duellerie for your imitation, in the succeeding season, at the King’s Theatre. This opera is a series of horridly antithetical compositions of King René, of Anjou, 1462. It is altogether a performance of the greatest singularity and splendour. The number of dancers, actors, and auxiliaries, amount to more than four hundred. The prima donna of the ballet is Mademoiselle Duverney: perhaps the sphinx Taglioni has been too much engaged in her affairs of the heart to take a part in this splendid ballet. But what is this Tentation? you ask. It is as follows:—A very holy hermit, whether St. Antony or no, “this deponent saith not,” is tempted to the enormities of dancing and singing at a wedding. He dies suddenly while making love; a pretty pilgrim Mizacl the archangel, and a heavenly guard descend to escort him to heaven; Belial and his demons seize the body in their claws; and a very grand chorus takes place. Il est a nous, Il est à Dieu, is sung by the contending parties; and when they have thundered their claims till they are hoarse, they agree to bring the hermit to life, and let him be tried by a series of temptations. A ray of blue fire, similar to those ignis fatuus that glide about in marshes and cemeteries (which we may suppose to be wandering souls), appears, and the hermit soon rises, lively enough to dance a saraband.

Astaroth, the Queen of Darkness, summons a grand council in the interior of a volcano, which is indeed a grand scene, with a mighty staircase for the convenience of the winged fiends to ascend to earth. In this station, which very probably is the nearest to earth possessed by the powers below, a vast assemblage of demons perform a great variety of capers. Astaroth invites the most fashionable company to her own coterie. These elite of the lower regions are the seven deadly sins. Mademoiselle Perceval performs Pride with suitable majesty of person; she did not sing all the airs and graces of this passion to the tune La Belle Arétine, which the authors of the music have made free with for the occasion. Mademoiselle Louise is very seceding as Luxury; and the enbonpoint of Mademoiselle Brocard agrees well with the far nienté of Indolence. Mademoiselle Roland is far too pretty for Avarice. The result of the consultation is, that the demons agree to create a beauty for the purpose of tempting the hermit to obey her in the place of heaven. Their first trial at creating beauties is a very sorry one; for a little green wretch, with long red hair and flesh like chins, hops out of the caldron, and whims about with such impish activity, that the higher powers of darkness have some trouble in catching her to fling her in the caldron again; while the lower rabble exult, and sing “Ha, ha, ha,” in provoking choruses. Astaroth and her council sing new choruses, and throw into the caldron white doves, cachemires, swansdown bosks, milk, honey, and every thing soft and white they can imagine; and at last, to their great satisfaction, a beautiful new Eve rises from the caldron, as fair as milk, and they name her by exclamation “Miranda, Child of Hell.” You cannot help being greatly concerned for this fair pretty creature, who is led about, and taught to walk, and dance, and sing, and play, by her black charerons. She has but one defect, which is a black spot near her left side over the heart, as a proof of her sinful origin. For my part, I follow Miranda with great interest through all the temptations, in which the poor pretty creature becomes converted to virtue and charity; and, instead of tempting the hermit, aids him to repel the powers of darkness. Whenever Miranda is amiable, the black spot, which gives her great uneasiness, vanishes; but when she is in league with her sable friends, it returns.

VOl. I.—No. 4.
At last she is wholly good, upon which Astaroth kills her; and, to my great concern, she is reduced to a handful of dust, because she has no soul. The hermit, whom I care nothing about (indeed, he is a rather good-for-nothing person), is taken care of finally by the angels, and the demons are driven back to their abodes defeated: and they have no other punishment for their temerity and disobedience than having a house, in which they are carousing on earth, set on fire; but that is an odd way of punishing infernals, who, in the fire, must be as much in their element as fish in water. This is the most splendid piece in the annals of any stage. The music is a good deal criticised; nevertheless I was much captivated with it. It is composed chiefly by Halevy.

I must not leave the subject of the ballet without recommending to your perusal a work by Castil Blaze, called La Danse et les Balsots. It is full of entertainment, and is deserving the attention of the historian and antiquary, as well as of us butterflies of fashion.

Are not all persons, in England, anxious to see the lady who has succeeded the Princess Charlotte? As for the pictures hitherto published in your country, in Magazines, &c., you, who are acquainted with the Princess, are aware that they have not even the merit of being caricatures. The print-shops, in Paris, are full of her pictures, and those of the poor Duke of Reichstadt. I will send you one of each when I meet with a genuine likeness. The interest taken by the people here, in the son of Napoleon, evaporates in sentimentality. The details of his death are very interesting. Yet every person seems to forget the hereditary complaint that cut short his young life; and to fancy, that the throne of France, with all its tormenting cares, would have prolonged it.

Young Napoleon, they say, was often heard to draw a contrast between the spirited and courageous manner with which the Duchesse de Berri supports the rights of her son, and the apathetic conduct of his own mother. "If," he said, "in 1815, when all was prepared to receive me, Maria Louise had possessed the virtuous energy of Caroline, I should not now be dying of lung-gnor in Austria." His resignation to death, and his obstinate refusal to have recourse to some remedies that might have saved, seemed to proceed from the morbid despair that had taken possession of his young heart. "This is my epitaph," he said, a few days before his death—

"Ce git le fils du grand Napoleon. Il meurt de Rome et il mort Colonel Autrichien."

"Here lies one who was born King of Rome, and dies an Austrian Colonel."-

His eyes were perpetually fixed, with a mournful expression, on the portrait of his father; he ever spoke of him with the most profound admiration, and used to sigh over his own limited destiny, that forbade him to indulge a passionate love of arms. Adopted by the Imperial House of Hapsburg, with an Austrian Archduchess for his mother, all his pride was in having a French soldier for his father. When Marmont was at Vienna, he greeted him as an old friend of his father; he gave him his portrait; and requested an interview with him, which lasted a whole morning. This interview gave rise to many contradictory reports. Now, when the concealment can answer no political purpose, perhaps the Duke of Ragusa will reveal what passed then, which will throw an historical light on the character of this young man.

Towards the middle of last July, the physicians declared he must be answerable as a suicide, if he did not more obediently follow their prescriptions. One of them, in hopes of rousing him from the inanimation under which he laboured, said to him, with German bluntness, "Monsieur, you were born a sun—you are now but a planet; but, if you chose to live, you might become a comet; for a great political crisis is now approaching."—"Leave me to die," replied the Duke de Reichstadt; "it is all I desire!"

This unfortunate young man was the child of the Emperor of Austria's old age; and, as far as personal affection went, he had nothing to complain of from his grand-father. The apathy and coldness of his mother was reprobated throughout Vienna, where the youth of Napoleon was exceedingly popular. She arrived time enough to witness his death, and was at the foot of his bed when the last convulsion took him; she was carried out of the room in fits. Very different was the grief—not noisy, but deep—of the Archduchess Sophie, the wife of the Archduke Francis; this charming lady was the tenderest of nurses, and the most devoted of friends, to her invalid relative, in whom she took the kindest interest. Her situation required the greatest care; yet she watched unweariedly in his sick chamber, from the first of his illness, without the least thought of self; and bestowed, on the poor deserted one, those attentions he ought to have received from a mother.

He was deeply sensible of her tenderness; he underwent the fatigues of sitting for his portrait, which he presented to her, with this touching inscription—"Souvenir éternel d'un mourant."—"In everlasting remembrance of one dying." Her infant was born a few hours after his death. It was
this excellent relative, who, by her sweet persuasiveness, led his mind to religion, and prevailed on him to receive the last offices of the church, which he was too much inclined to look upon as mere ceremonies. In her precarious and delicate situation, she considered herself approaching, with him, the gates of death, which, perhaps, might close on both; she, therefore, received, with him, the last rites of religion with the most touching earnestness and piety. How beautiful is the feminine character seen in this light.

They say the young Duke died in the same room, and in the same bed, occupied by his father during his sojourn at Schoenbrun—certainly a most unwelcome guest; perhaps it was the very place where Napoleon first cherished the idea of his union with the daughter of the Caesars; which was, assuredly, the first step to his downfall. Now, how still, how quiet is that high-vaulting ambition which overreaped itself. "The son of the man now lies among the mummies of the Austrian dynasty, near the place that awaited his grandfather, who seems bowed down, and grief-stricken, by the premature death of this young secon of his house, whom he loved, although the last extinguished spark of the genius of Napoleon.

How many high thoughts had already passed through that head, who can imagine. The form of his head was wonderfully developed with the higher organs; those who lived with him attest, with tears, the goodness of his disposition. No ordinary man would have proved the son of the great Napoleon. But his heroic virtues could be only manifested in his patient endurance of mortal suffering; such is the history of the son of the man. All that remains of him who was born on the throne of a king, and for whom an imperial throne was destined. At his birth the city of Paris presented him, in infancy, with a cradle; "that cradle," said M. Chateaubriand, "contained the destinies of the world." Yet how little sensation, in that world, has his early death created!

Really, however different my principles may be, one cannot help admiring the heroic spirit of the Duchesse de Berri; you knew her, admired and loved her, in her own private circle; she lives two centuries too late; had she graced the era of the League, or even of the Fronde, the success of her son had been secure. Have you seen Alexander Dumas' walk through Vendée? —No; I dare say not, as you no longer reside in Paris; for, intimately as France and England are now connected, it is surprising how little of our best literature is generally known in England.

So I understand that the low Grecian style of hair, that was fashionable in Paris in the early part of the spring, is now general; that is to say, very common in London, and about to be adopted by all sorts and conditions of features. Our belles have raised their crests again, and the fancy Greek costume is the nearest approach to a low arrangement of crinoline seen in Paris. Our modes, though always at last adopted, are six months establishing themselves with you; for you have but one fashion Magazine, that gives them direct from Paris.

When November brings home to Paris her elite society, who are now absent at Compiegne, Dieppe, or ruralizing in their distant chateaus, I shall have more to tell you of the world, and less of myself. Present my respectful remembrances to my Lord, your awful Papa, who, notwithstanding my philosophic father, and my republican grandfather, was good enough to tolerate me. Charmante, Lady Anne, ever yours in all affection,

Leonine de ———

Miscellaneies of the Month.

Biography of the late Signor Manuel Garcia.—The father of Madame Malibran deserves notice, on account of his own attainments in music, as well as his relationship to the first vocalist of the age. He was a Spaniard, and of Spanish origin, born at Seville, 21st of January, 1775. At six years of age he had made some progress in music, and was one of the singing boys at the cathedral of Seville. His masters were Don Antonio Ripa and Don Juan Almarche. At that period there was no theatre at Seville, but sacred music was exceedingly cherished. At seventeen, Manuel Garcia was composito, singer, and leader of the orchestra; his fame was extended throughout Andalusia, and induced the director of the Cadiz theatre to engage him; here his first debut, as an actor, took place; but there was observed a stiffness and awkwardness in his demeanour, on the stage, that made the Spanish connoisseurs declare, that he would never rise to any eminence in this
Miscellanea of the Month.

department. How false this prediction was, the great fame he afterwards obtained, as an actor, will show.

These talents developed themselves at Madrid, where his musical and vocal talents first procured him great fame; above all things, his personal beauty was admired by the ladies of the Spanish capital, and obtained for him wonderful success on the stage, in whatever character he chose to assume. His adventures at Madrid, it is said, would rival in entertainment those of Gil Blas, if published.

Notwithstanding his engagements in pleasure and gallantry, he sedulously pursued his musical studies; he composed many tonadillas, and he wrote his first opera of El Preso, or the Captive; but, above all, the celebrated national air of the Contrabandista, which is adored to mania in Spain; it is introduced in his opera of El Porta Calculista. His title to this celebrated air has been contested. The name of the author of almost every great national song in Europe, is involved in obscurity; but many Spanish gentlemen well remember the marvellous sensation this air produced, when sung by Garcia himself, at Madrid, when he was about thirty years of age. At present it is naturalized in the very existence of Spanish society, at all their public meetings, and the commencement of their bull-fights. The Contrabandista is called for by the public, as God save the King is by the English.

Garcia never sung in Italian till he made his debut in Paris, 1808, in the Griselda of Paer. Here is the opinion of a musical critic of great weight—"Don Garcia is a young artist of distinguished talent; as an actor, he possesses a handsome and expressive face, an excellent diction, a natural and animated gesture. As a singer, his voice is sweet, graceful, extensive, and of extreme flexibility; he has a deep store of knowledge in the art of music; he is rich in ornament, of which he is occasionally too profuse—this is his only fault."

From Paris he went to Italy, where he was received with enthusiasm. 1816, Rossini wrote for him the two principal parts in Il Barbiere di Siviglia, and Otello. Garcia, if we may use the professional term, created the part of Almaviva. Garcia returned this courtesy, by being the first to introduce Rossini's music in Paris and London. During his performances at this time, we have the following critique:—"Garcia is the first actor; he has made prodigious progress during his sojourn in Italy; his voice is more flexible, more extensive, and powerful; and, as an actor, he charms equally in the serious or comic opera."

In a memoir of Mad. Malibran, published last spring in the Lady's Magazine, his professional career, in London and America, has been already sketched. He left New York for Mexico, after the unfortunate marriage of his charming daughter, for which he deserves the severest reprehension. He afterwards went to Mexico, where the unimpaired fire and energy of his character displayed itself in the efforts he made to render his art popular. A Mexican audience would listen to no opera without Spanish words; and the first of his labours was, to render those of Rossini, in which his most celebrated parts were contained, into Spanish; nor was that all, he had to become scene painter, machinist, master of the orchestra, compositor, leader of the choruses, singing master, with such complete success, that he declared his Mexican company were so well trained, that he could have produced them at Paris with the most complete success.

Although the inhabitants of Mexico manifested the greatest affection for him, Garcia saw, with apprehension, the feuds that subsisted between those of old Spanish and of native blood; and, dreading some great explosion, he prepared to withdraw from the capital of New Spain. He had some difficulty in gaining a passport, as the chief people wished to retain him by force; and he thought himself fortunate when he obtained it, with a strong escort of soldiers. Thus guarded he departed for Vera Cruz. At a place called Tepeyacalco, he was waylaid by sixty masked brigands, who attacked his escort with such fury, that his life would have been lost had he not availed himself of his great talents as an actor, by feigning death so effectually, that the brigands believed him slain. They then plundered his carriage; and it appeared that they had had good information, as they re-
jected all booty till they came to a casket, containing a thousand ounces of gold, the whole fruits of the professional career of the unhappy Garcia, which he meant for the provision of his old age.

After this disastrous loss, he returned, in 1830, to Paris, his favourite city; and, after singing there with undiminished powers, at the Italian Theatre, he withdrew from the fatigues of the stage, resolving to devote himself alone to teaching singing. Mad. Edwige Louis, Mad. Reimbeaux, and Mad. Ruiz Garcia, whose success proves her worthy of inheriting his name, are his last pupils. He died the 12th of June, 1832, after a short illness, which displayed no dangerous symptom till the last moment. Besides his celebrated daughter, he has left a son, whom he carefully educated in the best principles of Italian music. His voice and his powers of mind, together with his vivacious spirits, were unbroken to the last. He has left a great number of unpublished manuscripts.

NEW DANCE.—At the late festivities at Gunton Park, the seat of Lord Suffield, a new dance was introduced, after quadrilles, waltzes, galopades, and reels, and which far eclipsed them all. It bears the old name of cotillon, but is totally new and unequalled in spirit and effect. It begins by some six or eight couples waltzing; a chair is suddenly introduced into the centre, in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then leads up and presents each of the other gentlemen in succession. If the lady rejects, the discarded retire behind the chair; but when the right man arrives, she springs up, the tone and accent of the music are accelerated, and off she waltzes with the elected—the rest seize their partners, and the circle is continued. All in turn go through the process. Three chairs are then placed. A lady (in succession) is seated between two bearers [query bearers], who importantly solicit her reluctant regard, till at length she gives herself to one, and waltzing is resumed. A gentleman is then seated in a centre chair, hoodwinked, and a lady takes the place on each side. In this perplexity of choice, the Tantalus of the mirth remains; till, by a sudden resolution, he decides for right or left, uncovers his eyes, and waltzes away with the chance-directed partner, followed as before by the rest. The chairs are now placed triangularly dos à dos, and three ladies are thus seated. The youths pace round them in a circle, till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver to each, but to one alone is given, a ring; and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand in hand through arches, made by the extended arms of the gentlemen; and each seizes his partner, and once more swings round the circle.

THE EX-ROYAL FAMILY.—The Duchess of Angouleme has been received in Holland with royal honours. The journals of the Court designate her as the Dauphiness of France. She and the young Princess de Berri—Mademoiselle, as she is termed, being the title of the King of France's eldest sister—landed at Rotterdam on Sunday: an officer of the King's household was in waiting to receive her, and to deliver the compliments of his royal master.

RYDE REGATTA.—The regatta and fête in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, which had been several times postponed in consequence of the weather, took place at Ryde, on Friday. Earl Spencer, Earl Roden and family, the Dean of Chester, and a long list of naval and military officers, were among the spectators. The regatta commenced off the pier at ten. In the evening there was a display of fireworks on the pier, and a regatta ball at the Town-hall.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—This amiable and highly-gifted man is no more. We shall next month give some account of his life and works. We deeply regret to hear, that, notwithstanding the mighty efforts he had of late made to recover from his pecuniary difficulties, he was unable to extricate his affairs from their embarrassment. Surely the nation will come forward and save the relics of this great man from the rapacity of creditors!
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

On the 28th of August, at the Marquis of Northampton's Castle, Asby, the Baroness De Normann, of a son.—Sept. 6, in Park-street, the lady Elizabeth Trefusis, of a daughter.—Aug. 31, the lady of J. D. Alexander, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.—Aug. 29, at Gifford's Hall, Suffolk, the lady of Patrick Mannock, Esq., of a son.—Aug. 31, at Brockwell Hall, Surry, the lady of Joshua Blackburn, Esq., of a son.—Sept. 1, the lady of S. F. T. Wilde, Esq., of Sergeant's Inn, Fleet-street, of a son.—Aug. 30, at No. 7, Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs. Hugh Dunlop, of a son.—Sept. 1, the lady of J. H. Lloyd, Esq., Barrister, of a daughter.—Sept. 5, in Bedford-place, Russell-square, the lady of William Thomas Jemmett, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of a son.—Sept. 7, at Grove House, Brompton, the widow of David Blaikie, Esq., W.S., of a daughter.—Sept. 8, at Stevenson, near Haddington, the lady of Sir John Gordon Sinclair, of a daughter.—In Dublin, the lady of O'Connor Don, M.P., of a daughter.—The lady of J. Louis Mirville, Esq., of York Gate, Regent's Park, of a daughter.—The lady of Henry Tredcroft, Esq., of a son.—At Mersham Hatch, the lady of Sir E. Knatchbull, Bart., of a son.—At Tatham, county Wexford, the wife of Mr. N. White, inn-keeper, of two sons and a daughter. The children are all alive, and are, together with the mother doing well.

Aug. 28, at Camperdown, Forfarshire, John James Allen, Esq., R.N., eldest son of John Lee Allen, Esq., of Errol Park, to the lady Henrietta Dundas Duncan, eldest daughter of the Earl of Camperdown.—Sept. 4, at Everton, Thomas, eldest son of Thomas Quintin, Esq., of Hatley Park, Cambridgeshire, to Louisa, third daughter of William Astell, Esq., M.P., of Everton House, Bedfordshire.—Sept. 5, at St. George's Hanover-square, the Rev. Evan Nepean, youngest son of the late Right Hon. Sir Evan Nepean, Bart., of Lodgers, Dorset, to Anne, second daughter of Sir Herbert Jenner, Knight, his Majesty's Advocate-General.—Sept. 6, at St. James's Church, William Gilbert, Esq., of Clapham, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Skelton of Piccadilly.—Aug. 30, at St. Swithin's, London Stone, Captain William Thompson, of Cumberwell, Surry, to Maria, widow of Matthew David Esrum, Esq., of the Grove, Cumberwell.—Sept. 3, at Warbling-ton, Hants, the Rev. William Norris, Rector of Warbling-ton, to Emily, eldest daughter of Chas. Short, Esq., of Woodlands, in the same county, and of Great George-street, Westminster. Sept. 6, at St. Mary's, Marylebone, Edward Berwick Harwood, Esq., of the Inner Temple, youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Harwood, of Letchfield, to Maria Frances, only daughter of Henry Judis, Esq., of Bryanston-square, and niece of the Viscountess Goderich.—Sept. 5, at Lowestoft, the Rev. W. Herbert Chapman, M.A., of Emanuel College, Cambridge, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the lady Porter Bringloe, Esq., of Hingham, in the county of Norfolk.—Sept. 6, at Greenwich, Henry Hamilton Douglas, Esq., late of his Majesty's Life Guards, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Allen, Esq., of the Parish of Blackheath.—Sept. 4, at North Tuddenham, the Rev. John Culling Evans, to Marianne Louisa, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Day, Rector of North Tuddenham.—Sept. 18, at Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, Lieutenant-General White, of Upper Berkeley-street, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Davison, Esq., of Swarland Park, Northumberland; and also Captain S. E. Cook, R.N., only son of the Rev. Jos. Cook, of Newton Hall, in the same county, to Dorothy Davison, youngest daughter of the above.—At Bromley, Kent, Lieutenant-Colonel Tweddy, Bombay Army, to Miss Veitch, of Bromley.—At Rostrevor, Ireland, G. Bagot, son of M. Gossett, Esq. Viscount of Jersey, and nephew to Sir W. Gossett, Under-Secretary for Ireland, to Charlotte, daughter of J. Douglas, Esq., Belfast.—At St. Mary's Church, Bryanston-square, the Rev. R. A. Scott, to C. F. White, daughter of Lieutenant-General White.—Sept. 6, at 10, Ainslie-place, Edinburgh, Dr. William Pulteney Alison, Professor of the Theory of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, to Margaret Craufurd, eldest daughter of the late Dr. James Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and first Physician to his Majesty for Scotland.—Sept. 25, at St. Pancras, Edward Castleman, Esq., of Wimbourn, Dorset, to Emma, daughter of H. G. Stephens, Esq., of Doughty-street.

Deaths.

Aug. 13, at Rome, Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq., of Lindertis.—Sept. 12, at Brighton, in his 44th year, Lieutenant-Colonel M. E. Ward, of Banpor Castle, Ireland, and his Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Saxony.—Sept. 11, at Dublin, in his 81st year, the Rev. William Woolsey, of Priorland, county of Louth, Ireland, Rector of Kilsoran.—At Bath, in his 84th year, C. Roberts, Esq., late of his Majesty's Receipt of Exchequer.—At Winstead Court Kent, W. Cooke, Esq., one of his Majesty's Counsel.—Sept. 6, at Lausanne, en Suisse, of rapid decline, after having given birth to a daughter on the 6th July last, Louise, Lady Hesketh, the wife of Sir Thomas Dalrymple Hesketh, of Rufford Hall, in the county of Lancaster, Baronet.—Sept. 11, at Oterington Hall, near Northallerton, Charlotte, the wife of Captain Ross, R.N., of apoplexy, in her 56th year.—Sept. 12, at her house, Belgrave-street, Belgrave-square, the lady of the late B. West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy. This venerable lady died of the prevailing epidemic after a few hours' attack.—At Poole, much lamented, Peter Joliffe, Esq., many years an eminent merchant of that town.
"O BOLD AND TRUE, IN BONNET BLUE!"

A SONG,

COMPOSED BY

G. A. HODSON.

ENGRAVED EXCLUSIVELY

FOR

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

THIS SONG MAY BE HAD AT THE BEDFORD MUSIC REPOSITORY,
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O BOLD AND TRUE IN BONNET BLUE

Composed by

G. A. Hodson.

Tempo di Marcia.

O bold and true in Bonnet blue That fear or falsehood
ever knew Whose heart was loyal to his word Whose hand was faithful
to his sword Seek Europe wide from sea to sea Seek

Ben marcato.
I've seen Almains proud champions prance,
Have seen the sons of England true,
Have seen the gallant knights of France,
Wield the brown bill and bend the yew,
Search France the fair and England free,
But Bonny Blue Cap—still for me;
THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY

Engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Published by, "C. 190, Fleet Street, Nov. 1839."
MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(With a Portrait.)

Sir Walter Scott was the son of Mr. Walter Scott, W. S., and was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. His father (an amiable and persevering character, but by no means a man of brilliant parts,) married, rather early in life, Anne, daughter of Dr. Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, by whom he had issue six sons and one daughter. Of these our poet was the third. The family on his father's side was highly respectable, and indeed noble. In the notes to the Waverley novels, but more especially to his poetical compositions, we cannot but observe the honest pride and anxiety which are exhibited to proclaim the dignity and uphold the fame of a long line of chivalric ancestry. In his youth, Sir Walter displayed but little of that surpassing genius by which he afterwards became so distinguished; and at the age of eight years was placed in the high school of Edinburgh, over which Dr. Adams then presided. It is even said that he here manifested a peculiar dulness of intellect; and, on the occasion of some eminent person (whose name we forget) visiting the establishment, was pointed out as having “the thickest skull in the whole school.” “That may be,” said the visitor, after a little conversation with the subject of our narrative, “but through that ‘thick skull’ I perceive certain dawns of future greatness.” We are happy in having it in our power to give the following affecting lines, written by Sir Walter Scott when only nine years of age. They were given to a friend of ours, high in the literary world, by the illustrious writer himself, who stated that he believed them to be among his first efforts in the path of rhyme. We insert them partly because of the affecting interest which events will throw around their perusal, and partly to justify our assertion that Scott did not in youth display that mental dulness which is universally attributed to him. They appear to have been written on the death of a companion:

"So good, so kind, so very mild;  
In mind a man, in heart a child.  
Oh! since so soon thy sun is set,  
Would God that we had never met;  
Or, if the stroke of death must be,  
Oh! would that I had died for thee!"

WALTER SCOTT, June 3rd, 1780.

The real cause, in fact, of this abstract-
edness (for it was nothing more), Scott himself explains in his preface to the new issue of Waverley novels. He says,

"I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller; but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, innumerable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon."

On the 20th of October, 1783, our hero entered the University of Edinburgh; but here ill-health prevented him from pursuing his law studies (in which it was the earnest desire of his father he should excel) with any degree of advantage. As his natural turn of mind rendered this portion of his education peculiarly arduous, it was deemed absolutely necessary, for the preservation of his life, that he should, for the present at least, relinquish so irksome and laborious a pursuit. Perhaps, on the whole, we have no reason to regret this event, as it gave him an opportunity of cultivating that taste for general literature which afterwards earned for him the admiration of a world. His autobiography of this period is extremely interesting: he says of himself,—

"My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a blood vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less so, that I abused the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

"There was at this time a circulating library at Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and, unless when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read from morning to night. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the old romances, old plays, and epic poetry in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

"At the same time, I did not in repects abuse the licence permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began by degrees to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the works of the imagination, with the additional advantage that they were, at least in a great measure, true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the service of my own free will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, where I was again very lonely, but for the amusement which I derived from a good, though old-fashioned library. The vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot better describe than by referring my reader to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation, the passages concerning whose reading were imitated from recollections of my own."

About his 16th year Scott's health in some degree returned, although his lameness (occasioned by a fall from the nurse's arms when an infant,) still continued. The latter event entirely prevented the fulfilment of a desire which he had early cherished of entering the army, and it was now again determined that he should follow his father's profession, and study for the bar. As we have before hinted, however,
Scott never manifested any particular eagerness in the pursuit of legal knowledge. The same enthusiastic love of literature still haunted him night and day; and although, on the 11th of July, 1792, he passed Advocate with the required forms, yet neither his inclination nor pecuniary necessities were such as to induce him to show any particular emulation to vie with his more ambitious brethren. His briefs were often scribbled over with scraps and sketches of poetry and prose; and in proof of this, we have been favoured by a venerable legal friend, formerly connected with the Scottish Courts of Judicature, with the following morceaux, which he assures us are copied verbatim from the outside of a brief in a light criminal case which was once intrusted to Sir Walter, and that he has the MS. in his (Sir Walter’s) own hand-writing.

"Buccleuch! the war sound of thy name
Still echoes in the trump of Fame;
The mountain top, the heathy wild,
O'er which I wandered when a child,
In Fancy's dreamings seem to me
Yet telling of thy chivalry;
And Tweed - - - - - -
"Am I a Scott? then where my blade?
See how each frowning warrior-shade
Points to the sheath where slumbering lies
- - - - - - - - -
of a thousand victories."

In 1793 Sir Walter became acquainted with Mr. M. G. Lewis (familiarly called Monk Lewis), and through him grew deeply enamoured of the German school of literature; and in 1796 appeared his first publication, in the shape of two poems,—

"Leonore," and "The Wild Huntsman," both translated from the German, and published anonymously. Other translations of these poems, however, some of which, it must be confessed, possessed more merit, appearing about the same time, the speculation proved a decided failure. This was speedily followed by "Goetz of Berlenchingen," a tragedy, also from the German, and two contributions to Lewis's "Tales of Wonder."

In 1797 Sir Walter was married to Miss Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, the daughter of a gentleman of some property, who departed this life a short time previously. This young lady was a ward of Lord Downshire’s, and possessed of an annuity of about £400 per annum. She is described as a lovely and amiable woman, and very intelligent. In 1799 his father died, aged 70 years, and in December following our poet obtained the Crown appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, worth £300 a-year. At this period Scott commenced making a collection of ballad poetry of the wild and romantic district of Liddesdale, and other parts of his native country, which, with notes of his own, he published in 1802. Passing over the less important events of his life, we will come at once to the appearance of a work which may be said to have laid the foundation of his poetic fame. We allude to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which issued from the press of his old friend and school-fellow, Mr. Ballantyne, in the year 1805, and was previously purchased by the house of Constable and Co., for the sum of £600. This poem is decidedly our favourite: it exhibits a degree of grace and beauty throughout exceedingly striking, and the interludes to the several portions of the tale are full of pathos and high poetic feeling. We will refer to the Author’s account of the circumstances to which we are indebted for the subject.

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore: among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner,—a tradition in which the narrator and many more of that county were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me, as a task, to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the gothic story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence on the poem, was in fact the occasion of its being written."

The perusal of this poem gained for our author the valuable patronage of Mr. Pitt; and it appearing probable that the office of Principal Clerk of the Court of Session would soon fall vacant, such arrangements were entered into as enabled Sir Walter to obtain the appointment, upon condition that he would perform the duties gratis during the lifetime of the then incumbent, receiving the emoluments (£1200 per annum) at the death of the latter. These arrangements had not been officially
was perhaps at first the grand desideratum; and there was certainly a sameness of style visible in all the later poems of the Bard of Abbotsford. Neither this, nor two minor effusions which subsequently appeared ("The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless"), therefore made any particular noise in the reading world. The chief reason, however, which may be assigned for this decline in popular favour, may be found in the fact that, at this period, Lord Byron’s "Childe Harold" operated to the exclusion of every other caterer for poetic fame; indeed, to this cause he himself assigns it. "The manner or style," he observes, "which by its novelty attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been so long before them, begun to lose its charms. For this there was no remedy: the melody 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. * * * * * Besides all this, a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage; a rival, not in poetic powers only, but in attracting popularity, in which the present writer* had preceded better men than himself. The reader will see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little maturation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate in the first canto of 'Childe Harold.' 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." Some few months elapsed, and it was generally reported and believed that Sir Walter was engaged on another poem, and various conjectures were, as usual, hazarded as to the subject and probable success; when suddenly the town was electrified by the appearance of "Waverley," or "'Tis Sixty Years Since," decidedly one of the most magnificent productions of modern times. The public taste, which had so long been vitiated and debased by the nauseous trash of vagabond sentimentalists and needy knaves, was, by the magic touch of Waverley, turned into a more wholesome current; and the appearance of this splendid work placed our country, in that particular branch of literature, the very highest on

* Sir Walter Scott.
the face of the globe. The circumstance of the novel being published anonymously, threw around it a greater share of interest than it would perhaps have derived even from its own high intrinsic worth; and, although the author was generally guessed at, yet nothing decisive was known until the grand éclaircissement made by Sir Walter himself, very many years after. The origin of this work, Sir Walter says, owed its existence to a desire to relate in story the ancient traditions and noble spirit of the Highlanders, aided by the author's early recollections of their scenery and customs:—

"It was with some idea of this kind," he observes, that, about the year 1805, I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of Waverley. It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, under the name of 'Waverley,' or 'Tis Fifty Years Since,'—a title afterwards altered to 'Tis Sixty Years Since,' that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable, and having some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. This portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing desk, which, on my first coming to reside at Abbotsford, in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet, as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature."

Circumstances, however, stimulated him to continue the composition of this beautiful novel; but still the MS. was no where to be found.

"Accident," he continues, "at length threw the lost sheets in my way. I happened to want some fishing tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty; and, in looking for lines and flies, the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it, according to my original purpose. * * * Among other unfounded reports it has been said, that the copyright was, during the book's progress through the press, offered for sale to various booksellers, in London, at a very incon siderable price. This was not the case. Messrs. Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and they offered a large sum for it, while in the course of printing,—which, however, was declined, the author not choosing to part with the copyright."

"'Waverley' was published in 1814, and, as the title-page was without the name of the author, the work was left to win its way in the world without any of the usual recommendations. Its progress was for some time slow; but, after the first two or three months, its popularity increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained.

"Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the author, but on this no authentic information could be attained. My original motive for publishing the work anonymously, was, the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste, which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For this purpose, considerable precautions were used to preserve secrecy. My old friend and school-fellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who printed these novels, had the exclusive task of corresponding with the author, who thus had not only the advantage of his professional talents, but of his critical abilities. The original manuscript, or, as it is technically called, copy, was transcribed, under Mr. Ballantyne's eye, by confidential persons; nor was there an instance of treachery during the many years in which these precautions were resorted to, although various individuals were employed at different times. Double proof sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to the author by Mr. Ballantyne; and the alterations which it received were, by his own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers, so that even the corrected proofs of the author were never seen in the printing-office; and thus the curiosity of such eager inquirers, as made the most minute investigation, was entirely at fault."

It must have been a source of the highest gratification to an author, after the ill success attendant on his former productions, to find himself suddenly elevated to a pinnacle of which his modest mind had never dreamed. He himself remarks, "I have seldom found more satisfaction than
when, returning from a pleasant voyage, I found 'Waverley' in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the author.” It would be useless here to go into any lengthened detail of the subsequent productions of his prolific pen: they must be fresh in the minds of our readers; and if all do not possess equal merit with the first, the very worst may bid defiance to an attempt at rivalry by any contemporary novelist of the past century. The following extract from our intelligent little friend, The Mirror, shows the date of his novels, and the prices for which the various MSS. were afterwards sold:—

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Novels</th>
<th>Year of Orig.</th>
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<th>Year of Publication</th>
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<tr>
<td>Waverley</td>
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<td>Guy Manemer</td>
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<td>The Antiquary*</td>
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<td>Tales of My Landlord 1st ser.</td>
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<td>Peveril of the Peak*</td>
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<td>Tales of the Crusaders</td>
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| mongate†     | 2 1st ser.   | 1827 | 2 1st ser. 1827    | 2   | 3     |
| Anne of Geirstein  | 3 2nd ser. | 1829 | 1829               | 3 2nd ser. 1829 | 3     |
| Tales of My Landlord 4th ser. | 1831 | 2   | 1831                | 2   | 3     |

Making in all, 73 volumes, within 17 years.

* Those MSS. marked *, were alone perfect.

In the meantime, it must not be supposed that Sir Walter’s mind was wholly occupied in the composition of these celebrated historical poems and romances. To the Quarterly Review he contributed much. In 1808 appeared “The works of John Dryden, now first collected in 18 volumes, illustrated with notes, historical, critical, and explanatory, and a Life of the Author, by Walter Scott, Esq.” About the same time he edited the Poems and Letters of the talented but rather cynical Miss Seward, accompanying the volumes with a finely-written Biographical sketch. In 1814 Scott likewise edited the works of Swift, in 19 vols. In 1815, a tour through France and Belgium furnished materials for a work, entitled “Paul’s Letters to his Kinsfolk,” and a poem called “The Field of Waterloo.” In 1819, he published “An Account of the Regalia of Scotland,” besides many other literary works and contributions too numerous to be here particularly named. In fact, to those who were not eye-witnesses of his labours, it must appear scarcely credible that in so short a time one solitary pen could produce so much; and, even to those who were intimate with the writer, it seemed a power hardly less than miraculous which enabled him to perform so speedily and so well, tasks of such magnitude, while, at the same time, he was ever accessible to his friends and neighbours, and particularly to those whose necessities he could in any way alleviate or assist. His facility of composition was, in fact, unequalled. He was once heard to assert, his ideas flowed with so great a rapidity that he never yet knew himself to rest on his pen from want of food to carry it onward. In 1820, his late Majesty (the most munificent patron of literature and the arts that ever existed) bestowed on Mr. Scott the dignity of a Baronetcy, besides honouring him with many other testimonials of kindness and esteem. A few years after this, however, Sir Walter’s good fortune received a sudden and severe shock. We cannot offer a better account of the calamity which befell him, than that given by our author himself. He observes,—

“I have, perhaps, said enough on former occasions of the misfortunes which led to the dropping of that mask under which I had, for a long series of years, enjoyed so large a portion of public favour. Through the success of those literary efforts I had been enabled to indulge most of the tastes which a retired person of my station might be supposed to entertain. In the pen of this nameless romancer I seemed to possess something like the secret fountain of coined gold and pearls vouchsafed to the traveller of the eastern tale; and no doubt believed that I might venture, without silly imprudence, to extend my personal expenditure considerably beyond what I should have thought of, had my means been limited to the competence which I derived from inheritance, with the moderate income of a professional situation. I bought, and built, and planted, and was considered by myself, as by the rest of the world, in the safe possession of an easy fortune. My riches, however, like the other riches of this world, were
liable to accidents, under which they were ultimately destined to make unto themselves wings and fly away. The year 1825, so disastrous to many branches of industry and commerce, did not spare the market of literature; and the sudden ruin that fell on so many of the booksellers could scarcely have been expected to leave unscathed one whose career had of necessity connected him deeply and extensively with the pecuniary transactions of that profession. In a word, almost without one note of premonition, I found myself involved in the sweeping catastrophe of the unhappy time, and called on to meet the demands of creditors upon commercial establishments with which my fortunes had long been bound up, to the extent of no less than one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The author having, however rashly, committed his pledges thus largely to the hazards of trading companies, it be- haved to him, of course, to abide the consequences of his conduct; and, with whatever feelings, he surrendered on the instant every shred of property he had been accustomed to call his own. It became vested in the hands of gentlemen, whose integrity, prudence, and intelligence were combined with all possible liberality and kindness of disposition, and who readily afforded every assistance towards the execution of plans, in the success of which the author contemplated the possibility of his ultimate extrication, and which were of such a nature, that had assistance of this sort been withheld, he could have had little prospect of carrying them into effect. Among other resources which occurred, was the project of the complete and corrected edition of his novels and romances (whose real parentage had of necessity been disclosed at the moment of the commercial convulsions alluded to) which had now advanced with unprecedented favour nearly to its close.

For a short time prior to the stoppage of the house, Sir Walter had observed one or two circumstances to occasion suspicion and anxiety. He, however, kept them to himself, indulging in the hope that those circumstances were merely the effect of the general “panic”; and that, in a few days, all would again be well. On the 16th January, 1826, a confidential friend communicated to him the afflicting news. For some minutes Sir Walter, who was sitting in an arm-chair by the table in the library, continued resting his brow on the back of his hands, which were both placed upon the old oaken stick between his knees, without uttering a word. At length, gradually raising his head, he asked, in a low, unshaken tone of voice, —“Well, Sir, what is to be done?”— His friend suggested several expediencies; and, at last, cautiously hinted that a bank-ruptcy would readily clear him of debts which he had no hand in contracting.

—“Never! Sir!” vehemently rejoined the Author of Waverley. “God has bestowed on me both physical and intellectual strength; and it shall never be said, that I compromised a debt while (pointing to his forehead) I possessed the power to discharge it in full—Homo doc- trine in se semper divitas habet.”

Speedily after this, his creditors were called together, and such arrangements entered into as, while they reflected the highest credit on the debtor, were equally kind and meritorious on the part of those in whose power he, to a certain extent, was. To conclude this sad history, we will record the fact, that, in five years from the period of his insolvency, he was enabled, by the extraordinary exertions of his pen, to reduce the principal of the debt nearly one-half; and that on the day of his decease, what with about 10,000L. which the trustees had in hand, and the 22,000L. for which his life was insured, the sum total of his responsibilities did not exceed 21,000L. The rapid and extensive sale of the new issue of Waverley Novels, in which the deceased possessed a share, will, we have no doubt, very shortly obliterates this comparatively triv- al sum, and the estate of Abbotsford be placed safely and for ever in the hands of his family. On the 15th May, 1826, he had the further misfortune to lose his wife, with whom he had ever lived on terms of the greatest affection. She left two sons, and two daughters; of the latter, the elder was married to John Gibson Lock- hart, Esq., to whose son (under the title of Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.) is dedicated “Tales of a Grandfather”; the younger, Anne, remains unmarried. Of the male branches of his family, the eldest (now Sir Walter (married to the daughter of an opulent Scottish merchant) is Major in the 15th Hussars; and the youngest, Charles, is at present a junior clerk in the Foreign Office. Major Sir Walter Scott having no issue, Mrs. Lockhart's children are as yet the only descendants of Sir Walter in the second generation.

From the distressing situation in which the house of Constable and Co. was placed, it became evident to our author that he
could no longer preserve his incognito; and, accordingly, on the 23rd of February, 1827, at the annual dinner of the Theatrical Fund Society, in Edinburgh, on the health of "the Mighty Magician of the North, the Great Unknown," being proposed by Lord Meadowbank, Sir Walter Scott rose, and, in returning thanks, delivered himself in substance as follows:—

"It was impossible," he said, "to behold all eyes turned towards the chair on which he sat, and not to feel that they guessed at a truth which it would be affectation in him any longer to conceal. The secret of the authorship of the Waverley Novels had been communicated to upwards of twenty people, and he could not but observe (particularly as among that twenty some female relatives may be numbered) that, under all circumstances, that secret had been uncommonly well kept. When he stated, therefore, that he was the author of the Waverley Novels, he wished to make known that he was the sole and undivided author. Their merits (if they had any) and their imperfections were to be ascribed to himself alone. He knew that what he said would go forth to the world; and he would therefore again assert, and entreat it may be recorded, that, excepting the quotations, there was not a sentence which was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his readings. The wand was now broken and the rod buried." It was to an humble lodging in St. David-street, Edinburgh, that the amiable poet, accompanied by his youngest daughter, had now retired. The house (and furniture) in which he had formerly resided in that city was sold, and, at the age of fifty-five, his whole soul was bent, by dint of industry, to rid himself of a debt by which he had never benefited, or contracted (on his own account) one iota. In 1826 (the year prior to the aforementioned declaration), Sir Walter went to Paris for the purpose of gathering certain particulars necessary to a "Life of Napoleon," on which he was then engaged. This extensive work appeared in 1827, and was received with mingled expressions of applause and disapprobation. Although we must confess that its perusal occasioned us some portion of disappointment, made up, as many of the later particulars were, from newspapers and other periodicals of the day, it did nevertheless seem to us surprising how a high Tory, like Sir Walter, could record, with so much fairness and impartiality, the sayings and doings of Napoleon, or how, secluded, as he had been from childhood, far from the field of battle and the din of arms, he could record, with so great truth and ability, the diversities and technicalities of military operations. It is but justice to remark, that he was greatly assisted in his work by the instrumentality of Lord Goderich, by whom he had easy access to the government despatches and records of the day. In this year he was also engaged in superintending the new addition of Waverley Novels, to which we have frequently referred, and which proved a most profitable speculation. The notes affixed to these by their illustrious author are most interesting, and contain many particulars which our limits, as well as sense of justice to the publisher, will not allow us to extract. In 1828-9-30 were published the first, second, and third parts of "Tales of a Grandfather." In the latter, year Sir Walter also sent forth a history of Scotland, in two volumes, as part and parcel of Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopaedia." These were immediately followed by his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," being a contribution to Murray's "Family Library." We have before given a list of other works, which likewise at, and prior to this period, issued from his prolific pen. In the summer of last year, it became evident that the bodily and mental fatigues which the Author of Waverley had undergone in the cause of his creditors, had produced a disastrous effect on his constitution; and it was unanimously agreed among his physicians that nothing but a residence in Italy could prolong his existence through the ensuing winter. No sooner had his present Majesty learnt this melancholy fact, than instantly, of his own accord, and with his own handwriting, he gave directions that the Barham man-of-war should be placed at Sir Walter's disposal. Previous to his departure he penned the following affecting "Farewell," which appeared in the fourth series of "Tales of My Landlord," in the new issue of Waverley novels:—

"THE AUTHOR OF Waverley's Farewell to his readers.

"The gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of
visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may readily obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bow to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed, on the whole, an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him, at least, in no more painful manner, than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those, whose relations to him in the ranks of life might have insured their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of rendering an account. The world, we may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his own fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark, that—"

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'"

The remaining portion of the life of Scott has little to interest the reader. He arrived at Malta on the 22d October; and, for some little time, experienced a visible change for the better. The hope, however, which this change inspired, was but transient—a momentary flicker in the lamp of life, before its flame went down for ever. On the 27th December he went to Naples; and, on the 24th April following, arrived at Rome. Here, finding his strength rapidly decay, he resolved, at all hazards, to return to Scotland, and die in his native land. His anxiety to fulfil this wish, however, there is no doubt, accelerated life’s final close. It is said that, for six days, he travelled seventeen hours a day. It is hardly be wondered at, then, that he should, on passing down the Rhine, be visited by an attack of paralysis, which would, had it not been for the presence of mind of a faithful attendant, who instantly bled him, have at that time terminated his existence. On the 30th June following he arrived in London, but as a shadow of what he was; and, after a short rest, during which daily inquiries after his health were made by his Majesty and the whole of the royal family, to say nothing of the innumerable cards of nobility and gentry which were left at his hotel, he reached Abbotsford on the 17th July following. A melancholy satisfaction pervaded his countenance on arriving at this favourite and favoured spot. He loved to be wheeled—now into the parlour—now into the library, surveying those voluminous mementos of his talent, which he enjoyed to look upon in happier days. — "Who knows," exclaimed the dying poet, and his eye flashed with a second fire as he said it,— "who knows but the Author of Waverley has yet twenty years in the book of Time, which his physicians will not allow him to look into. Oh! should not those twenty years be made useful!" But, alas! "the silver chord" was already "loosened,"— the "wheel of existence had almost gone its round. For two months after this he continued in a state of almost total insensibility; and, on Friday, the 21st of September, 1832, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last, amid those beloved scenes whose name he has rendered immortal! On the following day, a post mortem examination of the body took place—when large globules, of a watery nature, were discovered pressing on the brain, quite sufficient to account for his distressing malady. His father's symptoms were precisely similar to his own. Our illustrious poet was buried in the family vault of Dryburgh Abbey, on the Tuesday following, attended by thousands of spectators.

In person Sir Walter was tall and athletic, and his countenance bore the stamp of a fine spirited honest Highlander. His light blue eyes were rather sunken, and manifested deep thought and penetration; his shoulders were broad, and his chest open. The unhappy defect in one of his legs, to which we have before alluded, obliged him to call in aid a staff; nevertheless, notwithstanding this impediment, he was always active, and could walk miles without fatigue. His fine tower-like head, surmounted by hair silver white, and his large shaggy eye-brows, formed

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his most distinguishing features; while his voice, which had in it something of the lisp, was agreeable and prepossessing. Mrs. Hofland, in a letter to the editor of this periodical, observes—

"I have only seen Sir Walter once, but I saw him well. It struck me that he was decidedly better-looking than any of his portraits, though each resembles him much. In particular, he had a gentlemanly look, which has been seldom, if ever, accorded him on canvass. He was very lame, but walked briskly as he proceeded down Ave-Maria-lane to a coach waiting for him on Ludgate-hill. On seating himself, he took off his hat in a particularly graceful manner to the gentleman (one of Messrs. Longman’s firm) who had assisted him; and becoming at the same moment sensible that he was recognized by several persons passing, his high white forehead became instantly suffused with a deep blush, and he sunk back in the coach, but without displaying any appearance of vexation; on the contrary, the expression of his countenance was all benevolence and beauty."

Of his general character we have already said much. If his name did not figure in the lists of charitable contributions, we are not therefore to suppose that benevolence was foreign to his nature. Sir Walter Scott was one of those who, when they give their alms, "let not their left hand know what their right hand doeth." He loved to seek out objects of charity; and many a ruined cottager and widowed heart can testify to the fact that the Laird of Abbotsford was not among the many who only give when the world may glorify.

Of his prose works it seems almost superfluous to say here anything in the voice of praise. The fact that they have been translated into almost all the living languages—that they have been circulated through every quarter of the globe where literature and education have as yet found the slightest inroad, is quite sufficient, we should think, to justify the assertion, that seldom has man written like this man. Some of our contemporaries have, we observe, been exercising their pens in drawing a contrast between the works of Scott and those of the immortal Byron: for ourselves, however, we should as soon think of instituting a comparison between the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, and the "National Melodies" of Moore. Byron was decidedly not a prose writer: he could no more have written a novel like "Waverley," than Scott could have composed a poem like "Childe Harold." On the tendency of the two authors to improve the minds and benefit the condition of their fellow-mortal, there can be but one opinion. Byron unhappily took a wrong view of human nature; he gazed too intently on the dark side of the picture, and in lieu of seeking out the beauties, worked on the imperfections of his kind: Scott, on the contrary, made allowances for human infirmities. He saw through our imperfections—

"Some glimpses of Eden, Though the trail of the serpent is over them all."

If he introduced upon the canvass the machinations of vice, it was only to make virtue appear more lovely. In his writings, we behold no soul-warnings of infidelity, no blasphemous utterings of man against his Maker: he wrote for the instruction as well as the amusement of his readers; and, in the scenes which he depicted, seldom was vice dismissed without its punishment, or virtue without its reward. The source of Scott's inspiration was Nature: he revelled in her beauties; and his description of scenery and delineation of human character, though equalled by Fielding, and perhaps excelled by Shakspeare, have been neither equalled or excelled by any other. In his poetry this power of poetic painting is particularly conspicuous, whether we refer to the extended landscape or any one of its individual features. In his political principles Scott was what may be called a liberal Tory, yet he possessed a peculiar knack of avoiding to mix himself up with the party who sympathized with him; indeed, it was seldom that he delivered himself in public, and when he did so, it was only because he considered the subject as one of vital importance to his beloved country. Thus, on the Catholic Bill, he called down the imprecations of one of the loudest brawlers for freedom of opinion (who had the insolence to ask whether the Author of Waverley so soon "found second childhood creeping upon him?") merely for once expressing his fears for the consequences of this important measure. To the Reform Bill, it is well known, he was much opposed, although a decided friend to a vast improvement in the representation of the people. A clause in the will of Sir Walter Scott directs that
his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, shall write his life; and, besides the ample materials which the career of such a man furnishes for the task, there are, it is said, numberless unfinished MSS. left by the deceased, besides ten or twelve volumes of his correspondence with most of the distinguished literary characters of his time. His letters to the late Mr. Terry are, we understand, of the greatest interest: it is said that a great portion of the farce of Simpson and Co. was the work of Sir Walter Scott; and this freewill offering having been contributed when poor Terry was plunged in pecuniary difficulties, speaks volumes for his kindness and benevolence of heart. The letters which passed at the time will no doubt appear in the forthcoming biography.

Thus lived and thus died Walter Scott. His mild and gentle temper, his polished manners, his easy and graceful address, and a variety of external accomplishments, prepossessed those who first saw him in his favour, and could not fail to make them covet a more intimate acquaintance. He possessed none of that austerity, none of that reserve, of that parade and haughtiness, of that self-importance and affectation of dignity, none, in fact, of those odious qualities which sometimes accompany literary men, and especially those who have acquired a very small degree of eminence and reputation. By a judicious arrangement of his studies and other occupations, and by the punctuality of his attention to every kind of business, he avoided confusion. He had been habituated through life to regular and constant exercise, and had acquired health and vigour from its use. He was never hurried and distracted by the variety of his literary pursuits, and though he had many engagements which required his attention, and which diverted his mind from the object of study to which he was devoted, he never seemed to want time. His hours for writing were invariably from seven till eleven in the morning, unlike the generality of literary persons, whose ideas usually flow more freely in the soft and quiet seclusion of the night.

It must be melancholy to gaze upon the hallowed scenes of Abbotsford, now robbed of the matchless spirit that once filled them. Alas! where is the Lyre whose silver chords poured forth their magic notes, till the misty hills and the heathy plains seemed to melt from their dreary view, into light, and life, and loveliness? Where is the hand, whose mighty spell awakened the long-gone spirits of the past, till their newly-created forms stood, in fancy's view, so visibly before us, that we seemed to make part and parcel of the visionary creation? Still—all still! The hand of the Destroyer has passed through the halls, and there is left a dead body among them. The inkstand has become dry—the book is clasped—the old arm-chair stands vacant in the corner—the hour-glass is run—the Author of Waverley is gathered to his fathers!—and who shall supply his place?

** Peace to his ashes! He endowed History with a charm which she knew not of; and, when telling of his country, History will not forget her benefactor. Others may fall

"As falls a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London: some short bustle's caused,
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all's forgotten!"

But the death of Scott has created a chasm in the ranks of literature and society, that centuries may not be able to fill up. Once more we say, peace to his ashes! His body must partake of the common lot of humanity, and mingle with its kindred dust; but his name is engraven on the columns of immortality: and when generation shall have succeeded generation, and Scott shall be remembered as the brightest spirit of an age gone by, his memory will be revered even as the fallen temples of departed Greece, venerated more deeply in decay than when peering above the world in all the pride and majesty of their greatness!

J. S. C.

TO THE WINTER-VIOLET.

O flowret sweet! grace of the infant year!
Dost thou return to deck his latest wreath
When other glories now are dim and sere?
And wilt thou to his age kind incense breathe?

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Woman's Smile.

How like to man's ('tis trite but true to say)
The progress of the changeful year we find;
The primal hours of both, how bright, how gay!
Their last to sad decrepitude resigned.
But when the winter of our life arrives,
And all the blossoms of our spring are shed;
When not a friend esteem'd in youth survives;
When Love is vanished, Hope itself is fled;
To cheer the gloom how seldom shall we see
A ling'ring joy remain, sweet flower, like thee.

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WOMAN'S SMILE.

BY THE VISCOUNT GLENTWORTH.

Thou cam'st o'er me like the breath
Of Zephyr on the drooping flower,
Which seemed already closed in death,
Chill'd by stern Winter's killing power;
Thou cam'st o'er me like a beam
Which ushers in the dawning day,
Soothing as is affection's dream,
Which chases grief and care away,—
Or like the lover's joyful tear
When absent hours are haply o'er,—
The rainbow's tint, to mem'ry dear,
When friends have met to part no more.

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THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

I remember my poor old friend, Cap-
tain Symonds, as if it were but yesterday.
He was a widower, with an only child, a
daughter. This, to be sure, looks very
romantic; but Betsy and the Captain had
never heard of romance. She was three-
and-thirty years of age, quiet, gentle, and
unassuming; she was by no means pretty,
only she looked so modest, and was so
sensible in all she said, you liked her
better than if she had been beautiful. The
Captain thought her the best daughter
that ever was;—the Captain was nearly
right. They had nothing to depend on
but the old man's half-pay, and I believe
an annuity on their joint lives of twenty
pounds. You would have been astonished
how comfortably they lived on a hundred
and fifty pounds a-year. They hired a
delightful little cottage in a very retired
rural district; they kept a very quiet and
very old pony, and a low-hung little
gig; a boy from the neighbouring village
took care of the garden and stable; and
Betsy did all the household work herself
with the help of a little girl. And there
were elegancies about the cottage, too;
there were flowers in front and all over
the walls, and a very rich-toned cottage
piano set the old soldier regularly to sleep
after dinner to the tune of "Auld lang
syne." Betsy played very well—no flou-
rishes, no crossing of hands upon the high
notes—but I think her "Yellow-haired
laddie"—it was quite astonishing to me
how the Captain could fall asleep.

Their landlord, a man of very good
property and respectable family, lived in
another cottage very near them; he used
often to come down of an evening to listen
to the Captain's stories, and hear his
daughter's music; he had never travelled
far from his native village, and he looked
on Captain Symonds as a great man be-
cause he was a soldier, had been present
in real battles, and had been so far from
The Captain’s Daughter.

home. I used to think he looked up to me, too, because I had been once at the Land’s End.

Mr. Simon Walters—that was the name of their landlord—was about fifty years old; he might be less, he might be more, for about that age it is difficult to judge correctly within a year or two. He was an active farmer of a few acres, which he kept in his own hands—a capital shot in the season—a good fisherman; and I think that was the whole amount of his sporting qualifications. He never followed the hounds, though from the number of dogs which usually followed him, you might have supposed he was master of a pack.

“I think I see Mr. Simon coming this way,” said Betsy one evening; “at least, I see Ponto running up the walk.”

“I’m glad to hear it, child; good man, Mr. Simon—capital—and very much of a gentleman; that is to say, for a civilian.”

“Ah, here’s Beauty, and Brisk, and Caesar; so I’m sure he’s coming.” And in a short time Mr. Simon was sitting at the tea-table close to the window, and all his dogs drawn up in array on the little green in front.

“Beautiful evening this, Captain; I don’t remember a warmer day.”

“How should ye, lounging at home all your days? The weather is never hot enough here to melt butter—gad I’ve seen muskets red-hot by the heat of the sun, and the brass plates on the men’s caps running down their faces like water.”

“Will you take another cup, father?” said Betsy, who generally tried to interrupt the only man when he trenched on the marvellous.

“Indeed!” said Mr. Simon; “how did they get their guns loaded, sir?—for I suppose the powder took fire when it touched the red-hot iron.”

“Wetted the powder,—always wetted it; but many accidents happened notwithstanding. I recollect Sergeant O’Loughlin, of my company, shot the Colonel’s dog by the powder taking fire from the heat of the musket; to be sure it had bitten him two or three days before.”

“What sort of dog was it, Captain; was it a pointer?”

“No—it was a cursed ugly, snarling puppy; a spaniel, I think, they call it,—very like that brute of yours with the black and white body.”

“What! Beauty!—Beauty is the best-tempered dog in the parish; it would not bite a child, far less a sergeant of the army. Thank you, Miss Betsy—that piece of bread is to make up for the Captain’s scandal of poor Beauty’s temper. You are always so kind to the dumb animals.”

“Dumb, do ye call them? Now, we had a dog at Seringapatam; I wish ye had only heard him, you would never have called dogs dumb animals as long as ye lived again.”

“Did he speak, sir?”

“It was a female,—so, of course, she did not let her tongue lie idle; but I declare to you, I never heard any animal speak like her; and, as to singing, it was beautiful,—perfectly beautiful, I assure you.”

“What songs did she sing?”

“Oh, some cursed crank Findaree music; I could not make head or tail of it. How should I? She was born in India, and of course knew no English.”

“Ah, very true; Miss Betsy, do you know any Indian music?—I should like to hear what sort of tunes people have that live so far away.”

“Ah,” said the Captain, “they have some beautiful tunes; it used to be lovely, at the cool of the evening, to sit in front of one’s tent, and hear the wild strains from their curious rude instruments, soaring up into the silent sky, with the stars so large and shining, that it was almost as light as day. Many a time I recollect I used to sit that way, and think of England till—till my chillum was done.”

“I thought you were going to say, till you dissolved into tears.”

“Tears!—what the devil has a soldier to do with tears? They may do very well for a civilian. Ah, that’s the very tune; ‘how true the spot my soul remembers.’”

Betsy played with great feeling and expression. Mr. Simon seemed perfectly delighted; and the Captain, after nodding his head for some time, as if in unison with the music, at last fairly dropt it on his breast, and gave audible token that he was asleep.

“That is, indeed, a beautiful tune, Miss Betsy,” said Mr. Simon. “Are there any words to it?”

“Oh, yes! the Hindostanee people have beautiful poetry to their songs. That one is from a lover to his mistress, telling
her he remembers all the places where they have met, though he never hopes to
meet with her again.

"Very melancholy, Miss Betsy. Does he never see her?"

"Oh, the song does not say."

"But songs ought always to say, and ought always to end happily. I would
put in a note, at the end of every ballad, to say, that the lover and the lady were
married shortly after."

"And would that be ending hap-
pily?"

"Hem!" said Mr. Simon. "I think
your father is going to wake, Miss
Betsy."

"He has been very much fatigued to-
day; I don't think he is nearly so strong
as he used to be."

"I have been very sorry to remark it
myself, Miss Betsy; but going so far
from home, and seeing so many terrible
battles and other wonderful sights, must
be very trying to the constitution."

"My father has seen a great deal of
service; he must not sleep so near the
open window; the dogs are falling;
won't the dogs find it cold on the wet
grass?"

"Ah, thank ye, Miss Betsy,—you are
always so kind to the poor dogs; let me
pull down the window for you. I'll do
it from the outside, for I must be find-
ing my way home."

And Mr. Simon

took his hat, slpnt gently out of the room,
drew down the window, and walked
quietly away, attended by all his dogs.

In a month after that evening, the
poor old Captain was very ill. Betsy, the
best of nurses, watched over him ines-
santly. Supported by pillows, in his
easy chair, he was brought down to the
little parlour.

"That will do, Betsy, my love—that
will do—my head lies very easily now.
Has Mr. Simon been here to-day?"

"Oh, yes—he has been here twice to-
day already, and left word he would call
again."

"Good man—good man; pity he was
not a soldier."

"He makes a better farmer, and
country gentleman, than he would a sol-
dier."

"Ah, you're right, perhaps; it is not
the luck of every one to carry a sword;
the pruning-hook does as well; you must
marry a soldier, Betsy."

"Marry! sir!—me marry!"

"Marry, girl!—yes, marry to be sure.
No Duke in the land deserves you; but
have nothing to say to them, Betsy, un-
less they serve the King. You're a sol-
dier's daughter—you must be a soldier's
wife; it will put you in mind of me when
I'm gone."

"Oh, father, don't speak in that way,
cried Betsy, bursting into tears. "It
will need nothing to keep me in mind of
you when you are gone."

"Ah, bear up, bear up, Betsy, my
dear—there's a heaven above, though we
hear too little of it in the camp; you'll
be poorly off; but cheer up, my darling,
for God will never forsake so good a
child as you have been. You must be
sure to marry a soldier."

Betsy's tears still continued—and they
were not interrupted even by the entrance
of Mr. Simon. The old man held out
his hand; and Mr. Simon took it without
saying a word. "Now this is kind and
neighbourly," said the Captain; "I've
just been telling my Betsy there, that
she must bear up when I'm gone, and
marry a soldier."

Mr. Simon let go his hand; and said,
"I hope, sir, you will live many years
yet."

"No, no—I'm too old a soldier not to
know that review-day is close at hand.
You must get another tenant, Mr. Simon;
I must put up with a smaller tenement."

"I hope you find the cottage con-
venient; I will add a room or two on the
ground-floor, with all my heart."

"No, no—my good friend—the cot-
tage is all I wish it; the tenement, I
mean, is on the ground-floor, sure
enough—it is in the churchyard down
there."

Betsy's sobs were now audible.

"Don't speak in this way, my dear
sir, it distresses your daughter."

"Distresses my daughter? my own
Betsy, that has devoted her whole life to
my comfort? Ah, that is the only thing
that keeps me from meeting death like a
soldier. Poor, dear Betsy, what is to be-
come of her when I am taken away; no
friends, no home, and the half-pay
stpto!"—The old man paused; and, in
spite of his being a soldier, there were
tears in his eyes.

"Don't think of me, my father," said
Betsy, as she kissed his cheek—now
looking calm and collected; "there are other things to be thought of now; I have sent for Mr. Meadows."

"Thank ye, thank ye,—I thought of doing so myself. He is an excellent man—good, charitable, religious—an excellent man, indeed,—that is to say, for a civilian."

In a fortnight after this, the good old Captain was buried in the village churchyard.

Betsy gave way to no unreasonable grief. She made preparations for removing from the cottage as rapidly as she could; and, in six weeks after the death, the furniture was advertised for sale; and Betsy had gone round, to all her friends in the village, to say farewell.

"And you're going to leave us, Miss Betsy," said a poor woman to her; "we shall miss you very much, and the children are all so sorry."

"I hope they will continue good, and be a comfort to you; you will soon have another neighbour, for the pretty cottage is sure to be let."

"And why do you leave it yourself, Miss Betsy—you are among your friends here; but, perhaps, you are going to your relations."

I have no relations. I am going to the town of ———, where I shall support myself by my needle; but I shall often think of my friends in this village, though, I fear, there is no chance of my ever seeing them again."

She returned to the cottage, and sat weeping all the night; it was the last she was to spend beneath its roof. The rent had been paid up to that time, and the sale was to take place next day. In the morning, when she was preparing to get into the gig which was to take her to join the coach, she was surprised to see Mr. Simon drive up to the door. It was the first time she had seen him, except at church, or in the village, since her father's death. He had never called upon her, and she had begun to think he was very cold-hearted and unmindful of the daughter of his friend.

"You had better get up beside me, Miss Betsy; I have only Brisk and Beauty with me,—they can keep under the seat, and your luggage can go in the other gig." Betsy did not like to disoblige her father's friend, and got in beside him.

"How pretty the cottage looks to-day; the roses are in full blow."

Betsy made no reply; she was never to see it again.

"And the gate so newly painted,—and the summer-house just finished—so convenient for a cup of tea at this season."

Betsy thought of the pleasant evenings she and her father used to have in that summer-house, and continued silent.

"You seem dull, Miss Betsy. Do you like the journey you're going? Where is it you go to?"

"To ———."

"To ———? Have you many military friends there, Miss Betsy?"

"I have no friends there at all."

"No friends!—Oh! you perhaps mean not many friends; — one, perhaps."

"I have not one friend in the whole world, I assure you."

"Down, Beauty! I tell you," said Mr. Simon, and whips his pony. "Are there any officers at ———?"

"I really do not know. I never was there in my life."

"Oh! then you don't intend to remain there."

"I do; I intend to live there as long as I can."

"I am very sorry, Miss Betsy, the cottage did not suit you. I thought it might have done for you very well, even if you had followed your father's wishes, and married the soldier he spoke to you about."

"He spoke to me about no soldier in particular; he was too fond of his daughter, and used to speak of her too proudly."

"I don't think so; I mean—he was an excellent man, Captain Symons,—Down, Brisk!—Did you try the piano this morning, Miss Betsy?"

"No,—I have never touched it since my father's death; I couldn't—it is to be sold to-day."

"No, that it isn't,—nor ever will. I've bought it, Miss Betsy."

"It is a very good piano."

"Very good, indeed, Miss Betsy; but it is of no use to me; it will be nothing but lumber, and remind me of happy days—evenings I should say—unless—down I tell you, dogs. Don't you think the pony very lazy, Miss Betsy?"
"No, not lazy; poor old Dobbin—so quiet and safe."
"He is a nice old horse; do you like him, Miss Betsy?"
"Yes."
"And you would like to drive him about these nice green lanes, and keep him in the stable at the cottage, beside your own old pony; for I have bought him too; would not you?"

Miss Betsy made no answer.
"Miss Betsy," continued Mr. Simon, "I'll tell you a secret. There is to be no sale at the cottage to-day; I've bought every bit of the furniture. I think I like your cottage better than my own—at least I've been happier in it. Miss Betsy, I'm not a soldier, only a civilian, you know; but if—if—"

It is a curious fact, that Miss Betsy did not go by the coach that day; and, in about three months after the above conversation, I really thought the church-tower would be shaken down by the bells. At the present time, if I were asked to point out the happiest couple in England, I should not hesitate a moment in fixing on Mr. and Mrs Simon Walters.

STANZAS.

I sat upon my sister's grave—oh, that was hallowed ground!—
While awful evening stillness veiled the softened scene around;
My sister's grave,—whose smile had been a beacon light to me,
That shed its far-off steady rays o'er day of misery;
My sister's grave,—whose gentle voice, so musical, so clear,
Still thrills its flute-like cadences upon my cheated ear;
My sister's grave,—But oh! no more! these lips refuse to say
All that a wounded spirit feels for a sister fled away.

Night robed its sable garb around the sacred house of prayer
That reared its ivy-mantled tower in simple grandeur there;
And as the stars came riding up along the azure sky,
All singing silent praise to Him who sits enthroned on High,
Subdued, upon that lowly grave I knelt in tears to pray,
While faith was whispering, "He who gave can surely take away;"
And in that dim and tranquil hour to me the power was given
To turn the veil of death aside, and feast my eyes on heaven;
See saints and martyrs standing there before the azure throne,
And all our pious friends who have to heaven already gone,
And hear the swell of golden harps—the grand eternal song,—
"All glory and all praise to thee, Almighty Lord, belong!"

O could my spirit then have left this sinful vale of tears,
And joined the immortal company of kings, and priests, and seers!
Could I have revelled in those scenes of happiness divine,
And felt my sainted sister's hand once more entwined in mine!
But as it is thy will, O Lord, that here I still should roam,
O may my spirit ne'er forget its true paternal home;
But through this life keep firmly fixed its vision on the sky,
And pray, and wait the solemn hour that lands it safe on high.

DIDYMUS SECUNDUS.
THE TRIFLING MISTAKE; OR, ADVENTURES AT EIGHT AND EIGHTEEN.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

He seemed, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,
Of whom, these two years, she had nightly dreamt:
A something to be loved—a creature meant
To be her happiness.

It was a study for an artist, requiring him

to combine the scenic powers of Claude
and the living fidelity of Wilkie. There
stood the little girl "a-top" of one of the
Cambrian mountains, with her hair flowing
in wild curls about her shoulders, and
her arms extended; whilst the youth
bounced down the slope after her toy.
The case was this. Harriet Sudbury,
with all the wilfulness of a thoughtless
child, had been trying to urge her broad
hoop, with its tinkling bells of silver, up
the steep side of Crossfell. In vain, how-
ever, did she exert her strength: the per-
verse thing seemed resolved upon taking
a retrograde flight, and she was at length
obliged to sling it across her shoulder, and
clamber the hill, without further attempting
to overcome the pertinacity of her
favourite plaything. Upon reaching the
first of the three plains, which afford such
delightful resting-places in the ascent of
this celebrated mountain, she once more
put her hoop to the ground, and, nodding
laughingly to her nursery-maid, who fol-
lowed, hit it a triumphant blow, but with
such force as to send it revolving with
planet-like speed across the sward; and
before her little feet, nimble as they were,
could carry her to its side, it had reached
the extremity, and—luckless thing—down
it rolled, as if intent upon traversing the
whole county. "Oh, my hoop! my hoop!"
cried Harriet, with as much solicitude as
is frequently displayed by a fine lady at
the misadventure of some favourite lap-
dog.

Never did "lady fair" meet mishap
without a redoubtable hero being at hand
to remedy it. Agreeably to this pro-
vidential ordinance of affairs, our little
heroine consequently soon found a young
knight (handsome, amiable, and all that
sort of thing, of course,) ready and able
to calm her woes, and restore affairs to
their wonted happy position. The dear
youth had been complacently transferring
some linnets' eggs from their parents'
nest to his own pocket, when Harriet's
cries met his ear. Possessing, in common

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with most country-bred boys, a naturally
bold spirit, he leaped from the oak branch
on which he had been sitting astride, and
galloped like a young antelope down the
mountain. It was nearly half an hour ere
he again ascended to the height where
Harriet still stood; but she had been so
intent upon watching his movements, that
the time passed unheeded. In scrambling
through some ferns, our gallant managed
to get his forehead scratched so as to pro-
duce a small stream of blood, although,
in itself, the hurt was a mere trifle. Har-
riet nevertheless cried bitterly at the acci-
dent, and insisted upon binding up the
wound with her cambric handkerchief.
This made an opening for the display of
considerable fortitude by our hero, and he
talked very largely about enduring fifty
times as much pain rather than the young
lady should have lost her pretty hoop;
and Harriet, in replication, averred that
she would have lost a hundred hoops in
preference to see a blood-stain on so white
a—"a shirt collar!" she said, modestly
looking down and blushing at the compli-
ment she had so nearly made. In con-
versation of this harmless description,
the little pair slowly descended the hill, at
the base of which, with many expressions
of mutual good will and partiality, they
parted.

Boys and girls are equally alive to strong
impressions as men and women. Of all
the influences on the mind of man, that of
love is most powerful; and yet I am per-
suaded that children can entertain the
passion with equal—nay, superior, be-
cause purer—ardour. Is it because a
child is ignorant of the reasons for which
he is created, that he must needs look
upon his female playmates with apathy?
Surely no. Consequently his young
heart is always prepared to enshrine that
being best formed by nature to har-
monize with its scarcely developed pro-
peries, and hence a love—Platonic, I
grant—very naturally ensues. Subse-
quent events, or the birth of new passions,
may very frequently eradicate the preco-
cious attachment; yet, while it lasts, it is as fervid and sincere, as tender and delightul, as that felt by the warmest lover for her he would make his bride. Now I can think of no argument sufficiently conclusive to overrule my position; and therefore, with most perfect and laudable self-satisfaction, consider my theory established; and, as a main prop to the affair, will humbly beg leave of the fair creature who honours this trifle with a perusal, to ad-duce the following circumstances.

Harriet Sudbury thought all day long of her morning adventure; and the more she thought the more prepossessing did its hero appear. His graceful activity when pursuing the hoop, the glow which the race had imparted to his frank and open countenance, and the Roman-like stoicism he had displayed even while the blood was running down his face, inspired her with more than common admiration. She contrasted him with the clownish children of the peasantry; the comparison left them far behind. She placed him side by side with the young gentlemen who accompanied their parents on their visits to her papa; but not one appeared half so kind or so good. In short, the innocent child unconsciously made an idol of the boy; for, not having either brothers or sisters, and being educated at home, she had no other youthful objects to love; and day after day would she climb the rugged steeps of Crossfell with her nurse, in hopes of seeing him, that she might ask if his foretold were better. In this the little sylph was disappointed. As she grew older, therefore, her anxiety wore off; and when she thought of the circumstance, she only did so as upon a bright dream, which had served to beguile a few hours of childhood with its pleasing phan-tasma. "Ah!" she would often exclaim, after escaping from the importunities of some country squire to be his, "what a trifle then served to engross my mind; and how happy I felt while brooding over that trifle. I wish I was again a child." A lingering longing to behold her youthful swan must have lurked beneath this wish; for really Miss Harriet Sudbury had nothing to complain of, as her parents strove the live-long day to make her happy. Her father, Mr. Henry Sudbury, was one of the richest and most benevolent men in the county. His family name was Fever-sham, and in early life he had received an education every way befitting a gentleman, and had been taught to look forward to an ample fortune from his sire; but this expectation was blighted, owing to the old gentleman dying intestate, in consequence of which the whole estate, which was real property, devolved upon an elder brother, who, of right, inherited it. Between this brother and Henry, a difference, almost amounting to hostility, had for some time existed. The latter, therefore, resolved to go abroad, and subsist by his talents as an artist, rather than apply to his brother for a guinea, knowing that it would in all probability be refused. This proved a lucky speculation; for, whilst he was in Genoa, he was introduced to Maria Sudbury, a young lady of immense fortune, who, in company with her parents, was then making the grand tour. Circumstances promoted a close intimacy between young Feversham and this family, which ended in a strong attachment for the daughter, a declaration to that effect, and ultimately to his acceptance as a son-in-law, provided he in future adopted the name of Sudbury. We may of course imagine that the young man had taken good care to display his various accomplishments, and win the esteem of the elder Sudburys, before he made a disclosure, which the state of his finances did not warrant, to an heiress.

Henry was now a happy man. He finished the tour in the society of his beloved one, and, on returning to England, made her his wife. Being fond of a country life, he now purchased a small estate, midway between the ancient town of Kirkoswald and the gigantic Crossfell, in Cumberland, where he resolved to pass through his earthly pilgrimage in endeavouring to make those around him as cheerful as himself. The poor to this hour bless his name.

Contiguous to the freehold bought by Mr. Sudbury was a wide range of extensive plantations, possessing every charm which wood, wild, and water could bestow. These belonged to Sir Joshua Harcourt, the same gentleman from whom Mr. Sudbury had purchased the before-mentioned freehold; and it was stipulated in the articles of sale, that if ever the plantations were intended to be sold, Mr. Sudbury should have the first refusal of them. In process of time, when their only child Harriet had nearly attained the age
The Trifling Mistake; or, Adventures at Eight and Eighteen.

of eighteen, Sir Joshua died, and his executors, ignorant of the above transaction, or else overlooking it, put up the lands for sale, and they were immediately contracted for, by an attorney on the spot, for a gentleman in London, who had sent him down for that purpose. Affairs had been transacted so quickly, that Sudbury had scarcely heard of Harcourt's death before the property was disposed of. Being really desirous of appending the beautiful grounds in question to his possessions, Mr. Sudbury lost no time in putting in his claims; but the attorney, acting upon the principle of possession being nine points of the law, told him to apply to the Lord Chancellor for redress. In vain were the worthy gentleman's remonstrances to this rule; and an Equity suit must have inevitably ensued, had not the trustees to the effects of the deceased heard of the circumstances, and with very proper promptitude written to the purchaser, explaining their oversight, and offering advantageous terms of accommodating matters. In reply, the gentleman said that he would take an early opportunity of coming down to view the freehold, and would then confer with the claimant upon the subject. In high life, where a man is not remarkably indolent, he is generally particularly punctual and attentive to all things concerning business; and this person did not prove an exception to the rule, as, in three days from the receipt of his letter, he made his appearance upon the grounds. He was a man of about forty; tall, dignified, and prepossessing in his manners; which latter circumstance might perhaps rather be attributable to the acquired address of the fine gentleman, than to any actuating impulse of the heart, as there was a degree of hauteur in his demeanour that seemed to repel the familiarity which his address courted.

"These are fine grounds—remarkably fine grounds—and exceed the expectations I had formed of them," he said, after carefully viewing them, and suffering his somewhat stern features to be relaxed with a smile. "I am not at all surprised that this Mr. Sudbury is so anxious to obtain possession; for I shall not myself be easily persuaded to part with them! However, I must have a little conversation with him ere I arrive at a decision." Having taken some light refreshment, he proceeded, from choice, alone to the mansion of Mr. Sudbury, when he gave his card to the footman, and then appeared, by his close scrutiny of the manner in which the hall was embellished, to be endeavouring to form some opinion of its owner's character. That gentleman, when his servant entered, was seated near one of those clear and bright fires (for it was autumn) which, with its diadem of flame and graceful plumage of waving smoke, makes the "evening at home," of a country gentleman, so truly comfortable, placid, and delightful. Beside him sat his still beautiful wife, busily engaged in displaying a whole regiment of newly-embroidered ornaments round the projecting festoons of some rare tapestry, which had long added to the snug deportment of her chamber; whilst her husband, with the true complaisance of a married lover, was reading aloud the last new novel. "Well, Thomas," he said to his man, in that encouraging tone which always seemed to say, "Deliver your message without fear." Thomas placed in his hand the visitor's card, and to his astonishment, not unmixed with perturbation, he read the name of "Joseph Feversham" inscribed upon it. The stranger was his brother.

"Great Providence! what can this mean?" he exclaimed, pressing his forehead with some anxiety, as the well-known name met his eye. "Surely my happiness is not about to meet any interruption! 'Tis strange."

"What perplexes you, dearest?" said Mrs. Sudbury, resting her hands upon her work, and looking up with an expression of solicitude.

"Nothing: you shall know anon. Usher the gentleman up stairs, Thomas," uttered Sudbury in a breath.

In a little time Feversham appeared, and his brother ran half way to meet him. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he assumed a cold aspect; yet, in the same instant, he placed a chair with both hands near the fire, displaying an emotion, for which the reader may easily account.

"I am an uninvited guest, Sir," said Feversham, apparently attracted by the fine open countenance of Sudbury, which bore the mark of benevolence as clearly upon it as if the goddess had herself impressed his brow with her seal; "and have come on an ugly errand; yet allow
me, like the ambassadors of old, to tender my hand as the pledge of good intentions." So saying, with courteous action, he extended his hand.

"Maria, my sweetest, retire awhile; pray leave us," said Sudbury; "a conflict of feeling displaying itself upon his features. Ever accustomed to obey her husband's wishes, Mrs. Sudbury was immediately about to retire, when the singularity of his behaviour struck her with sudden surprise, and she hesitated.

"There is something more than common in this," she said. "What has occurred?"

A novelist would have delighted to have seen the group to describe, so much uncertainty pervaded it. Sudbury stood with an air of doubt, and of mingled kindness and wrath. His wife looked on like a gentle spirit, ready to protect some favoured charge, yet unknowing of the protection required,—whilst Feversham still held forth his hand; but it seemed only for want of an ostensible reason to withdraw it. At length he said, with an embarrassment occasioned by a struggle between pride and natural politeness, "I trust, Sir, that I shall acquire your confidence in this affair. My proposed salutation may have been premature; yet it was intended as a mark of perfect cordiality in feeling, on my part, however we might chance to disagree in sentiment;" and he haughtily dropped his hand.

"After what I am about to say, if your hand be again opened towards me, I will embrace it with a brother's grasp,—Joseph, I once bore the name of Henry Feversham," said Sudbury.

"Is it possible!" cried Joseph, recoiling. "Do I, indeed, behold the man that, by his superior attractions, caused the girl, whose very foot I could have worshipped, to scoff the outpourings of my heart. Brother! my brother?—is it even so? You are altered, much altered since I saw you last."

Mrs. Sudbury now stepped between; and, with a smile which equalled, in witchery, the brightest she had ever shed in her earliest bloom, took the hand of Feversham between both her own, and, in a seraph's voice, exclaimed—"How often, when my husband has told me of your unhappy disagreements, have I longed for this hour,—how often has he expressed his vexation at having unintentionally crossed your love,—and oh! how often has he deplored the blind passion with which you refused to hear him, in vindication of himself. Come, then, come—join hands, and let the fraternal enmity cease to offend heaven." As she spoke, this amiable woman imperceptibly drew the brother's hands nearer and nearer, until palm rested on palm. A thrill, like electricity, rose to the heart of each,—and a convulsive movement locked their fingers together; the gates, which had confined the currents of mutual love, became removed; they rushed forth in a broad flood of emotion; every petty disagreement, that might have floated on the surface, was swallowed in the whirlpool it occasioned; and a fervid embrace evidenced that the heartstrings of each had joined into a placid stream of communion. The affectionate wife wept with joy.

"Believe me, Henry," said Joseph, after the workings of nature had somewhat subsided, "I should not so readily have compromised my resentment by this reconciliation, did I not know, for a certainty, that you never sought to gain Amelia's love. Worn out by my entreaties, and the importunities, or rather injunctions, of her father, she, some years after you left England, unwillingly bestowed upon me her hand; and I then learnt that you had possessed her affections, without ever dreaming of such an event. We had many children; but they all, save one, withered, like flowers in a blighting season. Their gentle mother, too, found a refuge from my uneven temper, in an untimely grave, and left me a lone, care-cancered man. Indeed, brother, indeed, I have drank deeply of affliction's cup, and my wealth has proved a sorry shield against the shafts of sorrow." It is impossible to describe the tone of feeling in which these words were uttered. Sudbury was infinitely affected by them; and, to direct his brother's mind from the bitter retrospection, he proceeded to narrate the events that had befallen him since their separation. This naturally brought the Harcourt estate upon the carpet, and an unpleasant pause ensued.

Sudbury, with all his excellencies, was not without some trifling failings, amongst which pride ranked foremost; and this ill point of his character now roused a
ferment in his mind very inimical to its wonted placidity. He could not well brook the idea of giving up his darling and so long cherished object of increasing his landed possessions; nor, if his brother offered to waive the contest, could he bring himself to accept such a sacrifice from one who had caused him such deep offence; and he would much rather that the subject should be decided by the Lord Chancellor, if such a mode of adjustment could have been adopted without again destroying the temple of harmony which had just been newly cemented. On the other hand, Feversham still unwittingly harboured a shade of resentment against one who had deprived him of a loved one’s love, sufficiently dark to obscure the ray of generosity which prompted him at one moment to yield all without a word. Besides, he too had a more than common motive for wishing to retain possession of his purchase; and an argument equally well defended on both sides accrued from their several views of the topic. In the midst of this the door opened, and a fair vision entered with a smile playing in witching curve upon her lip, like that spirit of laughter which the angel of peace sends before her to gladden the hearts of those amid whom it is her intention to reside. It was she whom we have so long apparently lost sight of—our little heroine, Harriet Sudbury.

She was now in the pride of her eighteenth year, and the poet’s expression, that his love “looked as if she had fed on roses,” might have applied to her; for never did blush of more delicate tinge irradiate the cheek of woman. She was little, very little; yet she was the most fairy-like little being that ever taught man’s heart the power of her sex; and, though her complexion was fair as alabaster, her eyes were of a dark hazel colour, beaming intelligence and joy at every glance, and her wildly-flowing and richly-glossed hair was of the deepest black,—black as the raven’s wing, black as the eye of eastern maid, with all its brilliance. Her face was like a summer sky in a moonlight night, ever varying in expression—now dimpled with smiles, then serene and placid, and anon exhibiting that hilarious aspect which the laugh of true innocence is sure to inspire.

“Oh, papa, papa!” she exclaimed, as she ran into the room with the bounding elasticity of step which ever characterizes a youthful and a buoyant heart; “I have passed such a dear delightful day with Mrs. ——; I have seen all my new jewellry from London, and raised a subscription to relieve a poor widow and her family. My ball dress is nearly ready, and I have had the satisfaction of learning that the fisherman who supported his mother has employed the money I gave him in repairing his accident, and purchasing a new boat. After dinner, too, I quizzed Mrs. ——’s son, who is a perfect fop, for a whole hour, and in the evening went to hear a charity sermon at the Methodist’s chapel; for you know, pa, benevolence ought not to study sects; and then, and then,—oh, la!”— With this interjection the volatile girl stopped, her eye at that moment happening to fall upon Mr. Feversham, who, being seated in the shade, she had not before observed. Our vivacious heroine was not a little confused at this discovery, and a glow of crimson overspread her features, as with a low courtesy she stammered out an apology for her intrusion; but her uncle’s attention was too much attracted by her speaking charms to hear what she said, and, after gazing for a moment with intense admiration upon her, he rose, and, taking her hand, while a smile of almost paternal affection softened every feature, said to his brother, “Such loveliness as this we read of in fiction; yet I never dreamed that it existed in reality. Who is this extravagant, feeling, gay, humane, bewitching angel?”

We may imagine the parental pride with which Sudbury in reply introduced the blooming Harriet as his daughter, and descanted upon the goodness of her heart. Feversham tenderly kissed her cheek, and told her to finish the relation of her adventure without minding his presence.

“I am ashamed, dear Sir,” she said, “at finding my loquacity is remembered. Pray spare me a further display. My fond papa indulges my giddy humours too much, and I am apt to forget that silence and respect are due from youth to its seniors; but, from your smile, I think I am already forgiven.”

“I am charmed with you, my little Hebe, and could listen to your silver-toned prattle for hours. Your voice reminds me of one, now no more, whose harmonious tongue had power to soothe my wildest passions with its music.” As Feversham
uttered these words, a deep sigh attested his emotion, a melancholy shade usurped the place of his recent smile, and he reseated himself in silence. From respect to the motive of his grief, the silence was maintained by all present until he himself broke it, by saying, "I have been thinking, brother, of a means of settling our dispute, and also of binding still closer the friendship which, after so many years, has just been renewed. The only one on earth who has of late rendered life supportable is my son, now in his twentieth year. He is a good boy, an excellent boy; and, moreover, one of the handsomest fellows in existence. His constant study is to plant my lips with smiles, and when the asperities of my temper have driven my friends from my side, he alone has remained near me; and, bearing my infirmities, the meekness of a child, has soothed, has amused me, and, by bringing forth recollections of his sainted mother, has reconciled me to myself; when other sons would, in like circumstances, have abandoned me in indignation. He is, indeed, a noble youth; and it was as a reward for the restraint which he has ever imposed upon his naturally high spirit towards me that I purchased the adjoining estates, to bestow them upon him as a residence on becoming of age. Suppose, therefore, I bring my son here; and should Providence assist my views so as to cause an attachment between him and your amiable daughter, we might each withdraw our claims, and settle the property on the young couple. What say you?"

 Sudbury looked at his wife on this proposal being made; and she, with her eyes, seemed to consult Harriet, who bent her looks to the ground, with a suffused brow and fluttering heart. It was the first time that the important idea of having a husband had ever obtruded itself upon her; and she felt a mixture of agitation and alarm, of hope and fear, that caused a strange turmoil in her hitherto peaceful bosom. "I wonder if he is like my young mountain adventure," thought she to herself.

 "Since the lady does not say nay," observed Sudbury, after a short silence, "I can have no objection to the experiment—therefore, the sooner we commence proceedings the better."

 Feversham seemed quite delighted that his plan met with so little opposition, saying, that he should send his son on a visit to Sudbury, in a few days, without naming any other motive than a wish for him to pay his respects to his uncle. "He will then," continued Joseph, "be free from restraint, and feel untrammelled in making his choice, should he fix it where I so earnestly wish."

 "It will be the better way," remarked Sudbury; "but I suppose you will be with him."

 "Not so; I might be apt to bias him; or, at all events, I should feel so agitated, that my presence might be far from agreeable. He shall not, however, come alone; for, with your permission, he shall be accompanied by a favourite friend, who was his companion, for many years, abroad. It is a nephew of Frank Forth's;—you remember him, no doubt."

 "What! my old fag at Harrow?—to be sure I do, and shall feel much pleasure in seeing a relative of one I so much esteemed. Let him come by all means; and, in any event, join our party yourself at evening." Sudbury having thus brought the business to a conclusion, rang for supper—the merits of which being very philosophically discussed, the peaceful family retired to rest, and the next morning Feversham departed for London.

 This was an epoch in our heroine's existence, which set her little brain wandering till it was in great danger of being turned; and who, of those charming beings that sway our hearts, has not been similarly agitated on first seriously contemplating a matrimonial alliance? A state which must inspire, with solemnity, even the careless and unthinking; but when it proposes itself to a truly sensitive mind—a mind nurtured with the fostering warmth of parental affection, and unused to look out on the tempests of life—then it must come fraught with doubt and uncertainty, like that dark cloud which precedes the birth of morning, and which we anxiously watch, unknowing whether it will dissolve in soft dew, or burst into angry storm. Harriet, during her career along the charming path of budding womanhood, had not once seriously thought of marriage. For, although a full score had told her the power of her charms, she had never yet met one to whom she could,
in truth, return the compliment; so that, like the breeze, although a thousand flowers spread their odours to entrap, she had flown dickly on, bearing their incense with her, and leaving them to languish without one breath of encouragement; but now she was approaching a garden-bed, o'er which fate impelled her wing, though she knew not whether hemlock or roses composed its offspring. It was all terribly alarming; and yet it pleased her while it teased: 'twas so romantic, and so—she knew not what!

But, notwithstanding the commotions which the new feature assumed by coming events occasioned in our heroine's little heart, it is certain that she rather courted reflection upon the subject, than treated it as a bugbear; and so enraptured she at length became, by the theme of her thoughts, that a thousand aerial castles were reared upon them,—and she would wander for hours amid her favourite wilds, imaging forth scenes of joy, so purely the result of innocence and tenderness, that an angel might have partaken the mental repast, and deemed it a bliss not unworthy of heaven. This coinage of the brain is, perhaps, the only guileless delusion which can be imposed upon suffering mortality, and fair fall the young enthusiast, whose dreams of the kind are not dashed by one disapproving sting of conscience. Ah! fair ladies, may the enjoyment of such fancies, in its most unblemished shape, ever be yours; and should you wake to reality, may it prove more lasting—more bright than the phantom which preceded it.

Harriet soon pictured to her mind's eye a perfect Adonis for a lover—"Must he be fair or dark?" she asked herself—"Oh, dark!" was her internal reply; "with nut-brown hair and black eyes; and then his cheeks shall be pale, and—no, no, they shall blush with the full glow of health, and his teeth alone be white, while his lips shall smile upon me—ay, as my father smiles upon my mother. Oh, what a husband will he make!" Thus musing, she one morning, at peep of dawn, rose to take her favourite canter up the steeps of Crossfell on her cream-coloured jennet. The sun was scarcely up, yet a soft golden light played calmly on the landscape, and made the heart feel glad while allowing it quietly to contemplate the beauteous scene; the frosty air would not, however, permit any inactivity, and, after breathing an apostrophe of mingled devotion and admiration, Harriet loosened the rein, and suffered her steed freely to frisk onwards at his own pace. After trotting on for some time, the animal slackened his speed, and began carefully to ascend the mountain, when, chancing to step on a loose stone, his foot slipped, and he fell amidst a bed of thistles; feeling his situation any thing but pleasant, he now began to kick most violently, until the earth gave way, and he felt himself slipping downwards. Not relishing so novel a descent, he started upon his feet with such a sudden motion, that he sent a shower of earth and stones rattling to the bottom with a thundering sound, at which taking fright, he darted on more like a squirrel up a tree than a horse ascending Crossfell. Harriet screamed (as, I doubt not, many of my readers would have done in a similar situation), and her groom, hearing the cry, strove to urge his horse up the hill, albeit the animal, having grown to an aldermanic size from good living, travelled with a noble contempt for celerity. Meanwhile Miss Sudbury was rapidly borne towards the clouds, like the princess in the Arabian tale, and her shrieks were becoming fainter as she ascended, when the dying cries were heard by a young gentleman who was leisurely guiding a fine full-blooded hunter through a small romantic dingle near the mountain's base.—"Tartar, my fine fellow, put forth your mettle, a woman is in danger!" exclaimed the young man, touching his courser with the spur, and pushing for the point where his quick eye had discovered assistance to be needed. The well-tutored creature required no other incentive, and throwing out his limbs with all the grace and freedom for which the horse is so remarkable, scoured up the almost perpendicular height like a rocket.

To have seen the chase from below, one might have imagined that some well-trained falcon was tracking a heron's flight, so high did the two horses soar, until the stranger was side by side with Harriet, when rapidly seizing her reins, he cheerfully shouted,—"Courage, fair one! keep your seat till we reach the top;" well knowing that to use the curb at that moment would be sure destruction, while it might be done in safety on the immense plain which crowns this magnificent hill. The flat was now soon at-
tained, and our hero, leaping from his charger's back, cried "Soho!"—a sound which it instantly obeyed by standing still; and, without resigning Miss Sudbury's bridle, he ran for a little time forward, then pushing back, stopped the horse, and caught her in his arms.

Although not reduced to decided insensibility, Harriet was so exhausted, as to lay there breathing short and hard for some minutes, till, feeling much recovered, she raised her head to thank her preserver, when, oh, heavens! she beheld bending over her, with a gaze of admiration, the prototype of the being which her thoughts had shaped as one worthy of her love.

"Alas! I dream," murmured she, and drooped her head upon his shoulder.

Our hero, who appeared about twenty, and was indeed all that woman could wish in a lover, had frequently remarked that when children were consoled with upon any trifling accident, they only cried the louder, but if it was lightly treated they soon became pacified. Deriving a useful lesson from this, he, with great success, adopted the same mode of action towards children of a larger growth; and observing Harriet's agitation, he now gently raised her, and exclaimed, in a rich tone of encouraging gaiety, "Foregad! you had a fine flight of it, madam!"

Irresistibly catching her preserver's animation, our fluttered heroine smilingly replied, "And but for you, sir, 'twould have been a flight to the other world."

"Then I heartily wish that we had both broken our necks," returned the youth; "for, as there is no doubt about your admittance into heaven, I should have taken excellent care that you did not go in alone."

Imagining that she was not yet sufficiently recovered, the young stranger unscrupulously took her hand, and leading her to the edge of the plain, said, "Come, the lamp of day has lit up the darkest corners of the earth. Let us forget the celerity of our ascent; and, now that we are three thousand feet above you, gnomies, let us, without care, admire the glorious scene which six counties have united to spread before us. When on a visit to some friends, I ascended Crossfell once previous to this, and then met with an adventure not very dissimilar to the present one, though that was a gallop down instead of up it."

"Indeed," said Harriet, beginning to feel anxious to hear more.

"Yes. Never shall I forget the day. But you shall have the whole history; for, even if I raise a laugh at my own expense, I shall have achieved my purpose by cheering your spirits. The weather was fair and frosty as this is, and I ran a full mile to catch the hoop of a little cherub, whose innocent face and superlative form is to this hour fresh in my memory. Childish, romantic as it may appear, I have loved her with all my heart and soul ever since; her manners were as gentle as a lamb, and from that hour I have had her before me. I have travelled over great part of the globe, and dwelt with delight upon its beauties; yet I always felt a secret preference for the green glades of merry old England, and I verily believe it was entirely owing to the enslave; for, when gazing upon the captivating loveliness of Italia's fair-famed daughters, I always discovered that my admiration arose from their having dark hair and eyes, for such had the infant seraph whose form, like magic, was ever before my sight, and whom I have vowed, if she exists and I can find her, to make the wife of my bosom. I am, however, growing egotistical; yet there are times when we may be excused for making self the exclusive topic of conversation; and I should not now have done so, were not you so like the angelic creature I have always supposed my little fairy would appear when grown up, that I should really suppose you to be her, if such singular encounter occurred anywhere but in a tale."

Harriet felt alarmingly impelled to acknowledge that such was indeed the case, but checking the impulse, she threw aside her coal-black locks, and with a palpitating heart, said, "Well, upon my word, this would make a very pretty romance."

"You seem to think it is one, but bend thine eyes this way, fair unbeliever. See, this has been copied from the picture in my mind's eye, since manhood," said our hero, displaying a miniature, which hung from a gold chain round his neck. Harriet looked, and with delightful emotion, saw delineated a child of about eight years old, kneeling on a spot of green earth, and folding a white handkerchief with hands as snow-like as the cambric itself. She was dressed in a frock and trousers; one sleeve had slipped a little
way down the arm, and showed a shoulder that looked as if it had just been sculptured from the purest marble, and her gipsy hat had fallen to the ground, so that the mountain wind blew back her tresses, and left to view every lineament of a countenance which Harriet doubted not resembled herself at that age as closely as circumstances could warrant. This nearly deprived her of her wits, but forcing a very cold air, lest she should betray herself, she simply said, "Very prettily done; the young romp, however, seems to have shown but little regard to her attire whilst galloping after her hoop, and her eyes are sufficiently large to induce an opinion that she squinted."

Somewhat mortified that the young lady's admiration did not equal his own, the hero of two adventures silently replaced the miniature in his bosom—having first, with youthful ardour, pressed it to his lips. At this moment Harriet's groom rode up, and his mistress, glad of an opportunity of escaping from so embarrassing a scene, desired him to assist her in descending the mountain.

"That shall be my part till we reach the foot, and then a pressing appointment will force me to bid you good morning," said the stranger, gallantly helping her to remount; then vaulting on his own steed, he carefully guided both animals from their present eminence. On reaching the road to Kirkoswald he bade Miss Sudbury adieu, and raising his hat, he courteously waved his hand, and spurring onwards, was speedily lost to sight.

"Well, Harriet, my pet," said Mr. Sudbury, as his daughter entered the room. "I am glad you have returned. Your cousin and young Forsyth arrived in Cumberland late last night, and intend breakfasting with us this morning; so you are just in time; therefore, away to your toilet, and prepare for conquest. I have set my heart upon this intended match."

Harriet retired without a word, for her heart was too full to speak; and when she reached her chamber, she threw herself into a chair, and breathed her first love-sick sigh. It was very provoking that, the moment she had found the being whom she had been travelling all her life to meet, another should step so inauspiciously between. "But who knows," said she, suddenly brightening up, "but what this unknown and my cousin may be the same person. Alas, no! it cannot be," she added, with another sigh. She, however, could not consent immediately to abandon so pleasing an idea, and leaning upon her hand, she gave way to reflection. "It surely must be as my heart wishes," she internally said. Then remembering that there existed no likeness between her uncle and him, she dubiously shook her head, and her jetty tresses with it. "No!" she faltered, and was again buried in abstraction. It now occurred to her that he would have been going her way had it been young Feversham. "No," she repeated, with less of doubt than before. A third time she strove to harbour the idea, but recalling her father's words, she felt aware that sufficient time had not elapsed for the stranger to have gone home and sent the message she had heard. This dispelled her day-dream, and rising quickly she decisively said, "No it cannot be. No, no, no."

Soon after, Mr. Sudbury sent up to desire his daughter's immediate attendance, and upon her re-entrance into the breakfast parlour, she found that worthy gentleman at the window. "Here they come, here they come!" he exclaimed, delightedly; "I can see their horses winding down the elm-tree avenue. Feversham is in the advance."

"How know you that, dear Sir," said Harriet, not daring to approach.

"From his anxiety to proceed, whilst his companion lags behind." "Tell me, papa, for I must not be seen to watch him, is he dark or fair?"

"Fair as Narcissus, with flaxen hair, a lofty forehead, and as noble a blue eye as ever I beheld. There, girl, there is a description for you."

"Oh, Heavens! but are you sure you are not mistaken?" faltered Harriet.

"Quite; see, he perceives me, and waves his hand. Now he beckons Forsyth; confound the fellow, he is stopping to inspect a tree—oh, he moves on; nay, by Heavens, he has turned aside, and deliberately prepares to pencil a sketch of Crossfell. Did ever any one see the like? Stay, my nephew becomes impatient—that's right, his sluggish friend's pocket-book is out of sight, and here they come." Sudbury now began to bustle about, although his vigilant wife had caused every thing to be prepared with all imaginable attention to elegance and
neatness, in the midst of which the two gentlemen were announced. "Ah!" he exclaimed, grasping the hand of the mild-looking and elegantly formed young man he had described to Harriet. "My dear Mr. F., how do you do. But a furlough to all Misters—tell me your Christian name, my dear lad, I wish to be as familiar as if we had known each other all our lives."

"Sir, you do me infinite honour; I was christened Arthur—King Arthur, they sometimes call me," replied the young man, with a smile.

"And a right royal name it is—there stand my wife and daughter; so introduce yourself," said Sudbury. He then turned to Arthur's friend, and shaking hands, cried, "My worthy Sir, you are welcome, not only for your relative's sake (who was the dear companion of my boyish days), but for your own."

"Just as I expected, dear Sir," returned he. The clear sonorous tones of his voice aroused the attention of Harriet, who was blushingly receiving Arthur's salutation, and on looking up, she beheld the hero of her morning's adventure. Their glances met, and each was struck with much surprise. Without noticing this incident, Sudbury again turned to Arthur, saying, "Well, and how is my brother—how is Joseph Feversham?"

"In health and spirits both, sir. We parted from him at London, when he promised to follow us so closely as to be here this evening," was the answer.

The party now sat down to breakfast, Sudbury taking especial care to seat Arthur near his daughter. The poor girl, however, trembled like a newly-caught bird; nor was our hero a whit less agitated, though his was the composure of delight, and as his eyes conversed across the table, they sparkled as if the sun himself had lent them lustre. When the déjeuner was over, Sudbury proposed a walk abroad, which being agreed to, he took the arm of Harriet's preserver, and left her to follow with Arthur. These marked proceedings threw a gloom over our hero: he already felt a deeply-rooted passion for the lovely girl, and knowing his friend to be highly favoured of the sex, he began to fear that if he did not plead his cause quickly, his chance of gaining her would be ruined. Full of these uneasy thoughts, he many times finessed to change places with Arthur, but Sudbury would not let him budge an inch, thus reducing him to the purgatory of walking in company with her he loved, and turning his back on her the whole time. At length they returned home and proceeded to dinner, which was dispatched almost in silence.

"And now," said Sudbury, when the fruit had disappeared, "I will leave you, Arthur, in charge of Harriet, whilst Mrs. Sudbury and myself show your fellow-tourist some views on the Rhine which I have lately purchased, that he may judge of their correctness."

"I wish the devil had poured the Rhine in his bottomless lake ere a single artist had dared to sketch it," thought our hero, as he unwillingly left Arthur, highly delighted by the preference shown him.

Poor Harriet scarce knew which way to turn, on finding herself alone with a comparative stranger, whom, in spite of his attractive manners, she hated, because he was not the man she loved; still, with that native politeness, which forms so estimable a charm even in vulgar women, she did her best to amuse, and for that purpose placed upon the table a large portfolio containing all her favourite drawings. Amongst these, the most beautiful was one apparently drawn from life. Its subject was a dark, handsome-looking lad, leaning on a hoop, and looking, with fixed gaze, upon a little girl, who, with her back to the spectator, was employed in binding up a wound on his forehead.—

Whilst Arthur was admiring the simplicity and exquisite beauty of the grouping of this design, its hero entered, and the painting instantly attracted his sight. For some moments his astonishment at the discovery deprived him of utterance, and he alternately looked at the drawing and its shrinking artist, till his senses swam with ecstasy; at length he took Arthur's arm, and rapidly exclaimed, "My dear Arthur, I have this instant escaped from Mr. Sudbury's tortuous picture-gallery for one word with his fair daughter. Permit me to exert the privilege of an old friend, by beseeching you to leave me alone with her—you can entertain her father with descriptions of the Rhine in the meantime." Arthur made no hesitation in complying with his friend's request, and the moment he had quitted the room, our hero caught the hand of Harriet, who
would gladly have escaped, and archly exclaimed—"So! you can attempt likeness from memory too—the young rogue, however, seems to have shown but little regard for his attire whilst galloping after the hoop, and his eyes are sufficiently large to induce an opinion that he squinted." Then changing his look and tone, he sunk on his knee, and cried—"Ah! sweetest girl, forgive my jesting at a time when my tongue ought only to coin words of adoration; yes, sudden as is the declaration, I love. I would have deferred the moment of confession, ere I wooed, endeavoured to have won by those thousand attentions that attest a heart in thraldom. But with jealous pain I have discovered that your father favours another, and, lest that other should win you with his fascinations, I feel impelled to try my fate before him. Abandon then, dear one, the false delicacy which custom has taught womankind to throw over the truth, and say what he, who has doated upon you since first he saw you in his boyish days, has to hope or fear."

Had she been inclined, Harriet was so taken by surprise, that she could not affect a reserve she did not feel. She had loved the youth at her feet long before her second interview with him, and she felt it impossible to disguise the tender sentiment. "I am above coquetry," she said, "and I will own, that I should hear this declaration without a wish to reject it, did not fate design me for your friend;" and, as she spoke, a bright tear swelled from her eye upon her cheek, where it rested like a dew-drop on a rose-leaf.

"Now, by Heaven, such a profession shall never take place. I will to your father this moment, and lay open the secrets of my heart before him. I am sure he loves you too well to sacrifice your happiness for the gratification of a favourite whim." Our hero then rose, and gazing ardently upon her soul-speaking features, he added, with softness, "Angelie Harriet, when at night I have placed your treasured handkerchief beneath my head, I never yet forgot to pray that you might be reserved for me, and I feel assured my prayers will be granted, else why did we ever meet again?"

"You are too sanguine. My father—I fear—but do as you will," said Harriet, hiding, with her hand, the burning blush upon her face; and our hero, emboldened by the words, left her to speak without delay to Mr. Sudbury. That gentleman met him half-way, and the youth at once revealed his passion for Harriet.

"Believe me, my dear young sir, I should be proud in calling you a son of mine; but, to disclose a secret, Mr. Faversham and I have determined that she shall marry Arthur; that is, unless they absolutely hate each other."

"Yet surely—not to advert to recent circumstances—I might plead a prior claim on account of the intimacy between yourself and one so nearly related to me."

"That one consideration alone should ensure your success, did not the obstacle I have mentioned exist; but remember that, however we have lately been separated, the man whose name young Arthur inherits, was the cherished intimate of my boyish days. How sweet, then, to re-unite the link which passion had broken, by such means as the union of our children. I am sorry, sir, thus to dash your hopes, as I feel a strong predilection in your favour; but I cannot give up a project conceived under such favourable auspices."

Thus saying, Sudbury left our hero, standing like a statue of despair, to seek his daughter.

She was alone, where her lover had left her, indulging in a retrospection of what had past, and constructing aerial castles of future joy. Mr. Sudbury took her hand, and pressing it fondly to his lips, said, "Well, my child, and what think you of your handsome cousin?"

Harriet now summoned up what firmness nature had infused into her gentle spirit, and in a clear, distinct tone, replied, "As one of the most amiable and noble-minded of men—but I cannot be his wife!"

"I hope, Harriet, that this assertion owes its birth to maidenly reserve; for, after expressing so exalted an opinion of my nephew, I cannot perceive what should hinder you from gratifying the only wish your father ever asked you to comply with. Tell me, what is the cause of your refusal?"

All the woman now rose in Harriet's heart, and bursting into tears, she threw herself into her father's arms, and sobbing, said, "Oh! papa, forgive me—for-
An Evening Scene at Naples.

give me, when I tell you that my heart is another’s.”

“How, my child, and I in ignorance of it? Who has presumed thus to trepan your affections?”

“I have loved him for years. It is Mr. Forsyth,” murmured Harriet, burying her radiant brow in Sudbury’s bosom.

“I am sorry for it,” said her father, greatly agitated. “He is a princely fellow in both sense and sentiment; but, though I cannot now, consistently with my regard for your happiness, bestow you upon Arthur Feversham, I cannot so far offend my brother as to marry you to Forsyth.”

At this juncture the young man just mentioned, entered the apartment with Mrs. Sudbury, who, in a cheerful strain, began a conversation on the leading topics of the day; but so little was she supported in it, that a very short time elapsed before a profound silence reigned throughout the room. This was soon, however, interrupted by a servant, announcing that Mr. Feversham, senior, had arrived. Sudbury directly left the room to meet him. “My dear Joseph,” he said, “it is always best for ill news to be disclosed at once. Our scheme has failed.”

“I expected as much, for my life has been a series of disappointments,” said Feversham, his smile of pleasing anticipation darkening into a look of gloom.—Sudbury then briefly recapitulated what had transpired, after which the brothers moodily walked into the drawing-room, while Feversham rapidly crossed to our hero, and said, “Eugene, my good boy, prepare yourself to quit England with me to-morrow.”

“And why so, father?” returned he.

“Father!—Good God! is that your father?” shouted Sudbury, with surprise.

“Most certainly it is, uncle,” said our hero.

“This confirms my suspicions,” cried Arthur, advancing. “For I have been thinking this last hour that you must have been all the morning mistaking me for my friend Feversham, and Feversham for me; we have, therefore, all been playing at cross-purposes, as evidently you were not acquainted with your nephew’s Christian name.”

Need we say more—need we add, that shortly after this trifling mistake, the village bells announced the commencement of those bright scenes of happiness which our hero and heroine had so long anticipated!

AN EVENING SCENE AT NAPLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE “SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.”

Romantic Naples! city of the sea!
There, crowned with flowers, young Pleasure wants no free;
And all is met, beneath the circling sky,
That glads the heart and ravishes the eye.
Sunset has bathed her towers in rosy glow,
And flushed the hills, and smoothed the waves below;
The nightingale sits warbling mid the gloom,
Where Glory watches Maro’s laurelled tomb;
With slow-timed oar, and streamer floating gay,
The painted barge moves glittering o’er the bay;
On every gale, from mount and woodland borne,
Is heard the silver lute, or mellow horn;
From every spire ascends unto the sky,
The vesper bell’s delicious harmony.
SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THE PHYSIOGNOMISTS.—BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Argue as you may," said Henry Benson to his friend, Charles Strange, "beauty in a woman is a certain, positive, inalienable good—tis the dower Nature bestows on her especial favourites, the 'outward visible sign' of inward virtues, talents, and graces. Lavater, throughout his work, speaks of harmony in features as a decided indication of all that is excellent in disposition. I have made up my mind, if ever I marry, to marry a beauty."

"And I have made up mine to marry superior intellect, as it may be read in those faces where physiognomy depicts it—where the traits of a noble soul are stamped irrevocably on the features, not subject to the changes made by a fit of bile, or a summer sun, either of which soon mars the fairest complexion. 'Tis not the tincture of a skin that I admire; no! for I am well aware that 'Mind alone, bear witness heaven and earth, The living—'

"Nay, Charles; 'an ye quote poet after poet till midnight, I can mouth it as well as you, and with a much better chance of being listened to, since there never lived a man since the world stood, who did not love beauty, whilst we are surrounded by tens of thousands, fully persuaded that talents are unnecessary in a woman, and that a very moderate portion of understanding may suffice for a wife, since her husband's head may and ought to suffice. I am of a different way of thinking entirely; and, much as I confess myself struck with Laura Courtney's beauty, in which the 'cunning red and white' speak volumes of innocence and intelligence also, I would not resign myself to the passion she has inspired, if I had not ascertained that every lineament in her divine countenance bespoke consistency, gentleness, affection, generosity, and ingenuousness. I have, indeed, calmly examined her countenance by the rules of Lavater."

"So have I investigated that of Betsy Waldron, and find it marked by every characteristic I most prize in human nature; in the first place, it is full of power, calmness, and consideration—"

"Perhaps it is according to the book; but most people consider Miss Waldron a dull-looking girl."

"That is from ignorance. You and I, Hal, who study that divine science which unlocks the human mind and lays all its treasures open, know that serenity may be by the ignorant deemed apathy, and quiet dignity held to be stupid indifference. Now, I maintain, that with a nose placed as Betsy's is, there must be a sound understanding, and it is quite certain that a mouth like hers belongs only to the benevolent; and with these two points in a woman, a reasonable man might be happy."

"Especially when the lady joined to such a nose and such a mouth, the qualifying cosmetic of fifteen thousand pounds, subject to no man's will; but 'tis hardly fair to twit you with that circumstance, convinced as I must be, by the situation of your ear, and the lines in your brow, of your disinterestedness. All I fear in the matter, is the possibility of your finding her mental endowments unequal to bestowing that full happiness I am certain of receiving in the perfection of Laura's beauty."

"Pardon me,—it is, I grant, perfect; but surely her consciousness of it may be deemed somewhat of a drawback?"

"How could she, if not a positive idiot, be unconscious of what all the world knows."

"Why, 'tis true, many have told her of it—many admired her, but she has hitherto scorned alike our own townsmen and strangers; and it seems her younger sister, with not half her charms, will be led to the altar before her."

"I am glad to hear it, for the circumstance may forward my views; besides, I wish well to Ellen—she is a good little girl enough, though a mere foil to that 'bright particular star,' her sister. What luck has she had in the matrimonial market?"

"More than her countenance (which is, you know, merely that of a pretty innocent girl,) promised. Whilst visiting in the north of Yorkshire, she attracted a gentleman of fine person and considerable landed property. It is said she became
particularly endeared to his mother, who
died during her stay in the neighbourhood.
You must make your declaration soon, for
I understand that Laura, accompanied by
a married sister of the gentleman's, will go
down to his seat next week, in order to
put all things in order for the wedding.
Recollect, however, that this fortunate mar-
rriage is not a circumstance likely to render
the beauty *par excellence*, more humble
than she has been found heretofore."

Harry run over her countenance, and
found it impossible to believe that arrog-
ance, much less inconstancy or deceit,
could dwell in a creature whose every feature was exquisitely proportioned, and
whose pure and eloquent blood flowed
through veins so azure and transparent
that even the slightest taint of error must
be read. Nor had he, personally, much
cause for fear, seeing that his situation in
life was superior to the lady's, his person
and character unexceptionable.

These circumstances took place among
my acquaintance long ago, for I was then
young and much interested, like the rest
of the world, in that study now com-
pletely superseded by the phrenological
system of Dr. Spurzheim. The su-
priority of bumphology I am by no means
inclined to dispute, especially as skulls
preserve their form much better than fe-
tures, and the wrinkles which are sore de-
fects on many faces, mar not the seat
of veneration; but I may venture to as-
sert, that the alphabet of the old science
was much easier than that of the new.—
Who does not feel that a good coun-
tenance is a letter of recommendation? Who
has not gazed, with all the confidence of
friendship, in some faces never met be-
fore, or paid the tribute of admiring hom-
age to that species of beauty which be-
longs to lofty qualities and apparent vir-
tues? Who has not found something
dearer than even beauty in ordinary fea-
tures? But I must return to my friends,
and forget enthusiasm on a subject no
longer tenable.

Harry Benson was a lucky man; the
hitherto inexorable beauty not only re-
ceived his vows, but acknowledged a long
predilection in his favour, thus conveying
an idea that she had refused many for his
sake. His success induced Charles to try
his fortune also; but not moved by an
equally agitating motive, he proceeded
cautiously, sounding the depths of that
mind on which his own hereafter must re-
pose. He spoke of the art he studied, the
conclusions he drew, and the discoveries
he desired, to all of which his Deadmoma
"did seriously incline;" and the very
little she said in reply always was coin-
ciding with his advanced opinion. On
one of these visits he spoke, and was
heard with that tranquillity to be expected
from a deep thinker, and in due time,
things proceeded towards the end de-
sired.

Meantime he was compelled to listen to
many a rhapsody on the beauty of Ben-
sen's Laura, which were rather mal-a-pro-
pos at a time when daily intercourse
placed the deficiencies of his future *cura
sponsa* continually before him. Not that
Miss Waldron was a plain woman neither
—but who could stand before the peerless
Laura? He had been permitted to es-
 cort the ladies to the north, and received
by his relative elect with the warmest
welcome; but his stay was necessarily
short, as his own bachelor-dwelling called
for similar improvements with those his
Laura superintended for her sister. No
wonder that his house was ready the
soonest, for it was the smallest; but yet
when weeks and months went by, and
Laura neither returned, nor permitted him
to visit her, he found his patience and his
faith also, severely tried. Again and
again did he examine her portrait, to find
a single trait of fickleness, but every ex-
amination re-assured him. Ellen, not less
unhappy than himself, gazed also, but it
was only to increase her misery. "Ah!"
she would exclaim, "Belmont has looked
at this face till he has forgotten mine—he
is faithless, and I am wretched."

"But she is not—she cannot be, with
such a contour as that: compose yourself,
dear Ellen, for not only will your sister
refuse your wandering lover, but restore
him to honour and to you."

When not only the lovers, but the pa-
rents were become impatient, and the re-
turn of their daughter was peremptorily
commanded, sudden measures were re-
sorted to, and Laura announced herself
the bride of Mr. Belmont, and earnestly
sued for parlor and reception. Both were
denied by the justly offended parents, who
never saw her again; for so severe were
the sufferings of their younger daughter,
that for a long time they expected her to
find refuge from sorrow in that grave, to
which anxiety soon conducted them.—

Harry Benson, in utter agony and desperation, sought for relief by a voyage to America; on his return from which he found Charles married, and heartily glad to receive him, and congratulate him on the return of his spirits, and the escape he had gained (however painfully inflicted), from a worthless coquet.

"Name her not—name her not, Charles—my wounds are healed, not skinned: however, beauty shall never more be my bane, and I heartily rejoice it was not yours. I trust the good sense, the cultivated mind, the ——"

"Say not a word on that, dear Hal, if you love me. The truth is—you will not laugh at me, nor expose me, I know—the truth is, I mistook the acquiescence of a stupid girl for the sympathy and intuitive knowledge of an inquiring mind. My wife knows no more of physiognomy than she did the day I married her; and as to history, geography, the most common information on the most common topics, she is ignorant, and content to be so. I tell you this before I introduce you, least she should in her kindness inquire whether travelling in the coach all the way from New York had not fatigued you?"

"Then she has kindness?"

"Oh, yes! the poor soul would not hurt a fly, and would give me the world 'were it one chrysalite.' She has indeed been so very attentive and affectionate to poor Ellen Camtown, that she loves her like a sister."

"Then be comforted; for Ellen is a sensible and good girl, and could not love a fool."—"After all, you were not mistaken in the mouth, which you know Lavater holds to be by far the most material feature."

Thus consoled and consoling, the two friends became more than ever dear and necessary to each other; for Mrs. Strange had not that fault, too common to young wives, of insisting on their right to engross the husband entirely. On the contrary, she rejoiced that he had some one to talk to that could understand him; and as Ellen was now necessarily thrown much into the society of Benson, under circumstances to move his pity as an orphan, it was no wonder that by degrees the painful emotions her presence awakened in the first instance, gave way to softened sensations and sincere friendship. On this ground, a warmer feeling became implanted, though it was not acted upon for a long time, seeing that one heart had been seared as by lightning, the other wasted by long suffering. It is, however, certain that, after their marriage, few persons have been more happy; for they experienced a renovation of spirits that might be called the resurrection of love in its happiest effects.

As friends and neighbours, for some time both parties continued still to pursue the study of that science in which each had so signally deceived himself, laying such deception rather to their own deficient knowledge as tyros, than to any fault in the system. It is probable that, by this time, they are become followers Spurzheim, and may have discovered that, in Benson's well-developed skull, there existed originally a passion for beauty, and that Strange's bald brow shows a little bump in favour of money; notwithstanding which, both have been honest and honourable men throughout life, and even now "Two blither souls ye shall na see."

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**NOVEMBER.**

**BY BRYANT, THE AMERICAN POET.**

Yet one smile more, departing distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapoury air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sited o'er the meadows bare;
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks, whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last;
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray,—
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

SONG OF THE ARAB BOY.

BY J. O’DONOGHUE, ESQ.

That eye was once a deeper blue,
    But now ’tis dimmed and faded;
And on that cheek a richer hue,
    With sorrow now o’ershaded.
And Beauty’s rays, upon that brow,
    No more are seen to wander;
And oh! that heart is fireless now,
    I loved each moment fonder.
’Tis thus, with every smiling flow’r,
    The more we woo its splendour—
It lives—it blossoms for an hour—
    By every chill made tender.

And where that melody of thought,
    The heart would love to borrow—
And where that look of softness caught
    From Music’s dreamy sorrow?
And where the lute she loved to play,
    The tones she loved to waken—
Like fairy dreams they’re passed away,
    And left her here forsaken.
’Tis thus, with every smiling flow’r,
    The more we woo its splendour—
It lives—it blossoms for an hour—
    By every chill made tender.

MEMOIR OF LABLACHE.

BY CASTIL BLAZE.

In 1791, Nicolas Lablache, a Marseilles merchant, quitted his native country, which was then a prey to all the horrors of the revolution, and established himself at Naples, where he married Frances Bietaek, a lady of Irish descent. Louis Lablache, the celebrated acor and singer, and his two sisters, Adelaide and Clelia, were born in Naples. For some years the father of Lablache was prosperous and happy; but the revolution he had fled from, breaking out in 1799, it caused the ruin of his affairs, and he died in the course of a year of a broken heart, leaving his young family utterly destitute; and they must have perished, but for the benevolence of Joseph Bonaparte (now in England, under the title of Count de Surveilliers); he took the orphans under his protection, and brought them up. Adelaide had a very fine voice, and was educated at the Conservatoire; she afterwards gave lessons, in the art of singing, at the Convent of St. Anna, where she was so much captivated with the peace and regularity of a religious life, that, resisting all the representations of her mother and friends, who were averse that she should bury her beauty and talents in a cloister, she
took the vows. Adelaide Lablache has always led an exemplary life, and declares herself perfectly happy in the course she has chosen. The sister, Celia, was not less richly gifted by nature; she was early married to the Marquis Braida, a Spanish noble.

Louis Lablache entered the Conservatoire, at Naples, at the age of twelve years. His talents were so varied, that it was difficult to decide what musical career he should pursue: he had the precious gift, from nature, of a magnificent voice; but, even if his voice had been lost, he could play on the violoncello like Bohrer,—on the flute, like Tulon,—and his powers, both as a comic and tragic actor, are marvellous. Valente was his first singing-master, and composed a suite of solfages for his favourite pupil. When Haydn died, a mass was chanted for him in the capital of Naples; young Lablache thought that the four contraltos that were in the choir, would be overpowered by the basses and tenor voices; and in his zeal for the musical department, in which his name was then enrolled, he exerted himself so strenuously, that his voice was noticed more than any in the choir; but the consequence was so injurious to him, that his voice was utterly lost for two months,—and the extinction was so complete, that for many days he could scarcely speak. All the medical men declared he would never recover his voice, not even for utterance of speech. One morning he awoke, coughing violently; when this was over, he found he could speak freely, and sing with a sonorous bass voice of wonderful power and vibration. Here is a phenomenon for the consideration of the musical world,—the conversion, by accident, of a rich counter-tenor voice, into the finest bass in the world.

The passion of the young Lablache to become an actor was so strong, that he broke five several times from the Conservatoire, and engaged himself in the buffa line in various theatres in Italy. As this establishment of the Conservatoire belonged to Government, the shirri were sent after him every time, who tore him from his beloved theatricals, and brought him back to his duty as a vocalist. These frequent escapades of the young artiste at last drew the attention of Government, and a law was passed in consequence, forbidding any theatre to engage a pupil of the Conservatoire, under pain of paying a fine of two thousand ducats. Here we have the senate of the kingdom of the two Sicilies sitting in council to make laws on account of Lablache, then in his nonage.

Directly young Lablache was emancipated from the control of the Conservatoire, he entered on his career, as a buffa actor, in the little theatre of San Carlo, which is famous for its excellent acting in the comic line, although not of equal dignity with the grand theatre of San Carlos, which is the pride and delight of the heart of a Neapolitan.

Lablache was one of the most popular buffa actors in Italy, when he married his charming wife, Teresa Pinotti, daughter to Pinotti, the first comedian of his country. The careless, good-tempered Lablache would have passed his life as an actor in the San Carlo, if his wife had not roused him to a career of more extended exertion. The revolution of the Carbonari, in 1820, obliged him to remove to Milan, where M. Rossi, who admired his comic powers and great vocal abilities, found that he could not speak Italian, but merely the Sicilian patois, corrupted as it is with the Arabic language. This barbarous dialect would nail him at once down to the characters played by a low Neapolitan buffa. The famous Raffanelli undertook the theatrical education of Lablache; and, yielding to the persuasions of his excellent wife, Lablache submitted to study; and, by means of his admirable natural abilities, soon made a prodigious progress. At Milan he played for six succeeding seasons with great success. Being urged to make the tour of Europe, to extend his reputation, he introduced I. Barbiere di Siviglia to the Germans. His career at Vienna he considered the most brilliant and happy of his dramatic life. Rubini and Madame Mainville Fodor sustained the parts of Almaviva and Rosina. He performed Figaro; likewise the characters of Assur, Uberto, and Geronimo; and the imperial capital was moved with astonishment to see the same person succeed in all. A medal was struck at Vienna in honour of Lablache.

After the Congress of Laybach, Lablache was presented to Ferdinand, King of Naples, who gave him a gracious reception, appointed him singer in his chapel, and granted his request of a pension for his father-in-law, Pinotti. Lablache then returned to
Naples, from which he had been absent several years, and was received with thunders of applause, on the immense scene of the theatre San Carlos, in the part of Assur; while Madame Mainville Fodor, who represented the Queen of Babylon, sung admirably in that brilliant and difficult character.

Rossini twice heard Lablache sing in Italy, and bore witness to his wonderful powers as actor and vocalist. By his persuasions, he visited Paris and London, during the seasons of 1830, 31, and 32. He has returned, for the present, to his own country.

The voice of Lablache has but the usual extent of bass voices—from sol to mi. With the exception of the two extreme notes, his voice sounds equally on all points. It rings like a bell, by the force of its vibrations, and not by the action or contraction of the guile. The sound escapes as freely from his breast as from the pipe of an organ of eight feet. Some of our readers may have heard of the fine voice of Cherub. After Cherub had been singing, he would, after refreshing himself with sugared water, breathe in the empty glass, and the fragile crystal flew in a thousand fragments; but, if the Italian Hercules chose to send forth his ré in a saloon, with the strength of volume he can give, all the glass in the room would fly in shivers. These vocal phenomena sometimes appear in the musical world.

The triumph of Lablache is in the opera buffa; but this immense superiority of comic genius does not prevent him from becoming admirable and sublime, when he performs in the grand scene of Assur in Semiramide. His lofty and majestic figure, his expression noble and imposing, gives to the father of Desdemona a dramatic importance never before seen, till Lablache good-naturedly accepted this secondary part. The superb scene of the malédiction, where Desdemona, sinking under the menaces of Elmiro, sends forth that cry of despair, “Se il padre m’abbandon,” never produced so striking an effect as when Madame Malibrán was seconded by Lablache. But those who have seen him perform the characters of Geronimo, in Il Matrimonio Segreto; the Magnifiche, in Cenerentola; of the Podesta, in Il Gazzo; Leporello, in Don Giovanni; and even the Figaro, in Il Barbiere; will scarcely believe that it is possible for so complete a comic actor to excel in tragedy. Lablache is, in short, the Garrick of the Italian stage.

**Review.**

**Literature.**

*Anecdotes of Animals.* Selected by a Lady. Harvey and Darton.

We do not undertake in general to review works for children, though we confess that they are of a class in which all females are called to take especial interest. The one before us possesses the never-failing captivation of Natural History, and relates such anecdotes of history with so much unaffected elegance, modesty, good sense, and knowledge of the subject, as to merit the attention of every one: we acknowledge the claim.

After a very sensible introduction, which opens with a reference to holy writ, and displays throughout that humility of heart which results from purity of faith, the fair author proceeds to notice distinctly, all the best known quadrupeds, and some of the most remarkable birds, her little volume being illustrated by several very excellent wood-cuts, got up in a very artist-like manner, and contributing to form a remarkably beautiful volume for children.

The name of the lady, who has thus selected for the instruction and amusement of her children this useful and agreeable information, is not mentioned; but we have the happiness of knowing her, and therefore appreciate her little “labour of love” the more highly. She is very young, very beautiful, high-born, and not only suitably but most happily married to a young nobleman worthy of her. Every one of these circumstances offer a temptation calculated to lure the favoured daughter of prosperity, and the distinguished favorite of nature, from the exercise of such maternal duties and such simple tastes as have been here exhibited; and had the book been far more excellent than it is, it would have fallen short of the truly beautiful idea of the writer awakened by
her conduct, since we conclude her talents calculated to give effect to her virtues. We trust this is only the precursor of more extensive and efficient labours, in which the more peculiar qualities of her own mind will appear; for we are aware it is of no ordinary calibre.

The Conversational Method of Teaching Languages, or the Systems of Hamilton and Jacotot Improved. By S. B. L. P. Souter. 1832.

The system of teaching languages adopted by the late Mr. Hamilton was the subject of some very clever papers in the "Westminster Review" for 1829. And the claims of M. Jacotot, upon the same subject, were discussed in a later volume of the "Foreign Quarterly." The perusal of these articles irresistibly directed our attention to the facts they detailed in support of these two systems; and we are therefore, upon the present occasion, very willing to introduce the above little tract to our readers. The author, after giving a lively picture of the difficulties which obstruct the progress of learners of languages according to the old or present system, shows in what respect his mode of teaching differs from that which was adopted by Mr. Hamilton; and, in order that we may not mistake our author's meaning, we transcribe the following account of his improvements. After objecting that Mr. Hamilton's system offers too great a strain on the memory of the learner, he says,

"It is, therefore, necessary to have recourse to a translation made in still closer analogy with the conventions of the foreign language. For this purpose I have made my translations strictly literal, and in the order of the foreign text. By placing this in the pupil's hands, he is enabled to learn and repeat a language to any extent; not only a portion, but the whole language may be learnt by heart. A translation thus made is far from unintelligible. When an idea is formed in the mind, no part of that idea is, as far as we know, conceived before another. Thus a Frenchman says, "a cup red?; an Englishman, "a red cup." The German says, "He asks me this morning with you was?" The Italian says, "I went of him seeking." The Latins used to say, "the father loves the son, and the son loves the father," "pater amat filium, et filium amat pater,"—and both these modes of expression represented the same idea. In Hebrew, the conjunction and, placed before the future tense, changes it into the perfect: thus, and will create God, is equivalent to God created. The Chinese says, "anger-child, splendor sun;" also, "ten thousand things, are, of heaven, the lord, that, to make." Now all these modes of expression are clearly understood in the countries in which they are respectively used; yet, in all those countries, the ideas which these words represent are conceived by the human mind in precisely the same form and manner. It follows, therefore, that all these sets of expressions are so many conventions entered into by the inhabitants of the respective countries, to use their words in a certain form. If we wish to acquire a foreign language, we must enter into these conventions, and the shortest way will be by the process I have already described, viz. to place words of similar import under the foreign text, in the same order, and then learn the text by heart, retaining the translation to assist the memory. Thus the facts of the foreign language constantly present themselves to the eyes, the same as the facts of our maternal language strike upon the ears. These facts are always understood—because, unlike the masters of the old system, we always explain, or cause the pupil first to acquire, in his maternal language, what we wish him to learn in a foreign one. But, in order that the conventions may not present any difficulty to the pupil, we arrange all those of the foreign language which differ from those of the maternal tongue in classes, giving the English conventions in explanation: to each set of conventions we affix a reference number, and wherever a similar convention occurs in the text, we place the appropriate reference number in the translation, so that the pupil can never be at a loss for the significance. If a certain convention occurs fifty times in the book, fifty reference numbers are affixed,—thus, by habit, this convention is rendered as familiar to the pupil as those of his maternal language. This process aids, and does not impede, the operations of nature, and affords that assistance to the pupil who studies upon the system of Jacotot, for want of which so many have turned back and abandoned the method in despair. The facts of a language being thus acquired, it is easy to add the technical terms of grammar, which are but a part of language: indeed, I have made use of grammatical terms in the notes, in order to explain the foreign conventions, supposing that the pupil will be already acquainted with them, from learning his native language.

"The Conversational Method is, therefore, based upon the following principles, deduced from the operations of nature:—1st. To teach first, in the maternal language,
what we wish the pupil to acquire in a foreign. 2d. To repeat continually the foreign conventions for those ideas, till they are acquired by heart. 3d. To compare such conventions with each other, and thence to deduce the grammar of the language. By reverting to these simple means, the acquisition of knowledge is divested of its trammels, and the pupil proceeds with ease and pleasure; he cannot be at a loss, as his book explains every thing, and the necessity of applying to his schoolfellows is done away with.”

We learn, in conclusion, that *Elisabeth, ou les Exilés de Sibérie*, has been arranged for this improved method; and our fair readers have therefore an ample opportunity of trying this royal road to learning. We have never gone this road ourselves; but we have heard that it is a very pleasant one, and have reason to believe that it is fast becoming a great thoroughfare. M. Jacotot’s system is not confined to the teaching of languages; but, according to his account, even music may be taught by this mode of instruction, in much less time than is now devoted to the cultivation of that delightful and ever-pleasing science. We suppose he would teach any young lady to play the accompaniment to our song for the present month, “My Pretty Rose,” in the course of a week or two. If, in addition to this, he could, by the Jacotot system, confer a good voice upon his pupil, we imagine he would soon have the voices of our fair readers in his favour. He would certainly have ours, for we happen to be particularly fond of singing; but verily our present note is like that of a raven.

*Example; or, Family Scenes.* Smith and Elder, 1832.

There is much in this little volume that insures our respect and approbation. We can conscientiously commend the plan and principles—the language and sentiments are good—the intentions are excellent; we can give it every praise, except that of original genius. It has, in fact, no fault that industry and good feeling can supply; but it needs the vigorous intellect that causes all sorts and conditions of persons to be absorbed in the subject, when they take up a tale written by Jane Taylor, Mrs. Sherwood, or the Rev. Charles Taylor. The talents of these distinguished authors would have been conspicuous, had they devoted them to the mere amusement of the world; as it is, they chain the attention of every one down to their pages, not by the variety of incident, but by the exquisite touches of nature and true development of individual character. We find in their works no dry wordy outlines of mere nominal personages: we remember Miss J. Taylor’s Elizabeth, in “Display;” as if she were an acquaintance; and we recall Mrs. Sherwood’s Clara Lushington, Clarissa, and Margaretta, as if they had crossed our path in life, and shared in its troubles and trials. With these admirable models full in view, we would recommend the writers of religious works not to attempt story and character, as illustrative of their sentiments, unless they possess powers of mind to make them deeply interesting, which certainly is not the case in “Example, or Family Scenes.”


We recommend this book to the sensible mother of a family, who will make a proper use of the information contained in it. But there are some persons so much attached to the system of drugging those who are under their care, that we should be sorry to induce them to read Messrs. Butler’s eloquent description of the virtues of the drugs they sell. There are no less than 127 pages filled with an account of the various drugs, chemicals, &c., all and each of which are described as being good and proper for some of the various diseases which flesh is heir to. We are fully persuaded that the mischief, caused by the use of nostrums of various kinds, is quite incalculable; and we consider that the existence of many diseases may be attributed to the use of supposed remedies.

The system of medicine, if it can be called a system, is founded on mere guess and fashion; and no two physicians, of any eminence, prescribe the same remedies.

We earnestly recommend our readers to peruse a work by the celebrated Mr. St. John Long, where they will find the most rational and sensible description of diseases in general which has ever been offered to the world, and in which he points out, with great ability, the faults of the present system. This gentleman is again in a
very considerable practice, and has published some statements which, we candidly confess, proves to us that he was improperly brought to trial, being entirely guiltless of causing the deaths of the two ladies under his care. It does not seem very improbable that Mr. Long will ultimately bring about a prodigious change in the treatment of diseases, all the various modifications of which he attributes to one or two predisposing causes. We cannot, however, in reviewing a Medicine Chest Directory, enter into a discussion of Mr. Long’s system. The accounts of the ill effects arising from the use of his lotion seem to be all false and false! We refer our readers to another part of our Review for further information.

Friendship’s Offering and Winter’s Wreath, for 1833. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We had the pleasure of noticing the embellishments to this beautiful work in our last number; and, upon looking at the literary portion of it, we cordially recommend “Friendship’s Offering” to the patronage of our readers. No expense has been spared in getting up the work. The plates, the paper, print, and contributions, are all excellent in their kind; and we know not how we could point out any thing for emendation. Amongst the contributors we find Miss Milford, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Delta, the Author of “The Village Poor-House,” and Allan Cunningham.

We select the two following extracts, as specimens of the contents of the work. The first is by Delta, the second by the Author of “The Village Poor-House.” If we mistake not, this work will be one of the most successful of all the annals.

“Letters from Home.

“Tis sweet, unutterably sweet,
Upon a far and foreign shore,
The pen-recorded thoughts to greet,
Of those whom once ’twas bliss to meet,
But now are severed by the roar
Of mighty ocean, and the green
Of hill and plain outstretched between!
Then, like a lava tide, the past
Comes o’er the spirit—by-past things,
And half-forgotten thoughts, which cast
Gleams, far too beautiful to last,
Of heavenly radiance from their wings;
And lo! in hues more bright than truth,
Start visioned forth the scenes of youth.

The sheep-clad hills, where boyhood strode
The wild flowers down the shady wood,
Of timid ringdoves the abode,
The winding river, bright and broad,
The bleak moor’s swampy solitude,
The churchyard yew’s sepulchral gloom,
The ivied porch and lichenened tomb.
Yes! like a picture, there they smile
The sun-bright years of early life!
Ere stooped the heart to worldly guile,
And earth an Eden looked the while;
Replete with bliss and free from strife:
Days far too heavenly to remain—
Days which will ne’er return again!

Nor least, the wanderers from thy shore,
Green Albyn, wrapt in thought, survey
The waving wood, the mountain hoar,
The battle field renowned of yore,
The gleaming loch and ferny brae;
Ah! sweet t’is their’s to muse upon
The songs and shores of Caledon!

And thus it is, on foreign strand,
That whatsoever strikes the chord
Which vibrates towards our native land,
And bids in thought its scenes expand,
Is almost as a thing adored—
A talisman, whose magic key
Shows what hath been—no more to be!
Therefore t’is soothing—therefore sweet,
Upon a far and foreign shore,
The pen-recorded thoughts to greet,
Of those whom once ’twas bliss to meet,
But now are severed by the roar
Of mighty ocean, and the green
Of hill and plain outstretched between!”

“Courtsip.

“Oh, Laura! will nothing I bring thee
E’er soften these locks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain?
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure the richest I’m worth;
I offer thee love,—the sincerest,
The warmest e’er glowed upon earth:
But the maiden, a haughty look flinging,
Said, ‘Cease my compassion to move;
For I’m not very partial to singing,
And they’re poor whose sole treasure is love!’

My name will be sounded in story;
I offer thee, dearest, my name;
I have fought in the proud field of glory!
Oh! Laura come share in my fame!
I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art,
Which thrills as its tribute it pours thee
Of tenderness fresh from the heart:
But the maiden said, ‘Cease to importune;
Give Cupid the use of his wings:
Ah, fame’s but a pitiful fortune—
And hearts are such valueless things.’
Oh, Laura, forgive, if I’ve spoken
Too boldly! — nay, turn not away,—
For my heart with affliction is broken,
My uncle died only to-day.
My uncle, the nabob, who tended
My youth with affectionate care,
My manhood who kindly befriended,
Has died — and has — left me — his heir!
And the maiden said, ‘Weep not, sincerest;
My heart has been yours all along:
Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest,—
Do, Edward, go on with your song!’”

The Comic Offering, or Ladies’ Melange of Literary Mirth, for 1833. Edited by Miss L. H. SHERIDAN. Smith and Elder.

We were always reckoned exceedingly gallant. It is our nature; and were it not so, that amiable quality would surely be forced upon us by the extensive and increasing circulation which our periodical is so happy as to enjoy. It was, then, with a becoming sense of hommage aux dames that we opened this elegantly-bound annual, the first among the many which the season has brought us, edited, as it is, by a lady — a young lady too — (blush not fair duchess) — the most beautiful link in an exquisitely beautiful chain of relatives. As we before observed, the outside of the volume pleased us much: it has a binding of chocolate-colored morocco, indented with various amusing characters and devices. The leaves are, of course, edged with gold. And now for the contents.

What if many of the puns and cuts which the “Comic Offering” contains, are not very original — Do they not compensate for this defect in the pleasures of memory? And if the witticisms, too, are not over good, do we not often laugh at the writhings and contortions of a bad punster more than at the successful efforts of a good one? And if the ideas are far-fetched, ought we not to be grateful to the authors who have gone so far for our amusement? Certainly we ought; and we must say that we consider it very ill-natured in those noble contributors, who Miss Sheridan tells us have withheld their names, not to let us know to whom we are obliged for our hearty laugh at their expense. “Reluctance to disclose them,” in sooth! If they but make themselves fools only once a year, happy are they. But to particularize. First, the cuts. “Cultivating an Acquaintance.” An old man is stand-up, while others are employed, one in covering his feet with dirt, another cutting his nose off, and another in watering him. Is’t that funny? “Weeping Will-o’-the-wisp!” A lady sitting under some willow trees, crying, Why don’t ye laugh? “The head of Brazen-nose College.” A donkey dressed in a surplice. What! still grave? Oh! we see: we must explain. A donkey brays through the nose; and, with a very little alteration, the word the being left out, and the word in substituted for through, it may be said the donkey brays-in-nose; and hence the witticism. Isn’t it excellent? Now for the literary portion. The first that we allight upon is a Sonnet, by the Honorable Captain N. (Non pareil must be the name), illustrated by a little boy caught in a net! How pretty! We will extract it, adding, after every verse, a remark of our own, à la Capel Loft (vide “Farmer’s Boy”):

“Two sailors fishing, near the Isle of Wight,
Close where a little boy his boat upset,
Pulled up their tackle (prudent in their fright)
And found the boy was safe within their net.”

Highly poetical, particularly the second line.

“Amazed the fishers gazed, with open eyes—
And one of them exclaimed, “Whoe’er you be,
Although our boat is christened the Surprise,
A young sir-prize, like you, I ne’er did see.”

Splendid! Italics quite right, though, in order that dull apprehensions may perceive the point. The men in the first verse are called sailors; in the second, fishers. Pleasing variety!

“Long have I fished for soles and eels, and thought
I knew each sort of fish within these tides;
But ne’er so large a soul, I ever caught,
And bringing thus a pair of heels besides.”

Capital! Spelling and pronunciation are, of course, things of no moment to an accomplished punster.

“Tho’ we’re not musical, we’ll set adrift
Reports which may some money for us fetch;
For we’ll declare we’ve found a boy of note,
Who quick has made a sonnet of our catch.”
The last line manifests a real poetico-
 aristocratico disregard of grammatical
 bonds, for which we commend the gallant
 Captain’s spirit.

“I saw a picture, called the Rising Sun,
 Drawn by Miss S. (I’ll tell you all
 about it);
 And if she saw our draught I think, for
 fun,
The sun’s-rase (sun’s rays) she would call
 it just to flout it.”

The parenthesis in the second line, our
 subscribers will observe, so soon as their
 frightful fit of laughter will permit, is
 merely inserted for the purpose of bringing
 it to a poetical length; and, besides, it
 was absolutely necessary to make a rhyme
 of something: and the words (sun’s rays)
 in the latter portion of the verse, are placed
 there by the gallant Captain’s anxious
 desire to save his fair readers trouble.
The italics, he fancied, would be hardly
 sufficient to explain the point.

But it would be unjust to the publishers
 to continue our quotation. We have no
 right to bring forth, in our half-crown
 publication, a poem, to read the conclusion
 of which our readers will no doubt now
 eagerly give 12s.

This annual is called, we observe, “The
 Ladies’ Melange of Mirth,” and no one
 who reads the following elegant verse,
 from a punning string of rhymes on publish-
ers, but will agree as to the aptitude of
 the title.

“Priestly and Chummy may divide theology,
 Hookham and Rouch, the angling and
 ichthology;
And for phrenology, what need of rumpus,
 One for his nob will do—so take it,
 Bumpus.”

The author of the latter splendid pro-
duction is a Mr. Collier, who has written
 likewise “a tender ballad,” composed, no
 doubt, before reading Hood’s “Nelly
 Gray.”

On the whole, we may say, this beau-
tifully-bound annual wants only originality
 in its ideas, point in its puns, and certain
 rules of grammar attended to in its litera-
ture, to make it in every respect equal to
 Hood’s.

The *Elgin Annual for 1833.* Edited by
 James Grant, of the *Elgin Courier.*
 Grants, Elgin. Smith, Elder, and Co.,
 London.

There can be no doubt, we should ima-
gine, that the first appearance of Annuals
 in this country formed a new era in the
 arts, and that their continued and rapid
 advance towards perfection is to be attri-
 buted, in a great degree, to the beneficial
 rivalry induced by these splendid pub-
 lications. But how is it that Edinburgh,
 the “Modern Athens,” (Heaven save the
 mark!) as she proudly calls herself, can
 hitherto boast no similar indication of pro-
grressive fame? How is it that the proud
 Grecian prototype leaves to us humble
 Southerns the pride of leading, where,
 consistently, we should only follow? The
 taunt is gallant, thought Mr. Grant, and
 he has rendered it more galling; for, by
 his agency, a small provincial town of
 Scotland has set the mighty city an exam-
 ple. Such an instance of intrepidity would
 deserve encomium of itself alone; but
 when we see that the talented efforts of
 the Editor have succeeded so well, we
 cannot help saying, that Scotland will de-
 serve everlasting reproach, if the endeavour
 to retrieve her character should go unre-
 warded. The plates are exceedingly pic-
turesque and well engraved; and if we are
 obliged to find some little fault with the
 paper and type, we lose their imperfection
 while reading the very clever contents of
 this pretty volume. The prose articles
 are light, pleasing, and not too long.

**“The Misadventures of a Lover” we may
 particularly allude to as excellent—inde-
 ed, quite as good as any paper we have
 yet read in either of the English *Annuals.*
 This portion of the prose is entirely the
 fruit of the Editor’s own pen. Among
 the poetical contributors, we see the names
 of Dr. Bowring, Mr. Robert Chambers,
 and others of equal fame, who have all pro-
 duced an extremely pretty and varied
 casket of poetic gems. The following
 lines are by Mr. Chambers:

**STANZAS FOR MUSIC.**

Thou gentle and kind one,
 Who com’st o’er my dreams
 Like the gales of the west,
 Or the music of streams;
 Oh, softest and dearest,
 Can that time e’er be,
 When I could be forgetful
 Or scornful of thee?

No; my soul might be dark,
 Like a landscape in shade,
 And for thee not the half
 Of its love be display’d;
 But one ray of thy kindness
 Would banish my pain,
 And soon kiss every feature
 To brightness again.
And if, in contending
With men and the world,
My eye might be fierce
Or my brow might be curled,
That brow on thy bosom
All smooth would recline,
And that eye melt in kindness
When turned upon thine.

If faithful in sorrow,
More faithful in joy,
Thou would find that no change
Would affection destroy:
All profit, all pleasure,
As nothing would be,
And each triumph desired
Unpartaken by thee.

We have now only to record our opinion
that every friend of literature and the arts,—every one who loves light, pleasing,
taned tales, and pretty engravings,
should purchase this Annual, the first,
we believe, that Scotland has produced.

The Legal Examiner, Wednesday, Oct.
24, 1832. Published Weekly. Wright,
Chancery Lane.

Start not, gentle reader; we are not
going to lead thee into the dull and
intricate details of legal topics. We rank
the Court of St. James’s in far higher esti-
imation than the Court of King’s Bench.
An article, however, has appeared in the
above number of this learned periodical,
so extraordinary, and has excited, more-
ever, such general attention about the
Inns of Court, that we cannot consistently
abstain from noticing it. It must, of
course, be answered, and we shall then
not fail to give the reply. It is headed
“A Conspiracy Developed!” and com-
ences thus:—

“A gentleman of great skill and honour-
able character has been fined, imprisoned,
and convicted of manslaughter, by means
of a base and wicked conspiracy. We need
not say that Mr. St. John Long is the indi-
vidual to whom we refer. If Mr. Long was
alone the sufferer by these transactions
which we now undertake to develope, the
task would never have been undertaken by
any one connected with this publication:—
we should then have felt that we were tres-
passing beyond the sphere which circum-
scribes our duties, and Mr. Long would have
been left to seek for redress, by an appeal
to the laws of his country. The case is, how-
ever, far different from this; for we con-
ceive, that all mankind are deeply concerned
in the discussion we are about to raise.

“Let not our readers, then, be surprised,
when we say that a discovery is dawning
upon the world, of more importance in its
consequences than any which the pages of
modern history records. The spirit has de-
sceded upon a highly-gifted man, with
“healing on its wings;” and, like Galileo
of old, he has been degraded, oppressed, and
persecuted. But the machinations of evil
men shall endure but for a moment, and the
time is now at hand when the dark transac-
tions, connected with the deaths of Miss
Cashin and Mrs. Lloyd, shall be brought to
light. And who shall undertake the task?
Who shall undertake to stem, and even to
turn, the tide which has set in so heavily
upon Mr. St. John Long? We answer that
we are in the field, his humble but abiding
advocate, prepared to join issue with the
slanderer who will now dare to assert that he
had any thing to do with the destruction of
the two patients for whose deaths he was
held responsible.”

The object of the alleged conspiracy to
which the writer alludes, must, of course,
be an attempt, on the part of the medical
men, to put down Mr. Long, of whose ex-
tensive practice and professional success
they had become jealous. But, the most
remarkable feature in the article is, the
positive nature of the charge. The author
appears so perfectly convinced of its
truth, and offers to establish his accusation
by proof. We, of course, at present re-
main neutral, leaving the combatants to
wrestle by themselves, and, like impartial
judges, believing all men innocent till
they are proved guilty. The defence
must come, and for that we shall patiently
wait. The article continues:—

“We know Mr. Long’s enemies will re-
quire some goading before they appear in an
arena where they will meet with merited
disgrace and discomfiture; but it is vain for
them to remain any longer in their fast-
nesses; for to their sorrow they will find
that, in vilifying Mr. Long, they bearded a
lion, whilst they pretended they were only
destroying a fox.

“Let us here take a rapid glance of Mr.
Long’s progress. From the commencement
of the year 1827, the Daily Papers an-
nounced to the public, that a gentleman,
residing in Harley-street, had, by the use of
new remedies, been in many cases success-
ful in the cure of consumptive disease—a
terrible disease in this variable climate.
Public attention was called to this fact, and
by degrees Mr. Long became one of the
most extensive, and, as subsequent inquiries
proved, one of the most successful practi-
tioners in this great metropolis. His re-
sidence was sought by the nobility of the
land, and Harley-street became a place of
great resort. His merits as a physician were
daily more and more appreciated, and he
appeared to be on the point of reaching the
very pinnacle of his profession. Now it
must not be forgotten, that all this was done,
even in this age of quackery, without puff-
ing—without advertisements. Mr. Long
owed his extensive practice entirely to the
communications, made by those who had
been his patients, to their friends and ac-
quaintance. Indeed, nothing was more
likely than that those who experienced the
benefit of his treatment, should implore
such of their friends, as were suffering from
maladies, to seek for his assistance. In fact,
Mr. Long's fame grew great, and all who
were acquainted with it rejoiced—except the
medical men. They heard with astonish-
ment of the wonderful cures which Mr. Long
daily performed. Who is this man, they
said, who presumes to cure our in-
curables,—and that, too, without a diploma?
Shall he be the instrument of mercy to his
fellows-creatures, and we be left destitute?
With all the envy of Joseph's brethren, they
said, 'Come now, therefore, let us slay
him, and cast him into some pit.'"

The writer thus winds up this extra-
ordinary paper:—

"We will establish our assertion, that a
conspiracy was organised against Mr. Long;
—that Miss Cashin's back was not mortified;
and that, so far from being a healthy sub-
ject when she became a patient, she was
labouring under consumption. And we
will further show, that the post mortem ex-
amination of her body gave abundant
proofs of an internal disease, sufficient to
cause her death, although Mr. Brodie
swore that the appearances he observed on
her back, which he falsely described as
mortified, were sufficient to account for
her dissolution. Having done this—having
held up the actors in this disgraceful scene to the exorciation of every good
man, we will, if it is necessary, go further,
and show that Mr. Long's friends and
patients have described him to be a gen-
tleman of great acquirements, not only
well acquainted with his profession, but a
man of humanity, as well as of great utility.
But these are qualities which many men
may boast of; and it will therefore be of
more importance for us to establish his
claims to the discovery of new remedies for
the cure of diseases. What will our readers
say when we affirm that the chemical affini-
ties of his lotion enable him to perform
cures which medical men have hitherto at-
temptsed in vain, by means of bleedings, se-
tons, issues, and blisters!—that, by acting on
the putrescent humour of the body, with
medicines he has discovered, he has per-
formed the wonderful task of reducing me-
dicine to a science, although it has hitherto
been enveloped in doubt and obscurity.
The public would have been convinced of
these facts long before this time, had not
the medical men effected a temporary di-
version in favour of their mode of practice,
by resorting to the conspiracy we complain
of. But we will undeceive the public; and
animated by the feeling which such noble
results ought to produce, we feel no hesita-
tion in commencing this discussion. On
the contrary, we enter on it with pride and
satisfaction. Surely we have said enough
to those whose characters we have attacked,
to make it incumbent on them to reply to
our remarks. But whether it is made or
not, we shall not remain silent. We will
probe these medical men to the very quick!

"One word with our readers at parting. If
there be one amongst them who feels astro-
nished that we should advocate the cause
of Mr. Long, we trust we may be permitted
to remark, that the feelings of indignation
which are roused, in some minds, against
him and his practice, only proves (if he be
innocent) the extent of the malice of his
accusers, and a darker shade is thus thrown
on their nefarious proceedings.

"The continued efforts of a powerful pro-
fession will always, for a time, bear down
one individual; and this fact has been ex-
perienced by Mr. Long. We now call for
the protection of another powerful profession,
whilst the comparative merits of two rival
systems, deeply affecting life and death, are
discussed. We feel assured the call will
not be made in vain, for it is founded on
justice, benevolence, and philanthropy.
Thus our charge is made: we wait for a
reply!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A periodical publication is about to appear
in Edinburgh, from the press, and under
the management, of Mr. Aitkin, the late
Editor of "Constable's Miscellany," "The
Cabinet," &c. &c.

Fine Arts.

The Landscape Annual for 1833. Jen-
nings.

We sit down, with great pleasure, to
fulfil our promise of a careful review of
this very beautiful work, which we con-
sider a decided improvement on that of
last year, both as to the subjects chosen
and the style of the engravings. We do
not think the frontispiece, "Entrance to
Vol. I.—No. 5.
Aosta," the most pleasing of the many excellent views which succeed, but rather the least: of course, the work must be allowed to keep its promises of delighting us faithfully; and the fine vignette, in the title-page, offers a scene of such peculiar Italian character, as to prepare us for that singular admixture of the grand, the wild, the elegant, and the picturesque, which follows.

The moonlight view of Vietri, engraved by Fisher, is given with great felicity, and is the more worthy praise on account of the difficulty generally found in delineations of moonlight; for although a person, ignorant of art, might suppose it more easy to depict the subdued colours over which the "Queen of Night" sheds her silvery rays, than to display the effects of day-light by the vision, it is certainly far more difficult, as many a failure can testify.

Vico, on the bay of Naples—Mola da Gaeta—and the Garigliana, are given with much force, and a fine effect of day-light; but the views of Vico Varo, Terni, Vallombrosa, and Fiesole, are more to our taste, and are, in every respect, exquisitely beautiful, and admirably engraved. La Spezia is a sweet, calm scene; Genoa a stormy one, and not given so as to convey much of la superbe. Trevi is a most lovely scene, combining all the characteristics of the country, beneath a sky of glorious brilliancy; and Alassio, at sunset, is not less rich and fascinating, making us envy, not only the artist's power in depicting them, but his pleasure whilst performing so delicate a task.

The view of Nice is delicious, yet we cannot quite understand the time; but it may be the hour so poetically given by Byron. The Entrance to Ibra is a charming scene; and the Fort de Bard most grand and romantic of all, presenting us "Alps on Alps," surmounted by eternal snows, and defies which only an Hannibal or Buonaparte could traverse for purposes of warfare. It is engraved by J. Smith, with his well-known felicity, and that happy attention to lights and shadows peculiarly demanded for mountain scenery. On the whole, this is the most faultless work we have had the pleasure of examining, and does Mr. Harding, and all connected with it, the highest credit.

To say Mr. Roscoe has not deteriorated from his well-known style of excellence, in the description, anecdote, and history which are combined in the work, would be sufficient to insure the reader's satisfaction. We can, however, go beyond this, and assert that, in the present volume, we find greater variety of amusement, and more condensed information on all subjects of interest connected with biographical and historical research, than he has ever favoured us with before,—given, as usual, in the happiest manner, at once concise and elegant.

There are no fewer than twenty-four fine plates in this work, and nearly three hundred pages of letter-press, and it is handsomely and substantially bound. We select, from many accounts equally excellent, the following memoirs of Michael Angelo Armirige, called Caravaggio, who closed his singular life in the vicinity of Mola da Gaeta:—

"He first rose into repute as a painter by the vigour and buoyancy of his own genius, having commenced by holding the pallets and grinding the colours for other artists. He made himself a name among that splendid galaxy of art which shed lustre on the sixteenth century; but hardly had he begun to acquire celebrity by the singular productions of his pencil, than the fierce, arrogant, and satirical turn of mind to which he fell a martyr began to display itself. Such was his devotion to his art, in early life, that he was accustomed to take his meals without revolving from his labours, on an old piece of canvass that served for napkin and board. He was fond of modelling, and used to call the mendicants and other singular characters, who sat to him as subjects, his collection of antiques. When a friend was once pointing out to him some splendid Grecian statues, 'Yes,' he replied, 'but you shall see how nature has given me specimens of the beautiful antique,' and sketched upon the spot a lovely gipsy girl who happened to be passing along the street. It was thus the Lazzaroni and other of the lower orders supplied him with materials for his studies; and from this cause, it is said, there is frequently wanting in his groups that elegant and classic air in the heads,—a fault which more than once led to the expulsion of his works from the interior of palaces and churches. Owing to his fiery temperament, Caravaggio made few friends: he became miserable and unsociable, and usually took up his quarters at a tavern. One day, not having whereewithal to make up his small account, he painted a new sign-board for the landlord, and this was subsequently sold for a con-
siderable sun. In a sudden and fierce dispute, which arose between him and another artist, who persisted in loading him with abusive epithets, Caravaggio drew his sword to attack him, and, in the act, ran it through the body of another person who hastened to separate them. In this emergency, he sought an asylum in the house of the Marchese Giustiniani, who, induced by the representation he made of the affair, not only granted him his protection, but obtained for him a pardon. The first step he took, on receiving this favour, was to challenge the man who originally insulted him, and who replied to it by stating that he was a gentleman and a cavalier, who never consented to draw his sword except against his equals. Stung to the quick by this contumacious treatment, Caravaggio abandoned his country, and set out on his voyage to Malta, with a view of acquiring for himself the dignity of knighthood, of which his hated rival had so much boasted. His expedition, in this respect, was crowned with success: he obtained the regard of the grand master, who created him a cavalier of the ancient order of Knights of Malta—gave him two slaves to attend him—and made him a present of a grand chain of gold. He was not destined, however, ever more to confront his insulting foe. The natural temperament of the artist was not corrected by this sudden influx of prosperity and honor; but, on the contrary, as the result of the interview between Byron and Miss Chaworth, when each was apparently about fourteen or fifteen years of age, both as regards the interest of the subject and beauty of the execution, is absolutely perfect.

New Music.


We think our younger musical friends will be pleased with this charming little composition: the idea of it is taken from the favorite song of the same name. We have heard it played twice, and pronounce it to be a very pretty piece of music.


The accompaniment to this song is by Moschelles, and sustains the well-earned reputation of that composer, although we
fancy this music has been published by him before in another shape. The melody is very simple, and without any distinguishing merit: the poetry is tolerable.

"I can never forget thee." By A. Lee.
This is about the average style of Mr. Lee, and is a very pretty ballad.

Duet, "Fair and Fair, and Twice so Fair."
We know not who the composer of this piece of music may be, but it is a composition which a first-rate musician need not be afraid to claim.

Drama.

DRURY-LANE. — The two principal theatres have not neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity which presented itself by the death of Sir Walter Scott; and, accordingly, each of them has been very industrious in preparing a pageant in honour to his memory. Drury-lane was foremost in this undertaking, and produced a very splendid exhibition, which bids fair to have a considerable run. A dramatic version of Sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth has also been acted, founded on a piece which has been played at the Surrey. Miss Phillips, who performs the Maiden Queen, is the heroine of the play; and, like all the representations of this talented young lady, she drew down the applause of the audience. We think, however, she used rather too much violence of action, a fault she does not often commit. Mr. Bedford was very amusing as Major Galbraith.

Don Telesfo's farce, called Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, has been a decided hit. The incidents are very simple:—Mr. Pringle (Farren) marries a widow (Mrs. Glover), with whom he becomes acquainted at a boarding-house at Brighton. Mr. Pringle, who was an old bachelor of sixty, had always manifested a great aversion to children, and this he assigned as a reason for his not having married in his youthful days;—the thought of a family of children was too terrible for all the charms of loneliness. After his marriage he discovers, to his great horror, that the guileful widow has a number of children and grandchildren, who introduce themselves to the old gentleman's notice in quick succession. These introductions are rendered the subject of great mirth to the audience, by the very excellent acting of Mr. Farren, whose nerves are terribly affected by every new inroad on his domestic comfort. Mrs. Glover, too, performs the widow very cleverly.

A play, by Mr. Power, founded on Quentins Dauward, is said to be in preparation for this house; and we hear that Madame Malibran is engaged.

COVENT GARDEN. — Mr. Sheridan Knowles has prepared a masque, in honour of Sir Walter Scott, for this theatre, which has been produced in a very splendid manner, with complete success. We transcribe the following account of it:—In Dryburgh Abbey, seen by moonlight, the tomb of Scott is discovered, occupying the centre of the foreground. A poet in the garb of Scotland enters, and, after uttering some verses of eulogium on the genius of the departed bard, and of lament for his loss, deposits on his tomb a funereal chaplet. Fancy then enters, and invokes the Genii of England and Ireland, and the Spirit of the Mountains, who assemble round the tomb, and unite in bewailing the fate of him who, while alive, had shared their best gifts, and worn them to their honour no less than to his own. Immortality then rises from the tomb, consoles their griefs by pointing to the lasting fame the poet has achieved, and to the undecaying monument which his genius has built upon his works. The clouds which have ushered in the approach of Immortality then dissipate, and the tomb disappears. In the distance are shown a succession of pictures, representing scenes from some of the best of that series of novels which have been long the delight of this age. These scenes are extremely well managed, by means of strong lights, of which nothing but the effect is visible. The characters represented are dressed with an accuracy and picturesqueness which deserve the highest praise, and the groups are arranged in the most striking manner. The first represents the meeting between the Knight of Snowdon and the Lady of the Lake. The landscape is beautifully painted, and the effect produced is at once highly vivid and pleasing. This changes to the scene in the cavern at Dernclough, where the catastrophe of the novel of Guy Marnering is powerfully
Review.

The next represents the sea shore, and the peril of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter, and the efforts of the old Beadsman to rescue them. In the fourth, a picture is given of the return of the enterprising marauder Rob Roy, accompanied by his grotesque friend the Baillie Nicol Jarvie, to his wife and sons, at the moment when they are mourning him as dead. The next scene is that in which the Duke of Argyll introduces Jeanie Deans to the Queen of George II., to sue for and obtain her sister's pardon. The next, and one of the best, nay, the very best of the whole series, represents the lists at Templestow, with the despairing Rebecca waiting in suspense and agony the approach of a champion to deliver her from the horrid fate which seems to approach her. The confident and insulting defiance of the Templar rings through the air; no sound is returned, and the fair Jewess seems to give up the frail hope to which she has hitherto clung, when a distant clarion is heard; she leaps eagerly from the stake, her knight rushes in, and saves her from the frightful death that awaited her. In the dim twilight vaults of a moulder ing abbey, Old Mortality is seen engaged in the vain but pious task of endeavouring to save from the ravages of time and neglect, the names of the men who, in struggling for freedom of religious opinions, wrought out and established their civil liberties. The last scene represents the Court of Elizabeth in the Castle of Kenilworth. The series of tableaux thus concluded, a change ensues, which represents Abbotsford, as it may be centuries hence, where a festival is held in commemoration of Scott, and in which the various personages who have occupied the preceding scenes are disposed in various groups. The effect of this last display is extremely good.

We cannot speak of the poetry introduced by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, because that gentleman mouths it in the delivery so as to make it impossible to hear the connecting words of his sentences, and it is therefore complete nonsense to every person who does not happen to be close to the stage: this failing attends Mr. Knowles in every thing he undertakes, and is a great blemish to his acting.

Laporte commenced the season with a magnificent spectacle, entitled His First Campaign, which is a most splendid exhibition. It is founded on an incident in the life of John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough, who, when a young man, served under Marshal Turenne. Mr. Forrest, late of the Strand Theatre, performed John Churchill, but we have seen him display more knowledge of acting in many other parts: there are many peculiarities in his gestures which must be got rid of before he can become a good actor; his defects were the more apparent, as he was placed by the side of Mr. Warde, one of the most distinguished performers of the day; this gentleman represented Marshal Turenne with great effect, and his fine voice was well adapted to the part. Little Miss Poole was very amusing as Charley Rowley, a drummer-boy in the English service, and she sings a song, which is generally encored. There was a very excellent display of dancing by Mons. Guerinot and Madlle. Adele, two artistes of no common excellence. Mr. Laporte plays in this spectacle; and we are happy to say that he generally comes on the stage to smile on full houses assembled to gaze at "His First Campaign."

ADELPHI.—John Reeve is returned to his old quarters, and producing roars of laughter from his audience by his antics. Mrs. Yates also adds to the amusement of the frequenters of this house by her pathetic representation of her favourite parts.

A new piece, called The Divorce, is said to be very successful.

OLYMPIC.—This theatre is again an object of great attraction, and Madame Vestris has collected a very clever company to assist in her Nightly Revels.

SADLERS' WELLS.—This theatre is now under the direction of Mr. Williams and Mrs. Fitzwilliam. We were quite astonished to view the effect of a series of tableaux to illustrate the writings of Sir Walter Scott, which are got up in a most spirited manner; after the superb exhibitions at Drury Lane and Covent Garden we could scarcely have anticipated so successful an attempt at a minor house. The return of Rob Roy is admirably done, and we recommend our readers in the neighbourhood to pay a visit to this theatre. The lessers treat the public with some very excellent singing; and amongst the company we find that charming songstress, Miss Somerville.

NEW STRAND.—The Middlesex Magistrates have refused to license this
Fashions.

As usual much ingenuity has been exercised in order to prepare a choice of new materials for the first winter month, when fashion makes her adoptions for out-door costume, and even anticipates the future brilliant parades of approaching evening parties, opera dresses, balls, and court galas. For walking dress, the most promising material that has been offered to the attention of the ladies, is a beautiful cloth, of exquisite lightness and warmth, which is simply called Thibet. Mantles and cloaks will be worn of this material, which will be ornamented with application-embroidery of velvet. Meantime a vast number of new inventions have been effected, of which we hasten to present a list: these are chiefly for cloaks, which must be prepared for the end of November or the beginning of December.

**Manteau Caméléon.**—This cloak material is made of Cashmere wool, brocaded with silk; it is so woven that it presents a perfect surface on each side, though very different in appearance. The mantle is made without capes.

**Manteau Macabre.**—A light material, woven with silk and wool, with little flowers in the middle, but bordered in gothic designs of a great depth.

**Manteau Buridan**—Is wholly of rich silk, with large satin bars or bands. The usual colours are granite on deep granite, light green on deep green. The satin bands are usually the lightest colour.

**Manteau Persan**—Made of thibet, brocaded with silk in a beautiful imitation of India shawl patterns.

**Manteau Ture, Manteau Malhane, Manteau Arabesque,** are all variations of the above, with the exception that the last, in Arabesque patterns, will wash without the slightest injury to its beauty.

**Manteau de Matin.**—A vast quantity of diverse English cloth material is adopted for the purpose of mere walking wraps; these are of woollen cloth, printed, plaided, or in stripes.

These elegant and useful inventions will be imitated by English manufacturers as soon as they are convinced of the most fashionable adoptions in Paris. Dahlia colour and Hanneton brown are often seen in the fashionable cloaks and mantles.

For the most approved pattern after which these cloaks are to be made, the plates of La Follet must be consulted.

**Walking Dress.**—Satin: moire and chali have succeeded the lighter foulards and mousseline de laine for abroad costume. Elegant pelisses are still worn, unobscured by the shade of cloaks; this will continue while the weather remains warm and open. Furs have not yet been adopted, and embroidered moire and velvet capes and boas will, it is supposed, dispute the mode with them, especially in carriage and promenade dress.

For the present month, November, we noted the following elegant parure:

A bibis chapeau de pale pink (moure) watered silk, trimmed on one side by a demi-veil of English lace, which is continued among the trimmings, and ornamented with a feathery crape flower of white and pink. The pelisse is of souris (mouse) coloured satin, with a corsage full on the shoulders, and folded back in a robing formed of compound dents in clusters of
three; this pelisse shows beneath a petticoat of souris moire, exactly the colour of the pelisse; boots embroidered up the instep with silk of the same shade; ruche of English lace, and white Tibet boa scarf. Bibia bonnets, and still more chapeau bibis, are universal, and they promise a winter reign as complete as they have sustained through summer and autumn.

The winter bibis are made of velour epingle and velour tyrolien, both newly invented. Hanneton and Dahlia are the favourite colours, with a mixture of apple green: they are trimmed with marquises a la Clotilde.

The new materials invented for walking dress are as follows:—

Cachemire Tibet, has the fineness of the most beautiful cachemires. It has a firm fabric, and is equally destined to dinner and walking dress.

Satin cachemere, a material equal in lustre to satin, and superior to chali in elegance; this is worn for promenade and dinner dress.

Chali Cachemere, brocaded in silk bouquets or columns; it is brought to great perfection.

Tissus des Indes, are printed on white grounds for dinner or evening dress, on brown or chamois for walking-dress, or home morning-dresses. The Tissus des Indes are fabricated of cachemire wool.

In walking dress feronnieres must be adopted with great caution; jewellery is exploded in out-door costume, a ruche of narrow tulle is often placed across the brow in this form. White ruches are still worn on autumn bonnets. To sustain the ruches in their place, and in a proper form, the tulle is edged with a slight wire thread, manufactured on purpose. Mentonniere and bonnet-caps are made of full ruches of tulle; when these are low on the checks, puffs of ribbon are worn low on the brow, a la fermonnaire.

Evening Dress.—Many new materials for brilliant full dress have recently been invented, and are awaiting for the hand of taste to select and model them. Among these we recommend a material named from Taglioni, who has first appeared in it,—the gaze Syphide; it has all the brightness of the gaze Donna Maria, with the freshness of novelty; it is woven in alternate stripes of gaze and satin ribbon, the latter beautifully brocaded with bouquets of flowers. Silk tulle is prepared for full dress robes and tunics, with application of white crape, arranged in wreaths or bouquets of foliage. The stalks are made of white silk cord; this is very novel, and has an exquisite effect for ball dresses. The satin, or gaze Syphide (for where the satin stripes predominate it is called by the one name, and where the gaze stripes are the broadest, by the other,) is prepared in all shades and colours, and sometimes even in two shades of the same colour, and with opposite colours. It is seen in light green, white, rose, blue, cerise, ponceau, and dahlia, and promises to be the material most in vogue for full dress in the approaching season.

The Tissu de Sumatra is another material of great elegance; it is supple and brilliant, and wears without creasing or fraying.

Cachemere muslin, and a beautiful invention called mousseline velours, which is mousseline de laine, figured in cut velvet stripes, is seen in very distinguished evening parures.

For opera, capes of the peignor form are worn thrown over the shoulders; they are made of moire, embroidered in coloured silks. One of white moire, worked in the corners with bunches of natural flowers, and the corners finished with a silk tassel or acorn, had a very good effect.

Ottoman Satin is a satin of rich quality shaded and brocaded with flowers; for ladies of middle age, it is worn of a myrtle green ground, or claret brown.

A great number of elegant parures have been noted at the Opera and Theatre Italian. One of these was a robe of rose coloured satin, brocaded in columns of a deeper shade, on which were figured white and pale pink flowers; a chemisette of English lace, very transparent, drawn round the throat with an edge of delicate narrow lace, and a coronet of numerous white daisies with brown calyces.

Sometimes coronets of marguerites are worn; they are called the marguerites de Clotilda, from Mademoiselle Mars appearing with her hair thus ornamented in the favourite character of Clotilda. Coronets of pinks, thickly clustered, are worn in the Grecian style, low on the brow, but the hair is high on the crown of the head.

Some novelty in the corsage of evening dresses has been attempted, as the following toute ensemble will show. The robe of pale apple-green moire, worked round the skirts in a Taglioni wreath of darker
green velvet applications; the corsage is made on the bust, with folds of the same material, and a shaped belt comes to the centre of the bust in a point and confines the folds, the bosom gently rounded; dents on the shoulders, lace sleeves, and white satin vandyked manchettes, the whole bound with velvet the colour of the application embroidery. The head-dress is a laced scarf, prettily wreathed among bows and curls, and bouquets of marguerites, and tied carelessly under the right ear, from whence the ends hang in lappets, or a la pans; a scarf of English lace, similar to the head dress, is worn like a boa about the neck. Another evening parure of great elegance is as follows:—The hair plaited in thick, laid fold upon fold on the crown of the head, and surmounted with bows of black and gold gauze; a ferrerambre of gold and jet beads crosses the madonna bands on the brow. The dress, of white Scotch muslin, is embroidered in a wreath of green sea-weed, worked in lamb's-wool, the lights in olive floss silk; the beret sleeves are nearly covered with cleft shoulder-pieces, trimmed with a double border of English lace; they are continued to the belt behind, likewise in front, where they cross and fold to one side. Sleeve knots are placed at the parting of the epaulettes, of green gauze ribbon, edged with stripes of olive satin and gold. The belt, of gros grains of the same colour, edged with gold and olive; the belt buckle is of jet, the earrings of jet, and the necklace a black velvet cord, with jet links fastened at the throat, with a jet heart; long ends hang to the bust, where they are fastened beneath a jet brooch set in gold. Scarfs of English lace.

It must be noted that English lace is greatly sought for and worn at Paris, and that scarfs, pelerines, canozons, and demi-veils, of this coveted material, are considered in the very best taste. Application embroidery is used in every species of dress; it is a perfect rage. Velvet, satin, crape, Brussels and Honiton sprigs, are the general materials; but every day brings forth some new invention.

Dress Hats and Hair Dressing.—

Transparent dress-hats are still worn in preference to velvet togues and berretes. They are made of silk tulle, with application of white crape, in flowers and rages. Coloured silk tulle, as amber, maura, and blue, are likewise worked with application of crape a shade deeper in colour; they have a beautiful effect. Sprigs of artificial flowers in crape, veined with silk of various shades, of the same colour as the hat and application-embroidery, are placed between knots of gauze ribbon, as trimmings. Turbans and berretes have been made up of the elegant new gauze nylphade with excellent effect. Madonna bands for evening dress are frequently seen; generally a ferrerambre of beads, or a braid of hair in its place, is worn at the parting of the bands. Ferronnières may be worn, if made of very costly or delicate materials, for indoor costume. The hair assumes the demi-Greque form, in many instances, but only in the case of a very perfect classic outline is the purely Greek style tolerated, and the back hair arranged in low knots. For morning costume, the Mary Queen of Scots cap is much worn. It is made of a full and rather narrow ruche, that takes this form.

Jewellery.—For demi-parure, and even for full dress, jet is much worn; likewise black velvet necklaces, finished like hair chains, with occasional links of silver, richly figured; jet, or pearls set in gold. These velvet necklaces are round, like cords, and go twice round the neck; they generally support a picture-ocket, an essence-casket, or a small watch.

Colours. —The rage for dahlia colour (which is sometimes a rich purple crimson, and sometimes a bright red purplish,) is extreme, and, like all extremes, is carried into bad taste, as cap ribbons, scarfs, &c., are made of it, which are heavy and unbecoming. For walking-dress, dahlia, and Haneton brown, and green slate colour, are favourites. For evening, pale apple green, dove, and full rose colour, are fashionable; but in evening dress whole colours are not often seen, excepting in moire, or the new cachemire satin. White, when embroidered with lamb's-wool, is seen in full dress; but unmixed white muslins are unseasonable. White has likewise disappeared from walking-dress.

Description of Plates.

(214.) Evening Dress.—The hair is arranged with three bows, interspersed with curls at the back of the head, and with Madonna bands in front. A coronet of pink gauze ribbon, the puffs of which are separated by sprigs of the small wild convolvulus; on the left side of the face is a high bow of ribbon, and lappets that
Modèse.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N° 8.
Bonnet en blonde des M. de M. Rosquet, Rue N., des Petits Champs, N° 51.
Mandelle en blonde des M. de M. Pópland.
L'administration du Journal Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N° 23.

Published by Page, 112 Pettet lane, London.
1832.
Modèles.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, N° 2.

Manteau en satin broché de velours, des M. de Jean de Bourgogne, Palais Royal, G. de Pierre 15 fr.

Guirlande pour le chapeau et corsage en rubans et blonde des M. de M. Pajolard, Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle. 4 fr.

L'administration du Journal rue Notre-Dame & Navarre 23.

Published by Page 112, Fetter Lane London.

1832.
reach the bosom. The dress is of white crape, with pink satin shoulder-pieces continued to the belt, and finished with pelerine ends. The corsage of the dress is plain to the shape, and cut rounding to the bust, edged round the bosom with scalloped lace, and a rouleau of pink satin. Berret sleeves, very full, which nearly reach to the elbow. The skirt full and plain. Gold rope necklace. Bows of ribbon on the top of the sleeves. Long kid gloves.

(214.) CONCERT COSTUME.—Hat of lavender-coloured moiré, ornamented with a demi-veil of lace, and a bulbous flower, which, with the root, is carelessly fastened on one side. Dress of white chali cachemire. The cloak is of dahlia satin, embroidered with velvet application. It has a full cape set on at the shoulders, which is about a third of the depth of the cloak. It is the pattern that will be fashionable this year for cloaks and mantles in walking dress.

(215.) DINNER DRESS.—The head-dress is called the sylph cap; made of blonde net, with white crape application. It is very high in front, and with two small wings on each side. A few knots of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, and a profusion of small pink and white daisies, altogether without foliage, ornament the centre of the cap, which has besides long strings of ribbon. The dress is of the new material, cachemire satin; the colour, a bright rose. The corsage is nearly covered with a double mantilla of blonde, or fine British lace: there is considerable novelty in this part of the dress. The falls of lace are continued on the bust, and lengthened and pointed into a stomacher shape, the point of which is confined under the very large gold buckle that fastens the belt, and is further confined by little bands which pass up the bust. The berret sleeves reach the elbow. The skirt is full and quite plain, without ornament at the knees or hem. Belt of rose-coloured moire, with a satin border at each edge. Long gold buckle; no necklace or ornament of jewellery. The pocket-handkerchief has a broad hem, and is deeply and elaborately worked. Fan of gold gauze. White kid gloves, finished with dents on the tops. The sitting figure shows the pattern of the dress and cap at the back: the scarf, worn like a boa, is of white cachemire tibet.

Miscellanea of the Month.

STEAM COACHES.—From Liverpool we learn, that the steam-coach of Messrs. Ogle and Summers, which has been lately making a trip to Birmingham, entered the former town on Monday, amidst the acclamations of a crowded populace. Among the party brought by her were the Messrs. Brotherton, the late extensive coach proprietors between that place and Manchester. Thus has been accomplished by steam power, on our common roads, a journey from Southampton, through Oxford and Birmingham, to Liverpool, over as irregular a surface of country as could perhaps have been selected for the purpose of the experiment. The objects sought, and of which there is a proof of accomplishment by these gentlemen, are, in the first place, a safe method of generating steam in convenient space, in sufficient quantity to enable them at all times to propel vehicles on common roads, at any desired speed, and with such command of power as will overcome increased resistance from occasional obstacles, fresh gravelled, soft, or hilly roads. Secondly, the safe application of this power to vehicles of such construction as will ensure action and progress on any description of ground, and nevertheless be under the immediate control and certain guidance of the conductor.

CAMINE SAGACITY.—A most wonderful instance of the sagacity of a dog has occurred at Sheffield. A few weeks ago, the proprietor of the animal died; his wife became afflicted with aberration of intellect, and it was the constant effort of her children and friends to soothe her mind. One evening, however, she gave them the slip, and an immediate search ensued. About 11 o'clock the attention of an individual was attracted towards the goit connected with Bennett's-dam, Sheffield-moor, by the mournful cries of a dog, which were answered as plaintively by the cries of another, on the opposite bank. On this, an individual or two repaired to the spot, and there they found the faithful animal supporting the body of its mistress in the water, by holding her clothes at her breast above the water, and uttering the mournful cries. The body was immediately got out of the water, and means used to restore life, which fortunately proved successful, and she was restored to her friends. It appeared that the unfortunate woman had gone to the side of the water, thrown herself in, and had been followed by the dog.

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Zoological Gardens.—The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have, in consequence of an application made to them by the Zoological Society, granted an extensive piece of land, on the south side of Regent's-park, to be added to the Zoological Gardens. It has already been railed, and it will be speedily laid out in walks and shrubberies, and in habitations for the numerous animals for which the Society have at present little room. It is also in contemplation to erect a very superb museum on part of it, and to remove their present one from Bruton-street, Grosvenor-square. For the accommodation of the visitors to these new gardens on the north side, a magnificent swing bridge will be made over the Regent's Canal.

ERUDITION.—The following inscription is copied verbatim from a tablet affixed to the vestry of the parish church of Chatton, in Northumberland:—This vestry was erected for the accommodation and comfort of the parish of Chatton, by the public bounty of its principal inhabitants, A.D. 1821; signalised on its annals by the Coronation of George IV, on the 19th of July, as the Monarch and Father of Believing Protestant Britain, and the instructive fall of Napoleon Bonaparte on the 5th of May, a miserable exile in the island of St. Helena, and once he would have been Emperor, not only of these envied isles, but of the whole inhabitable world.” After which are inscribed the names of the vicar, curate, and churchwardens.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

Sept. 27, at Camberwell, Mrs. Arnott, of a daughter.—Sept. 29, at Milborne Port, Somersetshire, the Lady of W. C. Medlycott, Esq., of a son.—Sept. 30, at Aldbury, Herts, the Lady of the Rev. James Galloway, of a daughter.—Oct. 1, at Teignmouth, Devon, the Lady of Richard Combe, of Adderley Hall, Shropshire, Esq., of a son and heir.—Sept. 27, at Newbyth, East Lothian, the Lady Anne Baird, of a son.—Oct. 1, at the Bishop’s Palace, Rochester, the Lady of the Rev. Robert W. Shaw, Rector of Cuxton, of a son.—Oct. 3, at Maxweiltown, Kirkcudbrightshire, the Lady of the Rev. David Buchan Douie, of a son.—Oct. 11, at her father’s house, Stratford Green, Essex, Mrs. McNeil, of Collomsay, of a daughter.—Oct. 10, at Hethe House, Oxon, the Lady Louisa Slater, of a son.—Oct. 8, at Rempstone, the Lady Caroline Calcraft, of a daughter.—Oct. 3, in Great Stanhope Street, the Countess of Clanwilliam, of a son and heir.—Oct. 4, at the Rectory, Livermere, Suffolk, the Lady of the Rev. Asgill Colville, of a son.—Oct. 6, the Lady of the Rev. W. S. H. Brahm, of the Precincts, Canterbury, of a son.—Oct. 7, the Lady of the Rev. T. Binney, of London, of a son.—Oct. 4, at the Crescent, Clapham Common, the Lady of Charles Thoroald, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company’s Bengal Military Establishment, of a daughter.—Oct. 10, at Sutton Court, the Lady of Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart., of a daughter.—Oct. 12, in Trinity Terrace, Southwark, Mrs. Timbs, of a son.—Oct. 9, at Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, the Lady Lucy Eleanor Lowerther, of a daughter.—Oct. 12, at the Rectory, Fast Clandon, the Lady of the Rev. Edward John Ward, of a daughter.

Marriages.

Sept. 10, at the residence of the British Ambassador, Berne, Charlotte, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir John Foster Fitzgerald, K.C.B., to Otho Leopold, Baron Ende, Cham-berlain to his Majesty the King of Saxony.—Oct. 2, at Charley, Sussex, the Rev. Charles Goring to Maria Arabella, eldest daughter of General the Hon Frederick St. John.—Aug. 25, at Balmain, Frederick Robilliard, Esq., to Juliana, second daughter of John Parkinson, Esq., his Britannic Majesty’s Consul in that Province.—Oct. 13, at St. Mary’s Church, Colchester, Henry Hargreaves, Esq., of Manchester, and of Thistle Mount, near Rochdale, Lancashire, to Catharine, sole daughter of Charles James, Esq., of Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey.—Oct. 12, at Addington, Surrey, the Rev. J. Adolphus Wright, youngest son of Ichabod Wright, Esq., of Mapperley, Notts, to Harriet Elizabeth, youngest daughter of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Oct. 17, George Reid, Esq., to Sarah Isabella, youngest daughter of the Rev. William Holmes.

Deaths.

On the 26th Sept., at his seat at Swanstone, Isle of Wight, Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, Bart., in his 75th year. Sir Fitzwilliam has died without male issue, and the title, which was a creation of 1611, has become extinct.—Sept. 27, at his house, St. Ann’s Hill, Wandsworth, in his 85th year, Robert Smith, Esq., F.R.S. and F.A.S., and formerly for many years solicitor to the Board of Ordnance.—At Breage, Cornwall, Mrs. Thomasine Symons, in her 95th year.—The Rev. J. Griffiths, Vicar of St. Margaret’s, Rochester, and Rector of Hinshill, near Ashford.—Sept. 20, suddenly, George Schroder, Esq., of Stratford Green, in his 39th year.—Sept. 29, at Broke, Halsted, Kent, in his 83rd year, Peter Pemell, Esq., above thirty years Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate of the county.—Oct. 2, at Maldon, Christchurch, Hants, Jane, the wife of Sir George Shee, Bart.—Oct. 4, at his residence, Hanover Terrace, Regent’s Park, Major-General Sir Alexander Bryce, K.C.B., of the Royal Engineers.
"MY PRETTY ROSE!"

A SONG,

COMPOSED BY

G. A. HODSON.

ENGRAVED EXCLUSIVELY

FOR

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MY PRETTY ROSE.

Sung by Miss Cawse  Composed by G.A. Hodson.

My pretty Rose I'll think on thee, Tho' all thy leaves are gone,
Thy native bow'rs still dear to me, That seem so sad and lone;
It minds me of some festive hall Where youthful friends have met.

Andantino.
Cres        Espress        Ritard.

like thy leaves they fade and fall, And life's fond scenes forget. What

a tempo

bliss 'twould be if such sweet flowers would never fade a way.

Dolce

leave in gloom their native bow'rs, Where once they bloom'd so gay, Where

once they bloom'd so gay.

My pretty Rose thro' winters gloom, Yet were those scenes of joy renew'd,
I'll watch thy lonely stem, Endear'd by absence more,
And anxious wait the breeze of June, A pang of grief would still intrude,
To wafts its sweets again; To think they'd soon be o'er;

What bliss 'twould be if such sweet flowers,

Would never fade away,
Nor leave in gloom their native bow'rs,
Where once they bloom'd so gay.
THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

AND

MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

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

What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?"—Taming of the Shrew.

DECEMBER, 1832.

THE DUCHESS OF MODINA

A Tale.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

* * * * It was a dreadful fate; and I do not wonder that all men have agreed that it should be forgotten. The crimes by which it was preceded were indeed terrible; but the doom that followed shows that Providence, long-suffering, will be at last aroused. And yet the fate of Cleopha, Duchess of Modina, was still more terrible. Heaven knows if it were so well deserved; but fearful rumours harbingered the catastrophe; and when her mysterious death closed the tale or fable of her sins, the world was relieved from an awful incubus.

She was a Bohemian of noble birth. Her mother, it was said, possessed unparalleled beauty, and was sprung from the wandering tribes which occasionally infest the plains of that country. She was, however, addicted to the society of those from whom she was descended, and little affected towards them the dignity and distance of her exalted rank. Cleopha was an only child, and her father being an heroic soldier in the wars of that time, seldom inhabited his own castle. Thus it happened that Cleopha became more intimate with her mother's associates than she ought to have been, and was initiated in many of their secret and forbidden sorceries before the Duke of Modina solicited her hand: but she was beautiful, and when she appeared among the ladies of his court, she outshone them all. From the hour, however, of her arrival, she shunned their company, and had no companion but her nurse, a stern old crone. The Duke, her husband, estranged himself from her on their bridal night, and only on account of his wish to have an heir consented to endure her presence; and yet, of all womankind, she was esteemed by many as the fairest.

She had seven sons in succession; but ever as they severally attained their seventh year they all died. At last the Duke, imagining that the progeny of her womb was accursed, banished her with her nurse to the ancient Tower of Massa: there she resided for many years, and it is said to have been the theatre of her guilt. What her guilt was, I may not rehearse; but towards her latter days, when she had lived to be an old woman, she began to repent, and a Father Anselmo, belonging to a monastery not far from Carrara, was selected as her ghostly teacher. She never revealed to him, however, the foul secrets of her bosom; but he had gathered, from unaware expressions, that she was a doomed
vial, afflicting to others, and to herself humiliated. He spoke of her, however, as not altogether abandoned of virtue, sometimes with pity, oftener with horror. With all this, however, she was incomparably lovely, and the charms of her person long survived the period assigned to female supremacy.

Of Agathara, the nurse, he rarely opened his lips: when her name was mentioned, he grew pale and sickly, and it was observed that for a long time he shrank from her presence. It was supposed that he exhorted Cleopha to part with her—to send her away beyond the territory of Modina; but she either possessed a secret by which she ruled the Duchess, or the potency of a spell unknown to others of human birth. At last, Father Anselmo began to think that Agathara was not altogether of mortal origin. “She was wise,” he has been heard to say, “beyond the daughters of man; she spoke often with the hints of direful prophecy; she knew the crisis of the most singular diseases; every star was to her a sign; and the earth and the seasons were full of an occult intelligence which she read but refused to explain.”

This was the general character which the confessor, as he was commonly called, gave of Agathara. To those who were in his confidence, he spoke more openly: for with these qualities many amiable female graces might be connected, but she had none save her affection for Cleopha, and even in that she evinced a hideous malignity, for she was only content when that ill-fated lady committed wrong: evil was her good; and at last she so worked upon the Duchess, that all the other servants quitted the Tower of Massa, and left her alone.

For seven years no man was allowed to enter the castle-gates: they were shut constantly, and when a stranger sought admission, Agathara regarded him from a grated window, and told him roughly to depart. But an old blind peasant, that lived at the bottom of the hill, supplied them with necessaries and with firewood, which obliged the iron Agathara occasionally to unbolt the gates, and give admission to his mules. She, however, was in this as vigilant as she was mysterious: she unloaded them herself, though she was an aged woman, and when unable to lift and carry away the faggots, she summoned the Duchess to her aid.

At the end of the seven years that the Duchess had lived in this dismal manner, Ambrosio, the old peasant, died suddenly, on the eve before his duties called him to the castle; and his wife, knowing the importance of punctuality, sent their son, Ricardo, with the mules as usual.

It happened that long custom had taught the inmates of the tower to expect them, and, for the first time, Agathara on that day omitted her inspection from the grated window above the ancient portal, and, without being aware of the change, unbarred the gates below, and allowed the mules to enter, before she perceived that the driver was not the old blind man. The mules, of their own accord, went straight into the court of the castle, and Agathara, at the same moment, seized the boy by the throat, and pushed him forth, closing the studded doors against him.

At first, the poor lad loudly lamented this usage; but he mounted an olive-tree, which overtopped a part of the surrounding wall. What he saw, is not divulged: it is only known to Father Anselmo, who on that evening had been summoned from his monastery to perform some solemn office over the remains of Ambrosio.

Agathara in due time opened the gate, called the boy towards her, and pushed forth the mules. In doing this, she observed that the urchin had climbed the tree, but she said nothing, only she invited him to come next day to the tower, and she would give him a reward that would induce him to come again. He, however, rejected her reward, spoke to her of what he had seen, and fled from her with aversion; but she caressed him back, laid her hand kindly upon his shoulder, and smiled in his face. Her smile, however, instead of appeasing his terrors, only made him worse, and he declared that she should never see him more; for though his father had died, and his mother was a lone widow, he would rather fly the country than be an agent to such a being.

In this altercation the Duchess, descending from her room, took a part: she made herself more acquainted with the boy’s story, and her beauty and blandishments softened his heart.

In the course of time, being in some degree pacified, Ricardo drove his mules down the hill to the dwelling of his mother, and when he arrived, he found Father
The Duchess of Modina.

Anselmo and some of the neighbours from a distance. They had made arrangements for the funeral of the old man, which was to take place exactly at sunset,—so short a time after the arrival of Ricardo from the castle, that he had scarcely leisure to attend the interment before putting up his cattle in their accustomed stable.

As the whole livelihood of the family depended upon the mules, he allowed the funeral procession to move from the cottage towards a chapel in the adjoining valley, where the remains were to be deposited, and where he promised to be before the procession could arrive. But he never came: the guests waited some time for him; the mother even wished the ceremony of interment to be deferred till the following morning on his account, but the strangers remonstrated with her, and it was performed, and they dispersed.

The poor woman, in the dusk of the evening, was in consequence allowed to return home alone. She was very sad, and she could not account to herself for the absence of her son. Poverty hardens the heart: she felt little in comparison for her husband, whom she had left in the earth. Her whole thoughts were full of her boy and the mules; but when she reached home, she found the door of the cottage open, and she heard the mules neigh in the stable, into which she went before entering the house, and, to her surprise, there beheld her son Ricardo lying dead. It appeared that he had fallen under the feet of the animals, and that they had trodden him to death,—whether in accident or fury could not be told; but the mules were in their temper exulting and insolent, seemingly, at what they had done.

As it was by this time late, and all assistance was remote, the poor woman carried the body in her arms into her dwelling, and wept bitterly as she laid it out on its sorry couch. The live-long night she watched it alone; her lamp was dim, and her eyes, with the tears that she shed, were dimmer.

The night that she passed in the mute company of the dead was awful and stormy. The day had closed well; but, as the evening advanced, the air became murky—a wild wind blew out of the south west—the trees ground as if in pain, and wrestled with the blast.

About midnight it began to rain. The voice of the waters sounded afar on the hills, and lamentings were heard in the air: it was a dismal storm; and the widow sat alone weeping beside the body of her son.

In this terrible time, when lightnings were flashing, owls screaming, trees tossing, and all nature was like a tempest, frantic and clapping her hands, the widow turned her eyes towards the window of her cottage, such as it was, and beheld in the valley further down, a strange tumult moving to and fro, and the voice of rising waters. The window was on the lee side of the house, and the sulphureous air made her open it; but the darkness was on all things as a pall upon the dead, and she could only momentarily see, by the sudden gleams of the lightning, that the valley was filled with havoc, and that the river had darkling overspread to a wide extent, with its turbid stream, the banks and meadows through which it wined below.

But this spectacle, though it filled her sorrowful heart with dismay, was not the most dreadful sight that she beheld in that fearful night. By the glimpse of her lamp she saw a vision—for she could not believe that she had seen an earthly spectacle—the form of many passing in haste the window, huddled on frightful cattle. One of them looked round, and paused for a moment. It was a dingy and ancient hog, dark in her complexion, and on her head a gathered cloth. This effigy of the female sex was crouched upon the back of something that the darkness hid; but it was a shaggy and tremendous thing. They were all going towards the castle, or at least in that direction,—a vast multitude. Nevertheless, the night passed—the dawn began to dapple the east, and the desolate valley below showed, by fallen trees and lines of deposits, the rage of the wind and the waters that had been.

At an early hour Beatrice, as the old woman was called, left the bed of her lifeless son, and, with dejected steps, moved up the upland where the tower of Massa stood. It was on a clifftop height: trees shattered and torn by the winds marked the inclemency of the situation; all around it was weedy and waste; in the battlements the crows uttered their boding prophecies, and every thing about the place was old, grim, and desolate. Still Beatrice went forward; but the gates were shut. She observed, however, that the long grass and weeds, which showed
that they were but seldom approached,
had been trodden down as if by many
feet. Still, nerved by misfortune, and
desperate with the courage of her desolation,
she seized a stone, and loudly
knocking, claimed admission; but she
had not observed the grated window
above, and was on the point of repeating
her summons, when the voice of Agathara
demanded her errand.

Beatrice stepped back astonished, for
she was not prepared to answer at once
this sullen question; but, looking up, she
soon did, and told her sad tale, and the
apocalypse that had been made to her in
the storm of the night.

Without replying immediately to her
entreaty for admission, Agathara turned
from the window, and Beatrice beheld
behind her the visage of a stranger that
was like and unlike man.

Spell-bound, as it were, to the spot,
Beatrice would again have spoken to the
dreadful nurse, but, at the same mo-
ment, the postern was opened, and the
Duchess, radiant in all her mystical
beauty, appeared at the entrance. To her
Beatrice again repeated her sad tale, and
obtained from her a liberal largess; but
she was not invited to enter. She saw,
however, with great surprise, that there
were horses in the court-yard, and armed
men passing to and fro. While she was
speaking to the wayward lady of the
castle, she observed her momentarily
look round, and then said, in a whisper,

"Send a holy man to me."

All this was very surprising to old
Beatrice. She had never heard from her
husband, Ambrosio, that visitors had
been received at the tower; and, like all
the world, she understood that the
Duchess, who lived in such seclusion
there, held communion with no inha-
bitant of the earth, save only with her
mysterious nurse, who, old and haggard,
could ill perform the service which her
high-born lady needed.

However, rich with the alms, she
descended the mountain to where her
cottage stood; and in a short time, leaving
the boy unburied on the bed, she went
to the monastery and requested Father
Anselmo to see the rights of sepulture
performed, and communicated to him what
she had seen in the castle, and the mes-
sage which the resplendent Duchess had
so secretly conveyed.

By this time it was nigh the noon of
day, and Father Anselmo said that he
would see her at the cottage before the
vesper hour: but the remembrance of
what she had witnessed, the death of her
son, and the strange things concerning
the tower of Massa that she had often
heard, induced her to linger about the
monastery to which he belonged, until
the time he had appointed to accompany
her to her sad and solitary home.

In this there was no premeditation, but
only a feeling allied to fear: her domestic
enjoyments were wofully spilled; and she
had seen sights passing in the shadows
of night, and witnessed something that
ever made her shudder when she thought
of the Duchess immured within the tower
of Massa.

At last Father Anselmo came forth, and
went with Beatrice across the valley to the
hill where her cottage stood. By the time
they reached it the sun was setting, and
dark shadows fell thicker and thicker
athwart the fields. Still, having holy
Anselmo with her, she was none daunted,
and she approached the cottage where the
corpse of her son lay; but when she
advanced towards it, she beheld, with
unaccountable dread, the door open.
However, trusting in the effectuality of
her protector, she went in and found
nothing changed—all was as she had left
it; but on the table she beheld a knife
and an axe, which were not there before,
and which she had no doubt had been
left by the person who had been in the
house during her absence, and whom, she
doubted not, would speedily return. But
Father Anselmo said nothing: he looked
at the axe, and he examined the knife,
and said that they were not fabbricked in
Modina,—adding,

"They are dreadful weapons, and seem
to belong more to the shambles of a city
than to the utensils of a frugal farm."

After they had looked for some time at
the knife and the axe, they sat down, and
Father Anselmo began to pray. As he
was in his orison the door was suddenly
shut, with a loud clap, as if the wind had
blown it too, and Beatrice rose to push it
open, but it refused to yield to her hand;
upon which she returned into the house,
and, when the holy Friar had made an
end of his requiem, she requested him
to open the door.

Father Anselmo rose from his praying
The Duchess of Modina.

posture, and went to push it open; but the moment that he touched it, a loud and strange laugh, joyless and derisive, was heard without, upon which he fell on his knees, and invoked the assistance of heaven. Then rising, he pushed open the door, and it yielded at once to his hand, and he returned to his seat. Soon after he proposed to ascend the mountain, and inquire what the Duchess wanted.

Beatrice, by this time, grew exceedingly afraid, she could not tell of what, and begged him to take her with him; but he refused, and his refusal was couched in terms that added to her terror.

Nevertheless she followed him at a circumspect distance; and when she saw him approach the gate of the lonely tower, she hid herself in a cleft of the rock, and waited to see what might ensue.

His stay in the castle was not long. She saw him return with troubled and downcast looks, insomuch that she was afraid to join him,—and he had nearly reached her cottage, in which her only son lay a corpse, before she ventured to speak to him. Even when she did, it was with a common salutation, as if she had not observed his gloomy and mysterious looks. However, he agreed to remain with her and the body all night, and to perform the interment soon after the rising of the sun; for Ricardo was a youth of great promise, discerning beyond his years, and one whose sagacity Father Anselmo had delighted to direct and to barb. But this arrangement was, in the course of the night, disturbed by a strange adventure.

In the midst of a sudden blast, the Duchess appeared at the window of the cottage, clamouring protection, and wildly clamouring for admission. She did not stand long in vain. Both the friar and the widow went to the door, and, having invited her in, inquired what dreadful accident had driven her Highness alone from the tower of Massa, in such a night, and at such a time.

For many minutes Cleopha made no answer: she sat as one whose mind was borne away, and the sources of her tears dried up.

After endeavouring to rouse her attention for some time, the pensive friar desisted, and allowed her to remain the figure and the effigy of amaze. At last her eyes began to recover the speculation of life, and short sentences briefly disclosed that her powers of speech were returning.

When she had in some measure recovered the use of her faculties, she declared that Agathara had all day been on her death-bed,—a sorry couch raised for herself at the window over the gate, that she might never be absent from her post. Then changing her voice, looking at the dead body, and around her awfully, she said, that the homely bed of Agathara was surrounded by a vast crowd. She had not strength to describe this crowd; but they were strange and hideous things, and held over their victim unutterable orgies: terrified in being left alone, the mysterious lady entreated shelter, wild as it was, for the night.

Father Anselmo spoke little: he could offer the Duchess, who had so strangely sought refuge, no consolation; but in the morning he, with several peasants who had been invited to assist, interred the widow’s son in the cemetery where so shortly before the father had been laid.

In the meantime the Duchess remained at the cottage. No inducement would persuade her to return to the tower, which, in the course of the day, was observed to be on fire. Whether Agathara perished in the flames was never ascertained; but the whole interior of the structure was destroyed, and the smoke of the burning was seen in the clear atmosphere many leagues off, and descried by the Duke’s household, who then resided at a great distance.

By the evening of the same day, horsemen and a large retinue arrived, to rescue the Duchess, for her high rank made her welfare important to the Duke. But their arrival was too late: the tower of Massa was consumed, and the Duchess was sitting forlorn in the hovel of the widow.

Under circumstances so diastrous, they easily persuaded the Bohemian lady to return with them to the ducal palace, where she was assured that every etiquette becoming her high birth awaited her.

While the officer who delivered this message was speaking, father Anselmo sat silent. He made no effort to interpose; but he accompanied the retinue when the lady went away.
Beatrice, who was very sad, remained alone; and she has been often heard to say that, in the interval, till she heard of the lady's arrival at the palace, she had seen hideous sights, and among others the seeming figure of the Duchess seated where that lady had been sitting, and weeping tears of blood.

This was all I could ever learn of that Duchess of Modina, in the vale of Massa; but her conduct in the ducal palace, for many years after, was equally mysterious. She sequestered herself from all society; sat alone in her bower with the most solemn countenance, but never said; and she grew very old, without making herself known or pitied by any other individual than Father Anselmo, who often urged her to shrift; but she refused his pious entreaties, and was too often seen at the dead hour of night reading the stars, and making signs to the demons of the air from her window.

What she did is not entirely known; but in all the time which elapsed, from her disturbance in the tower of Massa to her extraordinary death, pestilence and famine overspread the earth: the drought burnt up the grass, and the cattle died for lack of pasture; streams were dried, and the leaves of the trees were consumed by myriads of a strange insect, which infected, likewise, all the windows of the ducal residence but the northern tower, in which she performed her incantations. At last, heaven could no longer endure her sorceries,—and one night a pale fire was observed from the window in her room: no one had ever seen such a light; and it is said that ravens, and other obscene birds, hung on wing opposite the casement while it was burning. In the morning the sole attendant whom she permitted to enter the apartment, went in to do her daily work as usual; but the aged Duchess, for she was by this time old, could not be seen: a fearful smell was in the room,—the walls and curtains were stained with a clammy infection,—and at the side of the bed, which the old woman appeared not to have pressed, lay an odious heap of dust and ashes. I may be spared particulars; but it is believed that she was consumed by a spontaneous fire.

STAFFA.

Wake! Spirit of the deep, awake! and tell
The hidden story of thy mystic cell.
Did rage volcanic shower the fiery storm,
Or Neptune give basaltic matter form?
Did Nature bid charm’d Staffa’s columns soar,
Or Titans fix them on the giant shore?
The flood of time o’er them hath roll’d in vain,
The tempest beat, and lash’d the surgy main!
In pillar’d phalanx form’d o’er Nature’s grave,
And lengthening shadows cast upon the wave—
Like massy fragments of a deluged world,
By yawning earthquake from the centre hurl’d,
Eternal records of the past they stand,
And, ‘mid the wreck of ages, grace the strand.
Deep in the sea—inmeasurably deep
Beneath the wave, the fast foundations sleep—
Stupendous work! yet such the wond’rous plan
Its nicety mocks the puny works of man:
Nor in its socket closer fits the bone
Than in their joints the countless shafts of stone;
Like cells of bees the clus’t’ring columns rise,
But, more like Egypt’s pillars, pierce the skies;
In various shapes the pond’rous masses lie,
Stud the rude isle, and prop the cliff on high,
Or fill the fluted cavern's glorious span—
A palace fitted for Leviathan!
Now ebbs the tide in deep and mournful fall,
And fading murmurs through the vaulted hall
Where erst a thousand bards their harps have strung,
And sounds harmonious round the cavern rung.
E'en Odin, charm'd, would stop his wild career,
Such strains resistless burst upon his ear!
As borne on clouds aloft, in fiery car,
He wing'd his rapid flight, intent on war,
Enchanting Echo, warbling through her caves,
Enraptured held the vengeful "Lord of Graves."
In vain did Hela guess the Chief's delay,
And little deem'd that music guiled his way.
Yet Hela, too, though fiend of death, can tell
The soul-enlivening power of music's spell:
For pierc'd his victim's heart—the feeling gone,
And all of life but beauty's stillness flown;
A chord of passion, struck in woman's praise—
A lay the maiden loved in brighter days—
Repeated then, hath broke the icy chain,
And waked th' imprison'd sense to life again.

So drear and desolate is Staffa's isle,
No corn-fields gladden, and no meadows smile;
But yellow broom, and furze, and herbage bare,
All wildly tell that life is wanting there.
Still strike the lyre, and wake the soul of song—
On memory's gaze what Celtic visions throng!
There Fingal's minstrels raised the vocal shell—
On Ossian there the bardic mantle fell;
And Poesy, heavenly maid, was there,
Smiled o'er the sea, and carol'd in the air,
Waved o'er the purple heath her magic form,
Sigh'd in the breeze, and murmur'd in the storm.
Ah! now for ages mute the tuneful tongue,
The chiefs who lauded, and the bards who sung!
Not e'en a letter'd stone is left to trace
The rude memorial of "the honour'd race;"
But Nature, ever clad in deepest gloom,
With sad and mournful grandeur veils their tomb.
How soft her tears! when Cynthia mounts the sky,
And o'er their dewy graves the breezes sigh;
The rolling waves their solemn requiem bear,
And more than human voices fill the air;
The moss-grown cairns that rise above the plain,
The stars that glimmer on the sparkling main,
The rowers' song upon the breath of night,
The pillar'd steep with lunar beauty bright,
The eagles' eyrie, deep in craggy shade,
The ridgy bay, the sandy vale, the glade—
All—all the mildly soothing influence share,
And whisper peace to spirits resting there.

But see! the morning dawns: with kindling day
Diana's brightness fades, and melts away.
Aurora now unshrouds the forms of night,
Like truths reveal'd by Reason's sober light.
What freshness rises with the flowing tide!
Through air what flocks—what shoals through ocean glide!
Like centinel ashore the heron stands,
And troops of sea-gulls whiten o'er the sands.
The favouring breeze, well-pleas'd, the fisher hails,
Puts off his boat, and hoists her swelling sails:
His anxious partner, watching o'er the deep,
Like Patience musing—rocks their babe asleep.
O dearest woman! loved before possessed,
But loved how much the most when known the best!
'Tis then no fancied, fleeting charms are thine,
But wealth exceeding far the Indian mine;
Surpassing all Golconda's brightest rays,
Enriching most when other wealth decays:
The hand that wipes the tear—the heart that's true
In adverse hour, whatever ills pursue.
So she, who hath but him—her only stay—
And he, in daily quest, at sea away;
What though his bark bring back no finny spoil?
Her soothing smile repays for all his toil:
He's safe return'd—it was her morning pray'r—
And they have still their daily bread to share.
Ye peaceful isles! such are your home-scenes now—
The palmy wreath encircling Albyn's brow:
For ever quench'd vindictive clansmen's fire,
The haughty chieftains' hate, and feudal ire!
Neglected superstition vainly roves
Through lonesome valleys and deserted groves.
But mark the busy fleet, in yonder bay
Prepared to track the dog-fish on his way:
No sooner seen—like sedges on the deep—
Than to their boats the joyous fishers leap,
In meshy snares entrap the scaly brood,
And draw in shoals the herring from the flood.
Or, where Columba's time-worn altars fall,
And moss and ivy clothe the crumbling wall,
Behold Iona!—Learning's sacred seat—
Of kings and sages once the proud retreat:
By those grey tombs what man can coldly stray,
Nor think of him—the sage of later day—
The mighty moralist, fair Isis' son,
Who gazed on them, and thought of Marathon?
O! boundless spirit of enduring fame!
Thy shrines how many—but their spell the same!
Here Johnson felt and own'd thy gen'rous sway—
Sublime in ruins, glorious in decay;
Gush'd from its fount the sympathetic tear,
And e'en his rigid nature melted here.
So shifts the fane, as time and tide prevail,
And genius lives when kings and empires fail;
With magic touch it gilds each hallow'd scene,
Whilst grey Tradition points where such have been.
Here Science, too, pursues her lightsome way,
And sheds around her path a genial ray;
With virgin sceptre rules her votive train,
And guides their eager course across the main.
With them she loves to climb Ierne's steep,
And trace the fabled Causeway of the deep;
On the present Alarming Stagnation of Matrimony.

Unveils hoar Fiction's gloomy ridge of yore,
And points with placid smile to Staffa's shore;
By Nature's laws explains the wondrous scheme,
Reason her guide, Omnipotence her theme.
And oh! be His the praise, where'er I stray,
By Staffa's beach, or greener Erin's bay—
Be His the praise, whose footsteps are not known,
Whose strength is here declared, whose greatness shewn;
Whose path is in the sea, at whose dread look
The earth was moved, the trembling waters shook!
In all creation's wonders, let me own
Jehovah's might, Jehovah's pow'r alone.

S.

ON THE PRESENT ALARMING STAGNATION OF MATRIMONY.

A Preaching of the Dominie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY."

What complaints are these that are brought to me from every quarter, about the present dreadful stagnation in the matrimonial market? Is the world coming to an end? Is there to be no more wedlock entered into by the present generation of men? Are no more children to be born upon the earth? Is the marriage service to be forgotten like an old song, and all the parish-clerks in England to perish for want of customers? Are wedding-rings to be sold as old gold for want of buyers, or beaten down into heads of walking-sticks for bachelor gentlemen? Is the cold system of "moral restraint" going to turn the world into a great nun- nery or monikery, where the sexes are to be for ever kept separate, like sheep and goats, and in this melancholy state to sit looking wistfully at each other, like the men and women on the opposite sides of a methodist chapel? Is Malthus to reign for ever, like a great black spider, over the world, frightening young men from the holy bonds of wedlock by terrible visions of long bills, long families, lean larders, and tax-gatherers? Is the whole population of males, in respect to the ladies, to be reduced to a real last man, and the torch of Hymen to be extinguished for ever?

These questions were put to me, the other day, by a worthy friend of mine, who has a genteel family of fifteen daughters. Unhappy gentleman! how I pity him! It is no wonder he has got so alarmed. It is not in the power of patience to wait over such a dreadful stagnation of the matrimonial art as he tells me has taken place of late in all its branches, except, indeed, among the poor Irish, who marry much like the pigs with which they live, having no fear of Malthus or misery before their eyes. Truly, if the world continues in this style, it will come to an end almost as soon as a well known Rev. Millenarian predicts, though not in his way, but from sheer want of husbands for the unmarried ladies, and a stoppage of the ordinary course of things.

What the causes are of this increasing distaste in the present race of young men at the idea of taking wives, or rather of that inveterate restraint that they seem to have laid upon themselves from tasting of the superlative happiness of matrimony, form too deep and complex a subject to enter into here with any degree of fulness; but a few of them are briefly hinted at in the following letter—which, as a known friend and advocate of the belle sex, has just been sent to me, and, in addition to the complaint of my friend of the fifteen daughters, has thrown me into the most dreadful melancholy. Indeed, where a person's sympathies are very acute, it is distressing to think of so many dear, charming creatures being doomed, as my correspondent seems to think herself, to the tasteless predicament of old-maidship, if the matter could be helped. But what can one benevolent individual do? He cannot marry them all, however willing! But here is the lady's epistle:—
"Celibacy Terrace, 20th Oct., 1832.

"Dear Sir,

"Aware of the extraordinary interest you take in all matters that concern the ladies, I am induced to address you on the present alarming prospects of the times. In my younger days, that is, when I was just getting into my teens, the world was something like a world. Then the war was not long over, and there were husbands going. The young men were something like young men in those days, and all my acquaintances popped off one by one like chirping sparrows off a hedge — you never saw anything so cheering. But now! the times are clean altered. No such thing as a husband to be had more than they had never been heard of. But perhaps you won't believe me unless I give you a more particular account of the state of things in this distressed neighbourhood, and all over the country, as I am credibly informed.

"About the time the Holy Alliance was got up, by that blessed friend to the world and the ladies, the late Lord Londonderry, then were the days for the women part of mankind. By this magnificent act of parliament ening and diplomacy, an example was set to all Europe of Holy Alliances; and many were the maidens who "changed their condition," and their names, in these auspicious times, and got lords to love, and all the rest of the happy consequences followed. My three sisters were courted (if courting it might be called) and whipped off in the clapping of a hand; two cousins followed, mere girls, with nothing to recommend them but some dozen thousand pounds each, (filthy lucre!) and a sheaf of yellow hair hanging from their heads; and yet one got a rich merchant, who kept two carriages—and the other an old parliament man, who was only three families removed from making her an actual Lady! This was, no doubt, an envious thing for me to be left to look at; but it was not half so bad as the case of a near acquaintance, and one whom I never thought to see go off before me. It was that of my friend Juliana Jessop—a silly thing, and not at all pretty (at least I never could see it)—and yet she got a soldier officer, a real red-coat, with mustaches and spurs, and a sword as long as the pole of a fire-skreen—a beautiful fellow! that would make any girl's mouth water.

"But, indeed, in those days, there was something like marriage going. None of your pondering and pausing, and hanging back, as is the case now. Every girl had a chance of a husband, no matter how plain she was, in those happy times, if she only had a good address, and could talk of Flora Mac Ivor and Sir Walter Scott's novels. I know one young lady who captivated a lover in one night by merely spouting some Scotch nonsense in the character of Madge Wildfire, and whistling at an evening party in imitation of Davie Galley. I only mention these things, Sir, to show you the plenteousness of husbands in those times, so different from what they have of late turned to. And then such news of match-making and marriages as there was constantly going in those days; and such buying of licenses, and such going to churches, and such dancing at weddings, and eating of bride-cake. There seemed to be no end to it; not to speak of the marriage jauntings, and the christenings that were always coming round, and the cauld cups, and the accouchements, and the standing godmothers and godfathers, and the naming of the little Billys and Julianas, and the nursing, and the christening presents, and birth-day balls. There never was such times!

"Now, however, it is all over. There is no such thing as a marriage to be heard of now once in a whole season, and that only some old gentleman who has known the comforts of the condition, taking some fourth or fifth wife, and she a widow; for, as for maids, the men will have none of them—that's evident! You may think, Sir, that I am over-drawing the matter; but I can assure you of the fact, and it is time for us women to speak out. Marriage in the country is at a total stagnation; and I want to hear your opinion as to what is to be the end of this state of things: but, if you will permit me, I will (as I have been studying politics in order to account for it) give you briefly my ideas on the subject.

"When the men began to set their faces against the Holy Alliance, it was easy to see that the great cause of marriage was in a jeopardous condition. But no sooner had they effected its downfall, than on came that dreadful misfor-
On the present Alarming Stagnation of Matrimony.

Pluck left in you to take the part of the unfortunate women that still remain in a maiden condition, open your mind freely upon the circumstantial of the case, and give the men and us your best advice; for if things are suffered to proceed at this rate, the world will stop when the present generation has run out, and Mr. Malthus himself will be left as a "last man" amongst us!

"I remain, dear Sir,
"Your afflicted friend,
"Wilhelmina Wanter."

Such a letter as this, received in a mood of intense melancholy, caused by brooding over the present unhappy state of things, was enough (along with the feeling complaint of my friend of the fifteen daughters) to affect me so deeply on behalf of the dear and suffering ladies, as entirely to unhinge the serenity of my mind. But as the matter is important, and requires grave and sober discussion, we had better endeavour to master our feelings, and to go coolly and philosophically into the subject.

That marriage has gone out of fashion, in a general sense, and is now, like other trades, in a state of stagnation, I do not mean to deny; but that the Reform Bill is the entire cause of this, I think, with great submission, may admit of question. The truth is, the invention of the steam-engine, and of the gas-light, were the first things that put a stop to marriage. In old times, for instance, when the streets and lanes were reasonably dark, courtship could be carried on with some sort of comfort—for your drawing-room courtship, amidst the glare of lights, never comes to any good, and might as well be left entirely to the lawyers—there being nothing like your quiet evening walk and your soft whisper, for making young gentlemen and ladies intimate. But who would think of saving a courting word under the blazing influence of a gas-lamp! The thing is impossible; and hence the discouragement of marriage. But, as if the steam-engine and the gas were not sufficient to put a stop to marriage, Mr. Peel must banish the small notes out of the land, and invent the new police! Here was the last consummation. This gave the finishing blow to poor Hymen. How could it be otherwise? for it is well known that, if there is no convenience for courting, there
On the present Alarming Stagnation of Matrimony.

can be no marriage; and how can young people court with a great fellow of a new policeman treading on their very heels, and listening to every word they say, or gazing in their faces, when they go to take a pleasant walk, by the ghastly glare of gas-light! Maiden modesty could not stand it,—human nature could not bear up against it.

But the banishment of the small notes reminds me of another cause of the ruin of marriage, which requires some sober and serious contemplation. This is a certain emptiness of the purse, which, beginning from the lower classes upwards, has, along with a progressive change of manners among the people, been a sore foe to matrimony, and a great friend to clubhouses, private chambers, lodging-letting landladies, and cold bachelorism. This emptiness of the purse ought not to be sneered at as among the causes of the present stagnation of the world; for it has been one of the discoveries made during the late march of intellect, that people cannot live without money, and least of all married people; so then, although weakly young men and sentimental ladies may become pathetic on the subject, and say with the poet,

For ever fortune wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
and so forth, fortune is becoming more unrelenting every day, in spite of all that can be said against her; and since the march of intellect came in, and the sentimental novels have gone out, the old story of love in a cottage, and a crust of bread and drink of water, and all that sort of thing, are quite exploded.

Much of this arises from the change of manners and habits that I have hinted at, which my worthy friend, Miss Wanter, does not seem to have noticed, but which is, in fact, fast banishing marriage out of the land—except among the mere lower orders, who have no sense or foresight whatever. This change consists of the general expensive mode of living in all classes above the lowest, compared to what it was half a century ago, or less; which, bearing peculiarly hard upon married people, or those who require the ordinary establishment requisite for the convenience of a family, makes the risks and requirements of marriage tenfold greater, in many cases, than it was in the days of our ancestors. Since the march of intellect turned into a race, all plainness and economy are banished from amongst us. No man is now respected who does not live in a showy style, such as would have ruined many of the younger branches of our first nobility a century ago. Even in my young days in the country, tradesmen of substance inhabited houses under ten pounds a year rent, and lived in proportion. Still farther back, wealthy men and landed proprietors lived in a way (as to the general items of expense) that a merchant’s clerk of our day, a small shopkeeper, or a swaggering publican would be ashamed of. Even members of Parliament came trotting up to their duty in London on a stout Rory Bean, as honest looking as himself, and taking lodgings, for economy, on a third floor perhaps, and dined three days off the same shoulder of mutton. Now, it takes more to keep his coachman and valet, a French governess for his daughters, and riding horses for his head cook, than would have kept three whole families of his rank, in days when there was far less riches and far less poverty than afflicts us now.

But it is among the middle and trading classes that this passion for show and imitative luxury has created the greatest changes. This is too wide a subject to enter upon here, with an enumeration of those facts that show the contrast of our times with the plain manners and reasonable notions of our contented ancestors. But in old England’s better days, an honest tradesman, who walked the country with a yard-stick in his hand, carrying his whole stock of goods on his back, or the back of his pony, in the shape of the good old profession of a pedlar, was, in reality, a much more independent and a happier man than the dandy London shopkeeper now, who does business to the amount of a thousand a month, keeps his gig and his country-house at Hampstead—and, perhaps, more than that, to solace him under a life of continual harassment, drinks his wine and goes into the Gazette every third year. Among the tradesmen and merchants of our day, it is considered part of the trick of their craft to live showy and splendid, in order to delude their creditors into a belief in their wealth and prosperity. This has its effect upon all
the other classes; for the gentleman is
mortified to be outdone in style of living
by his tailor or his butcher—the lord is
stimulated to expense by the splendour of
the merchant—the lawyer of proud birth
and the first education does not venture
upon marriage until he can at least afford
an establishment equal to the pettifogging
attorney, whose wife has stimulated him
into a house and furniture equal to Mr.
Drap, the haberdasher, or Mr. Spice,
the grocer; and thus the emulation goes
round, until every one is urged on by his
neighbour, and universal poverty, uni-
versal debt, general discontent, and loud
complainings are the sure consequences of
the dreadful folly of the times.

If the evil ended here, we might have
less to say to it on the subject of mar-
riage; but what I have alluded to forms
only part and parcel of the increasing ob-
estacles to the old-fashioned institution
of matrimony. To all classes but the very
highest, the expenses of education, both
of girls and boys, has increased of late
beyond all comparison with former times.
This is caused not only by the march-of-
intellect mania, which has made knowl-
ledge and mental acquirement so common
that the son of your shoemaker has a
chance to be educated better than a
learned clerk was some generations ago;
but by the excessive competition in every
thing, from the universal race after am-
bition and gentility, which requires a su-
peior degree of knowledge and a more ela-
borate training to enable the aspirant to
generate the same respectability and respect.
This holds true with respect to the boys; but,
as to the girls, it is twenty times worse.
In olden times a young lady's education
was a very simple affair; and what with
their laborious habits, and the domestic
and plain habits of their lady-mothers,
cost almost nothing in money or money's
worth—as I may, perhaps, take occasion
to show hereafter, by the raking up of a
quantity of old facts in a more elaborate
eSSAY. Now, the bare payment of an
ambitious girl's music-master, and for
her music and instruments (never speak-
ing of her French, Italian, German—
perhaps Latin and Greek—or the thousand
glyphs and onomys that it is incumbent
on her to be familiar with), would almost
have kept a respectable country gentle-
man's whole family, even as late as the
prosperous days of good Queen Anne.

Considering, then, that in these en-
luminated times every boy and every girl
that a man has require almost a small
estate to be spent upon each of their
educations respectively, what is a man to
do that has a flock of children? or how
are young men to be expected to be so
daring as to venture upon the endless
wants and the enormous and increasing
responsibilities of a large family?

But these are only part of the facts to
be brought up in answer to Miss Wanter's
lamentations. We have not yet spoke of
dress, now like other things so wond-
rously improved that ten to one but
your servant-maid dresses upon the whole
more expensively than did the wife of
Squire Shippen, in George the Second's
days, or the Lady of Joseph Addison
himself. Not that the dress for a gentle-
woman now is half so rich, or costs near
so much at first, as the dresses of the
dames did up to George the Third's time;
but then the god of fashion was neither so
tyrannical nor so changeable as he is in
our own days—and hence a lady's dress,
got on her marriage day, would last half
her lifetime, with a few new additions and
ornamental auxiliaries, which did not, in
reality, cost much money. Now, however,
as silks and velvets have been cheapened
down by the stroke of the steam-engine,
they are proportionably thought nothing
of, and as every month or two brings its
entire change, imperatively called for,
in endless and capricious variety, the
going expense is doubled and quadrupled,
as I said, beyond all calculation, in com-
parison to what it was when ladies were
not so plenty, and before club-houses
were set up to protect the men from this
terrible pillaging of their consumptive
purse.

Here, then, Miss Wanter—here is a
full, true, and particular answer to all
your complaints. You can't get a hus-
band, that is the fact, unless it be some
twenty years hence, when you, by great
good luck, may get the name of Mrs.
or my Lady, in the shape of some "old
man's nurse," as Bacon intimates to be
one use of a wife; for to this com-
plexion wiving will come at last, if the
present state of things continue. In fact,
I could not conscientiously advise any
well-disposed young gentleman to take
you in these times, whatever may be your
beauty (and that you are an exceedingly
attractive lady I have not the smallest doubt; nor though you had all the accomplishments you could name, could repeat as many languages as the admirable Crichton, or play on as many ten-stringed instruments as would furnish out an opera operatic, unless you bring him a good thousand a year to pay your milliner's bills, or unless the gentleman himself has a jolly income, and well secured, to pay the schoolmaster for your children’s education, or unless, indeed, you are somewhere about the discreet age of forty, so that few christenings are to be expected. This, my dear and amiable Miss Wanter, may be rather a hard-mouthed sentence, and may almost hurt your feelings; but it cannot he helped. Truth is truth, and must be spoken (of a very rare time), especially when the happiness of such dear creatures as yourself are concerned. Times, in your day and mine, are quite altered. The days of love in a cottage, and homely living, and humble contentment, are not only gone by and out of the question, but love in a palace is as rare a thing as the other; and, in fact, love himself is driven out of fashion long ago, and is now only fit for novels; for the old god Mammon has become more necessary than ever,—show, expense, gentility, and the greedy schoolmaster swallowing up every thing that nature had intended for the gratification of the affections of the heart.

What the ladies are to do in these melancholy circumstances, I am sure is more than I can tell. Lady Mary Wortley Montague long ago projected Protestant nunneries for the accommodation of maiden ladies, in days when there was far less crying occasion for them than at present; and Lady Mary was no nun herself, as every body knows. Old Queen Charlotte, who was an honest woman and a respectable man's wife, long talked of the same project, seeing sagaciously that the times were fast coming on for the banishment of marriage. But somehow, for want of union among the old maids, this plan has never been regularly implemented; while, in the meantime, the men have set up club-houses for the encouragement of celibacy, and the poor women are left to mourn in solitude. But if these times continue, something must be done to prevent the ladies from being forgotten entirely, and sent up into their garret rooms in company with the cat, to write pathetic novels, and moralise, like stoics on a pillar, upon the dreadful disappointments of life. For my part, I don't see why the ladies should not have their club-houses, or their nunneries, or their celibacy associations, and read newspapers, and call their waiters, as well as the men; and as for their falling out, and getting into squabbles, and affronting themselves, to the diversion and entertainment of the new police, I believe such surmises to be a vile libel and a calumny, calculated to the detriment of the whole sex; for it is well known that, besides the ladies patronesses of Almack's, and other modern female associations, such as the ladies' committee that set up the bronze statue of a man in Hyde Park some years ago, there was, in the Honourable Bubb Doddington's time, a ladies' club in Edinburgh, which flourished several years for aught I know to the contrary, and where, not more than three ladies being allowed to speak at a time, things were conducted in an exceedingly orderly and respectable manner.

After the nunnery or the club system, the only plan that remains to be discussed is that of exportation or emigration,—a subject now becoming of increasing importance to the ladies. India has long been a field of profitable speculation for young adventurers; and it is not to be denied that many a moderately-endowed girl, who was only fit for a nunnery at home, by being sent out in proper time and playing her cards when she got there with tolerable assiduity, has lightened on matches of extraordinary advantage, particularly when the man happened to be old and exceedingly biious, for in these cases the gentleman was soon worn out; and if she took care to coax him into signing the necessary papers before his hand grew stiff, his death happening when her beauty was just at the best, he was apt to leave behind him a wallowing widow, rich, of course, and exceedingly well disposed towards a youthful husband. This is, no doubt, an excellent plan, and I would strongly recommend it to all young ladies of spirit, if they have no fortunes, and especially if at home they are troubled with the nuisance of poor relations. The only material obstacle is, that such persons require friends in the country to introduce them properly; but still, if the bump of modest assurance in the lady's
head be unusually developed, this objection may be got over.

But as, during the stoppage of marriage at home, this field of adventure may come to be overdone, it is well to look round to secondary quarters. What would Miss Wilhelmina Waunter think of New South Wales, vulgarly called Botany Bay? It is a rising country, and evidently prosperous; and, although it is said a greater number of rogues and villains go there to make their fortunes than to most other countries, it is all a matter of taste whether this ought to be considered a valid objection. A more important distinction is, that there are more poor rogues in New South Wales than in most other foreign parts, which, for a woman of ambition, is certainly a consideration. At any rate, that there is a great want of ladies in that respectable colony, there can be no question; so much so, that premiums are given to spirited sea-captains for bringing to that country a commodity which, according to the mercantile term, is a mere drug in England. Accordingly, the other day, twenty exceedingly lady-like young women (at least I never heard aught to the contrary) were shipped off for that fortunate spot, the King, God bless him! or some other considerate individual, paying the expense, all but some eight pounds each paid by the ladies, which was as low a price for a husband as any reasonable person could think of. But besides this resource, there is an asylum nearer home, where hundreds of ladies might be accommodated merely for the going thither. The place is Canada, Upper and Lower, never speaking of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the islands, where the young men are absolutely panting for wives and can’t get them. To be sure these gentlemen of the woods may have rather a countryfied exterior to the harp-playing ladies of this refined island: nevertheless they are both able and willing to take wives, which is something in these hard times; and if the fair be handsome, and the heart be sound, they are not in the least particular about marriage-portions or pin-money. Nor is Miss Wilhelmina Waunter and others to think that the men are absolute beasts, although there are tawse bears going about, and bucks to be hunted in the forest; and the employments of honest fellows are of a more primitive and manly sort than crouching over a desk all day, or growing yellow in a study by the smoke of an oil lamp. They can take an axe in their hands, if need be, and hew about them like King Robert Bruce; and after being engaged in this way for three hours, eat a breakfast of beef-steaks (or bear-steaks) and Indian bread, which would frighten a London alderman. This, indeed, may be considered vulgar; and so it is: but when Adam delved and Eve span, such considerations were never thought of by honest women. Besides, a lady may be a lady in these parts, though in the country capacity of a farmer’s wife; for Captain Hall, when travelling by the Ontario, found half-pay officers tilling the ground, like old Cincinnati, with wives that were little expense to them, (an extraordinary fact!) and children that were not an incumbrance but a blessing! and he found even pianofortes and gilt-backed books, and people daring to be comfortable, and even elegant, without being in debt! Here, then, is a place for the many Miss Wanters to go, who are doomed to the meagre nunneries of England; and I expect to see a club formed immediately, for the purpose of association, that the ladies may be shipped across the Atlantic to show themselves in the promenades of Montreal, or to sport their figures before the substantial colonists on the ramparts of Quebec.

But if, in the meantime, until these marriage-clubs shall be formed, Miss Waunter (and all such) should be obliged to retire to her garret, with her lap-dog, and her cat, and her parrot, and her squirrel, and her canary-bird, and her monkey, and all the other members of her numerous family, let her console herself; for, since love has gone out of fashion, and become quite a scarcity in the land with reference to marriage, few husbands are, as the world goes, much worth the having; and cats and dogs, and other respectable animals, are much easier managed than either ill-doing men or wayward brats of children. At all events, as it is well known that, since the march of intellect came in, no one above the rank of a public-house keeper can live in such a place as London and support an establishment for a family upon less than about a thousand a year, marriages with any comfort must necessarily be few, and maids and bachelors exceedingly abundant, so that they will be well able to
Which shall I Choose? or, the Four Offers.

But stay—what's here? He'll fire my blood,
Thus sneering at my gig and jennet.
I scorn him, spite of all his stud,
His britchka, phantos, and dennet.

OFFER THE SECOND.

"What though I roll in tip-top style
   Along the dusty way,
   If Annalie disdains to smile,
   Oh, how can I be gay?
   Yes! if her eye she casts on me—
   That eye so clear and fair—
   Far happier than a prince I'd be,
   E'n in a chaise and pair!
"For style! it never could impart
   A joy that scorns decay,—
   Bless with the lady of my heart,
   I'd drive a one-horse chay!
   With her how blest to wander far,
   Though rather infrd dig,—
   To shake to atoms in a car,
   Or rumble in a gig!"

* * * * * * * * *

Horror of horrors! worse than all!
   Another letter! Temper fails me;
That strange old Doctor, at the Hall,
   With love and flattery assails me.
A shovel hat! 'tis hard, I'm sure,
   That all the old among our neighbours,
Should trouble me their griefs to cure,
   And plague me with their rhyming labours.
I can't think what those ancient beaux
   Can mean, by giving all this trouble,
When gout, and age, and fifty woes
   Have made them scarcely fit to hobble.
And listen what the Rector says
   'Bout smiles, and tears, and admiration:
I never wept in all my days,
   Until this minute—with vexation!

OFFER THE THIRD.

"Within those gentle eyes I gaze,
   And in their glance I plainly see,
Though others share their brightest rays,
   Their tenderest are still turn'd to me.
And as the gem, in orient streams,
   Shines glittering 'neath the bright wave's flow,
We mark within thy blue eye's beams,
   The pure, sweet thoughts which rest below!
"A breast so fair can ne'er enshrine
   One wandering thought, one heartless wile,—
Yet, though my inmost soul is thine,
   I may not, dare not, trust thy smile:
Which shall I Choose? or, the Four Offers.

For, in thy spirit’s livelier hour,
On others has that smile been thrown,—
Oh! when the clouds of sorrow low’r,
Thy tears, thy tears be mine alone!”

* * * * *

A fourth?—’tis truly too much bliss.
Ah me! how much those words resemble
The hand of—but a truce to this;—
You’d scarce believe me how I tremble.

’Tis he, indeed!—I’m happy now!
Dear Jane, this last one is your brother’s:
He’s had the boldness to avow
’Twas he that sent me all the others!

I’m sure I hope it ain’t a crime—
But, long ago, our vows we plighted;
Fate sends a living just in time,
And Pa and Ma are quite delighted.

The silly rage for gaining hearts
Has left me, dearest Jane, completely;
And, ‘spite of my coquetish arts,
You’ll own yourself I’ve fix’d discreetly.

OFFER THE FOURTH.

“Come! when the blossom first buds on the tree—
Come to the vicarage, come, love, to me!
Come, when the robin springs light on the spray,
And the thrush carols clearly, “cold winter’s away.”
When Spring wakes up from her snow-pillow’d sleep,
And far in the fountain takes slyly a peep,—
And gathers the daisies, now spread everywhere,
To bind in a wreath ’mid her light flowing hair;
When cowslips and primroses shine o’er the lea,—
Come to the Vicarage, come, love, to me.”

The Vicarage is all that dreams
Can paint of Paradise to mortals;
Round it the hush of woods and streams,
And clambering flow’rs o’er all the portals.

Oh! what a life may dawn for me,
Each object of my love possessing;
Rich—whatsoe’er my lot may be—
In widow’s pray’r and poor man’s blessing.

To cheer the sad, and bid them drink
From fountains that upraise the lowly,—
All this in spring;—but, don’t you think,
That time, this year, flies very slowly?
SKETCHES OF THE TÊTE DE BOULE INDIANS, CANADA, RIVER
St. MAURICE.

BY J. ADAMS, ESQ.*

The nation of the Tête de Boule Indians, inhabiting the country around the upper part of the River St. Maurice, and concentrating towards Wemontachinque, as the mart for their hunting produce, is that on which these observations are principally intended to be made. These people, once a formidable race, are now reduced by small pox, and more especially by the baleful effects of rum, to a miserable remnant of some twenty or twenty-five families, spread over an extent of country measuring probably seven or eight hundred square leagues, and considering all this great tract as their own lawful hunting ground; the lakes and rivers intersecting which are portioned out amongst them, partly by the exertion of their own individual strength, and partly by a kind of feudal grantage from those of their own tribe in whom they acknowledge some undefinable superiority. This latter at least I suppose; as a young Indian, who at one time accompanied the St. Maurice exploring expedition as a guide, seemed desirous of obtaining an allotment of hunting-ground for himself, and informed the party that it was a necessary preliminary to secure the permission of some chief, whom he named, as a paramount lord of the soil. I believe this young man himself was not a Tête de Boule, but the same custom prevails among the Indians of that nation.

Whatever rank they may formerly have held as a tribe of hunters and warriors, the Tête de Boules of the present day exhibit a melancholy portraiture of degraded human nature. Slaves of the fur traders, by the expenses incidental to their acquired taste for ardent spirits, they are seldom so independent as to be able to carry their furs to other markets than the neighbouring posts; and, indeed, are generally so much in debt for clothing, arms, ammunition, and provision, independently of rum, to both companies, where there is an opposition between the Hudson's Bay and King's Port Agents, that each of these companies have their parties of people con-stantly engaged running about in small light birch canoes, searching for Indian encampments, and taking from them whatever peltries they find them in possession of—giving them, in return, some rude token or tally, well understood by both parties, as a receipt for the value. Nor does it appear that the Indians often make opposition to this rather arbitrary method of trading. I was even informed that, should these engages of the fur companies find parcels of furs at an encampment when the owners are absent, they will seldom scruple to take them, and leave a tally for the amount, indicating to which of the posts they are indebted for the kindness of saving them the trouble of carrying their own goods to market. The men employed to visit the Indians in this manner are always Canadians, or half-breeds, and mostly daring fellows and skilful voyageurs; they are known by the (patois) appellation of Gens Derrouine, and they always put me in mind of bees returning to their hives, or posts, laden with plunder, and ready for another excursion as soon as they have safely deposited the treasure with which they were laden.

From the personally distinctive title bestowed upon this race, I had expected to see their heads very remarkably shaped. This is not the case. I do, indeed, acknowledge that the prominent parts of their cheek-bones are somewhat more broadly apart than usual, but by no means so conspicuously as to authorise the peculiar nickname by which they are distinguished. The young people are generally good looking; and a family of children which we met with, were considered to have fine intelligent countenances. Nor did advanced age seem to destroy their claim to general appearance: we saw men and women of twenty, forty, sixty, ninety, and one hundred and ten years, and, to the best of my judgment, as personable at those respective ages as other classes of Indians, at least such as it has been my chance to fall in with. I cannot help quarrelling.

* The above was read at the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.
with this ridiculous title of Tête de Boule—as, in the first place, it led me astray in supposing that I was about to behold a set of people with heads as round as pumpkins; and because, if intended originally as a caricature, its merit is very mean, from its failure in off-hand resemblance to reality.

It is difficult to say what are the distinguishing moral traits which separate the Tête de Boule tribe from other Canadian Indians, and create them a peculiar race from natural habits:—so much has, and so ever will, an intercourse with white traders tend to annihilate or deface the delicate differences of Indian caste, only to be discerned where

"Man, a noble savage, walks the woods."

The general impression made upon my mind, from accounts of the most apparently uninfluenced and natural actions of the Têtes de Boule, was unfavourable.

Manifold instances of rapine, treachery, and murder, in their social intercourse, were related to us with stoical indifference by our guides and other informants, who only seemed astonished that we should expect to hear any thing better of a race of people which they themselves so much despise and look down upon. The notions to which I allude were such as were performed amongst themselves (of which I mean to relate two or three in the sequel), and may therefore be considered as rather more accurate tracings of their native savage character than excesses occasioned by immediate drunkenness, or conflicts between them and the emissaries of trading posts, may be supposed to exhibit. But few redeeming traits were made known to me; nor can I call to mind more than one instance which was calculated to convey an impression of Indian single-heartedness, such as we often meet with in Herne, and in the books of other travellers who have described the more distant and more independent tribe of savages: that one shall be mentioned in its proper place.

Their religion is a Paganism, the leading features of which I did not learn. Neither, from the ignorance or indifference of our guide on such matters, could I ascertain whether they have any idea of a future state. The good and bad Spirit, and probably a plurality of each, they acknowledge in common with other Indians. Superstitious they undoubtedly are; for beside the graves of their dead, which are very neatly enclosed by walls and covers of birch-bark, we always found, independently of the representation of their weapons, (if a chief, sword, spear, bow, arrows, &c,) a parcel of firewood, lying ready for the use of the occupant, should he require it. Of another kind of superstition we also witnessed some amusing specimens, developed before us by Robert McVicar, Esq., a partner of the Hudson's Bay Company, at his post of Wemonta-chineque. This gentleman, besides a very long experience of Indian habits in the N. W. country, possesses the advantage of considerable dexterity in the sleight-of-hand performances, and has established his fame as a conjuror in the minds of these poor savages. The manner in which he one evening worked upon the feelings of two women and a boy by some display of this kind, and the absolute command he apparently possessed over their faculties, from superstitious awe of his power, though it made us smile, yet I believe affected every one of us at the same time with pity approaching to sadness, that the human mind should, even any where, be found so prostrated as to be duped by such flimsy deceptions.

But these poor Indians themselves are possessed of no mean talents as masque-raders, of which I will relate an instance. One evening, while residing at the same post, the party were intruded upon by two of the most frightfully distorted and disgusting figures I have ever seen, in the persons of two old men, lame, hump-backed, blackened with gunpowder, and with white teeth protruding from the upper jaw downwards at least two inches; they were represented to us as idiots and brothers, and seated themselves in the room, making violent gestures, expressive of anger or impatience, and at intervals furiously striking the floor with their paddles.

Having been previously prepared to expect a singular arrival at the post on that evening, and the agents of the conspiracy against our discernment having well performed their parts, two of us were deceived. I doubted them at first; but in the end I confess myself to have been taken in by their inimitable acting, as on one of the servants of the post pretending great alarm after they had retired into the next room, and running into ours appa-
rently for protection, I seriously asked him whether he was so cowardly as to be afraid of such poor decrepid creatures.

These two worthies were handsome lads, the eldest not more than seventeen, and son of an old Canadian hunter named Flamand, by his wife, a Tête de Boule woman. The teeth they had cut out of wood, and so fixed them as to resemble the long curved upper cutting teeth of a beaver. Never was deception more admirably managed.

The Tête de Boule Indians are very dirty in their domestic habits; and in respect to their cookery, I shall not easily forget peeping into one of their kettles, and observing a large pike so nearly done that the bowels and bladder had forced their way through the body. But this mode of boiling fish is, I believe, not particularly confined to their tribe. I saw no specimen of fine Indian work done by the women: their moccasins and clothing were quite unornamented; nor did I notice any of those fine dyes which have been brought to so much perfection amongst other Indians.

The needle-work of the squaws is, however, strong and good; and a blanket-coat, which was made for me by one of them, is by no means devoid of neat taste in the ornamental blue seaming which she thought proper to introduce. The materials of their own clothing are always obtained at the posts, and are made up by them in a plain but not unbecoming fashion. I saw only one display of extra finery, and that was on the person of a lady about forty. She was the wife, or daughter (I forget which) of an old chief named Majeshk, and on paying us an introductory visit at one of the lakes, came enveloped in a dashing green table cover, with yellow centre and edges. But alas! on returning this visit rather unexpectedly, we found this laid aside, and the same personage wrapped up in one of the filthiest blankets it has been my lot to behold, even on Tête de Boule shoulders.

It would be unjust to omit mentioning here, that from the family just spoken of (the only one we met with "at home," as it were,) the party experienced the greatest hospitality. Thrice they made us acceptable presents of fine fish; and as they knew we had no rum, the first article they enquired after on visiting us, I am happy in believing that these supplies were given to us from a motive of disinterested kindness, which we repaid to the best of our ability.

It now remains for me to endeavour to sketch the characters of two remarkable chiefs, one of whom alone we met with. The other, a very extraordinary man, who seems to stand distinguished from all his tribe, we only heard of through the medium of our guide, who had long known him personally.

Old Majeshk, the first of these chiefs, is supposed to have reached the age of one hundred and ten; he is nearly blind, but otherways in the possession of his faculties, and still paddles in the bow of his canoe. He has been a tall, strong built man, but is now considerably bent, and appears to walk feebly, although this may be merely a natural hesitation, occasioned by the defect of his eyes. Of this man we had heard much while ascending the river St. Maurice, and even that he was a cannibal; this last, however, the same guide afterwards recanted, asserting that we had not understood him, but repeated that he had at different times destroyed several Canadian hunters. This chief, in his prime, was an ambitious and successful warrior. By his personal enterprise and bravery he conquered all the Indians who had settled on the parts comprehended between the Aux Sievres Lakes, and the Lake Shosawatasi, an extent, from west to east, of about seventy miles, and at a time when the number of the Tête de Boule nation were much more respectable than they are at present. It is impossible to ascertain how many he destroyed in these invasions; but tradition makes the loss of lives very serious. All these lakes and waters he has since kept firm possession of, portioning off parcels of them at different times to the members of his family, as they grew old enough to hunt for themselves; but it appears that he has never been disturbed by an enemy invading his acquired dominion. We endeavoured to fix his real age; but, for want of numerical calculation among these people, our nearest approach to accuracy was, learning that he remembered the English conquest, and that he had then been some years a married man. Indian tradition gives him about one hundred and ten years, as before remarked, and his appearance does not disprove the estimate. He now lives on the borders of
Lake Mangemagoos, and is taken care of by his daughter and son-in-law, and by a wife about forty years of age, to whom the old gentleman was, as we learned, wedded about twelve months before we met with him. A fine boy of about seven, we were informed, was his son by a former wife; but we observed no appearance of any farther probable increase to his establishment.

The other chief of whom I have to speak, is a much more extraordinary person; and the accounts which we were continually listening to had greatly excited our curiosity to see him—in which expectation, as I before noticed, we were disappointed, but have since had good reason to believe that he was not observant of our motions. This man's name (almost Italian) is Menessino, and he is son to old Majeshk. His usual residence is on the shores of Lake Kempt, the largest expanse we discovered, and almost a water labyrinth, from the extraordinary shapes of its deep bays, its narrow straits, and numerous large islands. Here lives Menessino, with his wives and children, in solitude; for he is a murderer, proscribed by the law, and seldom ventures to leave his haunts to visit the post Wemontachinque.

At one time he was pursued and secured by an officer, sent up purposely from Three Rivers, and who was conveying him down the St. Maurice for trial, when, at La Tuque, on that river, he seized an opportunity, although handcuffed, of plunging in below the rapid, and swam over to the other side in safety, leaving the constable only to wonder at his escape. As the canoe had not been brought over the portage, and he, in consequence, could not pursue him, Menessino easily found his way back to his lakes. In person he is described as a tall, active, athletic man, with an expression of countenance not unpleasing, but even indicative of mildness and quietude. Under this calm exterior is, however, concealed a disposition to cruelty and violent passion which renders him fearful to all when excited by anger or jealousy. Our guide's rude draught of him reminded me somewhat of Byron's "Corsair"—dark and dangerous. Two wives have died by his hand: the grave of one we visited on the shores of Lake Kempt. He killed her in a paroxysm of anger, by cleaving her head with an axe. The manner in which he destroyed the other I do not remember. Strange to relate, the place where he has chosen to bury the first unfortunate woman seems to be a favourite spot of the murderer; for there we found his bath and summer cabin, which the guide told us he is accustomed to inhabit.

On the same spot are also two other graves—one filled by his own mother, who was murdered on a sand-beach of Lake Malawin, by the hands of Menesino's daughter, her own grandchild. Our guide was present when this unnatural murder was perpetrated. He and another were crossing Lake Malawin on a "derrouine" excursion, when, observing two women fighting on the sand, they approached in their canoe, and found they were the mother and daughter of Menessino, who himself was seated by, coolly looking on and smoking. The Canadians expressed a desire to separate them; but Menessino forbade them, and said, "let the women fight." The next minute our guide saw the young girl get the head of her antagonist under her arm, and twist it round, when the old woman fell dead. Her body was then conveyed more than forty miles, by Menessino, to the burial-place which we visited. The remaining grave there found is that of a child who died naturally. Nothing can surpass the neatness and care with which these graves are covered and defended from the attacks of wild beasts.

Another striking characteristic of this Indian is, that he never, like others, was in the habit of intoxicating himself at the posts with ardent spirits. Whatever he required he took with him to the lakes. Amongst his other peculiar whims, Menessino at one time insisted on having a wooden-boarded real house, built for him by the Hudson's Bay Company, on a point of Lake Kempt, under penalty of carrying his furs elsewhere; and this was actually done, all the timbers, &c., being conveyed from Wemontachinque. This building we had a great desire to see; but the guide pretended that he could not find it while in Lake Kempt, though he said he had several times been at it, and really had so. The fact is, the guide knew the spot, but was probably afraid of offending Menessino by discovering to us his retreat—another proof of offending Menessino by discovering to us his retreat—another proof of the reverential awe which this chief has spread around.
him. Why the fur-traders have so long refrained from securing and delivering him up to justice, I know not: it may be no concern of theirs, and Menessino is the best hunter of all the tribe of Tete de Boules. On one occasion two Canadians undertook to seize and carry off Menessino from his lake. They tracked him into one of the deep bays, which we were shown, and whence they concluded he could not escape. Menessino was, however, aware of their intention: he left his canoe, and, stealing along among the trees, the wary Indian took deliberate aim at the men as they were cautiously passing, and killed either one or both on the spot: at all events neither returned from the lake. But it is now time for me to close this paper. I will only add, that for several years no communication has existed between this lone man and old Majeshk, his father.

He had, some years ago, a half brother, whose grave we visited on Lake Nemochanique—a murderer also, whose catalogue of crime exceeds in horror even that of Menessino, and who was at length destroyed by another Indian, whose wife he had repeatedly endeavoured to carry off, and three times attempted to murder the husband. In the last of these encounters Menessino’s brother was at length killed by a blow from the axe of his enemy, and the ruffian lies buried on the very spot where, seven years before, he had shot a Canadian woman in cool blood, and dashed out the brains of a poor child who had witnessed the deed. Such are some of the lawless acts that have been perpetrated in that wild region, where human life seems scarcely to be valued at “a button in a man’s cap;” nor will they probably be the last of the same kind. There is no exaggeration in this sketch: I have merely repeated what I heard, and which, for the most part, the corresponding testimony of different persons tended to corroborate.”

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**THE REMONSTRANCE.**

It needs not language to impart
How fair, how beautiful thou art,—
To tell how bright thy glances shine,
How gracefully thy tresses twine
Around that brow of purest snow,
While roses deck thy cheek below!

Little boots it to express
Each item of thy loveliness,—
Step as stately as the fawn’s
Which trips upon the upland lawns,
In those haunted lands afar
Where frowns the forest of Braemar;
Hand too fair for earth like ours,—
Made only for the harp and flow’rs!

Yet, if still in scorn you hold me,
If all day long you tease and scold me,
If your cheek with anger flushes,
If your rage in torrents gushes,
If teacups at my head you fling,
Ah me!—that’s quite a different thing.

J. W.

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* Menessino was last year taken and tried at Quebec for the several murders, but for want of proper evidence was, after some confinement, acquitted, and is now pursuing his usual occupation of hunting.
THE OLD CROSS.

Engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine & Museum

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THE OLD CROSS.

(Fide Embellishment.)

Revolutions, whatever good they may otherwise do, it must be allowed are very
inimical to the picturesque. The celebrat
ated three days of July swept away all
the old crosses in France that used to
group so harmoniously with the spires of
the village churches. Ask any landscape
painter whether their loss is not to be
regretted? The arid form of the Old
Cross, rearing itself high above the sur-
rounding cottages, always contrasted finely
with the verdure and waving foliage of
the neighbouring trees. "There were
many uses," says a lively French writer
of the present day, "belonging to the Old
Cross of my native village, which makes
it greatly regretted. I know not whether
the modern utilitarian would allow these
uses to be actually utilities; but many of
them were pleasant things to remember.
The Old Cross of our primitive village
stood on the banks of the Rhone, within
view of the sea and of the port of Mar-
seilles; it was raised on Gothic stone
steps, rising from the fresh bright turf.
When the cottagers went to labour in the
fields, these steps were the rendezvous
for their little children to wait thereon for
their return. The summit was always
crowned with a wreath of the earliest
wheat-ears, when the grain grew hard
and harvest drew near; and it wore a
garland of paquerettes or daisies at Easter,
and of holly at Christmas, these being the
great rustic festivals. On the steps of the
Cross were settled all the commercial
transactions of the village, the price of
grain, the price of butter and eggs, and the
rate of wages of labourers and mariners.
Upon its shaft were engraved all
memorable dates; as the return of Na-
poleon, and the Restoration. It was the
landmark and terminal god of the village,
and stood like a link between the middle
ages and modern times. Poor Old Cross!
it was charged with reliques, votive offer-
ings, and remembrances. It had stood
safely the storms of the first revolution,
and had been girted as a faithful sea-
mark by many a homeward-bound bark
making for the blue arrowy Rhone. More
than all, the truest vows of love were
made at the foot of the Old Cross. Our
timid young girls thought themselves as
safe when, with their lovers, they stood

beneath its venerable shadow, as if they
had not quitted the protection of their
mothers. One night some sacrilegious
person, inspired by the fervour of liberty
and a fury against what he considered
priestcraft, hewed down our Old Cross,
and broke half the hearts in our village;
for many lovers, who had called on it to
witness their vows, from that moment
considered their contracts broken and
void.

"A few months previous to its destruc-
tion, a young sailor of Marseilles had paid
his addresses to the prettiest girl in our
village. He vowed, after his return from
the Levant, to marry her. The sun shone
as it loves to shine in the south of France
—the blue river rushed along joyously,
and glittered like a bright glare—and the
budding vines that hung over the cliffs,
waved above the Rhone in the breeze of a
gay April eve. The lovers parted at the
foot of our Old Cross.

"'Adieu, Robert.' 'Adieu, Adèle.'
"'Thou wilt return, Robert, to the Old
Cross, and fulfil thy vow?'

"'Never, Adèle, will I forget it while
the Old Cross stands.'

"Adèle took off her new straw hat,
trimmed with rose-coloured ribbons, and
gave it to Robert, that it might adorn the
saint figured at his ship's head, in order
that, whenever he offered his devotions,
he might be reminded of her. For many
days after did this rover of the salt waters
think of the contrast between the delicate
features and complexion of Adèle, that
showed so charmingly below the
verge of this straw hat, and the weather-
beaten St. Anne, rudely daubed with ver-
million, to whom it was now transferred.
But the rose-coloured ribbons of the pretty
straw hat soon got faded with the glare
of the sun and the dash of salt water, and
a black-eyed brunette of Livorno carried
off the heart of the inconstant Robert at
the first port made by his ship.

"And poor Adèle! Adèle sighed and
wept, and prayed faithfully for his speedy
return. One bright July evening, in
1830, she offered up vows for the safety
of her betrothed, and with a devotedness
of soul, and earnestness of look and atti-
dude that contrasted strangely with the
simple action, she attached to the Old
Cross a toy heart of wax,—an offering
which she fondly hoped would, by some
mysterious means, relieve the anxiety that
was throbbing at her own poor heart.
Her young friends who had been betrothed
to mariners had often done the same, and
told her that a votive offering had won-
derful efficacy in such cases.

"The next week the Old Cross was
hewn down by some devotee to liberty
and innovation: the site was left desolate.
Adie repaired to the spot, and often cast
looks in vain to seaward; but her fickle
lover never returned. The Old Cross had
disappeared, and the unfaithful Robert
declared that his vows were cancelled."

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.
BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.

I.
From life's vast lottery—on arrow wings
Death and the grave bear every prize away;
And scarce a bird upon the dull earth sings,
Among the bowers where Wisdom's spirits play,
And Genius wanders with her thousand springs,
That is not led upon a path more bright,
When most the world hath learnt to love its light.

II.
The spark of life is like a spark of fire:
It flasheth forth its beauty and is gone!
So dies the minstrel—leaving Fancy's lyre
Bereft of heart, and chords, and song, and tone,
Silent, because it cannot sing alone!
Meanwhile, all those who loved it mourn and weep
For loss of him with whom it could not sleep!

III.
Yet leaves he pearls behind—a glorious name
That time would fear to kill: so passeth by!
A dearly cherished memory—a fame
With too much immortality to die—
A crown for which a world of poets sigh:
A fairy tree, that he alone could find,
From whence he plucked the bay-leaves of the mind!

IV.
So perished Scott—and such the legacy
He left unto a world of grieving love,
The blow that set his mighty spirit free,
Left it no wings to fly—except above!
No other way than heavenward might his rove,
Who to imperishable mind gave birth,
And sought in soul, a paradise on earth!

V.
'Tis almost vain to talk of monuments
Perpetuating fame to such as Scott;—
Ages that gather in their roll of rents,
Will laugh to see the sculpture fall and rot,
Crumbling to what we call our common lot;
But 'mid our plunder of earth, seas, and skies,
Eternity will deem his name a prize!

VI.
Is it not robed in splendour,—like a beam
That danceth down its pathway from the sun,
Until it lights upon some silver stream,
To kiss the waters as they leap and run—
A crown of gold for glory's chosen son,
On the Death of Sir Walter Scott.

Who wore in meekness all that most adorns,
As following Him who wore the crown of thorns!

VII.

And worth was his, as well as modesty,
And Charity, that linketh Faith to Hope,
Whose gift of love was ever full and free,
Around whose dwelling Friendship fixed her scope,
Nor suffered treachery to interlope;
While Envy, flying to her home of care,
Laid down the shafts of Slander in despair!

VIII.

Most bountiful to him had Genius been,
Who fondly chose him for her second child,
While Shakspere was her first—and both, I ween,
Around her homes have taken wanderings wild,
To gather treasures that a world beguiled—
Draining the deeps of thought, to find and fling
Gems round the throne where learning reigned a king!

IX.

Is it not beautiful to see the light
Of knowledge, like a comet, warm the world;
Starting, like tears, all those outpourings bright
Of universal good—that erst were hurled
Into the gulph where Ignorance unfurled
The flag of Bigotry, in triumph vain,
Ere Intellect began her glorious reign?

X.

Honoured of gods—proud Intellect! E’en thou,
Feeding with oil the bright lamps of the brain,
Filling the springs from whence all thought doth flow,
And turning laggard dullness back again;—
Didst never deem the condescension vain,
To leave thy home, and go a pilgrim forth,
To bow before the Wizard of the North!

XI.

The North—immortalised by Him—that throws
Its wailing on the winds—whose spirits spoke
In tones as low as if the mountain snows
Melted to find their sweetest lyre broke,
And silent all the strains its minstrel woke.
Ah! well indeed—such witching minstrel’s sleep,
If Scottish hearts were stones, might make them weep!

XII.

Oh! many a night in Abbotsford’s old hall,
The sprites will sing his ballads to the moon;
And as the spirit voices rise and fall,
His knights and heroines will greet the tune,
And dance like fairies on a night in June,
Or tilt their lances, for a dreamy while,
In tournaments around the ancient pile.

XIII.

Or some perchance may revel and carouse,
As he hath told in many a merrie tale:
The thousand crowned and coroneted brows
Whom once his muse pursued o’er hill and dale,
May shine again in helm and coat of mail,
Till visions fly as Sol updraws the dew,
And Teviot's stream receives the spirit crew.

XIV.
Then comes the day, and with it living men,
   To view the mansion where a Scott was born—
   To praise his mighty genius once again,
   And once again to sigh that he is gone;
Yet pleased to hear from admiration's horn,
How fame doth trumpet forth her favoured guest,
As though she loved him more than all the rest!

XV.
Then will they seek his other home—the tomb—
The shrine of past mortality alone.
Earth holds the glory, and the grave the gloom,
   While his form moulders 'neath the marble stone.
   Where the world's tears have writ "The Great Unknown."
Yet only erst unknown—for wisdom's wand
Dispelled the secret to enchant the land.

XVI.
Synonymous with Glory—now his name
   Doth share with her the pinnacle of light,
Illumining the very domes of Fame,
   And flinging radiance from its golden height,
   To dazzle all the world, and yet delight!
Half worshipped by the good, by none forgot:
Lived—died—is mourned—imperishable Scott!

CHRONICLES OF FRANCE.—No. I.

THE TREASURE.—PART I.

"On dict et il est vray que tous edifices sont massonnes et ouvres de plusieurs sortes de pierres, et toutes grosses rivieres sont faictes et ressemblees de plusieurs surgoens. Aussi les sciences sont extraites et compilées de plusieurs clercs."

PROLOGUE DES CHRONIQUES DE MESSIRE FROISSART.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the condition of the Jews was horrible in the extreme; but then, as now, the accumulation of wealth compensated those sons of Mammon for insults and oppressions without number. Even the penalties to which they were subject were of the vilest nature. During Passion Week they were publicly whipped through the streets; they were not unfrequently brought to the stake for pretended crimes; and the spectacle of a Jew suspended to a gibbet, between two dogs, was amongst the ordinary exhibitions of the time. But these were trifling drawbacks on the pleasures and profits of usury. From the desperate resource of a conversion to Christianity the children of Israel derived little advantage; for, immediately after the rite of baptism, they were required to renounce the wealth which, acquired before their adoption of the true faith, was considered ill-gotten and impure.

Philip the Handsome—a prince by no means scrupulous as to the mode of augmenting his treasure—expelled the persecuted Israelites from France, and then, without further ceremony, possessed himself of their property. Their subsequent and temporary return in the reign of John was purchased at an enormous sacrifice. Finally, Charles VI., surnamed the Well-beloved, again banished them by a royal edict dated 17th September, 1394, and enjoining them to quit the realm within the space of one month, under penalty of confiscation and the gibbet. This iniquitous and impolitic decree was, no doubt, extorted by the priests from the weak monarch, during his moments of insanity. In vain the Jews offered considerable sums for permission to reside in the principal
tows of the kingdom: each day the pop-
ulace of Paris loaded them with insults,
and afforded them abundant proof that
flight was the only resource for their pro-
scribed race. Prompt, but silent, was
their emigration. After their departure,
money became extremely scarce through-
out France, and commerce, which had
before been in a state of depression, ceased
altogether.

Matters were in this state, when, on the
16th of October, 1394, about six o’clock
in the evening, Nicholas Flamel and his
pious helpmate, Pernelle, silently pursued
their customary avocations in their little
shop close to the gate of Saint Jacques-la-
Boucherie. A copper lamp, burning in
the chamber, threw its dim light on the
operation of the good Nicholas, who was
engaged in transcribing, in gothic letters,
an illuminated missal, whilst his moiety
devoutly told her beads. An autumnal
wind howled mournfully around the tower
of the neighbouring church, and threat-
ened to lay low the pride of the rickety
fleur-de-lis which served as the sign of
the public scribe’s establishment. The
curfew had already tolled; and in the
adjacent streets, which were none of the
cleanest, was heard the grunting of swine,
mingleed with the screams of night birds,
and the howling of troops of wolf-like dogs
that owned no master.

“Nicholas,” said Pernelle, abruptly
breaking silence, “methinks, in three
days, thanks to our royal master, we shall
hear no more of those circumcised dogs: at
this my heart is right glad, for Jew is
but another name for Antichrist.”

“Tush, wife,” replied Nicholas, gravely
continuing his task, “thy heart should
be sad, instead of merry. During these
discords and civil wars, when, God wot,
our business at the best is not over-flou-
rishing, the Jews have constantly fed my
pen with their deeds, parchments, and
schedules. I fear me these missals will
be less productive. By Saint Antony, I
could for very spite drown me in a tub of
my own ink.”

“Nay, good Nicholas, a scribe so
dexterous as thou art, not to say a true
Christian, should preach in another strain.
Has not my confessor assured me that
when the Jews no longer darken the face
of the land the good days of the church
will return. You will then have store of
missals to copy; aye, and writings in
golden and coloured characters”——

——“For which I shall be paid in
prayers and masses. I reck not of such
recompense.”

At this moment a gentle tap was heard
at the door, and Pernelle having opened
with such expedition as her seventy years
might permit, an old man, with a long
white beard, a shrewd piercing expression
of countenance, and attired in a yellow
flowing robe, entered the shop of Nicholas
Flamel. At the aspect of the visitant,
Pernelle hastily made the sign of the cross,
pressed her beads to her lips, and resumed
her seat, whilst an angry scowl betokened
her scorn and dislike of her husband’s
guest. Nicholas Flamel, on the contrary,
pointed to a seat, and welcomed Manasses,
who, according to the custom of his na-
tion, acknowledged the courtesy by plac-
ing the little finger of his right hand in the
extended hand of his host.

“Sedete dextris meis,” said Nicholas,
“and let us hold converse together. I
thought that by this time you had put
some hundred leagues between yourself
and our good city.”

“Would to our Lady that he had!”
muttered Pernelle.

“Good Rabbin,” continued Flamel,
“tis no slight motive that on such a night as this has
urged you to visit the dwelling of an
humble scribe like me. I marvel that
you encountered not some of our Univer-
sity-scholars, who have ere now made
many of your tribe the bearers of their
own crosses.”

“My son,” interrupted Manasses, “the
God of Isaac and Jacob watches over
these grey hairs, and when men evil-
intreat his chosen people, his right arm
protects them as with a shield. I would
be alone with thee for a few moments,
for I have weighty matters to confide to
thy good guidance and discretion.”

At this intimation Pernelle retired, with-
out awaiting the entreaty of Nicholas Flam-
el, who, enveloped in a large woollen
mantle, the furred hood of which covered
his head, advanced to fasten the door.
The Rabbin listened for an instant to the
sound of Pernelle’s receding footsteps, and
then presented Flamel with a Bible, which
he drew from a leathern bag strongly impregnated with aromatic odours.

"Nicholas," said the Jew, with solemnity, "on this holy book thou must swear to respect the secret which shall presently come to thy knowledge. Make oath of silence, and I—aye, even I—have power to make thee wealthy as Solomon and the Queen of Sheba."

"In the name of the blessed Trinity," said Flamel, raising his hand, "I swear. A Christian who proffers that oath binds himself more solemnly than the Pagan of the olden time who swore by the Styx."

"Heed me then, good Nicholas, and breathe not my words to human ear. The royal edict, which exiles our tribes from France, has allowed us one month for the recovery of our loans and obligations. Alas! these Christian debtors are full of wiles and iniquities: the people resist our just demands—and noble signors, when we meekly require of them our moneys, order their valets to settle the account with their staves. Thus shall we be poorer than the patriarch of Uz, unless thou, Nicholas, canst aid us. Doubt not thou shalt have profit of thy service."

"Good master, thou may'st command my pen. Wilt thou that I clothe the fair white parchment, as heretofore, with words of supplication and remonstrance? Or would'st thou seek justice against the borrowers?"

"Justice, in this land of Christian oppression! As well might the lamb demand justice in the slaughter-house. But one expedient is left, and to give it trial have I deemed it fitting to crave thy assistance. Thou knowest how to deal with thy stiff-necked people—thou knowest the usages of Christian Parliaments—and, above all, thou hast some acquaintance with the Hebrew tongue. Wherefore, Nicholas, am I deputed by my brethren to offer thee large interest in our debts, which in number exceed the stars of the firmament, if thou wilt devise some stratagem or expedient whereby we may recover a portion from the hands of the spoilers."

"Thanks, most worshipful Manasses, for this confidence. I would walk barefooted over burning ploughshares to serve the congregation of Israel in this matter. Make over to me the debts due to your brethren: I will hereafter give a good account of my stewardship, and journey with the amount in moneys and golden ingots, even beyond Judaea."

"May'st thou prove worthy of this high trust?" said Manasses, in a tone of deep emotion. "Take this register, in which thou wilt find bonds and securities to the amount of five hundred thousand crowns. Recover the principal for me and for my brethren; the interest shall be for thy lawful profit."

Nicholas Flamel took possession of the precious documents, handing over to Manasses an acknowledgment in due form for the sum. The clauses of the singular agreement proposed by the Jew were then ratified by the contracting parties; and, on the morrow, the rabbin took the road to Spain, where many of his persecuted race had already found an asylum. Without loss of time Nicholas bestirred himself in the execution of his undertaking; and as he was well satisfied to receive half the amount of the debts, without claiming interest, his activity and address at length rendered him master of more than two hundred thousand crowns—an enormous sum for that period, when specie was exceedingly scarce. The temptation was too strong for the probity of the scribe; and, after a few faint qualms of conscience, he resolved to appropriate to his own use the property which had so unexpectedly fallen into his hands. Of worldly retribution there was little danger, and the dread of a more remote punishment Nicholas Flamel overcame with somewhat of the sophistry which persuades the worshipper of Pluto that there are modes of effecting a compromise with that long-suffering creditor—Providence. Were there not churches to be built—monasteries to be endowed, in the godly realm of France? Nicholas, therefore, hardening his heart, carried into effect his dishonest intentions, purchased lands and houses, made choice of a magnificent residence for himself, and secretly buried in the cellars of his new abode the coffers containing his ill-acquired riches. The sudden contrast between his actual splendour and his past obscurity soon banished every feeling of remorse; and if at times a cloud invaded the deceitful serenity of his mind, the momentary gloom was occasioned solely by
impatience of the secrecy which a knowledge of his helpmate's religious scruples compelled him to observe with regard to the source of his prosperity.

About two months after the departure of Manasses, Nicholas and his wife, seated before a blazing fire, were discoursing in conjugal fashion on the subject of the approaching festival of Christmas. All at once the scribe, in the exultation of his heart, muttered certain indistinct phrases touching the oblation of a chalice of pure gold to the parish of Saint Jacques.

"Holy virgin, be good unto us!" screamed Pernelle, starting back in terror: "of a truth, Nicholas, thou hast made a covenant with the Evil One, for, compared to thee, even the purse-bearer of the King of France is a beggar. Dost thou not fear that for thy sins, and for those in which I am forced to share, the earth will open wide and bury us in the chasm, as of old befell Dathan and Abiron?"

"Pernelle," replied the scribe with a grimace, "have I not told thee that I was born under a golden planet? Prifthee, wife, leave preaching; array thyself in fine linen and velvet robes; hide the wrinkles of thy forehead with precious jewels; and wear pointed slippers, like dames of quality."

"Not so, Nicholas: such pomp and vanities are little suited to one whose only garment will shortly be a shroud. Thou hast not yet my years, but have a care lest these works of Satan cut short the thread of thy existence, and lead thee to the stake. In good sooth, husband, acquaint me if thou hast received some unlooked-for inheritance; for I would fain silence the clatter of envious tongues."

"Hear me," replied Nicholas Flamel; "I can no longer conceal the truth which the fear of thy indiscretion has till now prevented me from revealing. Among a heap of musty parchments I recently discovered an inestimable Hebrew manuscript, composed by the patriarch Abraham, and written on the bark of trees: the precious volume was preserved from the injuries of time by plates of gold, which closed with silver clasps, and on which were engraved certain mystic characters. Within were beauteous colourings, and hieroglyphics of curious form. By dint of mortification and midnight study I succeeded in deciphering the wondrous secrets of the book. Wife, I am in possession of the grand secret—chemically and geometrically."

"By our lady," said Pernelle,—"even so was it reported, but I believed it not. Where is this incomparable book, that I may worship it even as a sainted relic?"

"Burnt to ashes, wife: thinkest thou I would preserve it for another's profit? What boots the casket to him who possessed the gem? But," added he with a smile, "let none know of these matters, unless thou wouldst bring me to the evil end of the sorcerer."

The next morning before day-break Pernelle quitted the house, and returned at the hour when the students and monks were going from door to door seeking alms. The helpmate of Nicholas was accompanied by her confessor, the chaplain of Saint Jacques-la-Boucherie, whose hypocritical visage was enveloped in a brown hood—a sort of uniform adopted by the clergy of those days. The reverend father honoured Flamel with a Pharisaical salutation, and a smile false as his hollow heart; then, having assured himself that no eaves-dropper was nigh, assumed a severe expression of countenance, and commenced an harangue to the terrified scribe.

"Nicholas Flamel," said the priest, "thou art at least imprudent, if not culpable: 'tis reported throughout our city that you have discovered the grand secret."

"Alas!" replied Flamel, who secretly cursed the indiscretion of his wife,—"would it were even as thou say'st; but I swear by the saints—"

"Nicholas, why wilt thou harden thy heart and perjure thy soul? I come to counsel thee in friendship. Thou hast offended God and man, and by both wilt thou be judged; for they who hold commerce with the powers of darkness can alone deal in the abominable art of magic. Make acknowledgment of thy guilt under the sacred seal of confession, or the church will deliver thee over to the secular arm of the law."

"By my goose-quill," said Nicholas, "but holy mother church can spy in a drop of water wherewithal to hang her Christian children. Once more, father, you are in error."

"Nay, my son, confess thyself as the church enjoins, and thou wilt have no cause for repentance. Thou hast in thy
power that divine wonder-working stone with which Solomon unlocked the treasures of the earth. Fear not that, Judaslike, I will betray thee: I will rather aid thee to set at nought the slanders of evil-speakers and the machinations of the wicked, if thou wilt unfold to me thy secret:"

"Good friar, thou mock'st me: I swear by the Eucharist—"

"Enough, Nicholas; and yet 'twere pity that because of this report some uncharitable tongue should accuse thee before the Parliament. Thou shalt have the prayers of the church in thy behalf my son; but give me a few hundred pieces of gold, that I may distribute them to the poor and needy: thou wilt thus lay up for thyself treasure in heaven."

Perceiving the danger of urging any objection to the friar's demand, Nicholas Flamél cast a look of reproach upon Pernelle, and with a sigh descended to the cellar, where he made a slight breach into his hoard. The father confessor with difficulty bridled his sordid avarice, as the scribe placed in his hands a small bag filled with golden coins.

"The metal is of good weight and without alloy," said the monk, closely examining a new parisis which was impressed with the effigy of the last reigning monarch, Philip de Valois. "'Tis miraculous," added the holy father, "that these pieces smell not of brimstone. I will make excellent use of them, master Flamél: money costs thee so little, that in behalf of the poor 'tis possible I may again trouble thee. Adieu! paz robíscum."

"Woman! woman! true daughter of Eve!" exclaimed the enraged scribe to Pernelle; cursed be the tongue that betrays us to evil!"

"Another word," observed the chaplain, ere he passed the threshold: "I pray that your prosperity be not troubled by the wicked; but 'tis good to make friends against the evil day. Hold the clergy in your remembrance, found monasteries, build churches, and adorn the altars with pious offerings. Thus shall your days be long in the land, and after death the prayers of the church will speed your soul through the torments of purgatory."

"He counsels me wisely," thought Nicholas, when the priest had departed; and from that hour the cunning scribe resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and to purchase the protection of the church by dint of largesses to the poor, donations to convents, and sundry other acts of munificence; trusting that the holy fathers would, for the love of righteousness, condescend to become the almoners of his bounty. The chronicles of the time enlarge upon the number of churches which the sanctified Nicholas enriched with presents of altar-pieces, stained glass, and reliquaries. On many of these his own likeness was sculptured or otherwise represented, in various habiliments, with or without beard, his profession being distinctly denoted by the ink-horn appended to his girdle. On these and many other interesting traditions we must dwell but lightly, simply observing, that the piety of Nicholas almost obtained for him the honour of canonisation even before his death, and that four months after the expulsion of the Jews, an edict of the 2d of March, 1395, annulled all bonds and obligations signed in their favour, and expressly forbade their debtors to render them any account. This was by no means the least considerable among the good offices for which Nicholas Flamél was indebted to his allies, the priests.

One morning as the worthy scribe was sedulously engaged in the duties of his calling, he was somewhat startled by the appearance of Manasses, who stood before him, his hollow eyes, his emaciated countenance, and his tattered garments proclaiming the sad change which persecution and misery had wrought in his condition.

"Flamél," said the Jew sternly, "I come to demand the moneys of my brethren, for which here is thine own acknowledgment. Thy affairs, it would seem, were too urgent to admit of thy journeying into Spain, according to promise."

"Of a truth," answered Flamél, after much hesitation, "there was little need of the journey. The purse-strings of a debtor, as thou knowest, are tied with the Gordian knot; moreover, our liege sovereign has forbidden payment: the edict has been published by sound of trumpet, and has been cried through the public streets."

"Flamél," exclaimed Manasses, interrupting him, "thou speakest of yesterday: thou darest not, like a base knave, convert
to thy own uses a sacred deposit which, for months, has been in thy hands. The act would damn thee hereafter, if not here: thou standest in awe of thine own conscience, if not of the law."

"Manasses!" cried Pernelle, who at this moment entered the shop, and uttered a scream of horror: "a Jew in my house! Out upon thee, circumcised dog!"

"A Jew!" screamed the servant Margot, who had an eye to the inheritance.

"A Jew, a Jew!" shouted a band of students, who, whilst passing near the spot, heard the detested name. In an instant a crowd assembled, and the old man, after a feeble resistance, was hurried into the street. The fanaticism of a barbarous age rendered his persecutors insensible to shame or pity. The wretched Manasses was buffeted by the populace, and trampled under foot; his white hair was besmeared with his own blood, and sullied by the mire through which he was dragged. Terror and violence soon brought his sufferings to a close: the spirit of the Jew had escaped its bondage ere his disfigured corpse had satiated the vengeance of his Christian butchers.

PART II.

At the period of which we now proceed to write—in the year 1418—the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, assisted by the English, marched upon Paris. Terror and desolation tracked the steps of the invader, whose triumphs were increased by the abject but fruitless solicitations for peace, made by the envoys of Charles VI. The ill-fated monarch, whose lucid intervals were at times more fatal than his paroxysms of insanity, was then in the metropolis, where he was left without a court, without money, and without an army. The constable d'Armagnac, and the Chancellor de Marle, both execrated by the people, governed the sovereign without opposition, and soon succeeded in moulding to their will the dauphin Charles, a prince but sixteen years of age, and the only survivor of six brothers. The royal treasury had been long exhausted, and to levy further imposts was impossible; for the malcontents awaited but a favourable opportunity to renew the troubles of 1407.

Since the acquisition of his unexpected wealth, Nicholas Flamel, aided by his trusty allies the priests, had escaped the proscriptions, confiscations, and massacres which had desolated Paris. The suspicious rumours at first circulated touching the origin of his fortune had ceased with the existence of the Jew Manasses, and envy herself breathed not a whisper in his disparagement, save an occasional hint that the devout Nicholas had by some wondrous means possessed himself of the philosopher's stone. Pernelle had already gone the way of all flesh, having in 1397 departed this life at an advanced age, and in the odour of sanctity. The widowed scribe was therefore left without encumbrance to the care of augmenting his fortune; and so diligently did he discharge this duty, that, at the epoch to which we have now brought our chronicle, he had acquired immense property in lands and houses, both in Paris and the environs, and that without diminution of his precious hoard. Spite of his eighty years, his grey locks, and his wrinkles, Nicholas contrived to maintain the appearance of a green old age. His habitual costume was that of the time of Charles V.; but the points of his shoes were of a less preposterous length than that authorised by the fashion of his day. His cap trimmed with grey fur, the fine texture of the green woollen stuff which formed the material of his dress, and two inkhorns, emboidered in gold upon his mantle, betokened that, although of plebeian origin, he belonged to the class of the wealthy.

On the 6th March, in the year above-mentioned, the curfew had tolled from the tower of Saint Jacques-la-Boucherie, and Nicholas Flamel, who had spent the last twenty years of his life in vain researches after the grand secret so generously said to be in his keeping, was busily employed in tracing mysterious lines, figures, and characters, whilst his servant Marguerite la Quemal, familiarly called Margot, sat opposite to him in silence. On a sudden a loud tumult was heard in the street, and at every moment the footsteps, voices, and shouts of a noisy throng approached nearer and nearer to the dwelling of honest Nicholas. In those troubled times every incident out of the ordinary course was a subject for rumination and alarm: a midnight brawl
sufficed to scare a whole street from its propriety. In a trice every window in the quarter was thrown open. Some of the neighbours having endeavoured to take a hasty cognisance of the cause of their terror, concealed themselves in the cellars of their houses; others, more courageous, armed themselves with cutlasses and rusty halberds. Flameland turned pale, and shivered as though he had been seized with an ague-fit. Fixing his eyes on Marguerite, who seemed bereft of the power to move,— "We are lost!" cried the trembling scribe; "the English are at the gate:—Fillage! massacre! my treasure—my darling treasure!—my life! my soul!"

The narrow street was now encumbered with a numerous assemblage of individuals, whose uniforms and other distinguishing badges denoted them of the royal household. The leader of the party advanced, and knocked loudly at the door of Nicholas.

"In the King's name open"—cried the man of authority; whilst the dead silence that succeeded the peal of thunder from the knocker added a fearful importance to the command.

"Who be ye that knock so late?" demanded Nicholas, beside himself with terror; "Friends come not with such shew of numbers. For to-night, my masters, depart in peace, that to-morrow we may give you more honourable welcome."

"Open, in the name of our royal sire, Charles VI.," resumed the same voice as before, but if possible in a more angry tone; "open, or some fifty of my archers shall batter your door from its hinges to teach you obedience."

"Content ye, good seigneurs, I come," replied Flameland, bustling to the door, and with assumed alacrity turning the key in the lock, but for several minutes with more sound than effect. After as much delay as was compatible with his fears for the safety of the mansion, he opened the door, and a personage richly attired and of youthful appearance entered the house, at the same time enjoining his attendants to await his orders in the street. The courtly elegance and even finery of the stranger's costume but ill corresponded with the magisterial dignity with which he seemed invested. His sleeves, plentifully amplified with padding, formed no bad prototype of the modern manches à gigot; his hair descended in ringlets almost over his eyes; his shoes, in the modish phraseology of the day styled à la poulaine, were furnished with steel points; a cone-shaped hat, bedizened with feathers, completed the accoutrement of this official petit-maitre.

"Master Nicholas," said the invader, of Flameland's domestic hearth, when Marguerite had retired after closing the street-door, "you have the honour to receive Messire de Cramoisy, master of requests to his most gracious Majesty, in whose name I demand of you the loan of certain monies, to enable the state to push the war against England and the men of Burgundy."

"Your excellent worship is pleased to be merry with your humble servant," cried Nicholas in piteous accents: "an it please ye, mine inkbhorn is better filled with ink than my strong-box with crowns."

"Master Nicholas," observed the official, with phlegm, "I should be loath to disturb the tranquillity of your dwelling with the presence of my serjeants, who on these occasions are truly of ungenteel demeanour. The caiffis can scent gold at the distance of a league."

"Call them not, most honourable seigneur; I am unworthy the society of such excellent and noble gentlemen."

"In that case, Nicholas, consent within three days to pay into the treasury of our well-beloved sovereign fifty thousand crowns, in money or ingots."

"Fifty thousand crowns! As I have a Christian soul, the sum would purchase a duchy. Praise be the saints, and more especially my patron St. Nicholas," added the scribe, devoutly lifting his eyes to the ceiling of the apartment, "I have taken more thought for the salvation of mine immortal part, than for the heaping up of treasures of gold or silver."

"Ventre d'Armagnac!" exclaimed Messire de Cramoisy, who by this time began to wax impatient; "thou shouldst be thankful that our sovereign, for the present, requires so little. What are fifty thousand crowns, or double the sum, to an old sinner like thee, who can command Belzebub and his imps to coin the stones into golden parisis?"

"Now, by the soul of my chaste and defunct spouse Pernelle, 'tis monstrous thus to asperse the good name of his-
Majesty's most lowly but faithful servant."

"Peace, Nicholas! Denial will avail thee nothing: thou hast heard, peradventure, of certain appliances which possess the miraculous power of gifting even the dumb with speech. We have the strappedado, the molten lead, and many other ancient and approved remedies for the stubbornness of the obdurate. Callest thou the reverend chaplain of Saint Jacques a tale-bearer and a slanderer? But enough of parley: to thy task, good alchymist: prepare the crucibles; heat the furnaces; produce the whole sum I told thee of—mark—the sum of fifty thousand crowns."

"For your own sake hear me," cried Nicholas, mustering sudden resolution, "one word of mine is the fiat of destruction to both of us: if I but pronounce the word, not one stone of this building shall be left upon another, and both of us shall find a grave within its ruins. Leave me then in peace," continued he, gathering fresh courage as he noted the consternation with which his threat was received by his hearer. "With our beloved sovereign I have no account of money to settle; but for you, most noble Sire de Cramoisy,—your pardon for a moment; I shall return anon, and I trow not empty-handed:" and upon this Nicholas disappeared with a degree of promptitude that, to his visitor, appeared scarcely less than supernatural.

During the absence of Nicholas Flamel, the master of requests was assailed by many uncomfortable reflections. His mind, imbued with the superstitious notions of the time, was filled with the dread of some diabolical ceremony about to take place in the apartment in which he was left alone. His trepidation increased ten-fold as he heard divers strange noises sounding immediately beneath his feet, and proceeding from the cellar, whither Nicholas had descended. The luckless courtier gave himself up for lost, imagining that ere long some unhallowed sight would turn him into stone; when, to his inexpressible relief, his host again appeared, unaccompanied and holding a small phial in his hand.

"Messire de Cramoisy," said the scribe, with a mysterious smile, "I am forbidden to contribute gold towards the spreading of war and bloodshed throughout the land, these things being an abomination in the eyes of him whom I serve. Threats are therefore vain; racks and torments are powerless to bend me from my purpose. But hear me. My days to come are few in number; let me end them in peace, and to you I bequeath the secret in my keeping—the divine art of making gold!"

"Shall it indeed be thus?" demanded the courtier, falling at once into the snare; "shall I be master of the inestimable science which renders the possessor more potent than the kings of the earth?"

"Even so," said Nicholas; "this phial contains the thrice-blessed powder. A single grain cast into the flames suffice to produce whole ingots of gold, and crowns with the image and superscription of our sire."

"Thanks, master Nicholas—thanks, to the end of time. Oh, incomparable miracle of science! Fear not, most worthy alchymist! Thine enemies shall not harm a hair of thine head, nor molest thee in aught wherein thou art concerned. But speak: how shall I do thee service? Thou art not in thy proper sphere—thou shouldst hold some office near the person of our sovereign."

"Vanitas vanitatum!" sighed Nicholas, with a devout grimeline. "I have abjured the vain wishes of this sinful world. Let your serjeants and men-at-arms retire, and I still hold myself your debtor. But a word: use not the miraculous powder before the close of the sixth day, or evil will surely betide ye."

"Away!" said Messire de Cramoisy to his escort as he stepped across the threshold. "Hereafter let none at his peril molest this venerable man." Then, turning to Nicholas, whose visage had assumed an inconceivable expression of irony, "Master Flamel," said he in a low voice, "in six days I am, by thy assistance, sovereign of France! Adieu, most sublime financier!"

The departure of the courtier and his escort was attended with little less tumult than that which had heralded their approach. In every street through which they passed, the inhabitants, starting from their sleep, imagined that Paris was in the hands of the enemy, and marvelled that the tocsin had not already sounded. Till silence again prevailed, Nicholas judged it prudent to restrain the fit of laughter in which he then indulged uncontrolled. So exuberant indeed was his
gaiety, that Marguerite, who, on the retirement of the intruders, had quitted her hiding-place, doubted if her master was still compos mentis. All at once, however, the scribe’s mirth was succeeded by a gloomy fit of despondence.

"Alas!" exclaimed Nicholas with a deep sigh, "poor and honest is better than rich and disloyal knave. Is this the fruit of my pious works and of my alms-givings, which, Margot, between thee and me, have served but to feed a host of lazy priests? The spoiler will return to-morrow or hereafter: he will seize all, if I devise not means of impediment. Par la mor-dieu! I will think of it!"

Without answering the repeated questions of Marguerite, Flamel hastened to seclude himself in his laboratory, and there, feasting his eyes with untouched heaps of gold, ruminated profoundly and sadly. A sleepless night at length gave birth to an expedient, and on the morrow his project was ripe for execution. Experience having taught him that reverend father confessors make slippery confidants, he resolved on this occasion to avail himself of the services of his clerk (a poor half-witted creature), but without fully initiating him in the secret of his intended operations.

Dazzled by promises, and by the more substantial advantage of a few gold pieces, the idiot clerk consented to accompany the scribe, who, under the seal of an oath, acquainted his credulous dependant that, having discovered the remains of some nameless saint, he had bound himself by a vow to perform a pilgrimage to Switzerland, and there to construct a chapel in honour of the sacred relics. Devotion is easily duped; and the clerk without hesitation undertook, at the bidding of Nicholas, to purchase a couple of mules and a suitable vehicle. The body of the pretended saint, carefully stowed in an oaken coffin bound with iron, was no other than the treasure, which, fortunately for the possessor, was heavier than all the relics in Christendom. To add to his security, Nicholas, by dint of a bribe to the grave-digger, obtained from the cemetery of the Innocents the body of an old man, which, with the assistance of Marguerite, who had already studied her part, was introduced by night into her master's house. As the disclosure of this feat would have infallibly obtained for the perpetrator the honours of martyrdom at the stake, Nicholas hastened to prevent accidents by a departure in due form and ceremony for the other world. The corpse destined to represent the scribe was disfigured after a fashion that rendered it impossible to distinguish the features, and was, after this preliminary operation, confided to the safeguard of the church. Nicholas then took the precaution of making his will, not forgetting several legacies to his good friends the priests, amongst whom figured the ex-confessor of his deceased wife. He, moreover, endowed various convents, chapels, hospitals, and other charitable establishments; left a handsome sum to ensure the repetition of fourteen masses annually for the repose of his soul, and finally bequeathed a considerable portion of his wealth to his faithful Marguerite la Quesnel, on the express condition that that trusty handmaiden should, on each Saturday, burn five candles before the effigy of our blessed Lady. These preparations terminated, Nicholas and his clerk, disguised as friars, bade adieu to Marguerite, and towards midnight seated themselves in their vehicle, which was decorated with portraits of saints, and well stored with rosaries, scapularies, missals, and other monkish ware. After a circuit of some length, made with a view to mislead pursuit, should any be set on foot, the pretended fathers took the direct road to Switzerland.

The next morning Marguerite commenced her part in the tragi-comedy. At daybreak her piteous shrieks and groans had already collected several neighbours; curiosity and compassion increased their numbers, and the news was shortly spread throughout Paris that Nicholas Flamel had departed for a better world. As the church lost a considerable revenue by this sudden demise, the great bells were tolled in honour of his memory. The pious chaplain of St. Jaques-la-Boucherie was among the first to visit the house of Nicholas, and with truly paternal solicitude inquired if the defunct had left behind him a last will and testament—a formality in those days indispensable to secure the rite of Christian burial.

On the appointed day the interment took place with great pomp, attended by deputations from the various parishes of the metropolis, as well as by several religious communities. Masses were re-
peated, and de profundis chanted in abundance. In conformity to the last will of the deceased, a superb mausoleum was erected over his remains: about a hundred years since, the curious in such matters might still have seen this costly tomb in the church of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie. The inscription, in French and Latin, enumerated the piety and benevolence—and, indeed, all the Christian virtues usually set forth on the monumental marble of the wealthy.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that Messire de Cramoisy had lost no time in acquainting his royal master with the fruitlessness of his application to Nicholas. No sooner had he been informed of the scribe's death, than he resolved to make essay of his marvellous powder, which in reality was nothing more than a fulminating composition. His avarice, however, produced a fatal result. Wishing to obtain immediate possession of boundless wealth, he rashly committed to the flames the entire contents of the phial. A terrific explosion ensued: the body of the unfortunate master of requests was found literally blown to shreds, and, as usual in such cases, the devil obtained the credit of his tragical end.

Whilst the obsequies of the pretended Flamel were being celebrated in Paris, the genuine proprietor of that name had, with his companion and his treasure, arrived in safety near the frontiers of Switzerland. The holy fraud respecting the body of the saint not only served as a passport to the travellers, but procured for them the prayers, benedictions, and aims of the devout. But for this stratagem, which was in perfect accordance with the spirit of the age, a journey through France, torn by factions and a prey to the horrors of war, would have been utterly impracticable.

The travellers had nearly reached their destination. On a bright and cheerful morning their vehicle advanced slowly along a narrow and difficult road bordering a precipice, the clerk guiding the mules, whilst Flamel was lost in scientific contemplation. Two strangers silently pursued the same route on foot. The companion of Nicholas, forgetting his master's desire to be addressed only by his baptismal appellation, commenced a soliloquy, and pronounced aloud the name of Flamel. "Of a verity," exclaimed the garrulous clerk,—"the city of Paris will long re-echo to the fame and name of master Nicholas Flamel—"

"Flamel!" simultaneously cried the strangers, who immediately approached the vehicle.

"The same," continued the clerk:—"the illustrious Nicholas Flamel, possessor of the grand secret. Behold him seated at the right hand of his unworthy servant!"

"The grand secret!" muttered Nicholas, who, though engrossed by his abstract reverie, mechanically repeated the words associated with his favourite idea.

"Vengeance! Death!" shouted both the strangers, attacking him in concert:—"Christian dog! Baptised robber! know you not the Jews? Call to mind our wrongs, and the fate of the murdered Manasses!"

Brief was the struggle. The strangers were in the vigour of youth. The aged Flamel and his companion were hurled headlong from their crazy vehicle down the precipice, and rolling from rock to rock, were already lifeless ere their bodies, lacerated by the flinty points of the crags, had reached the bottom of the abyss. The Jews divided the treasure, and eluded all pursuit.

ZAIN.

REVIEW.

Literature.

Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American. Edited by Washington Irving.

How rich a treat to the reviewer, satiated by the smooth, musical verbiage, and the indefinite faults of modern poetasters, to open a volume full of genuine melody and original genius. The public manifest much distaste to the imitative herd of verse-writers who inundate literature with their volumes, published at their own risk—a practice productive of much private misery and involvement, and the inevitable consequence of making both
reviewers and readers conceive a prejudice at the sight of a volume of poems, and a reluctance to encounter their contents. For this reason all our successful poets, for the last ten years, have been most favourably received by the public through the medium of magazines and annuals, because it is evident that they must pass a critical surveillance of an editor, who is at least more severe than any author to his own productions.

Bryant's genius was first made known in this manner. In the periodicals of his own country we do not think sufficient justice has been accorded to his collective volume in Europe; we do not think his identity, and claims to the beautiful poems anonymously published in England, are sufficiently known. With this idea we will quote his exquisite ode to the Migrating Water Fowl, and give the little history of its introduction into Europe:—

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong;
As darkly painted on the evening sky
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the placid brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean's side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along a pathless coast;
The desert and illimitable air
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yea, stoop not weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright.

When this noble burst of melodious rhythm, natural picturing, and true religious feeling was first given to the mother-country, by Hone’s fine taste in his Every-Day Book, it created a sensation in the reading world. It was anonymous; and the question went round—

"Who is the author?" Many ascribed it to Moore; but the absence of all flimsy sentiment and garish trickeries soon invalidated such appropriation. Cooper afterwards headed some of the chapters in his American novels with quotations from this poem, and appended to them the name of "Bryant." Yet, in the face of this acknowledgment, Cooper was, by many persons, considered the author; nor was the matter fully settled till Washington Irving, this last summer, edited Cullen Bryant’s poems, which conclude with this exquisite gem. Some years back we remember extracting from an obscure sectarian periodical the following poem, which, in our estimation, approached nearer to the epic English verse than is often seen in modern times, since the eras of Pope and Dryden. It was then nameless, uncockily introduced, but irresistibly attractive by the strong light of native genius. With pleasure it was recognised in Cullen Bryant’s volume:—

Hear what the desolate Rizpah said,
As on Gibeath’s rocks she watched the dead;
The sons of Michel before her lay,
And her own fair children, dearer than they;
By a death of shame they all had died,
And were stretched on the cold rock, side by side;
And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
That bloomed and smiled at the court of Saul,
All wasted with watching and famine now,
And scorched by the sun her haggard brow,
Sat mournfully guarding their corpses there,
And murmured a strange and solemn air—
The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain
Of a mother that mourns her children slain:—

"I have made the crags my home, and spread
On their desert backs my sackcloth bed:
I have eaten the bitter herbs of the rocks,
And drank the midnight dew in my locks:
"I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain
Of my burning eyeballs went to my brain:
Seven blackened corpses before me lie,
In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the sky:
I have watched them through the burning day,
And driven the vulture and raven away;
And the cormorant wheeled in circles around,
Yet feared to alight on the guarded ground:
And when the shadows of twilight came,
I have seen the byena's eyes of flame,
And heard at my side his stealthy tread;
But aye at my shout the savage fled:
And I threw the lighted brand to fright
The jackall and wolf that yelled in the night.
Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons!
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones;
Ye fell in your fresh and blooming prime,
All innocent, for your father's crime:
He sinned; but he paid the price of his guilt,
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt.
When he strove with the heathen host in vain,
And fell, with the flower of his people, slain;
And the sceptre, his children's hands should sway,
From his injured lineage passed away.
But I hoped that the cottage roof would be
A safe retreat for my sons and me,
And that, while they ripened to manhood fast,
They would wean my soul from the thoughts of the past;
And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,
As they stood in their beauty and strength by my side;
Tall, like their sire, with the princely grace
Of his stately form and noble face.
Oh! what an hour for a mother's heart!
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart:
When I clasped their knees, and wept and prayed,
And struggled, and shrieked to heaven for aid,
And clung to my sons with desperate strength,
Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,
And bore me, breathless and faint, aside,
By their iron hands, while my children died.
They died—and the mother that gave them birth
Is forbid to cover their bones with earth.

"The barley harvest was nodding white,
When my children died on the rocky height;
And the reapers were singing on hill and plain,
When I came to my task of sorrow and pain;
But now the season of rain is nigh,
And the sun is dim in the thickening sky,
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest
When he hides his light at the doors of the west.
I hear the howl of the storm that brings
The long, drear storm on its heavy wings;
But the howling wind and the driving rain
Will beat on my houseless head in vain;
I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare
The beasts of the desert and fowls of the air."

The middle of Bryant's volume is occupied by many elegant translations from the Spanish. He seems, to quote his own words, exceedingly captivated by "songs of love and valour in the noble Spanish tongue." Among the translations we were particularly pleased with "Fatima and Raduan;" but it is on the natural delineations of his own mighty land that the poet must rest his fame. "The Disinterred Warrior;" "The Song of Marion's Men;" "American Winter Scenery;" and "Autumn," will make his work admired wherever the English language is spoken. A principle of good feeling and conciliation pervades Bryant's productions, which is delightful for the philanthropist to observe. Mrs. Trollope speaks of Bryant in a depreciating tone, but allows that he is the acknowledged head of American poetry. In a country where such a poet not only writes, but finds admirers, we can inform that fastidious lady that bad taste and rude manners will not long prevail.

E. S.

Lyric Leaves. By Cornelius Webbe.

We have looked into this volume at a late period of the month, and consequently are unable to enter into a minute criticism of the poetry which we find upon these Lyric Leaves. We should not, however, do justice to our own feelings, or to the author, if we neglected to offer at least a specimen of some very pleasing poetry which we find in this book. The
Review.

following song is written with considerable spirit:—

Oh Lilla is a lovely lass
As ever man did woo!
Her eyes all eyes on earth surpass,
They kill and cure you too!
Her winsome waist, however laced,
A hand might span it all;—
Her shoulders fair, lit by her hair,
Whose yellow tresses fall
Like sunbeams shed upon a bed
Of lilies in mid June,
Or golden light in summer night
Soft streaming from the moon;—
These are charms which moral men
May behold with careless eye;
I, who am devourest then,
Love them to idolatry!
Her ruddy lips, like scarlet heps,
The balmy breath between;
Her soft sweet tones, who hears them owns
The music which they mean;
Her hands and arms have each their charms;
Her nimble-stepping feet,
The very ground loves their light sound,
Soft as her bosom’s beat:—
Her winsome waist—her bosom’s heart—
Her winsome waist—her shoulders, graced
With sunny showers of hair—
Her voice, how sweet!—her dancing feet,
Her face, like heaven’s, fair;—
These are charms which moral men
May behold with careless eye;
I, who am devourest then,
Love them to idolatry!

We will also transcribe a few stanzas from “The Weaver’s Wife.” It is of a touching simplicity and sufficient originality:—

Our daughters are a handsome race,—
You wished them like to me;
Our sons they have their father’s face,—
A better cannot be;—
Oh may their lot, as our’s has been,
Be neither high nor low,
Then happy to their graves of green
Like us, at last, they’ll go!
Then let me kiss that comely cheek,
Where lingers still the smile
That cheer’d me, when the world was bleak,
With many a pleasant while.
This hand, that trembles now in wine,
The tear that fills your eye,
Confess our hearts know no decline,
Nor shall they till we die!

God meant us for each other, Will,
For both our lives have run
Together, and are woven still
Like many threads in one!—
In infancy, I mind it well,
Our mothers, in their glees,
Paired Willy Gray with Lucy Bell,
And so it came to be.

And I recall it fresh to mind,
As ‘twere but yesterday,
When with our little hands entwined
We straggled miles away,
And in the sun and in the shade,
And by the river’s side,
We prattled, slept, and waked and played
From morn till eventide.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. X., containing Baron Humboldt’s Travels. Oliver and Boyd.

We are especially pleased with this volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, and think that the publishers of that valuable series of works are more than redeeming the pledges they have made to the public. The most fastidious taste could not find fault with any of the various essentials which constitute good book-making: the paper, print, and binding, all alike testify a strong desire to produce a good book, at a small price; and we trust this spirit which is manifested will meet with its due reward.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A highly interesting work is now ready for publication, entitled Mortal Life, and the State of the Soul after Death; conformable to Divine Revelation, as interpreted by the ablest Commentators, and consistent with the Discoveries of Science. by a Protestant Layman. In one thick demy 8vo. volume.

Dr. Park has nearly completed A New Exposition of the Apocalypse, so far as the Prophecies are fulfilled: to which are prefixed, the History of Christianity epitomised; and a Vocabulary of Symbols, with Scriptural Authority for their interpretation.

An excellent little work, eminently calculated for the perusal of young Ladies, is now at press, and will appear early in December, entitled, Pictures of Private Life.

A Memoir of Sir Thomas Gresham, with an Abstract of his Will, and of the Act of Parliament for the Establishment of Gresham College; together with a Sermon preached at the Commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham, by the Rev. W. M. Blencowe;—will be published in a few days.
Mr. Taylor's Life of the Poet Cowper is now nearly completed in one volume, demy 8vo., and will be published in the course of this month.

The Third Number of the Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction is now ready, and contains—Harry the Shrimper;—Geography, No. 1;—Chat in the Shrimp Room.

The Tropical Agriculturist, a work of much labour and research, and of the greatest importance to all connected with our various Colonies, is now at press, and is expected to be ready in the course of next month.

Part IV. of the Byron Gallery, containing five splendid subjects from the Corrain, Don Juan, The Island, &c.; is just completed.

The Citizens of London have a great treat preparing for them in a work which will shortly be published, entitled, The Chartered History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London, principally collected from their Grants and Records; with Notes and Illustrations, an Historical Introduction, and copious Accounts of each Company and of their Estates and Charities; with attested Copies and Translations of all the Companies' Charters, from their foundation to the present time. By William Herbert, Librarian to the Corporation of London.

The Journey of an Invalid from Calcutta through the Straits of Sunda, to Van Dieman's Land, will be published in the course of this month.


Just published, The Nautical Magazine, vol. 1, containing the most authentic information relating to Maritime Affairs in general, in boards, 1ls. 6d.

DRURY-LANE.—A report was prevalent turing the month that the prices for admission to the two large theatres would be reduced, but this has been contradicted by the lessee of this establishment. We believe the thing has been talked of, but the rival managers could not agree.


A new drama, the production of Mr. Power, who is already well-known to the public both as an author and an actor, was performed last Saturday evening. It is entitled St. Patrick's Eve, or, the Day of the Day. There is no complexity in the story. It is simple, and it is interesting. Captain Schoenfeldt (Mr. Stanley), the ward of Freiherick the Great, who is personated by Mr. Farren, has married, without the consent of his guardian and sovereign, Catherine (Mrs. Nesbit), his cousin. The King, who is strongly attached to the young warrior, gives him an opportunity for the display of his martial prowess, by placing him in the command of a party who are ordered on a dangerous reconnaissance of the enemy. Catherine, deeply afflicted at this dangerous mark of the King's favour, entreats her husband to write to her, should he escape in safety, before midnight. Gustavus complies with her request, and engages his friend Major O'Dogherty (Mr. Power), in case untoward circumstances should occur, to communicate the result to his young bride. Gustavus then proceeds on his expedition. Meanwhile, the King issues an Order of the Day, denouncing the penalty of death against any person in his camp who, after sunset, shall be guilty of having light or fire in his quarters. This order, given in a very cold season, is generally felt as a great annoyance, and by none more than Major O'Dogherty; but he is a true soldier, and though he grumbles, he determines to obey the mandate strictly. We find him in his comfortless habitation, pipe in mouth, endeavouring to persuade himself that he is smoking, and, in the same breath, lamenting that he is forbidden to indulge himself, as fire is denied him. While he is thus soliloquising, Gustavus enters. He has succeeded in the object of his expedition; but unfortunately has received a wound in his right arm, which is rendered wholly useless. He is most anxious to apprise Catherine of his situation, and he requests his friend O'Dogherty to write a note to her. The difficulty is how this is to be effected in the dark. O'Dogherty steadfastly refuses, in spite of the entreaties of the young soldier, to break the Order of the Day by striking a light. He boasts much of his self-denial, seeing that he could not once procure a flame by the aid of his newly-invented pistol tinder-box. Gustavus instantly wagers him a rouleau that his invention, if tried, would fail to produce fire. The wager is accepted, the pistol is snapped, the tinder is ignited, and Gustavus, while the Major is exulting in his victory, lights a candle. Wrought upon by the earnest entreaties of his friend, O'Dogherty proceeds to pen an epistle to "Dear Catherine."
At this moment the patrol is heard approaching. Gustavus runs to the door, but, seeing the King advancing with the guard, he leaves the house; but the place is now entered. O'Dogherty having covered the lantern with his hat, is mistaken by the Major for Gustavus. A momentary conversation ensues, which ends in the Major's being placed under arrest, and ordered to be tried by court-martial for a breach of military discipline. Gustavus now rushes forward, eager to avow his participation in the offence, and to share the fate of his kind-hearted comrade. He is, however, prevented from carrying his design into effect by the (advisedly) remonstrance of O'Dogherty, who reminds him that he has a mission to execute from whom he ought to live. The King gives the young soldier, in consequence of his wound, leave to visit his family. He hastens to call them to the presence of the monarch, in the hope that the entreaties of his mother, Madame Schoenfeldt (Mrs. Fauquet), whose hospitality has been enjoyed by Frederick for three months, and the tears of Catherine, may soften the heart of the rigid disciplinarian. Catherine adroitly manages to have an interview with the King, who is led to believe, from the fragment of the note which he found in O'Dogherty's chamber, that she is in love with the bold Irish dragoon. After hearing her supplication he offers to release O'Dogherty, who has been condemned to death, if she will immediately marry him, and fly to some other country. Thus situated, she is forced to confess that Gustavus, not O'Dogherty, is her lover. Moved by her admission, the King consents to give her the means of escaping, to the Major, leaving it to her own wit to devise the best means for his liberation. She, enveloped in a large cloak, and accompanied by her mother and Gustavus, visits O'Dogherty. They advise his immediate escape, disguised in Catherine's dress. The Major will not listen to the proposal, until Gustavus declares that if it be not accepted he will acknowledge his share in the breach of the Order of the Day, and perish with his friend. This reconciles the Major to flight; and when the guards arrive to lead him to execution, they find, instead of the veteran, the amiable Catherine, a master and benefactor to the enemy. For that purpose he has entered into a compact with Baron Trench (Mr. Mathews), the relative of the celebrated prison-breaker of that name, who, with a party of his Pandours, is lying in wait to seize the King. Their plan is overheard by O'Dogherty and Gustavus. The latter instantly seizes the nearest piquet of the monarch's danger; while O'Dogherty rushes into the cottage, where the Pandours have already surprised the King, and, after exclaiming that the house is surrounded by a regiment of Prussians, privately intimates to Frederick the necessity of his immediate escape. The trick is, however, speedily discovered; and the Major is in danger of being immolated, when the King, attended by a body of guards, rushes in and saves him. He is pardoned, and rewarded with knighthood and a colonelcy. The liaison between Gustavus and Catherine is sanctioned; Trench and his confederates are forgiven of Frederick, and the French philosopher is dismissed with mortifying contempt. This drama is sharply written.

Captain Polhill announces the engagement of Madame Schroeder at this theatre, and Madame de Meric is also forthcoming.

COVENT GARDEN.—The manager of Covent Garden has prudently determined on opening the Theatre only three or four nights in the week, until Christmas; and the actors have agreed to submit to a reduction of their salaries one half during this period.

M. Laporte has engaged T. P. Cooke, who has played his favourite part of William, in Black-Eyed Susan, with his accustomed success.

A musical piece has also been brought out, under the melo-dramatic title of the Dark Diamond. The scenery is imposing; the music, by M. Adam, showy; and the dancing good. With the aid of the additional attraction of Ellen Tree, Miss Shirreff, and Harriet Cawse, the play was allowed to be announced; but it is not likely to have a very long existence.

Miss Kelly has played very successfully in the Innkeeper's Daughter, which was acted for the first time on the 20th ult.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Mr. Wild continues, by his exertions in the presentation of novelties, to deserve the approbation of the public. In addition to the Wood Devil, which is the great attraction of the evening, he has brought out the Forest of Blois, the plot and incidents of which are furred on a supposed adventure of the late Emperor of the French. It contains some very scenic and dramatic positions, and the characters are all well sustained. There is also, the Adventures of a Day, or Fairly token in, in which Mrs. Selby, who is a very clever actress, sustains five different characters, and is perfectly at home in them all. Crofton is an excellent melo-dramatic performer; and the whole of the company are respectable, and deserving of encouragement.
Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Notwithstanding the great affluence of new materials that November presented to the Parisian world, December has been equally fertile in novelties; and the selection is really difficult, when a lady is forced to choose among so many elegant competitors for female favour.

To the list of new fabrications for cloaks, given last month, we have to quote

L'Arision of thibet, in two shades of colour.

Les Damasquinés has bouquets of varied colours, woven in damask patterns.

Le Golconde is maroon and green or granite, and green has the appearance of embroidery.

L'Olympie has designs of maroon and Turkish yellow.

In dinner dresses the Moire Persique is much admired: it is in stripes, alternately watered and satinised.

For evening parties, a pretty silk, which has running over it a woven pattern resembling blonde: it is called blondine.

Then for ball dress we have the Gaze Cristal, which promises to supersede the Donna Maria, which it far exceeds in beauty. It is made with broad stripes of embroidered satin or brocaded satin, and then it is splendid for court-dress.

Gaze Zephir has an exquisite lightness: it is scattered over with large leaves of open work.

The Gaze Sylphide has been described last month. It is very much the rage at present, and is produced in new and beautiful variety.

Gaze Cesalma is a material of elegant lightness and graceful drapery.

For home costume, merino, Abbeville (the Norwich manufacture of the last article is admirable), Irish poplins, and bombazins are usually worn.

In satins we see a great variety, among which we note satin du Levant, satin de varsovie, and figured Oriental satin.

Hats and bonnets.—Decidedly the chapeaux have taken the lead this winter in preference to the bibs bonnets, so long the rage: not but what the lovely little cottage bonnets are most recherché with elegant women. Hats of black velvet begin to be seen: they are lined with cherry-coloured velvet, a ruche of blonde round the interior of the edge, that is trimmed with black and cherry-coloured plumes and black ribbons. Others are of ponceau velvet, lined with satin of the same, and a white plume and ruche. Some are of lilac satin, lined with black velvet, and ornamented with a heron’s plume. Hats of green satin, lined with velvet of the same, and trimmed with bouquets of statious are fashionable. But watered silk in granite, maroon, and the dahlia colours promise to be very general this winter. The brim is cut slanting, a good deal thrown up, and in some instances not quite so small as last month. Plumes, the same shade as the hat, or fringed with the colour of the trimming, are often worn: aureole trimmings of blonde are worn inside the front sometimes, to as to cover the whole and appear beyond it.

Walking Dress.—Pelisses and walking gowns are made perfectly plain in the back of the corsage, and with five flat folds on each shoulder, which are confined on each side, under the belt, but do not cross on the breast. Double capes, cut so as to show the corsage, are the last winter fashion.

The favourite material is still watered silk, in which the granite and dahlia shades, and some most beautiful hues of dark green, are the favourite colours. When the weather requires it, cloaks of a great variety of patterns and forms, chiefly figured, are thrown over the pelisses; some are made with capes, but the newest cloaks are plaited or gathered very full into a cape of the peignoir form, and have no falling cape or pelerine; when capes are worn, the full ones and pointed pelerines seem to divide the mode: perhaps there is a greater number of the former. No short fur is worn in boas, except the variety of sables or the martins. Isabella bear is the favourite fur, and when soft the darkest is preferred.

A tout ensemble in walking dress, that first appeared on the 20th November, is as follows:—

Walking dress of clear brown Ottoman satin; the skirt quite plain, the sleeves plaited into low pognets turned up with
three ornamental buttons. A large black cachemere, a boa of martin, a hat of granite velvet or watered silk, trimmed with a simple knot, and a demi-veil of blonde.

Another.—A pelisse or redingote of watered silk of vert Acanthe; at the hem three tucks of velvet of the same shade; a pelerine of velvet, open in front; hat of plain black velvet: mantle, buridan.

Another ensemble is as follows:—

Dress of dahlia watered silk, with a bias at the bottom of two hands breadth of velvet of the same shade; at the head of this hem a rouleau of martin fur; a little velvet collar trimmed with martine: poignets of the same. Bibis bonnet of vert choys velvet, lined with white satin, and a white plume and blonde demi-veil. On cold days, a splendid buridan mantle, with full sleeves, is partially thrown over this costume. Cloaks are seldom made without full sleeves, particularly when they have no capes.

Evening Dress.—After having quoted the materials most used, we have only to say that no very important change has been effected in the form of dresses; the various new gauzes and muslin worked in lamb's wool and floss silks are the most admired; of the latter, those worked in rich but simple wreaths are most sought for. A few tout ensembles will best show the Parisian style:—

Robe of blue silk muslin worked with white silk flowers, the corsage draped on the breast, under an agraffe of pearls and diamonds; the ceinture of blue satin without buckle or knot; the short sleeves very full but not stiffened, they fall to the elbow very gracefully; necklace of three rows of large pearls fastened with a diamond clasp; turban of silver gauze, whose ends are finished with a fringe of diamonds.

Another.—A robe of vert bourgogne (bud green) velvet; chemisette à la vierge in blonde, quite plain to the throat, but figured round the throat with a shell pattern; in place of a ruche are six or seven rows of large pearls fastened on the top of the chemisette, and forming what is called a collier de chien round the throat. The hair à la Sévigné, falling low on the cheeks; a bandeau of pearls, fastened by an antique cameo in front; girandole pearl earrings.

Another.—A dress of India muslin, embroidered in crimson sea-weeds, anemones and coral, made à la vierge: long sleeves. Chain of enamel, formed of lozenges set in little pearls; chapeau of dark dahlia, much raised from the head, with one long plume.

Caps and Dress Hat. — Granite velvet, with one long white plume for the latter; or dahlia velvet, with plumes boîteau. The aureole style is much used in caps, and for trimming every sort of hats, whether for walking dress or for evening parties.

Colours.—Granite, maroon, vin de Bordeaux, hameton, three dahlia shades, acanthus green, epinard, and some beautiful new dark greens, announced by La Follet for December, are the reigning colours.

Description of Plates.

223. Carriage Dress. — Hat of granite-coloured moire, lined with white satin. It is trimmed with a deep demi-veil of blonde, arranged in a mode entirely new, being placed at the lower part of the crown instead of the edge of the brim, and it falls in full draperies behind in a very graceful fashion; the crown is retreating with very low ribbon knots, but with a long knot de-zephyr depending in hippets behind; the crown ornamented with a plume of wild flowers.

The dress is of granite coloured or myrtle green satin, with two deep capes of plush two shades darker than the dress. These capes are cut in the new mode, slanting on the breast. The skirt is trimmed with plush at the bottom, in a border of two hands depth. The corsage folded in large flat plaits that do not cross. The sleeves plain, of the usual form, and poignets of plush; ruche of tulle, edged with a binding of narrow satin ribbon to suit the dress.

222. Walking Dress. — Bibis bonnet of dahlia coloured watered silk, lined with white plush; the ribbons are gauze, figured with dahlia satin spots; the flowers, a bouquet of scabiouses, of many shades of amaranth, harmonising with the hue of the bonnet. The pelisse is of emerald-green watered silk (or moire), with a deep cape, cut to shew the chest, and a pointed collar of sable fur; it is surrounded entirely with sable fur, and trimmed up the fronts with sable of a moderate width. The corsage arranged in broad flat plaits, which do not cross, but are confined beneath the belt. The
Modes.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra, No. 2.

Capote en satin des MM. de M. de Bort, Rue de Cler, 6.

Robe en satin à collet en velours des MM. de M. de la Fonte, 1, Arche, Contrescarpe de la rue, rue du Viennois, 6.

L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, No. 25.

Published by Page, 122, Fetter Lane, London.

1832.
Modes.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard, des Italiens Passage de l'Opéra. N° 2.
Capote en moire orée de sacque-çois des Mlle. de M. Issquit.
Robe en moire orée de martre et manton polaire d'enfant en salin garni de Cympe des ateliers de Mlle. Turci, Rue des Martyrs, 26.

L'administration du Journal Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N° 25.

Published by Page 112. Potter lane London.
1832.
sleeves are finished with a shaped wristlet; and a pretty variety is effected in their form by the fulness being plaited under a narrow band, fixed at the middle of the lower arm; round this band is tied an ornamental cord, from which depends two tassels; the wristlets button with ornamental green buttons, and the pocket-holes are defined on the skirt by bands of moire, on which are put ornamental buttons, and they are finished by tassels and cords. Belt a gros grains and green satin bands—no buckle. Brodequeins of green cachemire and morocco. Ruche of tulle.

Child’s Dress.—This dress is seen when little girls accompany their mothers to concerts or the theatre: the dress is a frock and trowsers of white merino or bombazine. Over this is put an open skirt of moire; coloured satin cachemire; round the neck is tied a deep full cape, reaching below the elbows, of the same material. The whole is trimmed with swansdown. The hat held by the child is a variation of the chapeau bibis: the crown is formed of flat folds; it has a barolet or curtain, and is made of white moire, lined with pink plush.

221. Ball Dress.—Hair in Madonna bands, perfectly plain on the brow; on the crown it is arranged in three light bows, beneath which are placed five bows or loops of violet velvet, fastened in front with a rich agraffe; a violet velvet cord crosses the brow with one large unset pearl bead by way of ferroniere. This singular but most elegant costume was invented by the Princess Maria d’Orleans. The dress is a revers of violet velvet, trimmed with blonde, cut so as to depend very low on the shoulders. This is put over a corsage and sleeves of white satin, which is finished on the bust with flat folds of the same. In the centre of the bust is a fan-like ornament of violet velvet; at the back is the same. Sometimes the corsage has but white satin between the revers. The belt is very broad, of violet velvet, without either buckle or bow. The skirt is of white India muslin over white satin; the hem is only defined by the stitches. The handkerchief, with a broad hem, is elaborately worked at the corners. The sleeves finished with dents at the elbow. Girandole earrings, and necklace of pearls and gold.

MADAME LEONTINE DE — TO LADY ANNE C——.

Paris, my dear Lady Anne, has once more become the Paris you formerly loved, and promises, this winter, to rival the most brilliant years of the Restoration. Families of high rank and great wealth, who have gloriously flourished themselves during the last two years, have reappeared on the gay scene of the fashionable world; either because they are tired of the dull routine of their distant chateaux, or because they are forming some combination against the government of Louis Philippe. The thoroughbred aristocracy are again in the Parisian world, from whatever cause it may spring. The advantage arising to our discontented and distressed artisans is great, and the metropolis of fashion already wears a different aspect: the great appear more magnificently, and the poor livelier and happier, although wars and rumours of wars threaten around. At present, the Opera and spectacles are the chief places of resort for the restored elite of fashion, as balls and soirées have scarcely yet commenced; yet, if you glance round the assembled circle, I will undertake to affirm, you will behold more truly distinguished personages than have been seen together since the high-spirited Caroline was forced to resign the sceptre of fashion for the determined struggle her single energies strove to maintain for her son. Alas, alas! “the age of chivalry is over! Why not also the age of war?” How atrocious is the one without the other! Even his worst enemies must allow that Louis Philippe is not a weak-minded man, easily startled at trifles; and the sedulous hunt that has been made by his government for the daring and lofty-minded Duchesse de Berri, would lead one to imagine her efforts were more dangerous than the world are ready to believe. Scarcely an English lady could land in France from Jersey or Guernsey, but she was seized and held in durance for some days, under suspicion of being this formidable leader of anti-revolutions. Like she fair or dark, tall or short, still, in the eyes of dowansers and coast-guards, she is the omnipresent Caroline de Berri, whose escapes and adventures, if historical romances are in fashion in 1832, will form the groundwork of as many romances as the history of Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden. While I yet write, the news is confirmed that she is taken. Happily for her, ladies may do as they please in
the nineteenth century. The axe of Mary of Scotland, the darker guillotine of the lovely Marie-Antoinette or the angelic Madame Elizabeth, need not be cited for the purpose. Only to think of her smile at her undertaking as Quixotic, but I firmly believe a great party is secretly combined for her: any one may see that, who reads the higher French periodicals.

All these things are materials for future romance. I must not name historical romances where the recommending to you the magnificent work of Madame de la Condamine, who, after surprising the Parisian public by her lively "Memoirs of the Court of Napoleon," has issued this year, 

to Lady Anne C.—

performing with grand success in Paris. I need not detail the plot, for it is founded on the same story as Milman's drama of Fazio, which is in the same volume as the "Siege of Jericho," "Annie Bolley," and other high-souled pietas which we have admired many a time and oft, sitting like Hermina and Helena, at that blest time when we "took sweet counsel together." Heigho!—why does girlhood pass, and husbands come? You have a Miss Wright, I hear, a belle, a blue, and a beauty, lecturing against marriage, either in England or America. I forget which,—at least, she speaks in English. Pray heaven, that she induces some of your island beauties to become vowed vestal—sort of Protestant nunns; walking tamer in and out of drawing-rooms, studying the most demure and becoming fashions, and plaguing their ladies to their heart's content. Then will the vile days of husband-hunting cease, and the age of chivalry return,—at least, the age of Sir Charles Grandison, with long courtships and deep adoration. I wish—but alas! I am married; and so good and excellent is this Lord of mine, that I really cannot have the heart to torment him; he seems so happily secure of my heart, because my principles will not permit me to attract the admiration of other men, that he does not understand me when I choose to flirt with him. I suppose you have been long enough among those island fogs of yours, to make an alarmed face at the use of that innocent and much abused word flirt. Why, child, it is the only word which you have in your language to express the art of femininely pleasing. It is really very sad that few married women choose to flirt with their own husbands: if they flirt at all, it is with those of other people; and that is scandalous. It is very mortal, verse, that ladies consider the art of pleasing as nothing, when it is of such vital importance to themselves that they should become skilled in it. Is it not this neglect that makes matrimony a state of hopeless dulness? You have an old poet (you know how deeply read I am in English) that has written a drama on this subject, from which I recollect the following verses, beginning—

"Ye fair, take the Cestus, and practice its power."

"Thence flows the gay chat more than wisdom that charmed, till he arrived from a distant province, lest the janissaries should mutiny, and declare a younger Prince the heir of the Ottoman throne. Such are the scenes of history. We will now turn to the drama. Who will deny that genius is at once beauty and immortal youth: let them see Mademoiselle Mars, whose debut was in 1808, act the character of "Clotilde," the heroine of the tragedy of that name, now
Mars and her part of Clotilde: well, Clotilde is a forsaken wife, urged to madness by the infidelity of her lord. So admirable is the delineation of the agonising passions of rage and jealousy, that all Paris has, and London will, agree, and this is the case, all the modes adopt the name of the character, and the costume in which it was performed. Now, we have the Marguerites de Clotilde as the most fashionable ornament for the hair; but I know that Mademoiselle Mars had natural flowers in her own hair, and her name and the part was ended. Several dramas have been founded on the life and death of the Duc de Reichstadt: none, as you may suppose, have had any particular success. How could they, when the subject was so little scenical? The French complain as much of the scarcity of genuine names, to obtain any chance of a just appreciation of skill from the public. The Parisians declare the brother to be an extraordinary jumper, and shrug their shoulders at his young wife, en revoûte. The Taglioni herself is found more adorable than ever; and the modes, those barometers of the costumery, reflect her name and talents in all articles of dress—caps, gauzes, ribbon knots, are all sylph or sylphide.

A trial in France has excited great interest in the theatrical world. Madame Saqui has two dwarfs of distinguished beauty and talents. The little Marie has attained her sixteenth year this summer; she is just thirty inches in height; she is formed with the most perfect symmetry, is the complete miniature of a beauty, and has all the tournure of a woman of fashion. She wears a chapeau bibis of sky blue over her fair curls, and carries a lace scarf with the utmost grace and coquetry. Her brother Charles is not so tall, and is younger by a year; he wears a little uniform of grey casimir, and shows great talent and vivacity.

These little people, when performing, were supposed to be natives of Lapland till very lately, when they were claimed by M. Lepori, a watchmaker of Parma, as his children. He deposed, before the Tribunal of Paris, that Madame Saqui was performing at Parma when he brought Marie to her, then aged eight years, but remarkable for the minuteness of her size, and the regularity of her features. He offered Madame Saqui the chance of his child if she would educate her in her profession. On this condition Marie was bound to her for eight years; but it was stipulated that if the child should become attached to Madame Saqui, and at the end of her indenture be willing to stay, Madame Saqui should be permitted to retain her for three or four years longer; and a similar agreement was entered into verbally for the little Charles.

Madame Saqui faithfully observed the term of this engagement, and not only gave the children their education, but remitted to the parents many large sums of money which they had gained by their performances. When the indenture expired in 1831, Lepori insisted on his children being restored to him, though Madame Saqui, who has none of her own, offered to adopt them, and leave them the large fortune she has gained by her profession; but the father insisted on a large yearly sum for the little creatures could earn, even if they were tasked beyond their strength, which Madame Saqui is desirous to avert, as she has always had great regard to their health in the exercise of their profession. The children are exceedingly attached to her, and refuse to be separated from her with tears and lamentations.

While the jury were deliberating on the justice of these claims, the gentlemen of the bar present were amusing themselves with conversing with the little Marie, and were greatly delighted at hearing the liveliness of her answers, and observing her beauty and gracefulness of carriage, and all the sprightly coquettish of the little creature. Every one considered the brother and sister as the most extraordinary phenomena of the present day.

The tribunal gave its decision that Mad. Saqui should restore the children to Lepori within twenty-four hours of the judgment, or pay him fifty francs damage for every day of their detention.

When this sentence was pronounced the little Marie clung weeping about her protectress' neck, and could only be separated by force. Madame Saqui seemed overwhelmed with grief.

I have now to thank you for the English Annals forwarded to me. The "Kepsake" and the "Souvenir" are both exquisite, far superior to anything of which we can boast. Edmund Paris's beautiful "Bridesmaid," illustrated by Miss Agnes Strickland, is the gem and glory of the English annals. I am a great admirer of the sweet portrait that forms the frontispiece of the "Kepsake;" it is in Chalon's best style, and is exquisitely engraved; but my Parisian friends turn away their eyes in horror from the large bonnet, as if it had been presented as a fashion for their adoption by their beloved "La Follet" in the very sense of small bonnets. I think the figure pretty enough to revive the mode of enormous chapeaux. Next to
these annuals I admire the "Comic Offering"; what a sprightly yet elegant caricature is the dance of the gigot sleeves: none but the charming Edithess could have imagined so feminine a satire. Did you notice the look of consternation with which the pretty girl, peeping in at the door, is regarding the vagaries of her wardrobe? "The Race of Heroes" is very clever; I wonder in your last letter you did not particularly notice it. The likenesses are admirably preserved: our Napoleon leads the race: he is tripped up by Wellington. Alexander and Julius Cæsar come next to your great Duke, and Charles the Twelfth and Fred. of Prussia are making prodigious way. All the likenesses are admirably full of character, excepting Napo-
leon, to whom I fear Miss Sheridan has no affection. The figure of Charles the Twelfth is very good. The story of the Fire Escapes made me laugh heartily. I could not have entered into the fun if I had not seen some experiments of fire escapes tried in Regent-street when I was last in England. The design is excellent, and the look of penitential horror in the unhappy descendents is truly laughable.

I have nothing of the kind to send you in return. Our annuals ought not to be looked at while the first freshness of yours is in mind; perhaps some weeks hence I may give you an account of them. Till then remember, with your usual affection, your

LEONTINE DE

Miscellany of the Month.

Attempted Assassination of Louis Philip—Mademoiselle Adèle Boury, aged nineteen, daughter of the Postmaster of Bergues, in the Department du Nord, was on the descent of the Pont Royal when the cortège passed. She placed herself in front, on the edge of the causeway. Two ladies stood near. When the shouts of "Vive le Roi!" and "À bas les chapeaux!" announced the arrival of the King, a young man violently pushed back Mlle. de Boury, and placed himself before her. The young lady remonstrated against his rudeness; but he made no reply, being intent upon his criminal design. As Mlle. Boury could not resist, she remained behind him, stood on tiptoe, and leaned on his shoulder to see the procession pass. The individual then raised his left arm, and drew from his pocket a small pistol. By this movement he struck the young lady's chin. He had apparently his finger on the trigger, and was taking his aim, when Mlle. Boury perceived the end of the barrel. She instantly seized the man's arm with both her hands, pulled him back towards her, and the pistol went off. The young lady still held his arm with so much force, that she tore his coat; but she was obliged to quit her hold, as another individual, who stood behind her, pushed her rudely off the causeway, and she fell on the ground. On seeing the assassin escape in the direction of the Tuileries, she exclaimed, "Arrêtez, arrêtez!" She rose up with some difficulty, and went and leaned against the parapet of the bridge. Some persons among the crowd said to the Generals who were approaching, "That is the lady!" On being surrounded, she fainted, and was taken up by one of the carriages of the cortège. When she had somewhat recovered, she named M. Thiers, the minister. She was immediately conveyed to his house; and there, on recovering her senses, gave her name and residence. She was afterwards taken to the Procureur du Roi, to give her testimony, and from thence to the palace of the Tuileries. She entered the royal apartments led by two persons, amongst whom was the General of the Palace, and her father. She was received by the Queen, who was present. The Queen, affected to tears, threw herself round her neck, exclaiming, "Is it you, then, my dear, who saved the life of my husband!" The shouts of "Bravo!" the place of the scene, the enthusiasm expressed by every one, made such an impression on Mlle. Boury, that she went into fits, which she had never experienced before. Immediate assistance was afforded her. The Procureur du Roi then offered to accompany her to her hotel, where she arrived in an agitated state at half-past six o'clock in the evening. The sight of persons of her acquaintance soon calmed her mind, and she is at this moment much better—Constitutionel.

Phenomenon.—The Brighton Herald gives the following account of an extraordinary phenomenon which was visible from Brighton on Monday night last:—"Thousands of falling stars and meteors were seen from midnight until half-past two o'clock on Tuesday morning. I counted 173, and they then appeared so rapidly that I gave up my calculation. Of these 173, 37 were of considerable magnitude; and many of them were accompanied by sounds like the rattling of a carriage, and others like the rushing into the air of a skyrocket. One in particular, which passed N. W. to S. W., was attended with a noise greater than that of the great meteor of the 18th August, 1783, which must still be remembered by many persons. This meteor lasted upwards of six minutes, during which period it assumed various forms. It was first like a ball of fire, afterwards it became blue, then it descended like the nucleus of a comet, and disappeared in a cloud of fiery sparks. It is remarkable that the same appearances should have happened on the 12th November in 1783. The same appearances were visible at Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight."
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

On the 7th of November, in Whitehall-place, Lady Henley, of a son.—Nov. 8, in Sackville-street, Viscountess Glenelg, of a son and heir.—Nov. 1, at Letcombe, near Wantage, the Lady of the Rev. W. H. Wilkinson, of a daughter.—Nov. 6, the Lady of G. Lee, of Well Hall, Eltham, Kent, Esq., of a son.—Nov. 6, at Mereworth, the Hon. Lady Stapleton, of twin daughters.—Nov. 9, at Walton Rectory, the Lady of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, of a son.—Nov. 11, at Hamilton-place, the Countess Gower, of a son and heir.—Nov. 7, at Ludlow, Shropshire, the Lady of Allan J. Nightingale, Esq., Assistant Commissary-General, of a son.—Nov. 5, at Geneva, the Lady of C. Vernet, Esq., of a son.—Nov. 13, in South Audley-street, the Lady of Lionel Colby, of Scotch Fusilier Guards, of a son.—Nov. 12, at Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire, the Lady of R. F. Jenner, Esq., of a daughter.—Nov. 9, the Lady of J. Dunlap, Esq., M.D., of Taverham-street, Porchmere, of a son, still-born.—Nov. 13, at Windsor Castle, Lady Sydney, of a still-born infant.—Nov. 21, the Viscountess Turnour, of a daughter.—Nov. 5, at Gadlys, near Beaumaris, the Lady of O. Owen, Esq., of a son and heir.—Nov. 21, in Hertford-street, the Lady of Sir Culling E. Smith, of a daughter.—Nov. 20, at East Walton Vicarage, the wife of the Rev. George Coldham, of a daughter.—Nov. 19, at Walton-on-Thames, the Lady of the Rev. C. C. Harton, of a son.—Nov. 17, at the Ray, Maidstone, Lady Phillimore, of a daughter.—Nov. 18, at Thurs- ton, Suffolk, the Lady of C. T. Oakes, Esq., of a daughter.—Nov. 19, in Gloucester-place, Edinburgh, Mrs. C. Earle, of a son.—Nov. 17, in Park Crescent, Worsing, the Lady of the Rev. Charles Griffith, M.A., of a son.

Marriages.

On the 1st of Nov., at the Palace, Valletta, Robert Anstruther, Esq., of Thirdpart, Fife, Major in the 73rd Regt., to Louisa, youngest daughter of Sir H. Elphinstone, Bart., of Are Place, Sussex.—Oct. 29, at Itchen Abbas, Hants, Hugh, son of Archdeacon Berners, of Wolverstone Park, Suffolk, to Alice, youngest daughter of the late John Ashton, Esq., of the Grange, Cheshire.—At St. James's Church, Bury, Mr. C. Newsom, to Miss C. Murrell. The bride and bridegroom belonged to the exhibition in the fair, and the very singular spectacle was presented of a bride who had neither hands nor arms! The difficult ceremony of the ring was obviated by placing the magic gold upon the forehead of the left foot.—Nov. 9, Mr. R. Pringle, late of Perth, to Miss Anne Lemon, of London.—November 10, at Brighton, by the Rev. E. Repton, Chaplain to the House of Commons, Charles C. Martyn, Esq., to Miss Georgiana, third daughter of the late John Elliot, Esq., of Pimlico Lodge.—Nov. 14, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. T. Fitz-Walter Butler, eldest son of Lord Dunboyne, to Julia, second daughter of the late W. Brander, Esq., of Morden Hall, county of Surrey.—Nov. 14, at St. Clement Danes, Lieut. Edmund H. P. Denman, of the Madras Artillery, to Miss Ann Hall, of Flora-place, Plymouth.—Nov. 14, at Bloomsbury Church, the Rev. Richard Bellamy, to Mary, youngest daughter of Edward Vaux, Esq., of Upper Montague-street, Russell-square.—Nov. 15, at St. Pancras New Church, J. W. Deacon, Esq., eldest son of J. J. Deacon, Esq., of Ulster-place, Regent's Park, to Esther Elizabeth, eldest daughter of T. Greenwood, Esq., Cumberland-place, Regent's Park.—Nov. 17, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Hon. G. L. Massey, third son of the late Major-Gen. Lord Clarina, to Rebecca Anne, widow of the late J. Cann, Esq., of Haverhill House, Herefordshire.—Nov. 13, at Clapham Church, E. Rogers, Esq., M.P., to Eliza Cassamajor Brown, daughter of the late H. Brown, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service.—Nov. 20, at St. Marylebone Church, John Donne, Esq., of Powis-place, Queen-square, to Sophia, fourth daughter of the late Rev. B. Thompson, LL.D., of Long Howe Hall, Cambridge.—Nov. 21, John Fitzgerald, Esq., eldest son of John Fitzgerald, Esq., M.P., of Wherstead Lodge, Suffolk, to Augusta March, only daughter of the late M. Phillips, Esq., M.P., of Garendon Park.

Deaths.

On the 4th of Nov., at his house, in Russell-square, in his 71st year, the Right Hon. Chas. Lord Tenterden, Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench.—Nov. 8, at Coates, Fife, Sir J. Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.—Oct. 31, at Torquay, Devonshire, in his 33d year, T. Keeling, Esq., of the Island of St. Bartholomew, and late of Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road.—Nov. 13, at Ilfracombe, M. Bowman, Esq., Surgeon, of Harley-street, Cavendish-square, aged 67.—Nov. 13, at Belgrave-square, Letitia, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir C. Ogle, Bart.—Nov. 8, at Belknisopp, Northumberland, the seat of Col. Coulson, Hannah, relict of the late Rev. E. Dawkins, of Portman-square.—Nov. 11, at Brighton, in his 46th year, H. A. Broughton, Esq., of Great Marlborough-street, in Charlotte-street, Portland Place, in his 73d year, Lieut.-Col. R. Broughton, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.—Nov. 16, at Bishopthorpe Palace, York, Lady Anne Vernon Harcourt, Lady of his Grace the Archbishop of York, in her 71st year.—Nov. 14, at Brighton, the Right Hon. Lady Stafford.—Nov. 16, at Oak Bank, near Sevenoaks, the Right Hon. Catherine Anne, Countess of Aboyne, in her 61st year.—Nov. 15, at his house, in Exeter Buildings, Cheltenham, in his 67th year, Rear Admiral William Cumberland, youngest son of the late Richard Cumberland.—Nov. 19, at Eton, Thomas Fairbairn, thirty-five years Professor of the French Language at Eton, in his 75th year.—Nov. 18, of apoplexy, A. A. Miles, Esq., late Accountant of the London Assurance.
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TO
THE FIRST VOLUME
OF THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

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DIRECTIONS FOR EMBELLISHMENTS.

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Interview between Marie Antoinette and Mira-
beau

AUGUST—
Walking Dress
Evening Dress
Promenade Dress
Song, "He reached the Valley"

SEPTEMBER—
Frontispiece, Mario Cinci
Fête Champeret Dress
At Home
Promenade Dress
Song, "My pretty Gazelle"

OCTOBER—
Frontispiece, Fortune-telling

Evening Dress
Promenade Dress
Bridal Dress
Song, "Oh bold and true"
Portrait of Sir Walter Scott
Concert Dress
Dinner Dress
Song, "My Pretty Rose"
Frontispiece—The Old Cross
Carriage Dress
Walking Dress
Ball Dress
Song, "Love and Roses"

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.